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Canadian Bookman

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Canadian Authors Week

November 19 to 26, 1921

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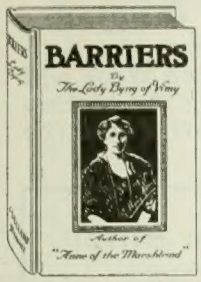

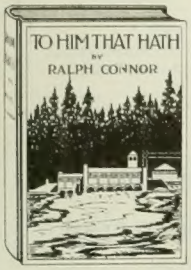

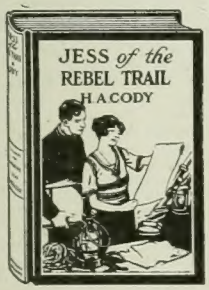

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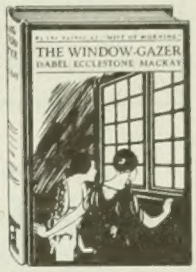

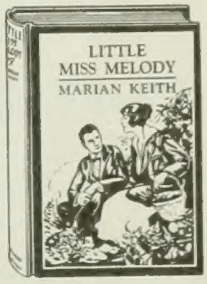

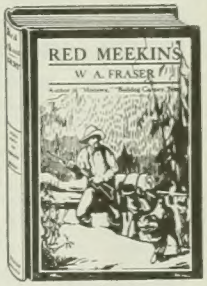

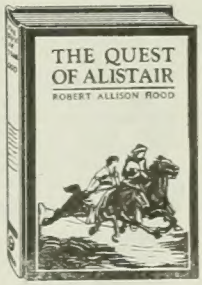

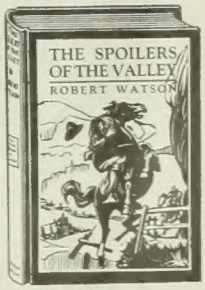

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The week of November 19--26 which has been set aside as Canadian Authors Week will prove the biggest stimulus to bring the recognition due our own authors in the history of Canadian bookselling. Macmillans account it a high honour to have introduced the following Canadian Books—

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3. The volume is intended primarily for ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and general readers who are interested in religion, not as technical students but as those who wish to acquire accurate and compact information of the latest developments of study in the field. It will be an especially useful reference book for public and Sunday-school libraries.

4. The articles are written historically, objectively without speculation or propaganda, and in so far as possible by those most in sympathy with their subjects.

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From the day when he himself had been a boy upon a farm, in the inner world of Peter Wells the word China had a magic sound. In those boyhood struggles against dull routine, he was spurred on until finally he made the break, came to New York, and started the longer struggle for education, and a livelihood. Little Moon Chao came into his life, bringing at the same moment the old call to China and the romance which bound Peter to a home and family. The struggles of Peter and his wife to keep their home and to find their romance of adventure in far places, make an absorbing story, one that goes back to **The Harbor** for a parallel in beauty and power.

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THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Quarterly devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book

Official Organ of the Canadian Authors Association

B. K. SANDWELL - - - EDITOR

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DECEMBER, 1921

EDITORIAL

The Monthly Canadian Bookman

WITH this issue *The Canadian Bookman* becomes a monthly, and its editors will enjoy the privilege of much more frequent contact with their readers than heretofore. We confidently believe that that increased frequency will be beneficial to all concerned. It will enable us, not merely to communicate our views and those of our contributors on the latest literary output much more promptly, but also to disseminate a great deal of news which we could not communicate before because it would have ceased to be news long before it could reach our readers.

We are firmly convinced that one of the chief needs of Canada today, for the stimulation of its literary and artistic life, is a more competent, more actively functioning clearing-house for thought and information upon art and literature. We are far from suggesting that any single magazine, however frequently issued, can fulfil that function. A single institution may suffice for the clearance of credit documents, all of them drawn up in terms of the dollar. For the proper interchange and circulation of ideas something more complex is required. But among the various mechanisms needed, which range from universities to penny readings and from Royal Societies to Poets' Corners in the daily press, none, surely, is more directly active towards the desired end than the avowedly literary magazine. *The Canadian Bookman* has not, we are constrained to admit, made much money in the period of nearly three years since it was started; but we are reasonably certain that it has achieved an amount of good for Canadian literary art that is altogether beyond computation in dollars and cents.

In succeeding issues we expect to announce, and to commence, a number of features which are now possible but could not be included in a magazine of only quarterly appearance. We do not claim for the present issue that it is a good example of the monthly magazine which we expect to produce. Readers will please bear in mind that, though a monthly in size, this issue has to perform many of the functions of a quarterly, since it is three months since our latest issue appeared, and those three months have been excessively active in the literary world—including, as they have, not merely the most productive part of the publishing year, but also the period of organization of a somewhat historic event, the first Canadian Authors Week ever celebrated.

Canadian Authors Week

ALREADY as we go to press, several days before the official commencement of Canadian Authors Week, it is abundantly evident that the underlying idea of that celebration has taken a strong hold upon the people of Canada. Even more gratifying than this is the fact that it has been accepted by the Canadian people in precisely the spirit in which it was conceived by the Canadian Authors Association. The fact has never been lost sight of that this is not a trade "stunt" for "boosting" the product of a particular author or even of a particular publisher. It is not a call to the Canadian people to abnegate their own judgment and buy something because a shout has been raised about it from the housetops. It is rather a call to the Canadian people to use more judgment than they are perhaps accustomed to doing; to do a little thinking, perhaps a little consultation with their librarian or their pastor or their bookseller or their friends, and then to buy, not *any* Canadian book (nothing would be gained in that way for Canadian authors or Canadian anything else in the long run), but the Canadian books most suitable to their requirements. It is these acts of judgment, expressed in the only way in which most Canadians can express their judgments of books, namely by acts of purchase, which will be infinitely more beneficial to Canadian literature than the mere dollars and cents involved. Canadian literature needs financial support, it is true, but much more than that it needs the intelligent attention and criticism of the Canadian people. Nobody else can make a Canadian literature. The Canadian authors cannot do it alone, nor with the help of no criticism and no judgment save that of Englishmen or Americans. Canadian literature is made when a Canadian with two dollars goes into a bookstore and buys a book of poems or a novel or a biography or an essay collection because it gives the picture or the attitude or the view which he as a Canadian thinks needs to be given. With-

out that act by the Canadian reader, Canadian literature will never be made at all. Canadian Authors Week was conceived simply in order to multiply the number of such acts to be performed during this winter.

The Bliss Carman Demonstration

THERE is ample justification for the naive surprise expressed by Bliss Carman at the warmth and popular character of the welcomes that are being extended to him in all parts of his native land on the occasion of his first tour as a reader of his own works. And yet we suspect that Dr. Carman's surprise is not caused by the one fact that is competent to cause it, but by certain errors of his own. If, as we fancy, he is unable to convince himself that he has done anything sufficient to entitle him to these plaudits, he is admirably modest but totally wrong. He is a much greater artist than many non-Canadian writers who have passed through this country on a carpet of flowers and amid the music of applauding thousands. But he is a Canadian, and we have not hitherto been much given to acclaiming our own in the field of literature.

And why? The reason is not far to seek. It is chiefly the lack of leadership in the matter of literary judgments, and the lack of confidence in such leadership as we possess. Poets in Canada (and other artists in greater or less degree) have much to put up with. If Bliss Carman had been born in any other country, it is likely that he could, after thirty years of fine creative work and at the very apex of his career, have come to the chief metropolis of that country and been treated to an editorial in its leading serious newspaper, in which his name was misspelled twelve times! And if he had been a "Colonial," is it likely that the London Times Literary Supplement could at almost the same moment have reviewed his twenty-year-old Sappho lyrics, just reprinted, and wondered why they did not include the very latest fragments discovered by the antiquarians? (A very recent English "Who's Who" calls him a "journalist", but perhaps in these modern days "poet" is not a vocation.) The fact is that we make too little effort ourselves to discern and know the talent and the genius that is in our midst, wherefore we have no right to be surprised if others at a greater distance fail to discern it also.

Notes of the Month

The Canadian Authors Association needs a motto, which should contain some reference to some characteristic quality belonging to, or expected to belong to, Canadian literature. Suggestions will be gladly received by the editor.

The number of good workmanlike Canadian novels out this winter is really remarkable. And the best of it is that as most of them deal with explicitly Canadian scenes and subjects they cannot very well be mistaken for anything else.

There is scarcely a large Canadian city in which the local branch of the Canadian Authors Association will not be recognised this winter as the chief promoter of intellectual activities. In the lesser cities and towns the process of organization is naturally more difficult, but when Chatham, Ont., can provide forty members there seems to be no reason why there should not be an active local in at least every city of the Dominion.

CANADIAN BOOKMAN VERSE AND POETS.

There is not much verse in this issue of C. B., but that is because there was so much else that had to be included.

For early publication we have some very beautiful work by Bliss Carman, Beatrice Redpath, Edward Sapir, Arthur L. Phelps, Gertrude McGregor Moffat, an others.

In addition to our original verse, we propose to make a regular department devoted to reprinting (when permission is obtainable) the best current verse by Canadians from other magazines and new volumes. Readers will confer a favor by drawing our attention to anything suitable for this column.

HER EXCELLENCY LADY BYNG

Author of "The Barriers" and "Anne of the Marshlands".

A GREAT BUT LITTLE-KNOWN CANADIAN

R. W. Douglas of Vancouver will write in an early issue of the Canadian Bookman on James De Mille, the remarkable author of "The MS Found in a Copper Cylinder". It is a most picturesque tale of the struggle of genius against unpropitious conditions.

.. SOME MORE C. W. STOKES "ESSAYS IN CANADIAN LITERATURE."

The next number of the Canadian Bookman will contain the most successful of all Mr. Strokes' take-contain the most successful of all Mr. Stokes' take-Virile Novel".

The Three Sisters Chapdelaine

THE practically simultaneous appearance of two rival translations into English and of a new edition in the original French, all three fathered by publishing houses of the highest repute in their respective countries, has drawn sudden and unexpected attention to the existence of a novel, written in Canada and dealing wholly with Canadian life, which ranks beyond all question among the finest examples of the novelistic art produced in Europe during this century. Written in Canada, we have said, and written about Canada; but not written by a Canadian. Louis Hémon, the author of *Maria Chapdelaine*, was a Frenchman with a passion for travelling and for open-air life, which led him to an extended residence in England, and then to a journey to Canada, where he had dwelt just long enough to acquire an intimate and affectionate knowledge of habitant life in the back parishes, and to embody that knowledge in the novel now under discussion, when his career was tragically terminated at the age of thirty-three by a railway accident in Northern Ontario. Canada may not have lost greatly by his untimely end, for it is probable that he had completed his work in this country and satisfied his curiosity, and would soon have moved on to the Orient or to the glamorous isles of the Pacific. But the loss to French literature is beyond all computation.

If a Quebec habitant, about twenty-five years of age, could be miraculously endowed with the power of self-expression without passing through the educational processes which in real life are usually necessary to impart that power, it is probable that he would write a book very much like *Maria Chapdelaine*. But our habitant, in acquiring the power of self-expression in the ordinary way, acquires with it a hundred other things which make it impossible for him to write such a book—things which overlay and destroy his native ability to see the hard life of the northern frontier parishes as in itself a poem, of beauty and heroism—things which fill his mind with many other preoccupations, the preoccupations of politics, of religion, of wealth, of social advancement, of power to say nothing of the preoccupation of self-defence. Louis Hémon writes as if he did not know (and we are very sure that he did not care) that there was in Canada any such thing as a "clash", or a bi-lingual question, or Imperialism, or immigrants, or rich and noisy cities, or the British North America Act. He outlined and wrote this novel in 1912 and 1913, while the echoes of the Naval controversy were still rolling from hill to hill of the majestic Laurentians; but because he was an artist, and nothing but an artist, he heard not the faintest vibration of them, saw not the slightest shadow of these fleeting passions upon the countenances of the magnificent and immemorial peasants whom he was studying and depicting. In these two hundred pages he has set down nothing that is not permanent — nothing save the two-century-old relations between the grim forest land of Eastern Canada and its first and only conquerors, the simple life of family and of parish which has scarcely changed since the seigneurs went back to France, the mystery and the tragedy of youth and love and death under the brief but burning northern sun and the long and terrible northern snow. *Maria Chapdelaine*, in its original French, is a work of the most poignant simplicity and beauty, so much so that we dare not even cherish the hope that it will ever be, as it should be, employed as a textbook to educate young English-speaking Canadians not only in the language but in the very life of their French fellow-citizens.

All this is in parenthesis. *Maria Chapdeleine* in French is not new. It is true that the original Montreal edition having long been unobtainable, Canadians who read French have been compelled to await the new Paris edition issued by the Librairie Grasset, and procurable from the leading booksellers of this country at $1.50. But the reason for this present article is the recent offering of the novel in two different versions to English readers. We understand that the task of translation was originally undertaken by Sir Andrew Macphail of Montreal and Mr. W. H. Blake of Toronto in collaboration, and that, the collaboration proving unsatisfactory, each of the translators decided to put his own version before the public. The Macphail version is fathered by A. T. Chapman in Montreal, the Oxford University Press in Toronto and John Lane in London and New York. The Blake version bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company of Canada. The Macphail version is bound in paper, but has the advantage of containing the admirable illustrations by A. Suzor-Côté which formed part of the original Montreal French edition; the price is $1.00. The Blake version is bound in boards, but unillustrated, and sells for $1.50.

A comparison of the three versions affords a highly interesting study. There is a sense in which translation is impossible; and we are quite sure that neither Sir Andrew Macphail nor Mr. Blake will complain of us for advising all those who can possibly do so to read the novel in its original tongue. Hémon is a stylist of very high order. The rhythm and the color of many of his sentences defy reproduction in any other language. Many readers of *The Canadian Bookman*, however, will have to limit their choice to the two English versions. We have appended to this article a substantial extract from the original French along with its two rival translations, from which the methods and qualities of the two translators may perhaps be not unfairly judged. We are frank to state that Mr. Blake enlisted our sympathy at the outset by refusing to accede to the possible demand of the lazy reader for a translation of the phrase "Ite, missa est", with which the mass at Péribonka ends and the first chapter begins. From the beginning too, Sir Andrew seems to have labored for the closest possible reproduction of the very words and sentence structure of the original with results which at times are neither in themselves beautiful English nor suggest beautiful French. Hémon tells us that

> Un instant plus tôt elle avait paru désolée, cette église, juchée au bord du chemin sur la berge haute au-dessus de la rivière Péribonka, dont la nappe glacée et couverte de neige était toute pareille à une plaine.

A school boy, looking for a "key", might be grateful for the literalness and unchanged order of Sir Andrew Macphail's translation:

> A moment earlier it had appeared deserted, this church, set by the side of the road, on the bank, high above the Peribonka river,—its surface, frozen and covered with snow, all like a level plain.

But the English reader will feel more comfortable with Mr. Blake:

> A moment earlier, it had seemed quite deserted, this church set by the roadside on the high bank of the Peribonka, whose icy snow-covered surface was like a winding strip of plain.

And why did both translators avoid the real physical equivalent of "juchée", which is the admirably suggestive and pictorial word "perched"?

Again, Sir Andrew translates word for word, "The rich young girls who come back with airs of inhuman purity from the convents of Chicoutimi". This is a trifle difficult, and we prefer Mr. Blake's damsels "trained to look on the world with a superhuman demureness" — though even that does not get one hundred per cent marks.

The passage which we have selected for comparison will afford many other examples of the disadvantages of a too exigent conscience in a translator. "Le coeur en émoi" is beautiful French, but "her heart in excitement" is far from being beautiful English. "Locusts laden with fertility" does not readily suggest to the English mind the equivalent of "sauterelles pondeuses". When it comes to dialogue, however, Sir Andrew is more practical. He knows that men talk about "taking a drink", and not, as Mr. Blake puts it, "taking a glass"; but even here it is French-Canadian and not English to talk about "the habit of taking a drink pretty well" meaning that of being a hard drinker; and it is equally French-Canadian and not English to talk about living in the woods and "having misery and never any pleasure" — and Mr. Blake does much better, "with every kind of hardship and no amusement."

Even the schoolboy might be disappointed if he relied too implicitly on Sir Andrew and went to his teacher with "It is as much as ever if it is not going to be soft" as a translation of "C'est tout juste s'il ne mouille pas."

The fact is that Sir Andrew is the last person in the world whom we should ever have selected for the honorably servile task of the translator. He is master of a dazzlingly brilliant style, but it is one which dazzles most when he is least hampered — whether by a French text to be rendered or by a body of facts to be reconciled with theory. The sky rocket, given the freedom of the upper air, produces one of the loveliest spectacles known to man; but set it off in the confines of its packing-box and it is not in the least impressive. Strangely enough, and perhaps because of his very hatred of fetters, Sir Andrew has made his own fetters, in this case, unnecessarily tight, by the theory of literalism which he adopted as the proper creed of the translator. It is, we are convinced, a fatally wrong creed; yet Sir Andrew may have felt that it was, for him, the only safe one — that for *him* to take an inch of freedom would have meant an ell of unfaithfulness — that if his book were not word-for-word Hêmon it would turn out to be pure Macphail.

THE TWO TRANSLATIONS AND THE ORIGINAL

SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL.

THE blueberries were full ripe. In the burnt woods the purple of the berries and the green of the leaves now subdued the rosy tint on the last flowers of the laurel. The children soon set to work picking with shouts of glee; but their elders scattered in the woods, looking for the large patches where one could sit on one's heels and fill a bucket in an hour. The noise of their footsteps on the brushwood and in the alder thickets, the shouts of Télesphore and Alma Rose calling to one another — all these sounds diminished little by little, and about each picker there was nothing but the murmur of black flies drunk with the sunshine, and the sound of the wind in the branches of the young birch and poplars.

"There is a fine patch here," a voice called. Maria got up, her heart in excitement, and went to join François Paradis who was kneeling down behind some alder bushes. Side by side for some time they diligently gathered blueberries, then plunged together into the woods, stepping over fallen trees, and casting their eyes about for the violet patches of ripe berries.

LOUIS HEMON.

LES bluets étaient bien mûrs Dans les brûlés, le violet de leurs grappes et le vert de leurs feuilles noyaient maintenant le rose éteint des dernières fleurs de bois de charme. Les enfants se mirent à les cueillir de suite avec des cris de joie; mais les grandes personnes se dispersèrent dans le bois, cherchant les grosses tales au milieu desquelles on peut s'accroupir et remplir un seau en une heure. Le bruit des pas sur les broussailles et dans les taillis d'aunes, les cris de Télesphore et d'Alma-Rose qui s'appelaient l'un l'autre, tous ces sons s'éloignèrent peu à peu et autour de chaque cueillette il ne resta plus que la clameur des mouches ivres de soleil et le bruit du vent dans les branches des jeunes bouleaux et des trembles.

—Il y a une belle tale icitte, appela une voix.

Maria se redressa, le coeur en émoi, et alla rejoindre François Paradis qui s'agenouillait derrière des aunes. Côte à côte ils ramassèrent des bleuets quelque temps avec diligence, puis s'enfoncèrent ensemble dans le bois, enjambant les arbres tombés, cherchant du regard autour d'eux les taches violettes des baies mûres.

W. H. BLAKE.

THE blueberries were fully ripe. In the burnt lands the purple of the clusters and the green of the leaves now overcame the paling rose of the laurels. The children began picking at once with cries of delight, but their elders scattered through the woods in search of the larger patches, where one might sit on one's heels and fill a pail in an hour. The noise of footsteps on dry twigs, of rustling in the alder bushes, the calls of Télesphore and Alma-Rose to one another, all faded slowly into the distance and about each gatherer was only the buzzing of flies drunk with sunshine, and the voice of the wind in the young birches and aspens.

"There is a fine clump over here", said a voice.

Maria's heart beat faster as she arose and went towards Francois Paradis who was kneeling behind the alders. Side by side they picked industriously for a time, then plunged farther into the woods, stepping over fallen trees, looking about them for the deep blue masses of the ripe berries.

"There are very few this year,"

Sir Andrew Macphail—Continued.

"They are not plentiful this year," François said. "The spring frosts killed them." He brought to the picking of berries his experience of the woods. "In the hollows and among the alders the snow will have remained longer, and protected them from the early frost."

They sought and made some happy finds; large areas of bushes laden with huge berries which they steadily poured into their pails, which were full in an hour. They got up, and sat on a fallen tree to rest.

Countless mosquitoes and black flies whirled in the hot afternoon air. Every moment they had to be driven off; they made a frantic sweep and soon came back, pitiless, reckless, concerned only to find a square inch of skin for their stings; with their poignant notes was mingled the hum of the dreadful black flies, and the woods were filled as with a great endless sound. Green trees were scarce; only some young birches, a few poplars, and alder bushes waved their leaves in midst of the colonnade of stripped and blackened trunks.

François Paradis looked around him to get his bearings. "The others cannot be far away," he said.

"No," Maria answered in a low voice. But neither of them gave a call.

A squirrel came down the trunk of a dead birch, and with his sharp eyes watched for a moment before risking himself on the ground. In the midst of the drunken clamour of the flies, locusts, laden with fertility, went past with a dry crackling sound; a breath of wind carried through the alders the distant rumble of the falls.

François Paradis stole a glance at Maria, then turned away, and firmly clasped his hands. How good she was to look upon! To sit beside her; to catch a glimpse of her swelling breast, her fine modest, gentle face, the easy freedom of her rare gestures and attitudes — a great hunger for her came upon him, and at the same time a wondrous affection, because he had lived nearly all his life alone with other men, austerely, in the great wild woods, or on the snowy plains.

Louis Hémon—Continued.

—Il n'y en a pas guère cette année, dit François. Ce sont les gelées de printemps qui les ont fait mourir.

Il apportait à la cueillette son expérience de coureur des bois.

Dans les creux et entre les aunes, la neige sera restée plus longtemps et les aura gardés des premières gelées.

Ils cherchèrent et firent quelques trouvailles heureuses; de larges tales d'arbustes chargées de baies grasses, qu'ils égrenèrent industrieusement dans leurs seaux. Ceux-ci furent pleins en une heure; alors ils se relevèrent et s'assirent sur un arbre tombé pour se reposer.

D'innombrables moustiques et maringouins tourbillonnaient dans l'air brûlant de l'après-midi. A chaque instant il fallait les écarter d'un geste; ils décrivaient une courbe affolée et revenaient de suite, impitoyables, inconscients, uniquement anxieux de trouver un pouce carré de peau pour leur piqûre; à leur musique suraiguë se mêlait le bourdonnement des terribles mouches noires, et le tout emplissait le bois comme un grand cri sans fin. Les arbres verts étaient rares: de jeunes bouleaux, quelques trembles, des taillis d'aunes agitaient leur feuillage au milieu de la colonnade des troncs dépouillés et noircis.

François Paradis regarda autour de lui comme pour s'orienter.

—Les autres ne doivent pas être loin, dit-il.

—Non, répondit Maria à voix basse.

Mais ni l'un ni l'autre ne poussa un cri d'appel.

Un écureuil descendit du tronc d'un bouleau mort et les guetta quelques instants de ses yeux vifs avant de se risquer à terre. Au milieu de la clameur ivre des mouches, les sauterelles pondeuses passaient avec un crépitement sec; un souffle de vent apporta à travers les aunes le grondement lointain des chûtes.

François Paradis regarda Maria à la dérobée, puis détourna de nouveau les yeux en serrant très fort ses mains l'une contre l'autre. Qu'elle était donc plaisante à contempler! D'être assi auprès d'elle, d'entrevoir sa poitrine forte, son beau visage honnête et patient, la simplicité franche de ses gestes rares et de ses attitudes, une grande faim d'elle lui venait et en même temps un attendrissement émerveillé, parce qu'il avait vécu presque toute sa vie rien qu'avec

W. H. Blake—Continued

said François. "It was the spring frosts that killed the blossoms." He brought to the berry seeking his woodsman's knowledge. "In the hollows and among the alders the snow was lying longer and kept them from freezing."

They sought again and made some happy finds: broad clumps of bushes laden with huge berries which they heaped into their pails. In the space of an hour these were filled; they rose and went to sit on a fallen tree to rest themselves.

Mosquitos swarmed and circled in the fervent afternoon heat. Every moment the hand must be raised to scatter them; after a panic-stricken flight they straightway returned, reckless and pitiless, bent only on finding one tiny spot to plant a sting; with their sharp note was blended that of the insatiate black-fly, filling the woods with unceasing sound. Living trees there were not many; a few young birches, some aspens, alder bushes were stirring in the wind among the rows of lifeless and blackened trunks.

François Paradis looked about him as though to take his bearings. "The others cannot be far away," he said.

"No," replied Maria in a low voice. But neither he nor she called to summon them.

A squirrel ran down the bole of a dead birch tree and watched the pair with his sharp eyes for some moments before venturing to earth. The strident flight of heavy grasshoppers rose above the intoxicated clamour of the flies; a wandering air brought the fall's dull thunder through the alders.

François Paradis stole a glance at Maria, then turned his eyes away and tightly clasped his hands. Ah, but she was good to look upon! Thus to sit beside her, to catch these shy glimpses of the strong bosom, the sweet face so modest and so patient, the utter simplicity of attitude and of her rare gestures; a great hunger for her awoke in him, and with it a new and marvellous tenderness, for he had lived his life with other men, in hard give-and-take, among the wild forests and on the snowy plains.

Well he knew she was one of

Sir Andrew Macphail—Continued.

He felt that she was one of those women who, when they give themselves, give all without reckoning: the love of body and of heart, the strength of arms in the daily task, the perfect devotion of a spirit that will not turn aside. And it all appeared so precious he was afraid to ask for it.

"I am going down to Grand'-Mère next week", he said in a low voice, "to work on the timber sluice. But I will not take a drink, Maria, not a single one."

He stopped, and then with downcast eyes asked abruptly: "Perhaps...Have they been saying anything to you against me?"

"No."

"It is true that I had the habit of taking a drink pretty well, when I came down from the shanties and the drive; but that is ended. You see, when a fellow has spent six months in the woods working hard, having misery and never any pleasure, and arrives at La Tuque or Jonquières with all the winter's pay in his pocket, it is easy enough for his head to be a little turned; he spends money and warms himself up, sometimes...But that is at an end.

"And it is also true that I swore a bit. Living all the time with rough men in the woods or on the rivers,—that is the custom. There was a time when I used to swear pretty bad, and Curé Tremblay once rebuked me for having said before him that I was not afraid of the devil. But that is over, Maria. I am going to work all summer at two dollars and a-half a day. And I will surely put the money aside. And in the fall I am certain to find a job as foreman in a shanty with high wages. Next spring I will have more than five hundred dollars clear savings, and I will come back."

He hesitated again, and the question he was about to put changed upon his lips:

"You will be here then — next spring?"

"Yes".

And after this simple question and the still more simple reply, they fell silent and remained a long time so, silent and solemn, because they had exchanged their vows.

Louis Hémon—Continued.

d'autres hommes, durement, dans les grands bois sauvages ou les plaines de neige.

Il sentait qu'elle était de ces femmes qui, lorsqu'elles se donnent, donnent tout sans compter: l'amour de leur corps et de leur coeur, la force de leurs bras dans la besogne de chaque jour, la dévotion complète d'un esprit sans détours. Et le tout lui paraissait si précieux qu'il avait peur de le demander.

—Je vais descendre à Grand'-Mère la semaine prochaine, dit il à mi-voix, pour travailler sur l'écluse à bois. Mais je ne prendrai pas un coup, Maria, pas un seul!

Il hésita un peu et demanda abruptement, les yeux à terre:

—Peut-être...vous a-t-on dit quelque chose contre moi?

—Non.

—C'est vrai que j'avais coutume de prendre un coup pas mal, quand je revenais des chantiers et de la drave; mais c'est fini. Voyez-vous, quand un garçon a passé six mois dans le bois à travailler fort et à avoir de la misère et jamais de plaisir, et qu'il arrive à la Tuque ou à Jonquières avec toute la paye de l'hiver dans sa poche, c'est quasiment toujours que la tête lui tourne un peu: il fait de la dépense et il se met chaud, des fois... Mais c'est fini.

"Et c'est vrai aussi que je sacrais un peu. A vivre tout le temps avec des hommes "rough" dans le bois ou sur les rivières, on s'accoutume à ça. Il y a eu un temps que je sacrais pas mal, et M. le curé Tremblay m'a disputé une fois parce que j'avais dit devant lui que je n'avais pas peur du diable. Mais c'est fini, Maria. Je vais travailler tout l'été à deux piastres et demie par jour et je mettrai de l'argent de côté, certain. Et à l'automne je suis sûr de trouver une "job" comme foreman dans un chantier, avec de grosses gages. Au printemps prochain, j'aurai plus de cinq cents piastres de sauvées, claires, et je reviendrai.

Il hésita encore, et la question qu'il allait poser changea sur ses lèvres.

—Vous serez encore icitte...au printemps prochain?

—Oui.

Et après cette simple question et sa plus simple réponse ils se turent et restèrent longtemps ainsi, muets et solennels, parce qu'ils avaient échangé leurs serments.

W. H. Blake—Continued.

those women who, giving themselves, give wholly, reckoning not the cost; love of body and soul, strength of arm in the daily task, the unmeasured devotion of a spirit that does not waver. So precious the gift appeared to him that he dared not ask it.

"I am going down to Grand'-Mère next week", he said, almost in a whisper, "to work on the lumber dam. But I will never take a glass, not one, Maria!" Hesitating a moment he stammered out, eyes on the ground: "Perhaps...they have said something against me?"

"No."

"It is true that I used to drink a bit, when I got back from the shanties and the drive; but that is all over now. You see when a young fellow has been working in the woods for six months, with every kind of hardship and no amusement, and gets out to La Tuque or Jonquières with all the winter's wages in his pocket, pretty often he loses his head; he throws his money about and sometimes takes too much...But that is all over."

"And it is also true that I used to swear. When one lives all the time with rough men in the woods or on the rivers one gets the habit. Once I swore a good deal, and the *curé*, Mr. Tremblay, took me to task because I said before him that I wasn't afraid of the devil. But there is an end of that too, Maria. All the summer I am to be working for two dollars and a half a day and you may be sure I shall save money. And in the autumn there will be no trouble finding a job as foreman in a shanty with big wages. Next spring I shall have more than five hundred dollars saved, clear, and I shall come back..."

Again he hesitated, and the question he was about to put took another form upon his lips.

"You will be here still...next spring?"

"Yes."

And after the simple question and simpler answer they fell silent and so long remained, wordless and grave, for they had exchanged their vows.

Six Canadian Anthologies

By WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

A Treasury of Canadian Verse, compiled by T. H. Rand, published 1900 by William Briggs, Toronto.

The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse, compiled by Wilfred Campbell, published by Oxford University Press, Toronto.

Canadian Poets, compiled by John W. Garvin, published 1916 by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

Flowers from a Canadian Garden, compiled by L. J. Burpee, published by Musson, Toronto.

A Wreath of Canadian Poetry, compiled by Mrs. C. M. Whyte-Edgar, published 1904 by William Briggs, Toronto.

Canadian Singers and Their Songs, compiled by Edward S. Carswell, published 1919 by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

EXACTLY 200 poets are represented by our three leading anthologies—the *Treasury*, the *Oxford Book* and *Canadian Poets*. Of the 200 only 18 appear in all three collections. The Canadian public is interesting itself as never before in its national literature. The time is approaching when no educated Canadian will care to be without his national song-book, and it is my aim to assist the reader in making an intelligent choice by a brief comparison of these anthologies.

Apart from the date of publication there are only two factors determining the compiler's choice of material. I mean his definitions of the words "Canadian" and "poetry". In the matter of literary nationality all the anthologies are extremely liberal. The native-born rubs shoulders with the immigrant; the expatriate is placed beside the foreign visitor, who made poems during his stay. We are very generous — to ourselves. Any distinguished name that, on any construction, could possibly be identified with our literature is included in the list. If there is one modern writer whose nationality is fixed for literary purposes, that man is Standish O'Grady, one of the leaders of the Irish Renaissance. Yet his name appears in the index of the *Wreath*. If Rudyard Kipling had pleased us better with "Our Lady of the Snows" we would have had him in too.

Similarly the standards of poetic excellence have not been too rigid. This, I think, is wise, because our poetic output is not yet so voluminous that we need be exclusive. Every poet of any worth figures somewhere in these anthologies, which thereby acquire great historic value.

The first collection* was made by Theodore Harding Rand in 1900, and published as *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*. It contains specimens of the work of 135 poets. Many more poets are included than in any other book, and 80 of the 135 do not appear in either of the other important anthologies.

My first impression of the *Treasury* (in 1905) was unfavorable. The poems were of merit so unequal as to produce a sense of disharmony, incongruity. It seemed that Mr. Rand's ear must be woefully at fault. When I realized that his aim was to produce an historic document my feeling changed to one of admiration. As such the *Treasury* is unique. No student of Canadian literature should be without a copy.

On the literary side the *Treasury* has excellencies in keeping with the main design. In each case typical work has been chosen. The poets of lesser worth babble their disconcerting doggerel. The major poets are made to recite pieces of permanent value, which have in them a preponderance of self-revealment. Thus Archibald Lampman is represented by nine poems, including "The Sun Cup", and that noble sonnet, "The Goal of Life" which begins:

> There is a beauty at the goal of life,
> A beauty growing since the world began,
> Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
> Till the great human soul complete her span.

I do not know which is the finer poem, nor anything of Lampman's that surpasses either. Pauline Johnson's work is exemplified by five poems, of which three are certainly most typical and among her best — "The Song my Paddle Sings", "Shadow River" and "Prairie Greyhounds."

The chief virtue of the *Treasury* is the inclusion of the 80 minor poets, otherwise lost to us. Its chief defect is that it is 21 years old. Twenty poets with national reputations are absent. They came too late; and so the *Treasury*, by itself, is not the complete record we need.

The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse was arranged by Wilfred Campbell, himself one of the poets not to be found in the *Treasury*. The *Oxford Book* contains 251 poems by 100 poets. It is the slightest of the three great anthologies, and the most classical. Here is dignity, taste, correctness. Here are cool, lofty spaces, with much to entice the intellect, and comparatively little to captivate the heart. If Tennyson and Browning are the all-in-all of poetry to you, the *Oxford Book* is the anthology you should buy. But if William Blake and Robert Burns attract you with their directness, and primitive appeal, then the *Oxford Book* will leave one side of you hungry.

Of the 100 poets included in the *Oxford Book*, 57 are also to be found in the *Treasury*. Of the remaining 43, I think 15 are important in a literary way, and 28 are of historic interest only. Of the 15 real additions, 14 are to be found also in *Canadian Poets*. Richard Scrace is left as the only important name not to be found elsewhere.

Canadian Poets appeared in 1916. The compiler, Mr. John W. Garvin, strikes the modern note. His book will probably make the most satisfactory reading for all except those who are directly interested in tracing the growth of our poetic literature. Only 52 poets are included. Of these, 18 are to be found in all three anthologies; 14 may be found in the *Oxford Book* — poets like Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, who grew up too late to find a place in the *Treasury;* 6 are in the *Treasury*, but not in the *Oxford Book*. Of the remain-

* **Note:** "Songs and Poems of the Great Dominion," compiled by William D. Lighthall, M.A., of Montreal, and published in 1889 by Walter Scott, London, is now so rare as to be outside the scope of this article.

ing 14 I think 4, at least, will find a place in any later anthology that pretends to cover the field in a general way. These are Grace Blackburn, Father Dollard, Tom McInnes and Robert Norwood. The other 10 are nearly all younger men, who show great promise, and whom we shall watch with sympathetic interest.

Canadian Poets, while containing the smallest number of poets, is the largest book of the three. It weighs about twice as much as the *Treasury*, and four times as much as the *Oxford Book*. It yields an average of 6.5 selections per poet as against 2.5 in each of the other collections. The advantages of this are obvious. Many of the poems are quite long; there has been no cramping of space. Each poet's photograph is reproduced with a page of biography and critical comment.

Here, as nowhere else, is felt the influence of new modes of thought, and new ideals of form. The book is large physically and spiritually, free and direct and spontaneous. Above all there is evinced a positive national consciousness, not found in anything like the same degree in the earlier collections. Here, at last, is a real "Book of the Native."

To sum up. The *Treasury* is a unique historical document, containing more poets than any other work. It includes poetry good and bad, so long as it is Canadian. The *Oxford Book* is most creditable, but reveals a polish that is not typical of us. *Canadian Poets* will prove specially attractive to the younger generation, imbued with the ampler poetic ideals of Whitman, and a desire for genuine self-expression. You should own one of these three; choose according to your temperament.

Three lesser anthologies should also be noticed, *Flowers from a Canadian Garden*, *A Wreath of Canadian Poetry*, and *Canadian Singers and their Songs*.

The *Flowers* make a delightful button-hole bouquet. The bunch is small enough to be carried in the vest pocket, and contains 75 short lyrics. Mr. Burpee is to be congratulated on his discrimination. Only 17 poets are included, and all can be found elsewhere, but the *Flowers* are native and beautiful. I found the book a most satisfying constituent of a canoe trip last summer. That is a severe test for any poetry.

Canadian Singers and their Songs comes properly under the heading of personalia, not anthology. It is made up of 74 poets' photographs, and fac-simile of 74 hand-written, autographed poems. The writing is more legible than one would expect. The immediate friends of the poets will treasure the volume, but its design makes it rather unsatisfactory as an anthology for the general reader who wishes to acquire a knowledge of Canadian poetry.

The *Wreath* is the worst collection on the market. The compiler says that it is "neither anthology nor history, but both." It is much more of a history than an anthology. A great deal of valuable biographical matter is given, interspersed with poems and fragments — mostly fragments. The great drawback to the work is that the book purports to be a funeral tribute laid on the graves of the departed. No one is mentioned unless he is dead. Very few of our major poets had departed by 1904, when the book was written. This was fortunate for everybody except the compiler, whose field was sadly restricted. Archibald Lampman was the only poet of prime importance who was then dead. Of the 37 names which, in my opinion, head the list of our poets, only 5 appear in the *Wreath*.

It is difficult to be precise in stating the contents of the *Wreath*. The index gives 177 names, but 40 of these are only mentioned in a single short paragraph on page 283. Another list of also-rans stretches from page 22 to page 24. So the number of poets actually quoted or commented on is pitifully small. The book has been compiled with great care, and contains much information which will prove useful to authors of textbooks on the beginnings of Canadian prosody.

NINA MOORE JAMIESON
Author of "The Hickory Stick".

A comparison of these anthologies brings to light many interesting facts. He, who started to write as Arthur J. Stringer, is now Arthur Stringer. Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald found Agnes a burden and uncoupled her real self from it — for which few will blame her. Theodore Roberts has reversed the process and is now Theodore Goodridge Roberts. However I must not stray into these delectable bypaths, but must conclude my effort to set out clearly what you may expect to find in the different anthologies, one of which you are about to buy. Perhaps the shortest way is to tabulate.

	Number of poets included	Poets not found elsewhere	Number of pages	Number of poems
The Treasury ..	135	80	395	343
The Oxford Book	100	33	335	251
Canadian Poets..	52	14	466	337

The 18 names common to all three anthologies are:

Jean Blewett
G. F. Cameron
Bliss Carman
Isabella V. Crawford
W. H. Drummond
E. Pauline Johnson
Archibald Lampman
Charles Mair
Helen M. Merrill
Charles G. D. Roberts
Theodore Roberts
Charles Sangster
Duncan C. Scott
Frederick G. Scott
Albert E. S. Smythe
Arthur Stringer
Alan Sullivan
Ethelwyn Wetherald

The 14 names following are common to the *Oxford Book* and *Canadian Poets*, but do not appear in the *Treasury*.

Wilfred Campbell
Helena Coleman
Katherine Hale
J. D. Logan
Isabel E. Mackay
Geo. A. McKenzie
W. E. Marshall
Peter McArthur
Alma F. McCollum
J. Edgar Middleton
Marjorie L. C. Pickthall
Robert W. Service
Virna Sheard
Albert D. Watson.

Can Beauty Achieve Salvation?

By B. K. SANDWELL

WE presume that there has never been a time when the current poetry of the age —the ideals, the ethics, the judgments about life of its most influential poets—have been quite so widely removed from the religious orthodoxy of the same age as they are today in English-speaking countries. It would require more space and more research than we can spare, if we undertook to make out a stated case in support of this presumption; and interesting as the task would be, we must leave it for abler and more leisured hands. But we imagine that most of our readers will not insist upon proofs; our presumption corresponds, we believe, with their rough-and-ready conclusions based upon such experiences of their own times, and such records of others, as come easily within their reach. They recall how long a time it is since a major poet has been found in holy orders (outside of the Roman Catholic Church), and how infinitesimally little out of the vast output of serious poetry of the last fifty years the churches have been able to incorporate into their hymn books and even to use with any assurance as decorations for their sermons. And they remind themselves that religious orthodoxy has for some time been widely removed also from the current physical science, the current ethical beliefs and the current philosophies of the age, so that it is scarcely surprising that it should keep its distance from the current poetry in which all these things find their natural expression in terms of beauty.

It is this great gulf fixed between the age's poetry, which it has itself evolved, and the age's religious orthodoxy, which it inherited from a previous era and has not yet succeeded in greatly modifying, that lends interest to the position and efforts of any man who seeks to remain in the active priesthood of one of the great Protestant churches and yet to write serious verse in the language and formulae of his time. For all serious verse involves a reference to those great questions about the relations of the soul, the body, the universe, time and eternity, which occupy men's minds in their higher moments, and which the orthodox religions undertake more or less fully to answer. A Bishop can write limericks, a Moderator can compose *vers de société*; but it is hard for even a curate to write an Ode on Immortality which will take its place in the march of poetic thought at the proper distance after Wordsworth, Keats, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Stevenson, Kipling and Masefield, and will yet not cause his ecclesiastical superiors to hint that he keep to the far less dangerous paths of prose.

It is for this reason largely that we are interested in "Bill Boram," the long poem by Robert Norwood which its publishers, McClelland & Stewart, (Toronto, $1.50) call "A Dramatic Tale of the Sea". It is not merely that Mr. Norwood is an Anglican clergyman; that might be an accident. He is more than that; he is spiritually "in" the great body of orthodox religion, and yet he is trying to write poetry which in substance as well as in form will belong to the current poetical movement. Probably he would deny that the gulf is as great as we have described, or that so tremendous an effort is needed to bridge it. And in answer to that we can only reply that in our opinion Mr. Norwood has not bridged it, that "Bill Boram" is not twentieth-century poetry (about which we claim to know something), and may not even be twentieth-century religious orthodoxy (about which we do not claim to know much), and cannot safely be regarded as anything more than a clever and interesting expression of an interesting personality.

Bill Boram was a Nova Scotia fishing skipper who was "bad". We are given details of his badness; he quite commonly used the expression "May God damn this ship", and when on shore he used to drink rum and to associate freely with Kate Coolin, described in the prefatory list of "Persons of the Story" as "A type of that lure of sex which damns because it is possessive." His redeeming features (the prefatory list calls them his "points of contact with the Infinite") were a love of flowers and of all things physically beautiful, and one or two unselfish friendships. One day when things were going badly on a fishing trip he kicked and almost killed the cook of the fishing vessel, a simple-minded soul with extraordinarily beautiful blue eyes. The revulsion of feeling after that act of brutality turned him into a man of sternly moral life and a missionary to the fishermen among whom he dwelt. The characters, the situation, the action, the psychology, all are perfectly sound. Masefield, whom Mr. Norwood has been studying to much purpose, would have confined himself to the facts and made a good stirring ballad out of them, but with much more poetic value out of Kate Coolin, whom Mr. Norwood dismisses with the instinctive contempt of the clergyman for the unrepentant prostitute.

Not so the Canadian poet. His mind is pre-occupied (as no twentieth-century poet's mind can surely be) with the idea of "salvation". It is a new kind of salvation that he has to preach and to demonstrate, but it resembles all previous kinds in that it requires a sinner incapable of saving himself. So first of all we have to be convinced of Bill's sinfulness—which is not a pleasant or suitable job for poetry — and then of the regenerating power of the thing which saves him, which is nothing else than Beauty as exhibited in the reproachful blue eyes of the half-killed cook. Now one of the differences between orthodox organised religion and the current poetry of the period is that the former looks for sinfulness in acts, the latter in character. And Mr. Norwood relies upon acts — he has to, because he knows that at bottom, and with due allowance for circumstances, Bill's *character* is decent enough; he was obliged to make it so, or nobody would have believed in his "conversion". Any legislature can make rum-drinking a crime; but a whole Parliament of poets cannot make the present-day poetry-reader regard it as a sin *per se*.

Gambling bouts with rum and bloody quarrels

may be serious matters for the church-member, but the poetry-reader rather likes them. Even the things that took place when Kate Coolin and her gang turned up,

> Things that must be
> Passed by with veiled or with averted face

(how much more like a sermon than a poem that sounds!) need to be considered not as isolated acts, but in the light of psychology and circumstances, before we can tell whether they are the tokens of a genuinely sinful character or merely the honest outbursts of an exuberant nature in one who has never learnt the more idealistic aspects of sex.

We have not space for more than one quotation from Mr. Norwood's many efforts to demonstrate the regenerating power of Beauty upon the human soul which allows itself to respond thereto; but it is the crucial one, the utterance of Bill Boram when he sees the cook's eyes and realises what he has done. Bill is kneeling by the prostrate body, and the rest of the crew, terror-stricken, are standing clear:

> "God damn the feet that steps upon a flower.
> The fingers that has ever blossoms broke!
> God damn to torments o' hell's hottest hour
> Me for a traitor! . . . Men, I has betrayed
> Beauty! . . . Look at his eyes!"

Can this astonishing apostrophe be accepted, not as the actual utterance (we do not ask that in poetry now), but as even the most sublimated representation of the most sub-conscious contents of the mind, of a man who has just come within an ace of killing a life-long fellow-worker in a fit of unreasoning anger? Mind you, it is physical beauty, the colour of eyes and of flowers and of evening skies, that is in question all the way through this poem. Mr. Norwood does not want us for one moment to believe that it was the spiritual beauty of the cook's character, suddenly realised by Bill in the shock of reaction from his murderous wrath, that led to Bill's conversion. Nor do spiritual beauty and lovely eyes necessarily dwell together; some of the most exquisitely-coloured eyes we have ever seen—but we digress.

No; it seems to us that the gulf is too great and will not be bridged. Ugliness and sin are not synonymous, nor are beauty and virtue. "Conversion" is a very great mystery, and is not to be explained as an operation of the aesthetic sense — which is often much stronger in sinners than in the apparently converted. Mr. Norwood's effort is courageous, honest and interesting; but his conception of sin is that of a minister of religion rather than a poet of 1921 — a minister who is trying to convert his religion into poetry but cannot quite manage it. We have not space to deal with the workmanship of the poem in points of detail; but it exhibits the same qualities which have gained for the author's earlier books so large a following. Intellectually Mr. Norwood's progress is extraordinarily interesting; he is so obviously and sincerely feeling his way towards a higher truth than he has yet reached. And unlike most of our poets, he is concerned with the biggest things of life and not its minutiae.

Masques and Dusters

THE duster habit was bound to spread to Canada. In this excessively democratic age the demand of the public for really "inside" information about their rulers is insatiable, as many publishers in many parts of the world have found to their great advantage.

Unfortunately a duster is not the only requisite. You must have a mirror, whether it be of Downing Street or of Sparks Street, so placed that when properly dusted it will reflect the visages of the truly great, not as they exhibit themselves to the common public, but as they appear in their moments of private self-communion. *The Masques of Ottawa*, by Domino (Macmillan, Toronto, $2.00) differs from *The Mirrors of Downing Street* mainly in this, that its author is not, and cannot make himself appear, one of the real insiders of Canadian political life. He is probably a journalist, of the writing kind; that is to say, the kind which writes with great fluency the opinions which much more important journalists (some of whom have never written while others have long ceased to write) have decided to pay him to write. Such a penman customarily disguises to himself, and sometimes to others, his own very moderate importance, by adopting a tone of extreme flippancy or lofty patronage towards the personages with whom his writings have to deal. This does not greatly matter in the daily press, but seems out of place within the covers of a large book.

It is doubtless true that the heads of the Canadian political parties are not quite such large and interesting personalities as those depicted in *The Mirrors of Downing Street*. But we are irresistibly impelled to believe that there is more dignity, more depth and even more picturesqueness to them than these Domino portraits give any hint of. Not that Domino is less than frank about his own limitations. His book starts with the admission that he never met the present Premier save once for eleven seconds. His intimacy with Mackenzie King appears to have been mainly a matter of listening to that gentleman's speeches. These things being so, one wonders why Domino should feel the call to write a book about these and other gentlemen with whom his contacts have been equally superficial. There must be men in Western Canada who know the inside of Mr. Meighen, and men, perhaps in Colorado, who know the inside of Mr. Mackenzie King.

The one really good sketch in the book is that of the one man in Canadian politics whom it was never difficult to know — whom even a cub-reporter could see the heart of — Sir Sam Hughes. Sir Lomer Gouin, who goodness knows is picturesque enough, occupies eleven pages of which five are devoted to an interview with a Quebec Nationalist who must have tremendously enjoyed being so clever at the expense of his own provincial Premier and of a guileless English-speaking newspaper man. A dozen other good subjects are drowned in a maze of meaningless words.

There is one Canadian (or ex-Canadian) writer who could have written this book properly if he could have got his mind away from the wrongs of Ireland. That writer is J. C. Walsh, once editor of the Montreal Herald, and a journalist who could both understand men and depict them. Domino is a decided Nationalist, but beyond all peradventure of doubt, Domino is not J. C. Walsh.

How to Write a Successful Novel

By P. W. LUCE

SO that all other Canadian writers may have an equal chance of winning that $2,500 prize offered by MacLean's Magazine and the Musson Book Company, I have decided not to enter the competition for the best novel sent in before next June. I look upon this as tantamount to a sacrifice of $2,500 on my part, but we must all make some sacrifices for the advancement of Canadian literature. This is mine.

It would perhaps be unfair if I did pit myself against the other hundreds of other brilliant Canadians who write stories. My greater experience would leave them so far in the lurch that it would be a pitiful exhibition. During the past eighteen months I have written stories, sketches and skits for ninety-seven of the leading Canadian and American magazines. You will have to take my word for four of these stories until such time as they are published, but I have rejection slips to show for the other ninety-three.

Editors, great and small, liberally sprinkled these rejection slips with saline tears before forwarding them to me. It all but broke their heart to find they had no room for my masterpieces, and I gather they sat up late at night praying earnestly that I would soon dispose of the material in a better market. I am quite certain that their prayers will be answered in every case, but am not quite sure whether they will be answered "Yes", or "No."

As many of the entrants in this novel competition have only the haziest ideas of what constitutes a book, I will endeavor to make this clear to the meanest intelligence:

A book is that which has two stiff covers and lies evenly and stiffly between those covers.

All books have length and breadth, but very few have any depth. A popular book is a book which has no parts and no magnitude, and which lies obviously from cover to cover.

A book which is not fit to read, my dear, becomes a Best Seller after it has been banned by a Chucklehead Censor.

A book which is painfully moral and perfectly proper is said (after the Sunday School Libraries have been supplied) to be a drug on the market.

Two or more books which deal with the same thing in the same way are equal to one another, and are one book at double the price.

Books which are equal in length and breadth to the same book are not necessarily equal to one another.

A book is that of the writing of which there is no end by Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, and Robert W. Chambers.

If so be that a book is to be illustrated, the artist shall under no circumstances first read the manuscript, for this might tempt him to make his illustrations harmonize with the text. Which would be running counter to tradition, and, therefore would be absurd.

Having studied these few propositions, the ambitious writer will be in a position to understand more clearly what is required of him in this $2,500 competition. The next thing is to select a plot.

Pick out a good strong elastic plot, which you can stretch and twist this way and that as your story develops. Remember that the wedding bells must ring in the last chapter. Take care of the denouement and the details will take care of themselves. Do not suppose all is lost if you inadvertently marry the heroine to the villain in Chapter 23 — the divorce courts will prove your salvation if the bold bad man is too tough a guy to toss over a cliff on a dark and stormy night.

Start off with a snap. No matter about descriptions or scenery. You can drag that in later, when you've properly corralled your readers. But remember that in the beginning the interest in your novel is null and void, and it's up to you to create curiosity. Say something startling, and say it quick.

The very best opening I ever saw for a novel was this sentence:

"'Oh, Hell!', said the Duchess, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation."

I defy even a book reviewer to stop short after reading that sentence. He will be startled; he may be shocked, but he will certainly read on until he has found out all about the previous conversation, and is in a position to judge whether the Duchess was justified in the use of the short but strong expletive.

As an opening sentence, that beats anything Grenville Kleiser or the Scranton International Correspondence Schools ever thought of. It is short, but it embodies every element that should be in the first paragraph of a successful novel.

An inspiration like that does not come very often. The ease in writing comes from art, not chance, and when you start to unwind the tangled skein of your twisted yarn, you'll find there is a pleasure in creative pains which only writers know. Only writers know exactly what Job meant when he hollered "Oh, that mine enemy had written a book"... And even at that, some of us are none too sure!

For those who do not wield the pen of a ready writer, and who find some difficulty in transferring their scraps of ideas to scraps of paper, consolation may be found in the fact that there is mighty little left under the sun that has not been revamped and rehashed times without number. W. L. George has just brought out "Hail, Columbia," which contains many glittering exercises in light comedy and is designed for popular consumption. All that he says has been said before by Oscar Wilde, by E. V. Lucas, by G. K. Chesterton, by Charles Dickens, and by scores of others, but that is a matter of no moment. Readers thrive on platitudes and buncombe, if it is only made interesting. They are the world's Fat Boy and Oliver Twist twisted into one. They never get old enough to learn. For which let us be truly thankful.

Whenever an English author is sorely beset by the income tax collector, he picks up his golf clubs, adjusts his monocle, and hies for a week-end visit to New York, Boston, Chicago, and Great Neck, Mich. The result is a best seller.

When a writer has a paucity of ideas, he should counterbalance this by a rash of words. In the multitude of sentences there is confusion, and many a poor story has been accepted by an editor because he could discover no earthly reason for rejecting it.

A knowledge of grammar is useful, but not essential. Only a few pedants know whether one should say "You and I" or "You and me", anyway. I cheerfully confess that what I do not know about grammar would fill a very large book, and if there is any rule I have not broken in the twenty years I have been slinging ink, it is because of my ignorance, and not through deliberate discrimination. Quite a few magazines and publishing firms keep a proofreader whose duty it is to see that a certain number of mistakes get into print, and this individual is supposed to know something about grammar, and act accordingly.

For those who have no faith in proofreaders, there are quite a number of Literary Agents in New York who will undertake—for a fee — to pass judgment on a manuscript. In their own peculiar way these agents serve a useful purpose in the life of an ambitious writer. In the first place he is stimulated to write by their advertisements, telling how Kipling sold to the extent of 2,000,000 copies last year, and how Mark Twain's estate collected $84,000 in royalties in 1920. In the second place, after sending his manuscript for expert revision, and being advised ten months later that there is no trace of it in the Literary Agent's office, and chances are that it never was received, he is induced to write a second and better book. Nothing so irritates a Literary Agent as to sell a manuscript, but this so seldom happens that his periods of mental abberration are few and far distant. Once in a long while the agent forgets to lose submitted stories, and they are eventually returned — but never to the right author. It is a point of honor with the New York clan that if a script came from Arkansas it must be sent, postage collect, to some unfortunate client in British Columbia. I know. I have been the unfortunate client.

One of the greatest errors most young writers do is to study Shakespeare. William of Avon was not an author; he was a playwright. He prepared material for the stage, not for the printed page. To take only one of his now-familiar aphorisms: "Brevity is the soul of wit" (most appropriately spoken by Polonius, who was always willing to agree to anything), what writer at so-much-per-word is willing to subscribe to such tenets? I consider brevity to be the essence of stupidity. I can be brief, but I am not, no, not once. I could have written this article in half the length, or not at all, but that would have been most unfair to my bank account.

The young writer should shun brevity as he would shun a Correspondence Course in Journalism. It would lead him to a bad end. Let me give two examples of how words can be made to do a little brief service, or can be made to coin money at so-much-per-word.

Suppose you wished to complain to a railway company of the racket made by a switch engine in freight yards at night, under the Shakespearean Brevity System you would say:

"The noise made by your switch engine is very annoying."

Under the So-much-per-word system you would first overhaul your Webster, give a few moment's attention to "Trench, on Words", dive deep into Roget's Thesaurus, and then pound out a two-fisted sentence something like this:

"Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and clang and bawl and buzz and hiss and bell and wail and pant and rant and howl and yowl and grate and grind and puff and bump and click and clang and chug and moan and hoot and toot and crash and grunt and gasp and groan and whistle and wheeze and squawk and blow and jar and jerk and rasp and jingle and twang and clack and rumble and jangle and jing and ring and clatter and yelp and howl and hum and snarl and puff and groan and thump and boom and clash and jolt and throb and blob and hump and blump and jostle and shake and screech and snort and slam and crink and quiver and rumble and roar and rattle and rumple and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like Billy-Be-Damned all night long?"

That's the way to write a 90,000 word book. Use all the words you can. Use some of them twice if you can get away with it. If you run out of words sanctioned by the Established Church of England, coin new ones. They're just as good. I've coined several new ones in the above list, and attention is hereby deliberately called to them so that the editor will not be tempted to murder them with his blue pencil.

After your moving finger has writ, and, having writ, moved on, do not lure it back to cancel half a line, nor let your tears blot out a word of it. It isn't done. Too much polish might stamp you as a tyro. And do not hesitate to appropriate. Bear in mind that when Omar smote his bloomin' lyre and saw what 'e might require, 'e went and took, the same as Kipling and yours truly. You can always explain it away on the plea of unconscious plagiarism.

If your thoughts are wandering and vapid, don't hesitate on that account. Set 'em down. Your novel will get by easily if you describe it as a Psychological Study, or a Literary Metabolism, or something equally illuminating.

And don't, oh don't, please don't lose heart if you cannot reach a satisfactory conclusion. Let the reader worry out the solution. He has more time. It will cause reviewers to argue, and arguments kindle interest, and interest means sales. Bear in mind what happened to Frank Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger", to Dickens' "The Mystery of Edwin Drood", and to scores of other famous works of which I never heard.

Just a few words regarding the technique of the $2,500 Prize Novel. Write on both sides of transparent paper, with a weak red and black ribbon. Choose a typewriter with plenty of broken characters and a space bar that is lazy; otherwise you will be detected as a beginner. Leave no margin; use the single space, and write your name and address in ink on the last page, as illegibly as you can. Avoid short sentences, and paragraph infrequently. This will make your work look like a government Blue Book, and will make the publisher's readers feel the same way.

Use Latin terms if you know

MRS. J. B. SIME

Greek, and Greek terms if you know Latin. In this way you are not so apt to get the right expression in the right place. Scatter slang with lavish hand: Lardner's drivel brings him in $180,000 a year. Make frequent references to other authors: that shows your wide acquaintance in the literary world. If ever you are at a loss for a few thousand words, just have one of your characters—preferably a child with weak eyes,—read three or four chapters of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History", or make the deep-dyed villain recite the Book of Job from beginning to end. It will be a fitting punishment for the villain — and it will pad out your work magnificently!

Make your statements of fact sufficiently obvious. Do not merely say that "the sun rose"; explain that "the sun gradually rose over the low horizon in the effete east at early morning dawn, as the long night was slowly dying." That's much more effective.

Of course practice helps too. For, though writing maketh an exact man, reading maketh an editor an exceeding exacting man. Still, by following my advice, some day you will wake up very much surprised to discover you have won the $2,500 prize.

And I, too, will be very much surprised!

A Rapidly Progressing Novelist

MR. Robert Watson, of British Columbia, is a striking example of what can be accomplished, in the training up of a Canadian author in the way in which he should go, by a little sympathetic support of his earlier work and a kindly tolerance of his weaknesses. It is the rarest thing in the world for an author to bloom suddenly into complete proficiency as a mushroom cometh up in the night. Like a tree, he must have soil, sun and rainfall — a public, a publisher and a body of criticism — even for the early stages of his development, long before he has attained his proper growth. Mr. Watson has been writing novels for nine or ten years. He has published several of them through the same firm, McClelland & Stewart of Toronto, which has issued his present book. In them all he exhibited a marked native capacity for story-telling. He was handicapped in the beginning by a strong disposition to a very clammy kind of sentiment and to stilted and unlife-like dialogue. But his publishers had faith in him, he had a friendly public, especially in the West, and the more careful Canadian critics recognised his promise while reprehending his weaknesses. And each successive novel showed a perceptible advance towards the conquest of the latter.

But we doubt if anybody was prepared for so sudden an achievement as that represented by "The Spoilers of the Valley." This is a book which will take its place among the standard examples of the Western novel (Canadian or American) of vigorous but not melodramatic action, and of picturesque but not extravagant character-drawing. The fable is a sufficiently ancient one — that of the man who feels it his duty to undergo a prison sentence in substitution for his friend, and who later finds that the friend is not worth the sacrifice. But we cannot recall having ever seen this situation more dexterously motivated, or enacted by more plausible characters. The action takes place in Mr. Watson's own valley in the Okanagan country, in the golden years before 1914; and he makes us feel that that country really was a place in which there were gathered together an unusually large number of young men with characters developed to the extreme in one direction or another—high idealism or sordid wealth-seeking, intense public spirit or intense private selfishness, a strong sense of honour or a strong contempt for all that goes by that name. The clashes between these characters lead to quite a number of scenes of violence, but they are not the kind of fights that Mr. Watson used to write about and that most of our Western novelists still fancy. There is no miraculous laying-out of the town bully and a string of his henchmen by the single-handed hero, endowed with superhuman strength by a glance from the eyes of his beloved. In fact, the hero and his friend get rather badly mauled themselves on several occasions, which will perhaps spoil Mr. Watson's book for the movies but makes it vastly more like real life. There is quite a lot of crime, and quite a lot of criminal-chasing; but they are the crimes, the criminals and the chasers whom one expects to find in a thinly populated and newly settled territory with a great deal of ill-guarded wealth. And there is one very nice girl who is quite lightly drawn and kept in the background for most of the time, which is where she belongs in this kind of a novel.

ROBERT WATSON
Author of "The Spoilers of the Valley."

There is still a tendency to overdirectness of statement where a mere suggestion would do very much better. It was not necessary, for example, to sound the wedding-bell motif quite so loudly for the hero's chum in the last chapter, but Mr. Watson was evidently determined to have all his characters definitely provided for in black and white before he wrote "The End." We are sorry, moreover, that Mr. Watson disapproves of Chinamen. Personally, we thought Ah Sing a very picturesque and likeable character, and we feel that British Columbia would be a much less suitable place for Mr. Watson's stories if he were not there. It merely shows that Mr. Watson is a far better artist than propagandist; as artist, he has drawn us a human Chinaman, when the propagandist would have evolved an embodiment of the Yellow Peril out of his inner consciousness.

In Love with the Man of Nazareth

By GEORGE DUNCAN, D.D.

A People's Life of Christ, by J. Paterson-Smyth, B.D., LL.D., Litt. D., D.C.L.

AS a book, this is a most readable one. As a life of Christ, it is fascinating. It is not only a *People's Life of Christ* in name, it is bound to be a popular one in substance. It is alive with suggestion for the "man in the street"; its bright, crisp, easy style is sure to appeal to a wide modern public. For members of the Church, it is instinct with a fresh and modern note. Several chapters scintillate with such a charm that readers will dip into them again and again. While the author draws out of an intellectual and spiritual treasury rich in things old and new, the book is conversational rather than scholastic, graphic rather than technical, pictorial rather than controversial, psychological rather than theological, persuasive rather than dogmatic. The author, like his Christ, is in touch with life at every point. He has fairly fallen in love with the Man of Nazareth; and will infect others.

It is a life-like Christ that we have in this *Life*, vitalised by a master-artist out of the Gospels,—which are not taken as Lives of our Lord, but are rather collections of "reminiscences, incidents, and discoveries treasured in the minds of the first disciples, and not always set down in consecutive order." The arrangement followed in this book is not calculated to arouse technical criticism. The author is a born story-teller. Possibilities become probabilities under the reverent touch of his fine imagination. To him the Eternities are as natural as the humanities. He is as much at home amid the realities of the Unseen as he is amid the actualities of the seen.

The opening chapters tell us of the unseen eternities where we "first touch the life of Christ", God preparing to speak to man by a Word entering human form. We next see "a world preparing," and "a world set thinking", before the Birth at Bethlehem, which follows naturally. The picture of the Mother and of the early years of Jesus is charming. "The stupendous secret of the divinity of her Son only came to her in her later years"; while Christ's messianic consciousness "lay somehow latent in His subconscious mind". "The limitations of His humanity meant a certain shutting out of the full consciousness of His true dignity in the eternal world." The child comes to earth "with no infinite knowledge. He had to learn the facts of His religion." We note "a slumbering interest in the eternal awaking in the boy of twelve" — a life-like Christ, natural amid eternal things as amid flowers and birds and children and all the homely ways and companionships of human life. In those days we see a blithe, gladsome, cheerful Christ, "so human, so friendly, so pleasant", that it is no wonder that all kinds of people are attracted to Him. Book III is a story of His first year of public life, the chapter on the Cana wedding meriting special notice. Book IV tells of His doings at Capernaum, and throws a new atmosphere around many incidents. Book V recalls "Memories of the Jerusalem road", six months prior to His entrance, His teachings on the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, Responsibility, and The Great Assize, bringing us to the end of the Road along which He had so often attempted to bring His message to the Capital; and in Book VI we see Him at Jerusalem.

The pictures are instinct with life. The author helps the ages in stripping off from the Christ the "purple and scarlet", the fictitious glory of a discarded royalty and of an alien philosophy; "puts on Him His own clothes", revealing Him in the dignity and majesty of His own personality as He goes forth to His redemption of mankind. The scenes at Gethsemane, Calvary, the Tomb, are as fresh as if they had never been portrayed before. Those who read such naturalistic portraits as Wells and others are presenting to "the man in the street" today should study this natural portrait of the Christ.

Many will read the Resurrection story more than once. "An old man's Easter Memories" are among the finest touches in the book. The sublimation of that wondrous life into spiritual reality, the passing of that Personality into a spiritual Presence of a higher order, different yet the same, near in fellowship and inspiration to the lives of men, leave all who read this book with a living Christ who can never cease to be aught than natural, human, divine, immortal; one who has only to be so lifted up to draw all men unto Him.

Christmas in Heaven

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE McKAY.

HOW hushed they were in Heaven that night,
How lightly all the angels went,
How dumb the singing spheres beneath
Their many-candled tent!

How silent all the drifting throng
Of earth-freed spirits, strangely torn
By dim and half-remembered pain
And joy but newly born!

The Glory in the Highest flamed
With awful, unremembered ray—
But quiet as the falling dew
Was He who went away.

So swift He went, His passing left
A low, bright door in Heaven ajar—
With God it was a covenant,
To man it seemed a star.

Nellie Puts Herself in a Book

By AUSTIN BOTHWELL

A new book by Nellie McClung arouses expectation. It may be that, developing, growing with the years, she may bring off the big book she is capable of writing. "Purple Springs" (Allan, Toronto, $2) is ambitious.

"A man's (or a woman's) reach should exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for". The "reach" of Mrs. McClung is patent, not so the "grasp."

In electing to incorporate in the plot of "Purple Springs" the story of the decline and fall of the notorious Roblin government Mrs. McClung was attempting to do what badly needed to be done: fix definitely for the amaze of future generations that period of political debauchery unparalleled and that wonderful campaign of satire and ridicule, in which Mrs. McClung herself had so conspicuous a part and which ushered out the old era in a gale of contemptuous laughter and brought in a new era in harrassed Manitoba. Only those who lived in Winnipeg at that time (as the writer did) can appreciate the services of Mrs. McClung which it has fallen to another city properly to reward. I refer to Mrs. McClung's election to the Alberta Legislature for the city of Edmonton.

Mrs. McClung has done some measure of justice to the part she played, to the part women played, in the defeat of Roblinism or perhaps it were juster to say Rogersism but she has omitted much that is essential to the picture. To mention but one very important factor; she makes no reference to Mr. W. J. Healy's series, "Mr. Pepys in Winnipeg", which, appearing from day to day in his "Heliograms" column in the Manitoba Free Press, exposed with biting irony and mordant wit the basic — and base — buttresses of the power of the machine: night clubs ("Clubs of that class") and, as Artemas Ward would say, "sich".

A more serious count in the indictment of the story as an account of a stirring period is that Mrs. McClung has compromised and has in spirit as in fact falsified the record. I suppose it would be inadvisable to introduce into a novel an authentic portrait of Sir Rodmond Roblin or the Hon. Mr. Howden. Verisimilitude would perhaps, be non-artistic, but to twist, to change the facts, as Mrs. McClung has done was surely not necessary. The author wished to make the point that the laws of Manitoba were, under the old regime, exceedingly unjust to women. She conceived the idea, in an unhappy moment, that it would strengthen her case to make the Premier himself guilty of victimizing his women folk under the protection of the law. So she invented a son's widow. John Graham (that is the Premier's name in the novel) threatens to deprive his daughter-in-law of her son and send him to school in England. (Can one imagine the real Roblin so enamored of education, and, despite his propensity for flag-waving, English education as all that?) The daughter-in-law denies her marriage to Jim Graham and flies to Purple Springs where she suffers ostracism because, in her fear of discovery, she does not set at rest the rumors that arise about her. The episode seems far fetched.

I do not complain that to attribute to Sir Rodmond a cruelty of heart that would separate mother and son needlessly blackens his character, though that particular kind of baseness was not his. He had a bad twist in his make-up, undoubtedly; he believed in his divine right to rule the Province of Manitoba and in the employment of any devilish trick to maintain that divine right. Mrs. McClung does not spare him, but she takes care to show him not wholly base. In his personal relations with his friends and henchmen Sir Rodmond was invariably kindly —a crony.

I was not fortunate enough to witness the famous play which Mrs. McClung wrote and which will go down in history as an example of the power of satire to effect political ends. The laughter it aroused was so titillating, such a hurricane, that it swept the government machine from its base and revealed the whole rotten cement of graft and corruption in which it had been embedded. The best chapter in the novel is the one in which the Premier in disguise witnesses the mock parliament of women receive a delegation of men asking for the right to vote and hears his speech in which he had shortly before answered a similar petition from the women travestied inimitably and all his well known mannerisms mocked.

"But my dear young friends" the premier was saying, "I am convinced you do not know what you are asking me to do." Her tone was didactic now; she was a patient Sunday school teacher, laboring with a class of erring boys charitable to their many failings and frailties, hopeful of the ultimate destiny. "You do not know what you ask. You have not thought of it, of course, with the natural thoughtlessness of your sex. You ask for something which may disrupt the whole course of civilization. Man's place is to provide for his family, a hard enough task in these strenuous days. We hear of women leaving home, and we hear it with deepest sorrow. Do you know why women leave home? There is a reason. Home is not made sufficiently attractive. Would letting politics enter the home help matters? Ah no. Politics would mean unsettled bills — unsettled bills mean broken homes, broken vows and then divorce." Her voice was heavy with sorrow.

An exalted mood was on her now — a mood they all knew well. It had carried elections. It was the premier's highest card. His friends called it his magnetic appeal. "Man has a higher destiny than politics. What is a home without a bank account? The man who pays the grocer rules the world. Shall I call men away from the useful plough and harrow, to talk aloud on street corners about the things which do not concern them? Ah no! I love the farm and the hallowed associations —the dear old farm, with drowsy treble of the cow-bells at eventide. There I see my father's kindly smile, so full of blessing, hard-working, rough-handed man as he was, maybe, but able to look the whole world in the face.—You ask me to change all this."

Her voice shook with emotion, and drawing a huge white linen handkerchief from the folds of her gown, she cracked it by the corner like a whip, and blew her nose like a trumpet.

"We are doing very well just as we are, very well indeed. Women are the best students of economy. Every woman is a student of political economy. We look very closely at every dollar of public money, to see if we couldn't make a better use of it ourselves, before we spend it. We run our elections as cheaply as they are run anywhere. We always endeavor to get the greatest number of votes for the least possible amount of money. That is political economy."

That is good; it is authentic. Mrs. McClung is on sure ground here. If she had not wandered into the bogs of sentiment, if she had stuck resolutely, if not to the facts, to the spirit of the facts, she might

have enriched our literature permanently.

But the book lives — for the moment anyway — in that it is the expression of one of the most interesting of Canadian personalities, decidedly more interesting than, say, Sir William Mackenzie or Sir Robert Borden or even Newton Wesley Rowell. Mrs. McClung has embodied herself in Pearl Watson, now grown up — eighteen at the time of the story, that is, in the year of grace 1914. It is Pearl who, in the novel, plays the part of the Premier, in the famous play it was actually Nellie McClung that took that role.

Pearl, in fact, duplicates in the novel a great many of Mrs. McClung's experiences in the campaign. She speechifies, she scores in repartee, she leads the embattled women to victory for equal suffrage. Pearl has her creator's own personality, her vivacious, vivid, vital, personality, her charm, her wit and force of character and sound common sense.

But it is perhaps more than anything the glimpses we get of the harum-scarum young brothers of Pearl and of her sterling Irish parents, one so cheery, the other so gloomy, that make the book so enjoyable. Danny and Billy and Jimmy and Tommy are real boys —regular imps of mischief. We may hear more about them now that Pearl is married to Doctor Clay.

I should perhaps have mentioned the fact that there is a love interest sooner. Pearl's dreams come true, but not before the usual stormy course is run. The story of the love of Pearl is told with admirable restraint and with skill.

By and large there are many reasons why Canadian readers should enjoy this book.

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Our Woman Novelists are Busy

THREE Canadian woman novelists, all belonging to the McClelland and Stewart clan, have new books out this season dealing with young Canadian girls. They are, in the order of their professional accomplishments, L. M. Montgomery with "Rilla of Ingleside", Marian Keith with "Little Miss Melody", and Lilian Vaux MacKinnon with "Miriam of Queen's". Whatever their differences, the three titular damsels have this in common, that they exhibit all that sweetness of mind and character which has since the beginning of time been regarded as essential for a Canadian heroine.

MARIAN KEITH
Author of "Little Miss Melody".

Rilla is the daughter of "Anne of Green Gables", and the scene of the love-declaration between her and her young Island soldier-boy with the implacable Susan looking on is one of the most idyllically beautiful things Mrs. Montgomery has ever given us. The rest of the book is mainly a series of comedy episodes, amusing enough but having little to do with the development of the characters, and chiefly showing life in a Prince Edward Island village during the war. Mrs. Montgomery has done more important work, but we should be sorry not to have had this pretty sketch of a proud and true and generous young Canadian girl in love.

Janet Meldrum, the "Little Miss Melody", is much younger, and Mrs. Keith's book is perhaps intended mainly for schoolgirl consumption. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and her mother was excessively given to good works. It is astonishing, by the way, how Canadian woman novelists run to the manse for subject-matter. Janet's adventures among the village folk, and the help she obtained from her father's youthful "supply", are narrated with a gusto and invention quite suggestive of Mrs. Montgomery, but without that writer's sureness of touch.

Miriam was a university girl, and should have been the most interesting of the three. But Mrs. MacKinnon has never clearly envisaged her characters, with the exception of two or three of the most objectionable of the women (the vulgar and selfish Cora is really quite vital, and Miriam's worldly family is much more alive than most of the "good" people). The book gives one the idea that Mrs. MacKinnon enjoyed her student life under "Geordie" Grant to the full, and wants to enable others to see it as she did, but is handicapped in her effort by a desire to stick to literal facts. It is somewhat as if one were to attempt to describe the life of a great university by reproducing a sophomore's diary. It is strange, by the way, to note how few novels of university life have been a success, since "Verdant Green". Perhaps the undergraduate is too young and too sheltered to make good material for a full-length study.

L. M. MONTGOMERY
Author of "Rilla of Ingleside".

Canadian History in Jest

TO laugh at the world is to become in time a cynic and eventually to reap the cynic's reward. To laugh with the world is from the very first to proclaim one's self a philanthropist—a lover of all mankind. And it is truer to-day than ever it was that all the world loves a lover—because there are fewer of them than there used to be perhaps.

Here you have the secret of the national institution which goes by the name of George Ham. One can imagine Colonel Ham, a pink and chubby baby, crowing with infantile and inarticulate joy over the foibles of his nurse. He has been doing it ever since, and yet no man—or woman—has ever suffered to make a point for one of George Ham's stories, no joke or bon mot of his has ever borne a barb or sting. No man in all Canada perhaps has had a better chance to judge his fellow man than he and no man refuses so firmly to do it.

But this is not to be an estimate of Colonel Ham. We have his book before us.

"Reminiscences of a Raconteur" (Musson, Toronto), are the discursive and more or less unconnected recollections of a long and crowded life, a life that embodies in it and largely epitomizes the development of this country from the days when railways were not and the "North West" was terra incognita until to-day.

It may not be unfair to Colonel Ham to say that his best days were spent in Winnipeg,—"best days" that is in the sense of most colorful, most crowded, most eventful days. Perhaps also the most really valuable portions of the "Reminiscences" are those which picture for us the little village of Fort Garry as it emerged into the dignity of the big town with cityhood just before it. We of a later generation get too scant glimpses of these pioneer towns of an earlier day and we cannot be too grateful when one of the pioneers in the ampler leisure that comes with duty fulfilled paints one for us.

The keynote of the book is struck in the first half dozen lines. "Trenton, Ontario, is the first place where I saw light," writes Colonel Ham, "and on the spot where I was born has been erected a touching memorial in the shape of a fine hotel." Here is a man who refuses to take even himself seriously—and how few of us there are like that.

Early in life his two besetting sins fastened tight upon him: he became a newspaper man and got deeply interested in railroading, and in 1875, he turned his steps westward, winding up in the frontier post of Winnipeg. As has been said, his chapters on Winnipeg are at once amusing and valuable, amusing because Colonel Ham cannot be otherwise, and valuable because they throw a vivid light on the men and manners of a bygone day. Very few of us know anything about the Winnipeg of the days before the almost fatal collapse of the 80's. "Life was one continuous joy ride" in those high and far-off times, but there was little real wickedness in the place if we may believe the "Raconteur." Colonel Ham went through the ugly Metis uprising of 1885, and although he is modest about the part he played in it and characteristically sees only the hilarious side of it, it was not for nothing that Sam Hughes gave him his honorary colonelcy thirty years later. Some of the escapes and adventures were close enough and exciting enough.

M. A. HARGADON
Author of "Irish & Canadian Poems".

It is quite impossible to follow the tale of Colonel Ham's doings because he has persistently declined to give us a chronological lead. He drops a story here and there to illustrate his progress, and it is through the medium of these anecdotes that we dimly gauge the absorbingly interesting life the man has led. There have been few notables on the North American Continent whom he has not met—more than met, has known, in many cases intimately. One by one he brings them before his readers, and never does he allow the reader's interest to flag through all the more than three hundred pages of his big book.

It may be no part of the reviewer's duty to quote from the volume under consideration but one of Colonel Ham's stories at least must be included. He had just undergone a serious operation.

"When I recovered from the effects of the opiate", he writes, "I found myself in a darkened room and wondered where I was and what it was all about. The kindly-featured nurse quickly discovered that my consciousness had returned, and came to my bedside, and then I remembered everything. "But why this dark room. It was early morning when they operated on me, but now it can't be night."

"No, it isn't," she seriously responded, "but we were afraid of the shock you might get."

"Why, what shock?"

"Well, there was a big fire just across the street and we were afraid if you awoke, and saw the flames, you might think that the operation hadn't been successful."

But "G. H. H." is more than a jester. He is a kindly philosopher, a man of understanding, of profound sympathies, of wide and mature observation. One cannot read the "Reminiscences" without being struck by their substantial value to which the passage of years will add. We know a number of great Canadians better after we have seen them through George Ham's keen and kindly eyes. And we know the author better, which is in itself ample reason — if any were needed — for the "Reminiscences of a Raconteur."

E. J. A.

The Book of Knowledge

ABOUT ten years ago the Children's Encyclopaedia, *The Book of Knowledge*, was brought out in Great Britain and met with an enthusiastic reception. The editors soon realized that they had found a new idea in works for children and since that time edition after edition has been printed. The great house of Larousse publishes a special edition for France, and there are also Spanish, Italian and Portuguese editions, the latter made especially for Brazil.

Some years ago an edition for Canada was printed under the supervision of Dr. Peterson, late Principal of McGill University. While additions and changes have been made from time to time, the wonderful development of Canada has made necessary a somewhat extended revision, and the addition of much new material relating to the Dominion.

The Introduction to the new edition was written by Dr. H. J. Cody, late Minister of Education for Ontario, who has approved the plan and the new material. The publishers and editors have had most courteous and hearty co-operation from Government Departments and leading authorities connected with the various interests represented. Information or pictures or both have been supplied by the following, and, in many cases, the articles approved by them: — Provincial Departments of Agriculture, the Dominion Department of the Interior, the Minister of Railways and Canals, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Deputy Post Master and the head of the Toronto Post Office, Social Service Departments and Boards of Health, Dominion and Provincial Secretaries of the Boy Scouts, Dominion Secretary of the Girl Guides, a Director of the Canadian National Exhibition, the Secretary of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, the Canadian War Records, and others.

Some of the articles have been prepared with especial assistance and approval. One upon Canadian Railways was furnished by the Canadian National Railways. The story of the development of the North West was approved by the Canadian Pacific Railway, who in addition have helped much with information and pictures. The Hudson's Bay Company in the same way gave assistance and approval upon an account of their history. The article about the Royal Naval College received the seal of approval from the Navy League and that about the Royal Military College was read and approved by Sir A. C. Macdonell, Commandant, who had lent his aid in its preparation, as well. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper has expressed approval of that part of the story of the Prime Ministers connected with his father's career. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell has approved the story of his own life and work. An account of Canada's literature has been written with the co-operation and approval of the President of the Canadian Authors Association, and an article on Canadian art has been criticised and approved by Edward R. Grieg of the Toronto Art Gallery.

Altogether there are about five hundred pages of purely Canadian subject matter and more than five hundred Canadian pictures.

The general plan of the whole work is to present, not in separate volumes, but in different sections in each of the twenty volumes, a variety of material dealing with all phases of world life — science, natural history, invention, the histories of nations, literature, art, lives of famous men and women, heroic deeds, etc. For recreation there are stories and games and handicraft. The form is attractive, the language clear and interesting, and there are many excellent pictures with full descriptive legends.

The Cathedral Builders

ABOVE dark portals rise two lofty spires
That pierce into the blue. The sunlight falls
Across the gorgeous gloom, on oaken stalls
Worn smooth by praying hands of monks and friars.
Tall windows gleam with many-coloured fires,
As in the magic caves and mystic halls
Of ancient tales, and from the carven walls
Echo the wailing songs of vanished choirs.
And through the gloom the ghostly builders pass
Who carved their dreams of beauty on the stone,—
The nameless ones who wrought and died unknown;
Their life-blood glows upon the painted glass,
And from each spire dead hands that held the hod
Stretch upward clinging to the robes of God.

F. O. CALL.

Dante

O DANTE, what are all our praises worth?
Were you into our faithless days reborn
We should exile you, giving scorn for scorn,
And, for your desperate indignation, mirth.
We crippled cynics of this prostrate earth
Who, from the night of terror scarcely torn
By our last virtues, turn again at morn
To our old folly and that night's re-birth,—
We want you not! We shun your searching eyes
Lest they remind us of the things we said,
The truth we saw, the vows we vowed, the lies
That now, reprieved, we make them. But being dead,
Being far, so far, we praise you, as we praise
Your Vision that our every step betrays.

WARWICK CHIPMAN.

Old and New McGill

By J. MURRAY GIBBON

Although the centenary celebrations at Montreal indicate that McGill University is already a hundred years old, the roots of that great educational institution reach still further into the past. In the fascinating volume "McGill and its Story"' just published, Cyrus MacMillan, the author, states that the British settlers in Lower Canada, after the conquest of Quebec, were eager that their children should have at least an elementary education. It was felt, too, that in the unrest and uncertainty of the period immediately following the American Revolution it was not advisable to send students in search of higher professional training to the universities of the United States, which in the days of their British allegiance had attracted Canadian students in large numbers.

Efforts were accordingly made to establish a system of free schools with the hope that later a university might be founded. As a result of the agitation for the providing of educational opportunities in Lower Canada, The Royal Institute for the Advancement of Learning was established. Under this Act, the King gave directions for the establishment "of a competent number of Free Schools for the instruction of children in the first rudiments of useful learning; and also as occasion should require for foundations of a more comprehensive nature." Accordingly, elementary free schools were soon erected in different parts of the Province, one-room buildings of cedar logs. Indeed, they were mere log-huts, but they provided the first free English Education in Lower Canada, and laid the foundation for a Canadian nationality. The Secretary's salary was always many months in arrears, and he frequently complained, with unfortunately but little satisfaction, that not only had he given his time for some years without remuneration, but that he had expended even his own fuel and candles. It was not unusual for the teachers to be censured "for not keeping school at all," or for giving too many holidays, or for tardiness in opening school in the morning and eagerness in closing it in the afternoon. At least one teacher was warned that his arrears in salary would not be paid and that he would be instantly dismissed "if he did not treat his wife with greater kindness."

The Royal Institute for the Advancement of Learning supervised the establishment of McGill College and directed it in its infancy, for under the Act of 1801 all property and money given for educational purposes in the Province of Lower Canada was placed under its control. James McGill is described by his own contemporaries as of "a frank and social temperament"; in figure, "tall and commanding, handsome in youth, and becoming somewhat corpulent in his old age,"' and in his leisure "much given to reading." James McGill died in 1813, and in his will bequeathed the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning, in trust, the sum of £10,000 and his Burnside Estate of forty-six acres, together with the dwelling house and other buildings for the erection on the estate, and the endowment, of a University or College.

The first Principal of McGill was the Reverend George Jehoshaphat Mountain, who was appointed Principal in 1824 while the University was only a name. The official opening did not take place till June 24th, 1829, and was attended by what the contemporary press called a gathering of "numerous and respectable individuals." Anxious years marked the early history of McGill, due to lack of funds and quarrels between the Board of the Royal Institution and the Governors of the College. In November, 1848, the Governors had only the sum of £54 at their disposal. They divided it between the Bursar and the two Lecturers in proportion to the amount of salary in arrears and as a result the Lecturer in French received £2 14s. as his share from January 1st, 1848, to November 29th, 1848. That was the full amount of salary received by him during the year; but he still, says the author, had his cow and his garden!

The first real progress was made when the late Sir William Dawson became Principal. "When I accepted the principalship of McGill," he said in his remiss reminiscences, "I had not been in Montreal, and knew the college and the men connected with it only by reputation. I first saw it in October, 1855. Materially it was represented by two blocks of unfinished and partly ruinous buildings, standing amid a wilderness of excavators' and masons' rubbish overgrown with weeds and bushes. The grounds were unfenced and were pastured at will by herds of cattle, which not only cropped the grass, but browsed on the shrubs, leaving unhurt only one great elm, which still stands as the 'founder's tree,' and a few old oaks and butternut trees, most of which have had to give place to our new buildings. The only access from the town was by a circuitous and ungraded cart track, almost impassable at night. The buildings had been abandoned by the new Board, and the classes of the Faculty of Arts were held in the upper story of a brick building in the town, the lower part of which was occupied by the High School."'

A direct appeal for financial assistance was then made to the citizens of Montreal. It met with an encouraging response, which greatly relieved the situation, and was what Dr. Dawson, forty years later, called "the beginning of a stream of liberality which has floated our University barque up to the present date."

The more recent expansion of McGill to its present strong position is well known. The appointment of Sir Arthur Currie as Principal and the still more recent election of Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as Chancellor, have given it a practical administration which is calculated to ensure its continued progress as an essentially National University. In the Epilogue to his volume Professor MacMillan writes: "There is a new spirit in McGill. To-day its pulsing life, under the guidance of its great Canadian leader, reaches through all grades and faculties and departments of its students as it has never done before. There is a general forward movement unhampered and undivided by considerations or competitions of sections or of faculties. The University is closer, too, than it once was to the current of national feeling. It is seeking to minister to Canada, the land which gave it birth and from which its greatness sprang. But while it will serve Canada, it will continue to draw its students, like the true "Studium Generale," from every country on the globe, and to send them back to serve their individual countries to advance the enlightenment of the world. McGill's first century has been a century of trial, but a century of great accomplishment of the world." The publishers of "McGill and its Story" are S. B. Gundy, of the Oxford University Press, Toronto, in Canada, and John Lane in London, England, and the John Lane Company in New York.

Dance of the Maple Leaves

(To Bliss Carman)

By JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

We are the leaves that run
Red, so red, and ablaze
With the burning of the sun
So many summer days.

We are the leaves unknown
Save to the things that fly,
And now, loose and wind-blown,
Flame up before we die.

But ere we drift beneath
The silence of the snow,
We twine for you a wreath
Of glory as we go.

You led the caravan
Of poets on Grand Pre,
And taught the Pipes of Pan
In Canada to play.

In Fundy's tides you sought
The Children of the Sea,
And April Airs you caught
Under the maple tree.

Now at this Mountain Gate
Your Autumn Song we hear,
And crown you laureate,
Sweet-singing pioneer.

Books Received

FICTION

Anonymous, "My Three Hufsbands." Musson, Toronto.—We understand that this book has had a considerable success in England. It has a certain superficial cleverness, and may possibly appeal to a certain type of feminine reader. To us it seems the vulgar, if possibly accurate, record of a vulgar mind.

Barcynska, Countess, "Jackie," Allen, Toronto, $2.—The author of the highly successful "Rose o' the Sea" has now given her readers a tale of a miraculously gifted dancer, who steps in a couple of weeks from the position of ill-treated drudge in a barn-storming company (if they have such in England) into the leading part in a London success and also into the heart of a member of the "haut monde." Told with all the Barcynska ebullience and gladsomeness, this yarn will please those who want their fiction to take them out of the world of reality.

Bower, B. M., "Casey-Ryan," McClelland, Toronto, $2.00.—This is no more than a series of highly picturesque anecdotes concerning the adventures of an Irishman with a Ford car in the wilds of the American Rockies, with no other connection than the fact that they successively happen to that philosophical, daring and loquacious personage. Readers of the Bower output, which now consists of eighteen volumes, will not need to be told that the anecdotes are narrated with great vividness and humour, and introduce a large number of amusing characters.

Caine, (Sir) Hall, "The Master of Man: The Story of a Sin," Ryerson, Toronto, $1.75.—This is a very generous novel—430 pages of about 400 words each. It is mainly laid in the Isle of Man, and it contains, if anything in even higher degree, the extravagant riot of incident, the incessant collision of violent characters, and the frequent cheap sensuality which have marked all the writer's more recent novels. Any reader who is willing to devote the necessary time to it will probably be interested while the reading lasts. He will lose a great deal of time and we regret to be unable to feel that he will derive anything of permanent value from its perusal.

Cody, H. A., "Jess of the Rebel Trail," McClelland, Toronto, $2.—Jess ran away from her wealthy home to avoid marrying a burlesque English arostocrat who later turned out to be a fraud. She took refuge with Captain Samuel Tobin of the "Eb and Flo," named after his two children and not the tides, and while the captain is on deck the tale is frequently amusing in quite a W. W. Jacobs manner. When he is off it becomes much too serious. Mr. Cody ought to specialise on seafaring comedy.

Comfort, Will Levington, "This Man's World," Gundy, Toronto, $1.90.—Mr. Comfort's characters always remind us of bottles of home brew that have been over-developed and are obviously on the point of exploding. And when he juggles with them it makes us nervous. Many readers like to be made nervous, and Mr. Comfort is the Fat Boy of American literature.

Durkin, Douglas, "The Lobstick Trail," Musson, Toronto.—With its action laid at the Pas, Man., and a sleigh-dog Derby as one of its chief events, this a decidedly open-air novel. It shows an advance from the level of "The Heart of Cherry McBain," but Mr. Durkin's chief merit is still his gusto in staging and describing large-scale fights. His women are very flat and uninteresting, and we found it even harder to care who won Jule Allen than which company bought old Allen's wonderful mine.

"Elizabeth" (author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"), "Vera," Gundy, Toronto, $1.90.—Vera was dead, but Lucy married the widower, and gradually learned how (and why) Vera had decided to fall out of the second-story window rather than go on living with Wemyss. Wemyss is a burlesque rather than a human being, and there is no place for burlesque in tragedy, which is what Elizabeth is trying to write. May Sinclair has done the same thing as it should be done in "Mr. Waddington of Wyck."

Galsworthy, John, "To Let," Copp Clark, Toronto.—The latest phase in the history of that fascinating family, the Forsytes, in which the children of Soames and Irene by their respective second spouses have a brief love tragedy. The focus of the story is on Soames' daughter Fleur, a 1920 damsel in whom the Soames' possessive instinct is just as marked as in her father, and finds ample expression in modern "flapper" life.

Hutchinson, A. S. M., "If Winter Comes," McClelland, Toronto, $2.00.—This is decidedly the best English novel of the quarter, by which we do not mean the best seller. It is as original and entertaining, and much more earnest and appealing, than any or the author's three preceding works. "The Happy Warrior," "Once Aboard the Lugger," and "The Clean Heart." It is the life-tale of a sensitive young man with an abnormal and fatal capacity for seeing everybody else's point of view. He married a woman with no capacity for seeing anybody's point of view except her own, which was of microscopic dimensions, and in the resultant strife he was almost crushed into the abysmal depths of defeat, degradation and death. At the last minute he was saved by the love of a woman who was capable of understanding him. Mr. Hutchinson has an extremely dexterous way of telling his story, sometimes direct and sometimes by means of a garrulous solicitor friend of the parties. His style is breezy and his dialogue exceptionally full of life and character. He resembles most closely that other recent comer, Mr. Stacy Aumonier, but his people are finer and his whole narrative on a higher plane.

Knittel, John, "Aaron West," Hodder, Toronto.—This is a powerful and original study of psychology, showing how a man of exceptional mental and bodily power and enterprising disposition, having acquired an island in the remote Pacific, becomes suddenly endued with a sense of his responsibility to the natives and his duty to bring them to a more Christian way of life. Love for the half-breed daughter of a former missionary had something to do with his conversion, which however is so cleverly depicted that we never question the man's honesty or sanity. There is a great deal of action, largely laid in the Pacific and partly in London, and a total absence of sentmentality. A book for serious people

Norris, Kathleen, "The Beloved Woman," Gundy, Toronto, $1.90.—Little Norma Sheridan had a mystery about her birth, and people were constantly telling her their conjectures about it as if they were certainties, which was hard on Norma, because they were very contradictory and always wrong. Norma was picked out of an upper working-class family and hurled suddenly into the empty and undesirable life of the richest old family of New York, where she had to associate with people who had the "belle aire," which our dictionary tells us must mean the "fine area," although we hardly think that that is what Mrs. Norris intended it to mean. Somehow we always distrust novelists who write about high society in low French. Eventually Norma returned to her upper working-class friends—one of whom she had married in a moment of pique—and she and her husband went away to California. It is a messy tale.

Ostrander, Isabel, "The Crimson Blotter," Goodchild, Toronto, $2.00.—The crimson blotter was the gruesome and significant piece of evidence in a very interesting crime mystery which is worked out by this author with all her accustomed skill in the manipulation of thrills and suspense.

Packard, Frank L., "Pawned," Copp Clark, Toronto.—She was a baby, and she eventually becomes the centre of a great many thrills in connection with a travelling pawnshop, a high-class gambling house, a member of the medical profession who is also a dope-fiend, plenty of gun-and-knife action, and a perfect gentleman who poses as a millionaire gambler.

Rinehart, Mary Roberts, "Sight Unseen" and "The Confession," McClelland, $2.00.—Two stories, each concerned with a murder, and well calculated to produce a very eerie feeling in the reader. In "Sight Unseen" the small club which is studying psychic phenomena shares the honors with two amateur detectives, and one becomes more and more mystified as the mystery progresses, though the antics of poor Mr. Johnson are very diverting; but in the second tale, the feeling of mild horror prevails to the end, and at the thought of the telephone bell ringing (that is one of the mysterious happenings) one is apt to quail for some time after the book is ended.

Sabatini, Rafael, "Scaramouche," McClelland, Toronto. The well-known skill of this writer in creating the atmosphere of historic periods, especially those of high tension, in connection with tales of chivalry and heroism in the past, is well employed here in dealing with the French Revolution. Novelists and their readers who love violent action accompanied by polite manners should be grateful that they have such a period to put their tales into. Much of this tale is concerned with the life of a troupe of comedians, and a very vivid life it is.

Sadleir, Michael, "Privilege," Goodchild, Toronto, $2.00.—An English novel of substantial importance, depicting the moral breakdown effected in an entire community in rural England when the chief landed family in the district runs to seed and the property passes into the hands of a degenerate specimen of the race. The character drawing is excellent, there is plenty of action, and an appealing love story with a satisfactory conclusion.

Scott, Leroy, "Children of the Whirlwind," Allen, Toronto, $2.00.—Mr. Scott is the original patentee and sole literary licensee for the device of making the heroine at one and the same time a leader in New York Society and a member of the inmost circle of metropolitan criminals. Previous authors have done the trick for a masculine hero, but it is far more difficult and more thrilling with a lady—or should we say a woman?—or should we say a woman-lady? This was the reason for the success of "A Daughter of Two Worlds," and will be the reason for the success of "Children of the Whirlwind." We estimate $11,000 as a low figure for the taxi-cab fares of Maggie Carlisle and her handsome lover, Larry Brainard, between Upper Riverside Drive and the criminal headquarters, "the little Square which squatted beside the East River." But the last ride was in the northerly direction.

Sinclair, May, "Mr. Waddington of Wyck," McClelland, Toronto. — Mr. Waddington was the apotheosis of self-esteem, in consequence of which everybody in Miss Sinclair's book laughed at him. They were quite right, for he was very funny; but the percentage of discerning people in Sinclair society must be higher than it is in Canada. Our Mr. Waddingtons get away with it quite extensively. Actuated solely by this self-esteem, and by the desire to convince himself that he was still young and irresistible at fifty, Mr. Waddington made improper proposals to two ladies, both of whom laughed at him. We have seldom found in fiction a thoroughly unpleasant person who was at the same time so thoroughly amusing. The book is lighter in texture but more entertaining than the two or three preceding novels by the same author.

MISS CHOWN

Stacpoole, H. De Vere, "Satan," Goodchild, Toronto, $2.00.—This is rather a light specimen of the workmanship of the brilliant author of "The Blue Lagoon." It narrates the adventures of a typical Oxford man in company with a very interesting family, consisting of a young brother and sister, who can best be described as a species of oceanic gypsies, wandering the seas of the South Pacific in a nondescript small vessel inherited from their father. Their ethics are peculiar but their character is good, and the reader will enjoy their company as much as the Oxford man did.

Stratton-Porter, Gene. "Her Father's Daughter," Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. There is probably not a school-girl, nor a freshie or soph in a girl's college, on this whole continent, who will not see in the heroine of this latest of the "Limberlost" literature exactly the kind of girl that she herself would most ardently like to be, and having exactly the time that she herself most wants to have. This means about two million happy readers. Doubleday, Page & Co. have given the book a dozen delightful page-decorations and a nice typography. Our only regret is that Mrs. Porter has lent her pen and influence to the anti-Japanese party to such effect that nine-tenths of her readers will think that the Japs win their successes in California schools by habitually murdering rival scholars.

Vachell, Horace Annesley, "Blinkers," Cassell, Toronto.—A good example of the pleasant and somewhat Locke-like fiction of this popular writer. Miranda, the daughter of an impractical and impecunious artist and his beautiful and aristocratic wife (the latter long since dead), decides to go into service to help the family fortunes, much impaired since the war. Her experiences in the household of the vicar of Medbery-Hawthorne are delicious comedy, and are too soon interrupted for the sake of a rather ordinary love-story.

Vance, Louis Joseph, "The Lone Wolf," Gundy, Toronto, $1.90.—Another of the Michael Lanyard books. It seems but last week that we reviewed its predecessor. Yet this is a clever and careful piece of work, of its kind —the Vance kind.

Wallace, Frederick William, "The Viking Blood," Musson, Toronto, $1.75 —Few recent Canadian tales have received as appropriate and pleasing a production in type as this exciting yet realistic narrative by Canada's leading sea-writer. Every one of the chapter headings is a reproduction of a different pen drawing by the author, all illustrative of different phases of maritime life. The book has already gone through several editions and is certain to join the list of Canadian classics. While it makes good reading for any healthy-minded adult, its highest value is realized when it comes into the hands of the young Canadian boy and starts in his mind those dreams of far-off adventure which are the true heritage of the Viking blood.

Walpole, Hugh, "The Thirteen Travellers," McClelland, Toronto, $2.00. A set of separate character-sketches of the inhabitants of "Horton's" apartment house near Piccadilly. Most of them are concerned with the [illegible] process which goes on in all human beings with varying rapidity at varying periods, and which was particularly accelerated in a good many persons during the war. Mr. Walpole's cleverness in depicting the psychological changes that go on in a household is well known, and it is particularly well displayed in these short sketches of character development or character break-down.

Wells, Carolyn, "The Luminous Face," McClelland, Toronto, $2.00.—Mrs. Wells is unique among mystery story writers in that she can pull off a murder mystery and yet keep her entire action confined among pleasant and congenial people whom we like to associate with. Even the murderer in "The Luminous face" was not half a bad fellow, while the murderee was distinctly unpleasant, and we are glad to have him removed at the end of the first chapter. The mystery is magnificently maintained to the very end and then quite logically solved.

Wright, Harold Bell, "Helen of the Old House," Ryerson, Toronto, $2.00.—It was to be expected that Mr. Wright would turn out a novel dealing with labor conflict, foreign agitators, and young American peace-makers. Mr. Wright's function is to give his readers something that looks vaguely like life as it is, without containing any of those unpleasant problems which are so common in real life, and which cannot be brought into fiction unless the readers of that fiction are prepared to do a little thinking. So the labor trouble in Millsburgh is solved by the extraordinarily simple process of the shareholders turning one-half of their interests over to the workmen, and starting up an institute of American patriotism. And so now, "when the deep tones of the mill-whistle sound over the city, there is a look in Helen's eyes that only those who know her best understand," and the curtain falls on little baby Maggie, explaining it in her infant language—"The princess lady jest couldn't help findin' them there happiness jewels 'cause her heart was so kind."

AGNES E. E. WETHERALD

NON-FICTION

Broadus, Edmund Kemper, (Compiler) "Books and Ideals: an Anthology," Gundy, Toronto, $1.50.—This is a pocket book in the highest sense of the word, in that it is in the first place pocketable and in the second place made up of just the kind of reading that a bookish man wants to have in his pocket. Prof. Broadus explains that he intended it for those young persons, just released from the fixed courses of the educational institutions, and a little puzzled by their freedom amid the vast mass of printed matter on the library shelves. The selections are chosen with a view to making the reader feel that Bacon, Addison, Milton, Patmore, Carlyle, are friends to be cultivated rather than tasks to be worked over.

Bruce and Montgomery, "The New World: College Readings in English."—This is a curious book by two members of the Department of English in the University of California, whose object is to make the study of English a means of conveying information and stimulating reflection upon the present state of the human race. Nine-tenths of the book consists of unannotated selections from very modern writers, admirably picked to serve this end. The two introductory chapters, one by each of the editors, are beyond our comprehension.

Commons, John R. and others, "Industrial Government," Macmillan, New York, $3.00.—By industrial government is meant the control of the processes of production as carried on in the modern factory. The present book is a study of eighteen American establishments in which that control has to a greater or less extent ceased to be absolutely in the hands of the owners of the plant. The book will be valuable less for its conclusions, which are extremely cautious and vague, than as a record of a very interesting period in the history of American industry, a period which abruptly came to an end when unemployment once more became a factor in the situation in 1920-21.

Haldane, Viscount, "The Reign of Relativity, Macmillan, Toronto, $4.00.—A monumental work, the product of several years during which the author has been debarred from his customary participation in life, this volume deals with Knowledge and the relativity of reality to the character of Knowledge. To Lord Haldane's mind, the principle to which Einstein, and following him the world at large, have given the name of relativity, cannot be taken as isolated, and must have its counterpart in the other domains of nature and of knowledge. The treatment of this thesis is metaphysical, but the author's enormous range of information enables him to give it a constantly practical application.

Hargadon, Michael A., "Irish and Canadian Poems," Modern Printing Co., 39 Dowd Street, Montreal, $1.00 post free.—Mr. Hargadon is an anthology poet. In moments of inspiration he turns out things that cannot in future be overlooked by any compiler of Canadian verse. In other moments he writes, not from inspiration but from sentiment, with the usual results. There is no sentiment in his passion for Ireland, which fires him to such daringly lovely lines as

Oh! for an Irish May, and for a sight
Of primroses, and cowslips, and long herds
Of hawthorn trees with bonnets linen white
Trimmed with the plumage of live singing birds.

If Mr. Hargadon becomes popular he is done for, for the very things which he should most scrupulously avoid are the things which the "popular" public will like. "Running to Meet Daddy" is a case in point. If he follows a more exacting master he may really become one of our noteworthy poets.

Le Bon, Gustave, "The World in Revolt," (trans. Bernard Miall) T. Fisher Unwin, London.—Professor Le Bon, author of "The Crowd," is a typical example of the imaginative French scientist, who insists on viewing all the phenomena of the cosmos in the light of his own specialty. The present book was hastily written in 1919 and 1920 as a cry of alarm agaist German reconstruction, Bolshevism, excessive State intervention, the alleged selfishness of Great Britain and the United States and the non-productiveness of labor. Dr. Le Bon is always interesting and, when dealing with his specialty, sufficiently convincing.

Mackaye, Percy, "Dogtown Common," Macmillan, Toronto, $1.55.—The witch superstitions and persecutions of early New England are a fertile field for tragedy. Mr. Mackaye somehow never quite reaches the pitch of intensity necessary to produce a truly tragic effect. He has an admirable fable for this poem, but possibly his extreme preoccupation with details of workmanship prevents him from giving himself up wholly to the inspiration of his subject. An interesting but not a great piece of work.

Mitton, G. E., "The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1921," A. & C. Black, London.—A directory for writers, artists and photographers, whose main purpose is to provide a complete list of the possible purchasers of the original artistic output of any of these classes. All English speaking countries are included. There is much in the book that the professional writer, or would-be professional writer, should find very useful.

Osborne Sidney, "The New Japanese Peril," Macmillan, New York, $2.00.—A Sequel to "The Problem of Japan" and "The Isolation of Japan." Mr. Osborne is firmly convinced that the next war for freedom and the rights of nations will take place in the Pacific.

Pope, Sir Joseph, "Correspondence of Sir John Macdonald," Oxford Press, Toronto, $5.00.—About five hundred pages of "selections" by the literary executor of the great statesman. They are mainly official rather than personal, but many are of extreme interest and shed new light on history. Only in a very few instances, and for special reasons, is a letter included which has already been published. Extended review later.

Sedgewick, Henry Dwight, "Life of Marcus Aurelius." Yale Press, New Haven, Conn., $2.75.—The eminent author of the "Life of Samuel Champlain" has given a very original turn to his subject matter by endeavoring to view the phenomena of early Christianity in the light in which they must have presented themselves to the Stoic Emperor. The book will be a very important addition to the mass of literature on Stoicism and should be read by all admirers of that philosophy.

Toole, Wade, "The Book of Live Stock," Musson, Toronto, $3.00.—The author, who is Professor of Animal Husbandry and Farm Superintendent of the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ont., has gone very thoroughly into the subject of breeding, feeding, management and judging of live stock of every description, making this a very practical and complete hand book. Review later.

Towers, Graham F., "Financing Foreign Trade," Royal Bank of Montreal, ("Prepared for the use of the staff").—There are plenty of books on foreign trade written for Englishmen and Frenchmen and Americans and Russians. There is a notable lack of such books written for Canadians. Yet every nation's foreign trade, in the sense of its processes of selling, shipping and collecting, is entirely different from the foreign trade of every other nation. The present volume, written by the Superintendent of the Foreign Trade Department of the Bank, is essentially practical in its descriptions and amply supplied with illustrations of the various types of documents referred to. Its six chapters are entitled: Bills of Exchange; Shipping Documents; Commercial Credit; the Money Market; Foreign Exchange; Definitions and Tables. Mr. Towers knows his subject by wide personal experience as well as study. The book is published for private circulation only, but in view of the well-known generosity of this Bank in all efforts for the promotion of Canadian trade we have no doubt that serious students of the subject will be able to obtain copies on application to the Bank's Foreign Trade Department.

Van Doren, Carl, "The American Novel," Macmillan, Toronto, $2.35.—This a much enlarged version of the same author's chapters in the "Cambridge History of American Literature." Out of 280 pages, only 100 are devoted to the period prior to Howells, including Cooper, Melville and Hawthorne. About 30 pages at the end of the book are devoted to contemporary movements, and the body of the work is devoted to Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James, and some of their followers. Mr. Van Doren has achieved an admirable detachment and is free from local, patriotic or other bias. His range of reading is immense, and even those who know the American novel pretty well will find him guiding them to many an interesting bypath.

Van Metre, Thurman W., "Economic History of the United States," Holt, New York.—A good textbook for undergraduate class study of a subject which must be understood before the economic history of Canada can be apprehended. An excessive number of facts and a lack of effort to show their varying degrees of importance are defects not uncommon in American textbooks of this type.

Among Authors and Bookmen

Willard Mack the noted author playwright and actor, has joined the Calgary branch of the C. A. A. Mr Mack was born in Morrisburg, Ont., of Canadian-born parents. Several of his most famous plays notably "Tiger Rose," "Kick In" and others, are laid in Canada, and Mr Mack is at present sojourning on his father's ranch at Rosebud at work upon another Canadian play, "The Maple Leaf Man," in collaboration with Ralph Kendall, author of "Benton of the Royal Mounted," etc. Mr. Mack has also entered into a contract with Mrs. Francis Reeve (Onoto Watanna) to dramatize her new novel "Sunny-san," which is to be published in New York in the spring.

The Calgary branch of the Authors Association recently tendered a luncheon at the Palliser to Mr. Mack, and were joined by the Rotary, Kiwanis, Press and Canadian Clubs. At this dinner Mr. Mack urged the writers of Canada to write of their land "true," to offset the monstrous perversions of Canada as pictured by American writers, writing from Pullman car windows. He urged the appointment of an author's agent with an office in Montreal or Toronto to work in conjunction with the Authors Association for the protection of Canadian writers. He stated that he did not know until the Association was formed that such authors as Basil King, Arthur Stringer and Onoto Watanna were Canadians, and that he had played for years with James K. Hackett before he discovered he was a brother Canadian.

Admirers of Mr. E. W. Thomson will be glad to learn that his entire collection of writings is being considered for publication by Mr. Grant Richards, of London. "Old Man Savarin" has recently been translated into Danish, by a man who came across the volume on the banks of the Danube during the war! Canada, and Ottawa particularly, is very proud of Mr. Thomson and congratulates London for having so astute a publisher.

Gratton O'Leary, recognized as one of the foremost pressmen in Canada was sent to Washington to cover the Canadian field at the Disarmament Congress. Through the Canadian Press, his copy reached every paper in Canada. Mr. O'Leary is on the staff of the Ottawa Journal, by which daily he was trained to the Canadian Press, at the time when Mr. Meighen attended the recent conference in London. Many magazine articles add to Mr. O'Leary's fame. MacLean's published one on Canadian representation in Washington last September.

E. W. Harrold has left the reporters' staff of The Ottawa Citizen to occupy a desk in the editorial room. This change was warmly approved by Mr. Harrold's many friends for the weekly column on drama which he conducted last year proved his ability as a critic beyond question. Now Mr. Harrold is adding a literary department to his section, in which items of interest to writers are set forth in his peculiarly pleasing style. Mr. Harrold's career began when he wrote for the South Wales News, Cardiff. He was also cartoonist for the Soops, Welsh Echo. He joined the Citizen reporting staff in 1913 left it to serve overseas and was welcomed back at the close of the war.

The work of Miss M. B. Williams, while familiar to many people is not nearly so widely known as it deserves. For years she has devoted her very unusual talents to the development and greater glory of the Canadian National Parks. Her research work alone is worthy of mention, but her book, "Through the Heart of the Rockies and the Selkirks," is truly an achievement of informatory material. Needless to say Miss Williams obtained her knowledge at first hand, having spent several months exploring the Parks.

Agnes C. Laut, who is publishing with the Macmillans this fall "Canada at the Cross Roads," is now back at her home in Wassaic, New York. She has addressed nearly 100 audiences

BLISS CARMAN

Who is meeting with a splendid reception in his recital tour across Canada.

comprising from eighty to ninety thousand people in the Chautaqua tour which she has just finished in Western Canada. Her lectures are more or less embodied in her book.

Main Johnson, a member of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, is responsible for one of the most piquant features in Canadian journalism, a series of "Wednesday talks" in the Toronto Daily Star. These talks are quite different from anything we have seen before; they are entirely in dialogue and they touch everything from a discussion on books to theatres, from troubles of farm hands to sports.

A member of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association is Rev. John P. MacPhie of Monrovia, California. The Toronto Branch evidently goes far afield for its members.

Amongst the Associate Members of the Toronto Branch are eight publishers in the shape of Henry Button, S. B. Watson, Thomas Allen, Chas. J. Musson, John McClelland, F. F. Appleton, F. G. London, and S. B. Gundy. More are coming in every day.

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto is most anxious to collaborate with the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association in interchanging speakers who are Canadian authors.

One form of activity planned by the Toronto Branch of the Association for the fall is the provision of speakers for brotherhood meetings and women's meetings, these speakers to discuss Canadian authorship and seek to stimulate the reading of Canadian authors, at the same time hoping to give publicity to the aims of the Canadian Authors Association.

Sir John Willison, veteran newspaper editor and journalist, is now a member of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

W. H. Blake, whose translation of "Maria Chapdelaine" was a feature of spring publishing, has left for England.

George Elmore Reaman is publishing with Macmillans this fall "The New Citizen," a book which ought to have a distinct appeal to Canadians.

Huntley K. Gordon has under contemplation the publication of a book of verse.

George W. Doran & Co., of New York, are to publish "Sunny-san" by Onoto Watanna (Mrs. Francis Reeve). This is the first novel from the pen of Mrs. Reeve in six years. Besides its publication as a book, it is being dramatized by Willard Mack, author of "Tiger Rose." George W. Doran, by the way, is also a Canadian, as is Willard Mac.

"The Twenty-First Bur," the first novel by Victor Lauriston, secretary of the Western Ontario Section of the Canadian Authors Association, will be brought out next year in Canada by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. It is a mystery story, the scenes of which are laid in Western Ontario and Detroit—the territory covered by the Western Ontario section. The leading figure in solving a perplexing puzzle of mysterious crime and mixed identities is Glory Adair, graduate nurse, who also appears as a leading character in Mr. Lauriston's novellette, "The Dead Man's Letter," published in the November, 1921, issue of the "Black Mask" New York.

The Victoria and Vancouver Island Branch of the Canadian Authors Association has been reorganized upon a permanent basis. The following officers, provisionally elected earlier in the year, were requested to continue in office until the next annual election: Chairman, J. Gordon Smith; Vice-Chairman, Mrs. A. de B. Shaw; Secretary, C. C. Pemberton; Treasurer, Donald Fraser. The committee are: L. Adams Beck, Miss M. Pickthall and C. Swayne, B. C. Nichols and G. J. Dyke. It was decided that the Association should meet once a month, Major Longstaff offering a studio at his residence on Highland Drive for this purpose.

A story, "The Black Hand," by Miss Marjorie Pickthall, appeared in the October Century and another story by the same authoress "The Man They

LUKE ALLAN

Pitied," will appear in the November Century. Miss Pickthall has also written a novel, "The Bridge," which is to be published in the spring by the Century Publishing Company.

Mr. W. C. McCalla, of Edmonton, Alberta, author of "Wild Flowers of Western Canada" (Musson, Toronto, 1920), has spent the summer on Vancouver Island and on the mainland taking photographs of flowers and trees with a view to publishing them in some form in the near future.

Ray Palmer Baker, Professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y., and author of the volume on the history of early Canadian literature, which attracted so much attention last year, writes to the Canadian Bookman as follows: "Since the publication of my 'History of English Canadian Literature to the Confederation,' I have received numerous letters regarding the writers of the Pre-Confederation Period. As I am now engaged on a survey of Canadian literature since 1867, it is possible that readers of the Canadian Bookman who have had access to exclusive sources of information may wish to share their knowledge with me. Bibliographies, notes on rare editions, and lists of translations will be helpful. I shall be grateful for suggestions of any kind."

Vancouver members of the British Columbia Branch of the Authors Association are looking forward to the opportunity for knowing more personally Canada's grand old poet, Charles Mair. It is Mr. Mair's intention to spend the winter in that city. Another welcome winter visitor to Vancouver will be Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

A very satisfying bit of book-making is "A Garden by the Sea (and Other Poems)," by L. A. Lefevre, published this September by Arthur L. Humphreys (London) and soon to be offered to the Canadian public through a Canadian publisher. It is fitting that poetry should be charmingly presented, and this little volume deckle-edged, well-printed, and bound tastefully in grey boards lettered with gold, is especially pleasing. Its author, Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, is a resident of Vancouver, B.C. Her poems are well known to western readers, especially "The Lions' Gate" and "Hail and Farewell," which have been published before in an illustrated booklet, now out of print. Both of these poems are, happily, to be found in the present book together with "A Daughter's Voice" (originally published in England in the National Review), and a wide selection of other verse. The Sea Garden from which the book takes its name, is one of the most beautiful spots in Vancouver's beautiful Point Grey.

"The Birth of Montreal," a chronicle play by Amy Redpath Roddick (Lady Roddick), has just appeared from the press. The scene of the play, from 1639 to 1660, shifts from France, in the house of M. de la Dauversiere, an enthusiast who gives his fortune in order to found the town of Ville Marie, to that settlement on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the great Maisonneuve with his devoted assistants, Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys. Those who enjoy studying early life in Canada should find a good deal of interest in this play. In the same volume is another—a modern play concerning "The Key that Unlocks"—the hopes and dreams of a poor, unsuccessful poet; and a short collection of verse completes the book.

MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

Dr. J. D. Logan, of Acadia University, has issued an essay entitled "Scott and Haliburton" (T C. Allen and Co., Halifax, 50 cents), which deals with the interesting question why Haliburton, as humourist, had no successor in Canada. Dr. Logan strongly opposes the doctrine that Haliburton founded an American school of humour, contending that that school, whose distinguishing characteristic is "exaggerated nonsense expressed with an air of serious veracity" (e.g. Mark Twain and Stephen Leacock), was really begun by Benjamin Franklin, and that Haliburton's method and motive were totaly different, being those of serious social satire. The suggestion is interesting, but Dr. Logan seems to under-estimate the seriousness of purpose behind much of the fooling of all three of his "nonsense-writers."

Mrs. Emily Murphy has recently printed in MacLean's Magazine an excellent biographical and literary account of Nellie McClung, written on the occasion of her departure to be the sole woman delegate to the Ecumenical Council of the Methodist Church. When Mrs. McClung gets back to Edmonton, we hope she will do a similar article on Judge Murphy—perhaps appropos of the latter's nomination to the Senate.

Stephen Leacock's appearances in England, which according to all accounts have been highly successful, have certainly been made under the most distinguished auspices. His chairmen for his four London lectures were Sir Owen Seaman, Mr. J. A. Spender, Sir Campbell Stuart and Mr. J. St. Lowe Strachey.

Lilian Vaux MacKinnon, the author of the new Canadian university novel "Miriam of Queen's", is the wife of the Rev. Dr. Murdoch MacKinnon, who occupies the pulpit of the leading Presbyterian church at Regina. For a first novel, the book shows great promise, but Mrs. MacKinnon has already had much experience in lesser literary work.

Austin Bothwell, author of the review of Mrs. Nellie McClung's "Purple Springs" in this issue of the Bookman, was head of the Moderns department at Manitoba College during the period covered by the political activities described in his novel. He is now further West, at the Collegiate Institute of Regina.

The Canadian Authors Association has been fortunate in securing for its Honorary President one of the most accomplished literary craftswomen who have ever occupied Rideau Hall. The election of Her Excellency, Baroness Byng of Vimy, to this office is by no means a mere formal recognition of the official position of Vice-Royalty in Canada. It is also a tribute to a career of earnest effort and marked success in the art of fiction. Lady Byng's two romances, "Barriers" and "Anne of the Marshlands", are interesting studies of character and locality, and the new Canadian edition of them should find many readers. It is to be hoped that the duties of her official position will not prevent Lady Byng from exercising her talents upon Canadian subject matter while she is in this country.

Harvey O'Higgins, and Ontario boy and a student of Toronto University in the 'nineties, is the object of a notable tribute by Heywood Brown in a recent issue of the American Bookman. Mr. Brown describes the

R. A. HOOD

Canadian writer's style as "durable as well as decorative", and he concludes: them to a more Christian way of life. "O'Higgins is the literary pioneer of America in adopting the teachings of Freud and his modifiers for the purpose of the study of human character. And yet despite this revolution in the viewpoint of the writer, one characteristic of his mental process remains unchanged. He still writes objectively. Even his passion for a persuasive hypothesis has not altered his style. None of his many hatreds or even more numerous enthusiasms ever has. Up to and including the boiling point, Harvey O'Higgins remains the great precisian."

"Janey Canuck" (Mrs. Emily Murphy) and Mrs. Florence Randall Livesay were the guests of honour at a meeting of the Winnipeg Branch of the C.A.A. recently, and Mrs. Murphy urged the production of a distinctive Northwest literature. She reminded her hearers of Hazlitt's saying that "all genius is in great measure national and local", and declared that the character and conditions of the Canadian West contained the necessary sources of inspiration for a very important literary output.

R. W. Douglas, Librarian of the Carnegie Library of Vancouver, has been delivering a most interesting lecture on the extraordinary career of a dead Canadian author, Prof. James DeMille, author of "The Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder". DeMille was a native of St. John, N. B., and a student at Acadia College, where he afterwards became an instructor. The oblivion into which he has fallen is due in part to the fact that his best work was published without his name eight years after his death, and in part to the fact that although writing for the American market he persisted in remaining a Canadian and a resident of the Dominion, so that there was nothing to be gained for his publishers in exploiting his personality.

Mme. A. B. Lacerte, the French-Canadian novelist and poet, will shortly publish a volume of verse entitled "Feuilles Volantes" and a novel entitled "L'Ange de la Caverne".

Archdeacon Armitage's monumental "History of the Book of Common Prayer" is due for publication about the time of the issue of the new Canadian Prayerbook, and should be of great service in enabling church people to view the new prayerbook in the proper historical light. The book is in the hands of the Cambridge University Press.

The Calgary Branch of the C.A.A. had an interesting programme recently, consisting in part of songs of which the words and music were both written by members, the words by Miss Geneva Lent, and the music by Mrs. W. F. W. Lent.

The Southam Press, Montreal, is publishing a book on Auction Bridge by Ella G. Pimm which should prove of great interest to the beginner who is anxious to learn bridge, and also to the advanced player who wishes to improve his game. Mrs. Pimm is well known as a teacher of bridge in Montreal, and her experience has enabled her to write a book in the form of graduated lessons. She writes in a convincing and exact style upon a difficult subject.

Wilson MacDonald of Toronto had the distinguished honour of contributing a long poem to a recent number of the London Mercury, the periodical which just now appears to occupy the leading position in the field of the literary and other arts in England. There is a possibility of Mr. MacDonald's publishing a new volume in Canada shortly. His Mercury poem is "Song to the Valiant".

Louis Hémon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine", is the subject of an important article by René Bazin in the Revue des Deux Mondes for October 1. It includes several letters written from Canada by the novelist in the very period when he was executing his masterpiece. An American edition of one of the translations is an early prospect. Both versions are selling extremely well in Canada, though dealers report that many purchasers insist on demanding "Mary Chaplin".

The Toronto Women's Press Club has issued for the Christmas trade a charming little brochure entitled "Verse and Reverse", containing over forty poems by thirty well-known writers, all members of the Club. A more suitable remembrance for Canadians to send to friends can hardly be imagined. The verse is of excellent quality, and the get-up charming. Fifty cents, from the trade or the Secretary, Miss Swinarton, 341 Church Street, Toronto.

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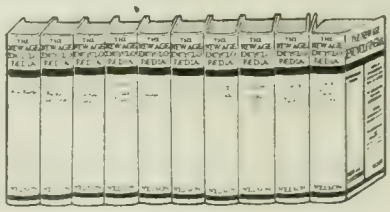

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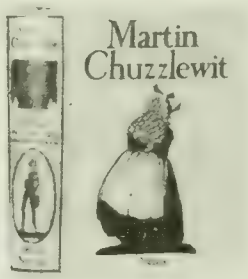

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Canadian Bookman

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Views on the Monthly Canadian Bookman

The new idea of making the Bookman a monthly, I think, is excellent. On the quarterly plan, one almost lost interest before the next issue appeared. Congratulations on the quantity and quality of the reading matter supplied.

M. O. Hammond
Toronto.

Allow me to congratulate you on the first appearance of the Bookman as a monthly. I found it distinctly interesting, suggestive and instructive. Canada needs a first-class critical review, and it looks as if you were on the way to producing it.

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Life

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EXTRACTS FROM BYLAWS.

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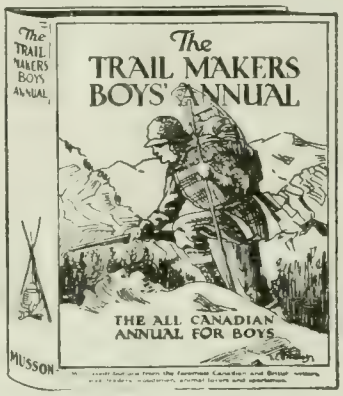

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VOL. IV. No. 2. GARDENVALE, QUE. JANUARY 1922

Tilling a Narrow Field

A number of things escaped being said in the last issue of *The Canadian Bookman* which should have been said at the moment of our transformation from a quarterly to a monthly periodical, and which would have been said but for the extreme preoccupation with the cares of Canadian Authors' Week which beset all of the editorial staff. Not a word, for one thing, was said about the "policy of the magazine."

For that matter, it is not the change in periodicity which affords any reason for statements of policy. To those who have been familiar with the quarterly, we have only to say that the policy of the monthly will be exactly the same. It is the expansion in the size of our public that gives rise to the need for explicit utterance. So many new readers are now perusing *The Canadian Bookman* who were not perusing it six months ago that to them at least we do perhaps owe a word or two of explanation.

The Canadian Bookman was started three years ago with a very definite programme of Canadian literary nationalism. Its promoters and editors regarded that programme as one which was not only desirable in itself but was absolutely thrust upon them by circumstances. Our aim has been, first to deal with all subjects of current interest in the Canadian literary sphere, and second, when dealing with other subjects, to sound concerning them a characteristically Canadian voice. We have not gone in very much for "general literature" on which there was nothing specifically Canadian to be said. Occasionally a "general" article, usually proceeding from the pen of an English educationist more or less temporarily sojourning in Canada, has appeared in our pages, because it was offered to us and was so good that we were unable to refuse it. We have seldom deliberately sought such articles, we have never purchased them from outside of Canada, and while we have been proud of them for their excellence we have never regarded them as part of the real function of the magazine. From this habit certain correspondents and critics have drawn the absurd deduction that we do not recognise the existence or at any rate the importance of any literature except that of Canada, and that we are guilty of a species of insularity particularly offensive in people whose literary "island" is so young and undeveloped. It would be about as logical to reprimand the editors of the "Law Times" for not giving more attention to painting, or to impute narrowness to the Financial Post because it says so little about the Higher Criticism.

In Canadian literature and Canadian criticism we believe that we have a special field, very little tilled by others and much in need of cultivation. The Literary Supplements of the London Times and of the New York Post and New York Times are widely read by Canadians, but they will not tell Canadians much about their own literature. The London Times Supplement the other day reviewed a new edition of Bliss Carman's "Lyrics from Sappho" as if it were a new work, and regretted that the author had not included the fragments discovered by archaeologists in the last five years; and in the same issue opened a review (very favourable indeed) of Basil King's latest and, we believe, fourteenth novel with the words: "If this is a first novel it is—etc., etc." The New York Times would not, of course, dream of admitting that either Bliss Carman or Basil King was anything but a perfectly representative American. We shall get no light on our national literary ideals and tendencies from these or any other non-Canadien publications. If any light is to be shed, it must be shed in Canada.

The shedding of that light, on subjects specifically Canadian or susceptible of a specifically Canadian point of view, is the particular function of *The Canadian Bookman*. But there is a vast area of literary discussion, quite outside of the ground thus defined, which we cannot regard as belonging to our field. We have never claimed that readers of this magazine will through it alone be made acquainted with the whole body of current news and current thought on the literature of the whole world, or even of the English language. Rather, we much prefer to think that the great majority of our readers are persons sufficiently enlightened and sufficiently interested in current literature to read at least one of the great weekly or monthly reviews of Great Britain or the United States; and our own object is to supplement the general knowledge which they will thus derive with some special knowledge about their own Canadian output which they could not acquire from abroad.

If we have not said, and shall not say, very much about Conrad and Galsworthy and Anatole France (nor about Dante and Shakespeare and Shelley), it is not because we have no opinion of those writers, nor because we have no opinion about them. It is simply because there are plenty of excellent criticisms of them obtainable elsewhere, and because there does not seem to be any special need for printing a specifically Canadian opinion about them, or rather any reason why there should even be a specifically Canadian opinion about them. Indeed, if we ourselves should ever find time to write an article on Conrad which is even now seething in our mind, we should

most likely endeavour to sell it, not as a Canadian opinion, for it would not be one, but as the opinion of a thinking human being who might have been in Manchester or Milwaukee or Melbourne, to one of the great reviews which circulate in all three of those places as well as in Montreal and Medicine Hat. If no such periodical be willing to purchase it, we are perfectly willing to let our opinion of Conrad waste its fragrance on the desert air of our study drawer, rather than devote to it any of the precious and limited space that is at our disposal in *The Canadian Bookman* for the expression of Canadian points of view and the discussion of Canadian literary products. If *that* be a narrow and bigoted nationalism, we must plead guilty.

The Canadian Bookman is something more, and something less, than a *Bookman* which happens to be edited in Canada. The adjective is not the result of geographical accident. It is a declaration of the main interests and objects of the magazine. We admit that the field is narrow. Our sufficient justification for tilling a narrow field is that we endeavour to till it rather intensively, and that we believe that the area under cultivation will rapidly prove extremely fertile.

The Big Week

NEVER in his history has the Canadian author had so much attention from his fellow-citizens as during the week from November 19 to 26, 1921. That is the outstanding achievement of Canadian Authors' Week, the first great undertaking of the Canadian Authors Association. Attention is the first thing that the Canadian author needs. He cannot live and produce literature on attention alone, we are well aware; but we are not in the least afraid of what will follow as the result of that attention. The Canadian author has done enough good work to justify all the attention that has been paid to him during and since that epoch-making week, and much more. He has done enough good work to ensure that that attention will speedily be translated into appreciation and active support of the best in Canadian literary products.

In some quarters the campaign of November 19 to 26 has been viewed, we are convinced wrongly, as a sordid commercial undertaking, carried out in co-operation with sales agents, and having for its object nothing higher than the sale of a larger number of Canadian books. We have the highest respect for the Canadian Forum, which is the accredited intellectualist organ of this country, but we feel that it has failed to perceive that a sale of a book may be something more than a mere economic transaction, may in fact be followed by spiritual consequences quite different from those which follow the sale of a loaf of bread, and may therefore be desirable for these consequences even if not for itself.

It is surely something to have diverted an appreciable fraction of the purchasing power, and also of the attention, of Canadians for a brief time from some of the less profitable matters on which they habitually spend their time and money, and in which we venture to include the majority of phonographs and their records and the majority of movie shows, and to have directed them to the very creditable, even if not always genius-marked, products of the Canadian writer. Economic factors will not produce literature, just as they will not produce life; but economic factors can stifle literature which ought to be produced, just as they can and often do destroy life. We believe it to be true that economic factors are among the chief obstacles with which Canadian literature has to contend, and in that belief we endeavour to remove as many economic obstacles as possible from the path of the Canadian author.

On the Language of French Canada

MRS W. H. Drummond, in a recent letter to the Montreal Gazette, takes issue with Mr. Hector Garneau upon a sentence in his article in the June *Canadian Bookman*. Mr. Garneau, according to Mrs. Drummond, accuses the late Dr. Drummond of "exploiting" the patois in which his poems are written as being the French of French-Canadians. Mr. Garneau does not seem to have felt inclined to take up the issue, which is perhaps a pity, since a full discussion might have cleared up much of the misunderstanding which does undoubtedly exist in some quarters about the Drummond poems.

Nobody, and probably Mr. Garneau last of all, desires to accuse the late Dr. Drummond of any intention to misrepresent the French-Canadian people. Nor could his works have the effect of misrepresenting them, to anybody who reads them with a proper understanding of what they are and were intended to be, or with proper attention to that preface in which the author explains that he aimed at "having my friends tell their tales in their own way, as they would relate them to English-speaking auditors not conversant with the French tongue."

Unfortunately, poetry, and especially popular poetry, is not always read with the discrimination and attention which we have just described. And there appears to be some justification in fact for the belief, which is widespread among French-Canadians, that the Drummond poems, when read by residents of the United States and even of parts of Canada where the French-Canadian is not well known, convey to many persons the idea that the language employed is actually the native dialect and habitual manner of speech of the habitant. That such an idea is inherently, and to the initiate obviously, absurd, is nothing to do with the case. Inherent absurdity is perhaps the one quality which does most to recommend an idea to certain classes of non-reflective persons.

For ourselves, we should strongly maintain that any damage that may be done to the reputation of French Canada in the rest of the world by this foolish misapprehension was of negligible importance (owing to the unimportance of the persons entertaining it), and was far more than outweighed by Dr. Drummond's immense services in popularising a charming picture of the generosity, simplicity, honesty, intellectual insight and traditional culture of the habitant. But it is permitted to any people to be more sensitive on the subject of the world's estimate of its language and manner of speech than of its mental and moral characteristics; and French Canada has undoubtedly had a great deal to put up with on the former head.

THE chief conclusion to be drawn from the samples already submitted for the motto of the Canadian Authors Association is that good mottos are extremely hard to do.

James De Mille

By R. W. DOUGLAS

The accompanying article on James De Mille was originally delivered as the first lecture of the sixth course of Saturday evening lectures at the Carnegie Library, Vancouver B.C. by R. W. Douglas, the Librarian. In his introduction Mr. Douglas stated that a new departure would be taken in this sixth course, and much more time devoted to Canadian authors. "It seems to me," he said, "to be highly desirable to display the works and comment on the literary standing of such writers in order to make them better known. Whether they have produced Canadian literature or English literature is a matter of small importance to our enquiry. Canadians have produced and are producing notable literature.

"It is worth while to obtain at least a bowing acquaintance with our writers which some of us have hitherto neglected, to our loss and theirs. Let us correct that neglect as far as we are able; let us be sure that we realize what it means to possess a great writer in our midst; how proud we should be of it; what pains we should take to make his path easy."

IT is perhaps true enough that no Canadian writer so far, has produced literary work that immediately won world-wide recognition as an unchallengeable work of genius. Furthermore the literatures of Canada and the United States possess no outstanding single work, like the Divine Comedy of Dante, the Paradise Lost of Milton, the Hamlet of Shakespeare, the Don Quixote of Cervantes and the Faust of Goethe, to which has been accorded a supreme place in the world's regard. Nearly all the European countries, sometimes after waiting through the ages, have finally won this paramount distinction. Perhaps there are obvious and sufficient reasons why Canada and her sister nation have failed to reach this position. These reasons have been widely discussed, and are more or less convincing, but I am not concerned with them on this occasion. What has given me concern is the fact that some of our talented writers have been completely ignored, and their works left to gather the dust of neglect, as if they contained no appeal to Canadian readers, and there was no hint of duty in the matter. Since the advance notice of this lecture was placed on the bulletin board of the library. I have been asked scores of times the questions: "Who was Professor De Mille?" "What did he write important enough to base a lecture upon him." The fact that university men asked these questions makes the case of neglect against us all the greater, and difficult to understand. It is difficult to understand because De Mille in his life time was a popular author and was much read. He sold his works for large sums. They were often reprinted. They were favourably reviewed. They were never dull. In number they amounted to thirty or forty volumes. And today educated men in his own country are asking "Who was James De Mille, and what did he write?" Truly it is an unfortunate case and not very creditable to the Canadian people. De Mille was a Canadian of the Canadians. He lived nearly all his life in Canada, wrote his books in Canada, lectured for years to Canadian students in a Canadian College, educated hundreds of his fellow countrymen, but was obliged to publish his literary work, through lack of facilities at home, in Boston and New York. His readers in Canada, knowing little concerning him and observing that he constantly wrote for American periodicals, regarded him as an American, and his American readers of course labelled him with the foreign mark, with the result, that popular as were his works, his personality did not greatly interest either country. After his death his countrymen not coming as they should have done to the rescue of fame, his books one by one ceased to be reprinted, and his memory gradually faded out of the public mind. A sad sequel to so much expenditure of energy and genius! It is certainly our duty now as Canadians to review his work and revive an interest in a great Canadian writer whom whom we have so foolishly neglected.

The present lecture is intended to tell you something more or less authentic of the Author of *Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder* — an author that some of you may have heard of for the first time. But the time will surely come when his name and literary achievements will be unforgettable to you all.

I do not claim for De Mille, however, that he was a Dickens, a Milton or a Tennyson, or that he wrote literary work of so exalted a character that it could not be excelled. By no means. Nevertheless he possessed great and surprisingly varied talents that would have carried him to a lofty position had he lived in England. He was terribly and sadly handicapped as a literary man by his residence in Canada. I sometimes think it would have been well for him if he had followed Haliburton's example and betaken himself to London, where in the centre of the Empire he would have received the encouragement that every author needs, if he is to give the world of his best. In London his genius would have flowered as it never could have done in the narrow, rather straitlaced, environment of Nova Scotia. A hundred times I have lamented while writing this lecture that no one has thought fit to write his biography, or collect and publish his letters. There is surprisingly little in print concerning him. Dr. S. E. Dawson, about twenty years ago, delivered a lecture on Canadian Prose writers, and the only reference in it to De Mille was as follows: "Prof. De Mille, the brilliant author of *The Dodge Club*, left Canada to achieve fame in other lands," which is just what he didn't do. Dawson might have spared that little slur. Mr. T. G. Marquis in his fairly satisfactory essay on Canadian writers which forms a part of the monumental History of Canada, published a few years ago, merely devoted two slim paragraphs to De Mille. I have consulted more than half a score of other writers on Canadian literature, but they all omit any reference to De Mille. Considering his literary achievements this ungenerous treatment is astounding and disconcerting. The only biographic information I have been able to find was published in the Canadian Magazine about sixteen years ago, by Prof. MacMechan, who evidently had unusual sources of information. For this lecture I have drawn freely from that all too brief account, and the biographical details could not have been given at all without recourse to it.

"Men such as De Mille," says MacMechan, "are not met with every day, especially in a young country like ours, slowly struggling upwards to competence, political

freedom and culture." He was in his time or the widest read and the most productive of Canadian writers. He is still in many ways the most remarkable the country has produced. As a teacher he was one of the most capable and best loved men who ever lectured in Canada, and his old students still speak of him after forty years with deep affection. Those who knew him best are not surprised that he never cultivated the arts of the literary log-roller. He never tried to push himself, into the public view, and he was known intimately only to his own family and a small circle of friends." One who knew him well states "that he was better worth knowing than half the people who have memoirs written of them."

James De Mille was born on August 23rd 1833, at St. John, N.B. From his father he inherited his great energy and capacity for work, and from his mother the gentleness and sweet temper that always characterized him. The De Mille family are of United Empire Loyalist origin, the first De Milles coming from the State of New York. The author's father, Nathan S. De Mill (spelled without the final "e") was a well-to-do merchant and shipowner in St. John. He was a prominent leader in the Baptist Church, and a liberal contributor to its support. For many years he was a governor of Acadia College. He was a man of considerable eccentricity of character, noted for his stalwart frame, his florid, rugged face, and his unbending puritanism. At a time when total abstinence was regarded as a mild form of lunacy, he was known as "Cold-water De Mille." Stories are told of his having emptied a barrel of rum into St. John harbour; at another time he is said to have burned a parcel of novels that he found in one of his cargoes. Mrs. De Mille belonged to a well-known family, the Budds of Digby, N.S., and was descended from a surgeon who served with the British in the Revolutionary War. She is described by those who knew her as a charming old lady, very quiet and retiring. The first son of the De Mille's was named Budd, and grew up to be a brilliant minister of the Baptist Church, and through life, was the closest friend of his talented brother, James.

The elder De Mille is said to have thought lightly of book-learning, and placed his two boys at an early age in his counting house. But they had a love for knowledge, and gained the reading habit. They kept in their desks not only prohibited works of fiction, but also more serious books to study from, as opportunity served. At the age of fifteen James was sent to Horton Academy and spent a year in the preparatory department. He matriculated at Acadia College in 1849, and his name stands first on the list of students entering. According to Prof. MacMechan his school life was full of innocent pranks in which he took a leading part. He was evidently the fun-maker for the school. But though he took his share in all sport he was far from being backward in his studies. This is shown by the position which his name holds on the list of matriculants, and by the fact that after an interval of a year and a half, he was able to enter the sophomore year at Brown University and proceed in course to the degree of M.A. having spent no more than his freshman year at Acadia. At the age of seventeen he went with his brother Budd on a tour of Europe. The two brothers made a short walking tour into North Wales and Scotland. They saw Glasgow, the Highlands, Edinburgh, then returning to Liverpool, they made a hasty run through England. Crossing to Calais, they went to Boulogne and thence to Paris. Then they followed the old diligence line, the route of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, through Central France to Marseilles. Here, they took the steamer to Geneva, where they were not allowed to land, so they passed on to Leghorn. They wintered in Italy, travelling leisurely about from Florence to Rome and Naples, and thence back again to Padua, Venice and Milan, making the sight-seer's diligent rounds of gallery and cathedral. On leaving Italy for Switzerland, De Mille wrote his impressions in the following characteristic manner:

> We thought of leaving Italy at that time without regret, for although we had spent several pleasant months there, and had seen more beauty and places of interest than in our whole former lives, still we were tired of wandering continually about and longed for some settled habitation. Our reminiscences of "Sweet and Sunny Italy" were and always will be pleasant, for in that land we had passed very many exceedingly happy days. Having seen it we felt as if nothing more remained. The remembrance of its magnificent cities, its captivating scenery, its sublime public edifices, and glorious works of art was indelibly impressed upon our memories. We had seen all of Italy we wished and rather too much of the Italians, concerning whom our sentiments at the time of our departure were widely different from those which we entertained upon our arrival. Then we felt sorry for the **poor, oppressed, noble-minded** Italians, whose only aspiration was for freedom. But after having been cheated in every town in the country by ragged vagabonds who would gladly sell themselves for a sixpence, after having met with roguery in every spot of that classic land, our views with regard to its inhabitants we would rather leave untold. Afterwards the remembrance of villainy passed away and there remained only a pleasing and immovable recollection of the "Garden of the World."

It would be hard to over-estimate the influence which these eighteen months abroad exerted upon the whole of De Mille's subsequent life. For a talented boy, in the most impressionable period of his life, to come into direct contact with old-world civilization was in itself a liberal education. The effect of this tour in broadening his mind and stimulating his inventive faculty perhaps gave him the needed impulse to become a writer. Of all the countries he visited, Italy seems to have left upon his mind the most vivid and lasting impressions, and coloured a good deal of his subsequent writings.

The brothers did not return home to Canada until near the close of 1851, and in February 1852 De Mille was able to resume his interrupted College Course. Instead of returning to Acadia he entered Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island. In July 1854 De Mille graduated Master of Arts. "At Brown University De Mille studied many subjects not on the prescribed Curriculum. Brown was a Baptist College, and the term at that time was nearly eleven months long, and the whole time, we are told, was spent on Natural Philosophy and Rhetoric, with the alternative of Chemistry in one half year and Physiology in the next. Elective studies had not been heard of in those days, and individual development received no consideration. Therefore De Mille with an active mind fresh from European study naturally went farther afield than his Curriculum. He studied Italian in order to read Dante; he studied many subjects foreign to his University Course. And about this time he began to write for the Magazines. His first serious success in that line was a notable Canadian subject, *Acadia, the Home of Evangeline*, which

was accepted by Putnam's a high class monthly of New York."

In January, 1870, the "New Dominion" of St. John, N.B., began to publish a story by De Mille, called *The Mountebank Mines*, which it had republished from the Boston Commercial Bulletin, that ran through sixty or more chapters. I cannot discover whether this story has ever been published in book form, but I rather think it has never been so published.

In his student days De Mille contributed to many papers and magazines, and these fugitive literary papers and stories will some day be carefully gleaned, annotated and republished, but perhaps the time is not yet ripe for that procedure.

De Mille returned to Canada in 1855, or early in 1856. His father having met with a business reverse, young De Mille, went into business, forming a partnership with a Mr. Fillimore, and opened a book shop in St. John.

De Mille was not fitted for trade, and his partner proving negligent or incompetent or both the venture failed, and burdened him with debts for a long time. In 1859 he married Anne Pryor, a daughter of Rev. John Pryor, the first president of Acadia College. Two years later he was called to the classical chair of Acadia, and in 1864 he resigned it to take the chair of English Literature and Rhetoric at Dalhousie, Halifax. For this position he was especially well fitted, and he filled it with marked ability and success until his sudden death in 1880.

It is well to observe here that De Mille, except for a couple of years spent abroad in travel and his student days at Brown University, lived almost his whole life in Canada. He was Canadian in every respect, in birth, in life and in sympathy. But his native land possessed no publishing houses, and so he was forced to send what he wrote abroad. Before 1865, possibly in the early part of 1864, he had published a powerful little book, called *The Martyrs of the Catacombs*. This proving quite successful, he tried again three years later in 1867, publishing, through Carter, of New York, *Helena's Household*, a tale of Rome in the first Century. This appeared for some reason without its Author's name. It is a lurid, powerful, historical novel, describing the burning of Rome, and the treatment of the early Christians. It is perhaps more reserved than Whyte Melville's *Gladiator*, but it is work of the same type, and seems to have had a large sale.

A year later in 1868 came *The Dodge Club Abroad*, which was published serially at first in Harper's Monthly Magazine. It immediately reappeared in book form with a great number of wood-cuts, and had a splendid success. Nobody today can possibly estimate how many editions of this book have been published, possibly thirty or forty, or more. For fifty years the Harpers have steadily sold it, and are still selling it. The book was the forerunner of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, and is based upon some of the experiences of the De Mille brothers in Europe, seventeen years before. There is naturally little plot, as plot was not necessary in such a book, but there was genuine verve and irrepressible humour. One of the chief characters in the story is an American Senator, whose mental equipment is sufficiently revealed in the following opinion he gives of the Italian people after some experience among them.

"These Italians," said the Senator, "air a singular people. They're deficient. They're wanting in the leading element of the age. They haven't got any idea of the principle of pro-gress. They don't understand trade. There's where they miss it. What's the use of hand-organs? What's the use of dancers? What's the use of statoos, whether plaster images or marble sculptoor? Can they clear forests? Or build up States? No sir; and therefore I say that this Italian nation will never be worth a cuss until they are inoculated with the spirit of seventy-six, the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the doctrines of the Revolution.

"Boney knows it," he added sententiously—"bless you, Boney knows it.'

The Senator got himself mixed up with the Countess di Nottinevo, a brilliant women, and the acknowledged leader of the liberal part of Florentine society. The Senator became her prey, and the scenes between them are worked out with irrepressible fun.

At last the Senator came to the conclusion that the Countess had fallen desperately in love with him. She appeared to be a widow. At least she had no husband that he had ever seen; and therefore to the Senator's mind she must be a spinster or a widow. Now, if the poor Countess was hopelessly in love it must be stopped at once. For he was a married man, and his good lady still lived, with a very large family, most of the members of which had grown up. The Countess ought to know this She ought indeed. But let the knowledge be given delicately, not abruptly. He confided his little difficulty to the (American) Minister. The Minister only laughed heartily.

[illegible] the laughing matter [illegible] the Senator "It's serious. I think you [illegible] give an opinion." But the Minister declined [illegible] than ever.

The Senator was [illegible] but [illegible] course was taken. On the following evening they walked on the balcony of the noble lady's residence. She was sentimental, devoted, charming.

"Does ze scene please you, My Senator?" the Countess inquired.

"Very much indeed," he answered.

"Your countrymen had tol' me zey would like to stay here forever," said the Countess.

"It is a beautiful place."

"Did you ever see anything more loafely?" And the Countess looked him full in the face.

"Never," said the Senator earnestly.

The next instant he blushed. He had been betrayed into a compliment.

"Hélas! My Senator, that it is not permitted to mortals to 'sociate as zey would like."

"Your Senator," thought the gentleman thus addressed; "how fond! how tender!—poor thing! poor thing!"

"I wish that Italy was nearer to the States," said he.

"How I admire your style of mind, so different from the Italian. You are so strong, so noble. Yet would I like to see more of the poetic in you."

"I always loved poetry, marm," said the Senator desperately.

"Ah—good, eccelente. I am pleas at zat," cried the Countess with much animation. "You would loafe it more eef you knew Italiano. Your language ees not sufficient musicale for poetry.'

"It is not so soft a language as the Italian."

"Ah, no—not so soft. Very well."

"The sweetest language I ever heard in my born days."

"Ah, now—you have not heard much of the Italiano, my Senator."

"I have heard you speak often," said the Senator.

"Ah, you compliment. I thought you was above flatera. What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?"

"Poet? English poet?" said the Senator with some surprise.—"O, why marm, I think Watts is about the best [illegible] lot."

"Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know that. He who invented the stim-injaine? And yet if he was a poet it is naturale zat you loafe him best."

"Steam Engine?" said the Senator. "Oh, no, this Watt was a minister."

"A ministaire? Ah, an Abbé. I know him not. Yet I have read most of all your poets."

"He made up hymns, marm, and psalms, for instance: Watts' 'Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

"Songs? Spirituelle? Ah, I must once procure ze works of Watt, which was favourite poet of my Senator."

"A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts," said the Senator firmly. "He is the best known by far of all our poets."

"What! Better zan Shakespeare, Milton, Byron. You much suprass me."

"Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why his poetry is known by heart through all England and America," said the Senator.

"Merciful Heaven! What you tell me! ees it possible! And yet he is not known here even by name."

Then she commences to coax him to quote her a sample of England's great poet of whom she has never before heard. He is willing enough but he happens to have forgotten nearly everything he ever knew of Watt's Hymns. Finally he happens to think of one verse, and telling her he has a shocking bad memory, he at last delivers himself of the following, the Countess repeating him word by word in her imperfect English, making a most delicious comedy scene:

"My willing Soul would stay
In such a frame as this
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

The Countess was standing close beside him in a tender mood waiting for him to proceed. How could he? He had been uttering words which sounded to her like love. The longer the silence lasted the more awkward the Senator felt. What on earth was he to do or say? What business had he to go and quote poetry to widows? What an old fool he must be! But the Countess was very far from feeling awkward. Looking up at the Senator, her face expressing the tenderest solicitude, she said: "What ails my Senator?"

"Why the fact is, marm—I feel sad —at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with measles."

The whole book is a Comedy, sometimes bordering on broad farce, but redeemed by passages of fine description and shrewd wit. No wonder it has held the reading public for so many years.

It will be impossible for me with the limited time at my command to give a synopsis and description of all the literary work which now began to pour from De Mille's pen in marvellous facility and wonderful variety. In 1869 appeared a long story called *Cord and Creese*, through the press of Harper and Bros., New York. This is a powerful work, after the type of Wilkie Collins' *Woman in White*, whose Count Fosco is paralleled by an original scoundrel called John Potts. There are passages in this novel, intensely sensational, that might have come from Wilkie Collins himself, but there are plenty of other passages that the English novelist could not have written, and which could only have been produced by a cultured scholar, particularly the passages dealing with music and the origin of hymnology.

In 1871, two years later, De Mille published through D. Appleton & Co., New York, a story of military life in Quebec, called *The Lady of the Ice*. The same year also appeared from the press of Harper Bros. of New York, *The Cryptogram*, one of the most ingenious and powerful novels ever written on its subject. Harper Bros. also published in 1871, a long story called *The American Baron*. This is worthy of careful description and analysis, but I must pass it by, merely mentioning its name. In 1873 he published through D. Appleton & Co., New York, *An Open Question*, another long story, sensational in character and powerful in execution. In 1874 appeared *The Living Link* through the press of Harper & Bros., and in 1875, through Wm. F. Gill & Co. of Boston, a comic story, *The Babes in the Wood*. In 1878, appeared *The Castle in Spain*, illustrated by E. A. Abbey. This last work deals with the Carlist rising in Spain, and while it is serious enough to give one an idea of the mighty political forces at work, some of the chief characters are burlesqued almost to screaming farce, particularly the Irishman who poses for a time as Don Carlos.

Between the date of the publication of this book and his death two years later he must have written the work which will give him a distinguished position in the literature of his time which the years are sure to confirm and render impregnable. This is the story, or allegory, called *The Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*. The M.S. of this story was resurrected from the safe of Harpers of New York, eight years after De Mille's death, and there published by them without his name. A little later when a new edition was called for the name was supplied, and for years afterward all new editions of this work were republished with the Author's name and his portrait. No explanations have ever been given of this strange procedure, nor why the book was held back for eight years. De Mille had finished the work with far more than his usual care. It had a strange sociological bearing and in an age of commonplace the publishers may not have cared to take the responsibility of bringing out a controversial work of that character with the Author dead and unable to offer any explanation in elucidation of his book. That the story should have been misunderstood and placed among the stories of adventure is not strange. We have the case of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, perhaps the most ferocious satire on humanity ever given to the world, but now almost entirely devoted to the juveniles, as a parallel instance. Even *The Pilgrims Progress* is commonly regarded as strictly Sunday reading. Perhaps, then, it should not be considered an unusual condition that De Mille's story was not at first understood and placed in its proper place as a great allegory or satire of our manners and customs. Nevertheless that is what the story is meant to be.

It describes a people called the Kosekin, the inhabitants of the region about the South Pole, who live in conditions exactly opposite to our own, and who are entirely cut off from the rest of the world, no inter-communion being possible. He satirizes the race for wealth and fame and the eager desire for life in the Great world, by portraying a people whose greatest ends are poverty, darkness and death, and whose chief object of ambition is the sacrificial bier. In passages of lurid splendor and wonderful eloquence the real conditions of the Kosekin are revealed phrase by phrase in all their nakedness an dhorror.

The Kohen, or governor of these people, is asked to pass over some of their customs for the benefit of the stranger who has happned to enter their gates. This is the answer.

I thought that the Kohen, who was so benevolent, so self-denying, so amiable, so sympathetic, might be accessible to pity. I determined to talk to him and lay our case before him. He listened with deep attention as I submitted it to him fully and frankly. I talked of my love for Almah and of Almah's love for me; our hope that we might be united so as to live happily in reciprocal affection, and I was going on to speak of the dread that was in my heart when he interrupted me.

"You speak of being united," said he. "You talk strangely. Of course you mean that you wish to be separated."

"Separated!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean? Of course we wish to be united."

The Kohen stared at me as I said this, with the look of one who was quite puzzled; and I then went on to speak of the fate that was before us, and to entreat his sympathy and his aid that I might be saved. To all these words the Kohen listened with an air of amazement, as though I were saying incomprehensible things.

"I do not understand you," he said simply.

"Do you not understand that death is abhorrent to humanity?"

"Abhorrent!" said the Kohen; "that is impossible. It is the highest blessing. Who is there that does not long for death? Death is the greatest blessing, the chief desire of man—the

highest aim. Your happiness has turned your brain."

"I don't know- I don't know," I said. "You are a different race. But I belong to a race that fears death. I fear death and love life; and I entreat you, I implore you to help me now in my distress, and assist me so that I may save my life."

"Such a request," said he, " is revolting, you must be mad. Such a request outrages all the instincts of humanity. And even if I could do such violence to my own nature as to help you to such a thing, how do you think I could face my fellow-men, or how could I face the terrible punishment which would fall upon me?"

"What," said I, "would you be punished?"

"I should be esteemed an unnatural monster and the chief of criminals. My lot in life is painful enough; but in this case my punishment would involve me in evils without end. Riches would be poured upon me; I should be removed farther away than ever from the pauper class—so far indeed, that all hope in life would be over. I should be made the noblest and richest in all the land." He spoke these words just as if he had said, "the lowest, meanest, poorest and most infamous."

"This is cruel," I said. "You are mocking me. The love of life must necessarily be the strongest passion of man. We are so made. A long life is everywhere considered as the highest blessing; and there is no one who is willing to die, no matter what his suffering may be. Riches also are desired by all, for poverty is the direst curse that can embitter life; and as to requited love, surely that is the sweetest, purest, and most divine joy that the human heart can know."

Then the Kohen burst forth as follows: "Oh, sacred cavern gloom! Oh, divine darkness! Oh, impenetrable abysses of night! What, oh, what is this! You call good evil, and evil good; our light is your darkness and our darkness your light. You are mad to-day! You are always strange, but now you have quite taken leave of your senses."

"You cannot mean all this," I said.

The Kohen clasped his hands. "I cannot understand," he answered. "A mad man might imagine that he loved life and desired riches; but as to love, why even a madman could not think of requital, for the very nature of the passion of love is the most utter self-surrender, and a shrinking from all requital; wherefore, the feeling that leads one to desire requital cannot be love. For what is love? It is the ardent outflow of the whole being—the yearning of one human heart to lavish all its treasures upon another. Love gives all things away, and cannot possibly receive anything in return. A requital of love would mean selfishness, which would be self-contradiction.

"I was born," he went on, "in the most enviable of positions. My father and mother were among the poorest in the land. Both died when I was a child and I never knew them. I grew up in the open field, and public caverns, along with the most esteemed paupers, but there was something wanting in my natural disposition. I loved death, of course, and poverty too very strongly; but I did not have that eager and energetic passion which is so desirable, nor was I watchful enough over my blessed state of poverty. Surrounded as I was by those who were only too ready to take advantage of my ignorance, or want of vigilance, I soon fell into evil ways, and gradually in spite of myself I found wealth pouring in upon me. Designing men succeeded in winning my consent to receive their possessions; and so I gradually fell away from that lofty position in which I was born. I grew richer and richer. My friends warned me in vain. I was too weak to resist; in fact, I lacked moral fibre, and had never learned how to say, 'No.' So I went on, descending lower and lower in the scale of being. I became a capitalist, an Athon, a general officer, and finally Kohen."

I have given this rather long quotation not because I usually favor long quotations, for I do not; but because no one could possibly understand the book in any other way. It is a biting, blistering satire on the restlessness of humanity, its impulses, feelings, hopes and fears — all that men do and feel and suffer. It mocks us by exhibiting a new race of men directly the opposite of ours, and yet no nearer happiness than we are. It shows us a world where our evil is made good, and our good an evil; there all that we consider a blessing is had in abundance — prolonged and perpetual sunlight, riches, power, fame — and yet these things are despised, and the people turning away from them, imagine that they can find happiness in poverty, darkness, death and unrequited love. The writer thus mocks at our dearest passions and strongest desires; and his general aim is to show that the mere search for happiness *per se* is a vulgar thing, and must always result in utter failure. He also teaches the great lesson that the happiness of man consists not in external surroundings, but in internal feelings, and that heaven itself is not a place, but a state. The book is a great book, perhaps the greatest ever produced by a Canadian writer. At all events it is great enough to reward the earnest reader, and it never should be allowed by Canadians to lie unread and unregarded to gather dust on the highest book shelves of their libraries.

In 1869 De Mille published through Lee and Shepard of Boston, the first of quite another class of book, *The B. O. W. C.* (Brethern of the White Cross), a story of school life in Nova Scotia. This is ostensibly a book written for boys, yet it is unlike boys' books in general. It shows no effort to write down to a boy's intellect. It relies upon action and incident for interest, and every page or so it gives glimpses of Nova Scotian scenery, admirable, accurate and beautiful. Take the following as typical:

The schooner went on drifting, and drew near to Blomidon again. The giant cliff frowned darkly overhead its sides all scarred and riven by the tempests of centuries, its base worn by the fierce tides that never cease to sweep to and fro. Standing as it does, it forms one of the sublimest objects in nature. Other cliffs are far higher, and every way more stupendous; but Blomidon is so peculiar by its shape, its position, and its surroundings, that it stands monarch of the scene, and rises always with a certain regal majesty, seldom appearing without its diadem of clouds. All around are low lands, wide meadows, and quiet villages, and the far-spreading sea, into which this rugged height is boldly projected, terminating an abrupt rocky wall. From the shores, for many and many a mile around, wherever the eye may wander over the scenery, it rests upon this as the centre of the view.

That, I venture to say, is the word picture of a true artist, and such work is rarely found in a book for boys.

The B. O. W. C. proving successful it was followed a year later by "The Boys of Grand Pre School," a book of the same general character, with many loving descriptive scenes of the locality of the school. Then came "Fire in the Woods" a dramatic and lurid word painting—the only one in existence I believe — of the frightful Miramichi Forest fire, where hundreds of square miles of beautiful forest were devastated. Thence forward, year after year, came *The Treasure of the Seas, Among the Brigands, The Lily and the Cross, The Winged Lion, Story of Venice, The Young Dodge Club Abroad*, and several others.

All of these books are written with great spirit, humour, and attractiveness, many of them, doubtless, founded upon incidents within his own experience as a school boy at Horton Academy. They tell of treasure digging for Captain Kidd's millions, fights with the Gaspareauxians, camping in the woods, fishing excursions in the of this coast, sailing expeditions about Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy, mineral Hunting on the great cliff, Blomidon. And all of these exciting stories are lighted up, every page or so, with eloquent descriptive passages hard to find equalled any where. They form attractive reading even for adults, as good boys books usually do.

De Mille's energy and capacity for work, Prof. MacMechan informs us, were remarkable. He was

constantly studying and branching out into new fields for his activities. He had a minute knowledge of the classics, extending his researches into Modern Greek. He and the Professor of Mathematics would sometimes converse in Latin for hours at a time on a fishing trip. Among his books presented to Dalhousie College, we are told, are hymnologies of the early church, a Foulis Euripedes in nine volumes; books in modern Greek, Persian, Sanskrit, Gaelic, Spanish, Icelandic, not to mention French, German and Italian classics, with his pencilled marginalia, — which indicates the remarkable range and variety of his intellectual activity. He kept abreast of modern literature and even found time to specialize in Church History. He was an important member of the old University of Halifax, of the Historical Society and of the Church of England Institute. We are told that his College work was always performed with zeal, ability and kindliness. His old students treasure his memory as a man and a teacher and a kindly and sympathetic friend.

The innermost nature of De Mille was known only to the nearest and dearest, his family and his closest friends. But as his letters have never been collected and published, and as we have no biography of him, there is little but conjecture, outside of his published works, as to his personality. This is greatly to be regretted.

There are two other works of De Mille's that must receive some attention before I conclude. The first is an elaborate treatise on Rhetoric, published by Harper's in 1878, and it is regarded as one of the clearest and best of its class. It occupied in writing part of the working hours of seven years, and shows plainly enough how seriously he regarded his professional labours. I am sorry to say that it is now out of print.

The other work which I desire to mention, is a posthumous poem, called *Behind the Veil.* This was discovered after the author's death, and was published in Halifax in 1893, thirteen years later under the editorship of Prof. MacMechan. As I have never seen the poem I draw the following account of it from the editor's article in the Canadian Magazine. The poem, he says, displays De Mille's reverential nature and his unfaltering grasp of man's highest ideals. It is a long descriptive vision of the world "Behind the Veil," and in form it is analgous to Edgar Allan Poe's *Raven.* The seer, wasted by grief for the woman loved and lost is granted the privilege of leaving the body and traversing the realms of the super-world with an attendant spirit. He passes with the speed of thought from planet to planet. Looking back upon Earth he reviews its myriad scenes:

Cooling rill and sparkling fountain,
Purple peak and headland bold,
Precipice and snow-clad mountain;
Lofty summits rising grandly into regions clear and cold,
And innumerable rivers that majestically rolled.
Endless wastes of wildernesses
Where no creatures might abide,
Which deep solitude posssesses;
And the giant palm-tree waving, and the ocean rolling wide,
Gemmed with many a foam-set island glancing from the golden tide.

At last, after long journeying over the far-flung wastes of the world he finds the Lost One, but she, wrapt in heavenly contemplation takes no note of him. She is beyond his reach and he has no means of making himself known to her. Disillusioned and overwhelmed with grief he longs to return to earth. His spiritual guide he regards as Deity, for his great power and glory, but the spirit informs him that he too is a created being. Then he reveals to the Seer the fame of the earth throughout the wide universe. He has left glory to visit the world of Man.

For the All-Loving, once descending,
On its hallowed surface trod,
And the Souls in hosts unending
Gazed upon that scene in wonder, while He made it His abode,
And its name forever blended with the awful name of God.

Then the Seer is released and returns to earth. He discovers that his vast and awful journey has taken him but *one* moment, for there is no time in the spirit world.

This remarkable poem of De Milles should be reprinted so that we could place it in our libraries and have it available for study. The small edition which was made in Halifax has been quite exhausted long ago. It is not known either in New York or London. Is it strange, therefore, that De Mille's reputation is still to be made? It is our business, I think, to brush the dust off De Mille's books, to place them in our libraries, to see to it that they receive fair-play in the great world of literature. If that work be well performed then our debt to De Mille may be cancelled, and by honouring his memory we shall realize that we have honoured ourselves. There is little doubt that no writer of Canadian nationality possesses a greater claim upon the gratitude of his countrymen than De Mille, and no writer of the first rank has been so completely ignored in English Speaking Canada. I am informed that he is still remembered by a few in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; it would be strange indeed if that were not so; but it seems to me there is no excuse at all for our attitude as a people towards the memory of so great a man. May I hope that this modest lecture may inspire some renewed interest in a very worthy subject, and go at least a little way towards obtaining readers for the writings he has bequeathed to us?

The Lake

WHERE cedars taper, there's a lake beyond;
Once visioned from the hills, it speaks to me:
Soft-hazed with heat's grey-slumb'rous canopy,
Or bright with glitt'ring dust of diamond,
Or calmed when waning day wafts glances fond,
Or freighted with the moon's pale poesy,
Or blown till plunging wavelets splatter glee,
Or sunk in starless night like fabled pond.

Whate'er thy mood, O dream-kissed mountain-lake,
It lingers still, my inmost self replies;
But where's the song that plumbs the depth of thought?
The lyre has lost its strings, the words forsake.
What Art's so high; but Nature far outvies?
In silent wonderment God's voice is caught.

AMY REDPATH RODDICK.

My Invisible Library

By FREDERICK NIVEN

I am writing in a prospector's shack in the high Selkirks, snowed up. There are beans and bacon, flour and fuel, blankets and tobacco, but there is no reading matter in the place except a back number of the Popular Magazine and one half of an Atlantic Monthly. I have read both of these, and was grateful for the synopsis (in the former) of the B. M. Bower story, and grateful also to Mr. Beebee for his eye (made evident in an article in the latter) for the colour of the Caribbean. Having no more to read I have employed many hours by imagining books round the walls.

A ghostly library! Some of the remembered books are but as an atmosphere to me. Even single paragraphs of volumes I absolutely hanker after, most ardently desire, I cannot recall textually. I sit in the midst of the white silence that is broken only, through the day, by the scream of a blue jay and, at night, by a coyote's plaint. A mosquito or two comes in now and then, over the snow. These mosquitoes do not seem to be of a stinging order. Once a moth fluttered past, and apparently it was not chilled. Mr. Beebee could tell me what kind it was. I felt a sense of satisfaction in seeing both mosquito and moth, for they were "local colour" I could not have imagined.

But as for my invisible library —its books and prints. Regarding the prints! I would like to have on my walls very much what were on the walls of my cottage in England, about six thousand miles away. I still would like to have a Whistler etching, a Zorn, a McBey, a Nicholson print; and to these I might add a picture by Mr. Russel, the "cow-boy artist." What I have less interest in than ever is freak art. In a land where, in summer, a man may encounter a grizzly bear among the rocks or deadfalls of a divide, and in winter is alert for anything to add to his kitchen, a rifle like a corkscrew (not to be known as a rifle even after a reference to the catalogue) would mean death. There are art forms that can only be dabbled in by those for whom civilisation has passed into sophistication with chaos imminent ahead. Here I could be catholic enough to admire methods so different as those of Velasquez and Dagnan-Bouveret, of Monet and Fortuny, of Raeburn and Augustus John. A painting of a corkscrew entitled: "Still-life study of a rifle', is all I draw the line at.

As for the books, what a heterogeneous collection they are! Perhaps more than sheer literature has influenced me in the creation of this invisible library. Perhaps because I am of Scottish stock, as well as because I love words, I have thought often of Alexander Smith's *A Summer in Skye*. I will be a terrible shock to some (indeed, I feel the shock myself:) that I thought of that book first. I know I should have longed for Homer, or Dante. James Ashcroft Noble, by the way, in his monograph on Alexander Smith, found him condemned out of his own mouth by reason of his admission that to him Milton was for s ate occasions, and that he preferred, for every-day, nearer, and more human intercourse, certain "minors". Still, let's tell the truth and shame the Devil! I remember Smith's book as a thing of colour and atmosphere. No single phrase do I clearly recall except "Summer leaps upon Edinburgh like a tiger." Happiness, warmth, rest out of the hurly-burly, the grim grandeur of the Coolins, blue columns of peat-smoke like pillars in the Hebridean sunset: thus the book lives in my memory, and I would like to take it down and turn the pages. After *A Summer in Skye* what I wanted most, looking round the bare walls, was H. H. Tomlinson's *The Sea and the Jungle*. Tomlinson is no publicist. He has never been lost on a mountain, having, for one thing, too great a sense for locality. He has much else besides. I think *The Sea and the Jungle* one of the finest contributions of English literature of our time. And I do not think my critical faculty is wrong, although this particular book has not sold one hundred and fifty thousand. What is it sells a book? For the author to be lost on a mountain is good, but not enough. John Davidson was lost but no one seemed to care. "O, he'll come back." they said — and he was dead. Still, I like to remember, in this connection, the last lines of a sonnet by Eugene Lee Hamilton:

But if it is of gold it will not rust;
And when the time [illegible]
brought
Into the sun and glitter through its dust.

I actually saw Tomlinson's name mentioned the other day in a London Literary Letter, a mere handful of years behind the times. But the notice was slightly spoiled by the remark, regarding another book, just published, that probably nothing as good would appear for the next few years. That phrase is so delightful a form of the superlative — superlative plus futurist — that I cherish it. I read the book in question so as to keep ahead of the times, which I thought would be, incidentally, a new and great experience; but it seemed to me still-born. Anyhow, there is *The Sea and the Jungle*, nebulous on my ghostly shelves, and beside it a set of Hackluyt's *Voyages*. I refuse to be intimidated by the fact that centuries divide Tomlinson and Hackluyt. There they are, these two, cheek by jowl on my non-existent shelf.

For verse there is a whole set of W. E. Henley, in the old lovable volumes, the original editions of ribbed green cloth, of a size to slip into the pocket, while yet Macmillans have only announced that the collected edition will some day appear.* Simon Pure, of the other "*Bookman*" (that very attractive blue-covered journal from New York), in the last issue to arrive in "town" before I rolled my blankets, packed the pack-sack, and hit the mountain road, said — and I recall the words, for I read keenly, thrice, pondering them—: "A great deal still remains to be done in the matter of collecting the works — at present scattered — of various writters of secondary importance and first-rate literary interest." Is there not something wrong there? I think such a pronouncement would baffle John Keats, who wrote: "Beauty is truth; truth beauty;" There must be a kink in me if Simon Pure is right; for I cannot understand how a book of first-rate literary in-

* Issued since Mr. Niven wrote his article.—Ed.

verest can be of secondary importance. I try other renderings; I try to think of a book of second-rate literary interest and primary importance, and can only recall (in these days of the world-wide house problem and shortage of homes) *The House-Hunter's Guide.* I dismiss the subject, let the argument — or quibble, if it be but quibble — go, with passing thanks to Simon Pure for at any rate letting us know of the good gift in preparation, and take down my visionary Henley to read:

Like an old boot, by the sea spurned and the land abhorred;

and:

Yon rake-hell cat how furtive and a-cold,
Now watch it tip and fade,
Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade;

or:

St. Martin's bells choiring their ancient
Old world canticles.

I remember the *Hospital Rhymes* and the tip-tip-tapping of the leaking cistern. I want to chant to myself, in the big silence when the logs crackle in the stove: "Were I a samurai renowned..." I really do not care whether Henley be "major" or "minor"; I think he will live. For many a year his verses went begging, and now he is to have a collected edition. One is constantly noting this topsy-turvey in the world of books. Austin Dobson is another singer I recall. A man has either (usually) to be very young, and member of a coterie, and the strongest, most dominating figure in that coterie, to be called a great poet, or else he has to be dead a long while. Memory can at least serve me with lines from that ballade with the refrain from the Spanish of: "There is no bird in any last year's nest." I recall the "curly pate" who,

With rushen lance in rest,
Stormed at the lilies by the orchard wall.

I remember in full that exquisite rondeau beginning:

In after days, when grasses high

and that sonnet upon *Don Quixote,* "behind his paste-board on his battered hack", with the culminating wish that still men "might charge in earnest, were it but a mill". Up here in the Selkirks, I think how lucky I was that once, in the lesser reading room of the British Museum, where they give one the portfolios and prints, and the like, to look at, not trusting them in the reading chamber under the big dome, I saw Mr. Dobson, lost to the world, over a great sheaf of engravings. Could I have "snapped" him in these august precincts, that would have been a portrait to pass on for future ages when he, being gone a long time, will live with Herrick. I wanted a volume of Marvel, for the "orange lamps in a green night", and of Marlowe for "All things that move between the quiet poles", and "Infinite riches in a little room.' Some have murmured of Marlowe: "Sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal", but I am trying to be honest, writing this article. If we listened to everybody, and were timid, we would never whisper at all what books we read and cherish. A collection of Scottish ballades had to be on my dream shelves, so that I might read over again that one of *Helen of Kirkconnel*—that Robert Burns thought was balderdash.

Sometimes I think the main matter is not what books we love but how sincerely we love them. I am trying here, why I know not, just for the fun of it, I think, snowed up, and with nothing to read — and perhaps it will interest someone, for I don't suppose my tastes are lone and solitary — to put down the books that came first into my head in this bookless shack. I omit the names of volumes I know I should have wished for in the first instance. Mr. Dooley once told Hennessey he kept only the Bible and Shakespeare, and when asked why, explained that he had them as "wipons of defince." Hennessey pressed the point. "Do you rade them?" he enquired; but Mr. Dooley evaded the reply.

Of novels I find it is rather for my contemporaries than for the old masters I long. I do not, frankly, want Richardson' *Pamela.* And even though H. G. Wells says Defoe's *Moll Flanders* is the greatest English novel, I do not hanker for it. Burlesque is not my desire, and *Moll Flanders* always strikes me as primarily whoopingly funny with its incessant change of beds and husbands. It seems in the same world as Charlie Chaplin bumping in and out of a door and upsetting a different person at each bump. I know there is a tradition of beds in one of the lines of the English novel. We have writers living to-day who cling to it and there are their admirers who, misunderstanding the credo that "Art has nothing to do with Morality" believe that "Art must have to do with Immorality." The little more and how much it is! First of all in a novel I must see the characters. If they are of sawdust I really cannot be interested in whether they are, or are not (in the "Great Modern Novel that all Thinking Men should read") eventually ruined; in whether (in the "Plot and Action stuff") the Sheriff decides to do his duty or to let the prisoner go free and make up a story about how he comes back without him that would gull no one. Though I did not, when first longing for books, want a Shakespeare, I did think of him later and chiefly, I believe, because of the great reality of many of his (or of *their,* perhaps I should say, lest "Shakespeare" was two or three men) characters. Falstaff seems as real to me as Mr. G. K. Chesterton. I do wish — I wished it from the first — that I had a copy of Mr. Forster's *The Celestial Omnibus* in my little shack library. I would rather have that than any novel by any of the students of the neurotic and sexually disordered. Such stories seem to me as false to the facts of Europe as stories of the west, that show the Indians only scalping, and the white men drawing their guns in every chapter, are false to America. I sit and dip into an invisible *Typhoon, Youth, Lord Jim;* and wonder why *Chance* and *Victory* "rang the bell" for Conrad. Rebecca West's *Return of the Soldier* is another of the books I visualise as upright on the imagined shelf in the cabin, where are only bacon and beans, flour and fuel, blankets and tobacco, and the two year-old magazines. As a whole it is well-nigh flawless — and it is *written.* The prose of it, the vehicle for the tale, is a ceaseless joy. Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale* I read again, gazing at the log wall, read all about Mr. Povey's tooth and the building of the partition between the house and the shop, all the great little chronicle of lives and life. I turn the ghostly pages of Walpole's *Wooden Horse,* and forget the shack, and find myself in a water-front pub of Cornwall with the firelight blinking on the old stained settles, and the tables polished by the overflowing ale of many a mellow English year. I think of his *Green Mirror* too, of course. I recall Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Sussex Gorse, A Challenge to Sirius,* and *Little England.* The atmosphere of her England is in the place. I see the "dim blue goodness of the weald", for she notes Sussex somewhat as

Kippling did when he wrote the now immortal poem in which that line occurs. I smell the byres; hear the clump of clogs in stables; the whisk of a broom as some one sweeps; the clip-clap of hoofs on a distant road; a burst of thick song from the village inn beyond; and in the dusk at the gate see the silhouette of a man and woman lost in the old tragi-comedy, with a star or two overhead high above the ground-mists. Yes, I could "do with" (as they say) a book or two by Sheila Kaye-Smith when the dark creeps up here and I think of books and remember England. Not that I wish to go back there for a long time. The balsam scent and the frosted stars have their lure, as well as blue-smudged Sussex. I have only one question to ask Miss Kaye-Smith, and that is whether, during the Civil War, the railway trains were like the English ones, a series of little cubby-holes with doors at the side. When, in *A Challenge to Sirius,* one of her characters makes his leap for freedom, the train goes on with the door open and flapping. It is well visualised, but is the fact correct? I don't know. It may be a slip; she may really have been thinking of an English train. It may be thoroughness; perhaps the coaches of that time in America were on the painful Old-Country plan. It is a minor point, of course, but I wondered, recalling, lying in my bunk smoking, the movements of that fine novel *A Challenge to Sirius.* I remember Henry James' *American,* with the bell dropping its peace into a troubled heart; Hergesheimer's *The Three Black Pennys;* Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome;* Norris's *The Octopus,* for Annixter, Hilma, the broken engineer and his "little tad", and all the rest; Wilkie Collins' *The Moonstone;* Swinnerton's *Nocturne;* Ibanez's *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* for its first third, the creation of Madariaga and his patient spouse; Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae* and *Weir of Hermiston* striking a note of high achievement, with every character alive and moving, from that first line, "In the bleak end of a moorland parish. . . " to the last half-finished sentence where Death intervened. None of those of to-day — from Wells to Swinnerton — who have disparaged Stevenson (excellent though some of their own work be) have come near to the artistic and human heights achieved in *Weir of Hermiston.*

In the world of essay I want a Hazlitt, to read again *On Going a Journey* and *The Indian Jugglers;* Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors;* and Pater's *Renaissance,* to read of the passing of da Vinci, his "last curiosity", and to catch again the spirit (I feel in touch with it here in the still white night) of these sentences in which he tells of how "not to be aware of..." — the exact words that follow escape me, but I know they refer to the wonderful moments of life, this so good life that the Atlantic Monthly has given us. And that the little politicians, the little religious folk, and the little irreligious folk try to spoil—"...is, on this short day of frost and sun to sleep before evening." I want a John Donne and a Jeremy Taylor, with the beauty of words for the beauty of life. There are six feet of snow outside; the nights are long; I have read the Popular Magazine and the Atlantic Monthly and enjoyed both. I have attained catholicity if not critical faculty. In the absence of books came the itch to write, and I had a writing pad. What to write about, I asked myself.

"Write about the books you wish you had here to dip into," I said.

I started. Perhaps I "blanched" as do people in the melodramas.

"I shall be found out!" I exclaimed. "I didn't want (at least in the immediate flush of desire for the companionship of a book) Homer, Virgil, Dante, and I'll have to tell them I did!"

Then I took myself to task for being such a humbug, and forced myself to sit down and write the truth. And somehow, now that the difficult task is over, the notion sticks in my mind that, though in some quarters my truth may utterly damn me, there are many honest men and women who may read it with an interest not superior and destructive.

Quite Like Life in B. C.

THE whole British Columbia novelist group are exhibiting evident signs of progress in the practice of their trade. The latest volume by Robert Allison Hood, *The Quest of Alistair,* has scarcely any reminders of the salad days of *The Chivalry of Keith Leicester* except the deplorably romantic name of the hero, which sounds so inevitably like chocolate sundae and will appeal irresistibly to just the same class of consumers.

We suspect Mr. Hood of picking the name early in his work, with a very different type of novel in view, one in which the hero, a "laird," would move pretty constantly in an atmosphere vibrant with the blasts (present or remembered, it matters little) of the hundred and twenty ancestral pipers of his clan and glittering with the flash of their claymores and the flutter of their tartan. But in fact the hero is nothing more glamorous than a very decent, practical and reasonably courageous young man, the son of a well-to-do farmer of the Edinburgh district, who comes out to a British Columbia valley to collect the mortgage money due to his father. He has a number of adventures, enough to hold the reader's interest, and he behaves very well well indeed and keeps our sympathy throughout, except for the one vice which he shares with his predecessor Keith Leicester, of falling into Waverley-novels language when he begins to be succesful in love. A gently entertaining book which will tell the reader not a little real truth about life in the B. C. cattle country. But we could have done with a lot more about Mrs. Appleby, the stagé driver's mother, and her family of hopeful sons; we suspect that Mr. Hood really knows them. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $2.00).

The Poems of Charlotte Mew

By EILEEN B. THOMPSON

THERE are certain moods in which the reading of much current English poetry leaves the impression that its writers are persistently making verses around Dunsany's *Glittering Gate* after it has been opened and shut again. All sense of quest has gone from them. At times they wrap themselves in old imaginings for comfort's sake, oftener they build, out of fancy and art, a world of haunting beauty, consciously and admittedly unreal, a screen, or turn back with passion to the minute appeal of earth. A few, the vision of that blank space ever before them, see every human experience and cruelty separated and isolated against the void; while fewer still, not assenting that the Denial behind the Gate has revealed all, yet convinced that the secret is not for their discovery, accept their confines and throw their powers into the understanding and revelation of man's mysterious spirit and his physical world. Clouds are no longer the chariots of an unseen Lord.

Against this almost deliberate turning of the back on the riddle of the universe, Charlotte Mew's poems stand out in peculiar contrast. There are twenty-eight of them, published by the Poetry Book Shop in London under the title *The Farmer's Bride*, (5s.) and by Macmillan, New York as *Saturday Market*, ($2.50) only one long, and the greater number short dramatic monologues portraying individual tragedies picked up in an English market square or under the lights of Montmartre. Her work is never personal, yet always specific; her characters do not generalize but are given individual speech shaped by individual emotion. Her subjects are objective, yet there is a self revealing strain of quest throughout this book which takes her apart from her confreres. Though she uses every modern rhythmical and intellectual freedom, her demand to get behind the strangeness of the world places her in succession to certain poets of the nineteenth century. Her very protest and bitterness rises from belief.

Not that this Englishwoman brings from out the thought of another generation any shelter or solution for her tragedies. The very words of her dedication are given in no assurance of easy mercy. "He asked life of thee and thou gavest him a long life; even forever and ever.' But behind the bafflement of human experience there exists for her life, even though it be witheld or hostile, and in the poem "On the Road to the Sea" the plea of the lover is for more than love can give. It may be her own confession, a tearing at the veil.

> But first I want your life:—before I
> die I want to see
> The world that lies behind the strangeness of your eyes,
> There is nothing gay or green for my
> gathering, it may be,
> Yet on brown fields there lies
> A haunting purple bloom: is there not
> something in grey skies
> And in grey seas?
> I want what world there is behind your eyes,
> I want your life and you will not give
> it me.

Ethereal dreamings will not content her; always it is "the spirit afterwards, but first the touch." Love burns in these poems through the flesh and is relieved by no balm of romance. It brings pain and entanglement even in the fragrance of hair, never fulfilment, and yet at its intensest moments it is a porthole through which blow in the hidden winds of immortal life:

> We slept with it, but face to face,
> the whole night through
> One breath, one throbbing quietness, as if the thing behind our lips was endless life."

Here the force of the unseen beats more closely behind human passion than behind the world of natural beauty. Not one poem in this volume is of nature only. Though a keen perception and sensitiveness make Charlotte Mew aware of land and sky's successive changes, and she send a soul "singing among the trees," there is never a consciousness that they will interpret for man the hidden mysteries. Rather in what she sees in nature is his own soul revealed, and her clear, penetrating sketches of earth's phases are those she finds reflected in the eyes of her characters.

To Madeleine, the warm, rebellious things

> red carnations burning in the sun...
> The dreams upon the eyes of white geraniums in the dusk
> The close, thick voice of musk...

To Ken, the desolate, half witted boy the seasons change—

> Not long ago
> The last thrush stiffened in the snow,
> While black against a sullen sky
> The sighing pines stood by.
> But now the wind has left our rattled pane
> To flutter the hedge sparrow's wing.
> The birches in the wood are red again
> And only yesterday
> The larks went up a little way to sing
> What lovers say
> Who loiter in the lanes to-day;

"The lonely passion of the rain" beats against the lonely imagination of the boy who loses his innocence in the intoxication of the circus, and in "The Quiet House", where a life is burned through by a memory, the girl can see nothing but crimson through the grey of her life, for her "soul is red like the soul of a sword or a scarlet flower."

Several of these poems have French settings, not the France or Paris of the French but the foreign quay, Montmartre "of the hot white hands," the window from where so many have watched "the light that so gently dies from a Paris window in the Paris skies." The appeal of the scenes is swift and emotional, sharpened by intellectual restraint. The glamorous excitement of the circus suffuses "The Fête" like light, almost blindingly, yet every detail stands out, clear cut. Much of the verse is punctured with French phrases, not always to its betterment, for although they heighten the local tang they make it slightly artificial, perhaps purposely so since her France is seen from the outside. That surface impressionism almost disappears in the English poems, and while "In Nunhead Cemetery" begins with words stuck on the page like hard bits of paint it changes into instinctive native melody. The current of countryside life runs very closely under these pictures of field and town; the music of the village dance filters through the most sinister of market tragedies.

In his book on *Some Contemporary Poets* Harold Monro singles out Charlotte Mew for unstinted tribute. The vivid shortness and originality of her poems, their res-

traint and artistic perception, wakes in him a praise he is unwilling to qualify. She is not widely known or represented in many current anthologies. A. M. has chosen "The Farmer's Bride and "The Changeling" for his *Modern Verse*, both new treatments of old themes, and both the most likely of her present work to make her name familiarly remembered. The music of "Love in a Valley" may rise as a faint background to the reading of "The Farmer's Bride", but the new poem, uncannily succinct with its half-captured lilt and caged tragedy, has no dependence on Meredith's full romance. Her Changeling is lonelier and colder, more real as a child and changeling than any "Forsaken Merman" or Irish fairy's offspring. He is a sharer in two worlds and heir of none, and in spite of the whole world's whispering "in the still dusks of Spring" he tries to stay with the humans he loves.

I did kneel down to say my prayers,
But the King who sits on your big
church steeple
Has nothing to do with us fairy people'

It was the parents' fault he was carried away; they left a light, and now...

Black and chill are Their nights on
the wold;
And They live so long and They [illegible]
no pain;
I shall grow up, but never grow old,
I shall always, always be very cold,
I shall never come back again!

"Madeleine in Church" is also a worn theme presented with fresh insight and colour, the burning resentment of a still rebellious Magdalene against the safety to which she turns. It is by far the longest and most complex of her poems, but its digressions are united and concentrated in the passion and soul of Madeleine. Utterly contrasted to it is the almost motionless beauty of "Beside the Bed". In twelve lines is enclosed the indrawn hush of death, the unbelievableness of youth broken, and a grief well nigh unbearable in its pity.

Because all night you [illegible]
ed to us or spoken
It is time for [illegible] to wake; your
dreams were [illegible]
I, for one, have seen the thin, bright
twisted thread of [illegible]
suddenly and broken,
This is only a most piteous pretence
of sleep.

Charlotte Mew's realism springs from no theory; it is too near reality.

A Voice of Protest From Andrews Bay

MISS NINA MOORE JAMIESON has written a worthwhile tale in "The Hickory Stick," (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto). Life in the "truly rural" districts of Canada is not a bed of roses for the district school teacher, but Laura West, a nineteen year old Ontario girl, just out of Normal School, assumes her duties at Andrews' Bay with a light heart, although with a due sense of the dignity of her position. It is not long before she sees that the school-teacher is also the church organist, a sick-nurse, a guide, philosopher and friend, a social ornament, an arbiter of fashion, in short, all things to all scholars, and she becomes imbued with a deep sense of the responsibility of both teacher and school-board. Her impassioned protest to two of her friends: "It isn't fair! In towns where they have other advantages of music and travel and contact with educated people—there, behold you, is a school library of hundreds of books, and all sorts of aids to the children! Here, where the youngsters are set back from every outside help, they cannot have the least to encourage them, or to broaden their horizon! At this rate of going, no enthusiastic and ambitious mother will be content to raise her children in the country—no child who is worth his salt will want to stay there! What then? Inside of one generation the whole nation will be wrong end up, standing on its head! Nobody will want to live in the country, if that means ignorance and lack of opportunity. To him that hath shall be given, and so the city child gets its fine school buildings, lectures, singing lessons, concerts, gymnasiums, every room heated, lighted and made as convenient as can be, when anyone can see that it is the country children who should have the best buildings—see how far they walk! The teacher's salary is lower there than elsewhere—and so the teachers won't go to the country if they can get any other place. . . . How would you like your own boy to walk three miles each way to school . . . in the dead of winter, crying with the cold, stumbling in the snow, with his poor little lunch frozen solid before he gets to school . . . nothing hot for his dinner, not even a hot drink to warm him up? . . . If the tendency of our educational system is to draw people from the simple life to the complex, it is wrong, isn't it? Wrong and ridiculous! You—*you* must make it so that all our schools, no matter where situated, have equal opportunity to serve. You must see to it that your son's son, anywhere, will have an equal chance with the son of the Governor-General! . . . We can influence the children to think and to desire high things; after all, the children of today will be the nation of tomorrow. It seems to me that in the rural school lies the answer to most of our country's troubles—the liquor question, divorce, and all those vexed problems that enter so largely into the life of a nation." So Laura, but, after all, she is but a small voice, and when life holds out love and happiness to her, she is thoroughly feminine despite her ideals.

Sea Variations

By E. J. PRATT.

OLD, old is the sea to-day.
A sudden stealth of age
Has torn away
The texture of its youth and grace,
And filched the rose of daybreak from its waters.
Now lines of gray
And dragging vapours on its brow
Heavily are drawn;
And it lies broken as with centuries,
Though yesterday,
Blue-eyed and shadowless as a child's face,
It held the promise of a luminous dawn;
Though through its merry after-hours
It bade the sun to pour
Its flaming mintage on the ocean floor
That by a conjuror's touch was turned
To rarer treasure manifold,
Where jacinth, emerald and sapphire burned—
A fringe around a core of gold...
Old, old is the sea to-day,
Forsaken, chill and gray,
And banished is the glory of its waters;
Though through the silent tenure of the night
It bade the sterile moon to multiply,
A thousand fold, its undivided light,
Within the nadir of a richer sky;
When every star a thousand cressets glowed
That, caught in wider conflagration, sent
Vast leagues of silver fire wherever flowed
The waters of its shoreless firmament.
But old and gray
Is the sea to-day,
With the morning colors blanched upon its waters.

MASKS

What hidden soul residing
Within these forms, O sea!
Should, every hour changing,
To Time yet changeless be?
What masks hast thou not worn,
What parts not played,
Thou Prince of all the Revels
In Life's Masquerade?
Light-hearted as a jester,
The motley fits thy mood,
As the gold and the purple,
Thy statelier habitude.

At dawn—
A trumpeter preluding a day's pageant.
At noon—
A dancer weaving new measures around the furrows of ships with white sails.
Later—
A courier with sealed tidings hastening towards the shore.
At sunset—
A dyer steeping colours on a bay.
Again—
A sculptor teasing faces out of the moonlit foam on a reef,
Or carving bric-a-brac upon a beach,
Or fashioning, with age-toiled hands, a grotto out of limestone.
The wind blows—
And a master puts a flute to his lips.
It blows again—
And his fingers take hold of organ stops...

Once more, the wind—
And thou dost go an old familiar way
In tragic fashion,
As a corsair, pursuing his prey
With the lust of passion,
Falls like a burst of hail
On an autumn yield,
Till every reach and gulf and bay
Is left with the stubble of life and sail,
With the face of the waters like unto the face of the field.

IN RETREAT.

Now like a fugitive who, on the desert sand,
A moment broods upon the life he spilt.
And, with averted gaze,
Circling the dusky ruin of his hand,
Surveys
The Arab measure of his guilt
Before a Presence standing there that calls
His name; in cloud and shadow and in whirlwind reads
The inviolate scripture of the fates;
Then full across the desert speeds,
Until he falls,
Caught by the Avenger near the City Gates;—
So underneath the heavens' lighted scroll,
Ablaze with cryptic tokens of the slain,
Headlong to shore thy spiral waters roll
Swept by the besom of the winds; by rain
And thunder driven in flight
Along the galleries of the night,
Until upon the surge-line locked in strife
With reef and breaker thou art shattered, soon
In fang and sinew to be strewn
Around the cliffs that guard the ports of life.

O wild tumultuous sea!
Thy waters mock our liturgy,
For thou dost take the threads of faith apart,
Wherewith the cables of our life are spun,
Strand upon strand unraveling;—Thou dost hear,
Recited from a tide-wet shore,
Our creeds. Each hope and fear
Filtered from life's confessions,—one by one,
Out of the dumb confusions of the heart,
Are spread before thy sight — Thou Arch-Inquisitor!
How in a ruthless moment dost thou strip
The veilings from our eyes, and bid us cast
Our glances on a labyrinthine past,
Stirred by a flash that on a wave's white lip
Gleams for an instant, or by some dark sign
Within thy fearful hollows where night flings
Her crape of shadow on a tossing line
Of jetsam, will our years turn back,
To gather from a weed-grown track
A bitter tale of dimmed rememberings.

As to its end the tempest drags
Its way, thou art re-born

To strength of body and beauty of face;
And thou dost cover with a tranquil grace
Those whom the winds had buffeted,
And laid upon the waters—dead,
In darkness dost thou cover them,
As some white-winged mother of the crags
That daily gathering food
From sea-weed and from tide-wash brings,
At fall of night, to her rock-nurtured brood
The drowsy silence of her wings.

How like a Pontiff dost thou lie at last,
Impassive, robed at Death's supreme hour
With those high vestments that the storm,
In the dread legacy of its power,
Around thy level form
Majestically hast cast,—
In the pale light of the moon's slow tapers burning;
All-silent in the calm recessional
Of the tide's turning;
All-passionless, though on the distant sands
Where the wreathed lilies of the spray, keen-sifted
By the late winds, are strewn, thy children call,
Their patient hands
In prayer, to thee, uplifted.

Kawartha Lake Sketches

By KATHERINE HALE

FISHING AT BURLEIGH FALLS.

AT the hotel are fishermen,
And the Indian guides as brown
As the great waterfalls
That plunge and roar and glide
From rocky walls outside.

And what imperial fishing!
Rapids and pools, and song
Of water voices all day long,
And wells of shining trout.
Surely a god-like bout.

Perched on eternal stones
To 'fly' a silver stream,
To delve into a dream . . .
And then—at night—we hear
'Gimme six cones — and beer'!

At the hotel are fishermen
And Indian guides——

COLORED STONES.

BY southern lakes I have seen
purple stones
Throw back the shadows of
the waves and hills.
On the Aegean, so the stories run,
Greek youths, with many a saf-
fron-colored sail
Rode flame-like to the rhythm of
the gale.

Again, in this bright cup—this
Stoney Lake
Purple of hills, and pink of nor-
thern rocks.
Today I met a sail-boat in the wind
And at the mast a brown Cana-
dian boy—
He was as splendid as his mate of
Troy.

TRADE.

IT might have been two hun-
dred years ago.
For all the difference in her
way or mine,
That her canoe with paddle dip-
ping slow,
And sunset running down to em-
bers low,
Stopped at my rocky door.

With fish and basket-work she
plied her trade
And I, to help a little money last,
Answered her barter with a coat
I made
Of colored wool—O, many seasons
past.
We were both satisfied.

SNAKE ISLAND.

HIDEOUS dwellings top this
space,
And a few trees and dingy
boat-houses.
And folk who give this giant of a
breeze
Nothing but noise to play with.
Ages ago, my Indian says,
This was wild grass and very
many snakes.
"Man kills them all,
And then he comes and makes
Houses like these to live in."

. . . . . .

Houses like these!

Ages ago these trees were elfin
And tall grass towered to the
skies
Until, to those transparent screens
their eyes,
This must have been a most de-
lirious fen:—
Perplexed with tangled fern.
Peopled with glittering prey,
Dense borderland to where the
black pools lay
Whose captives twist and turn.

Burrowing, boa-like harlequin
snakes,
Your day was brilliant and flash-
ing enough!
Snakes casting skins in continuous
slough,
Grass snakes, and ring snakes on
dragon flies bent.
Was there a Charmer with musical
pipe
Lured you a moment? Some In-
dian charm
Surely touched you with sorcery,
gave you alarm
Ere the people who meant to build
houses like these
Came and killed you—
And killed the wild grass.

JUNIPER RING.

JUNIPER ring on the granite
rock
Deep and green and perfectly
planned,
Living with you I understand
Circle-magic of old.

You had a sister in mystery,
Was it only an April ago
That a crocus cup on a bed of
snow
Promised eternal things?

It will be longer, Juniper,
Till Earth declares you ready to
break——
And you fade of the havoc her
brown hands make
That are covered with mystic
rings.

S. Whiffletree Sees Stephen Leacock

By FRANK D. GENEST

BY way of a introdoocin' comticle, I might renounce that mencement to this here arbein' a stoodent in good standard at the McGill University College, I'm on the inside tract with the perfessors, so to say. Consequent, I sorter thought it was my boundin' dooty to get a interview with Perfessor Leacock what's writin' the funny comic pieces in the magazine journals. In and addition to this, besides belongin' to the same knowledge factory, me an' the perfess is members of the Canada Authors' Association. Leastways, I'm a member of same. I heard tell that the perfess was clamorin' to join up, but the admittin' regulations is pretty dum stiff. Still or all, there's nothin' like stickin' to a thing. Perfessor Leacock should bear to mind that Rhodes wasn't built in a coupla hours!

In review of this, I hotfoots it up to the Arts buildin' where the perfess hangs his "Made in London" an' rings the bell vigorous.

The janitor sticks his head outen the door: "How many times I gotta tell you to take them groceries round to the back entrance," he hollers, disdainful.

"I wanta see Perfessor Leacock of McGill!" I vociferates, "an I wanta see him instanter!"

"Well, you can't see him. He's busy writin' a comic piece."

"Looky here!" I yells, losin' complete holt of my dander, "if ain't face an' face with Perfessor Leacock aside of two minutes, the Janitors' Association will be follerin' you to your last restin' place with the band playin' 'He Done His Best—No man could of Done More.' Whiffletree's the name!"

In two jumps of a pop-eyed rabbit, I was in Perfessor Leacock's study. He was busy writin', so I sets me down on a plush sofy, wonderin' curious like, was it the same one the German general lay down on when his rubber suit exploded.

Jest then, or mebbe a little sooner, I can't say positive, the Perfessor stopped writin' an bit his mustache pensive, as if seekin' out a humorous word.

"Joe Miller's Joke Book often comes in handy," I interpolates, affable. "I employs it myself constant."

"And who in the name of the Twelve Gods of Olympus might you be?" he asks, turnin' round sudden'. "Even if you are certain the price of the Harvard Classics is going up ten days after I sign on the dotted line, the statement won't interest me—oh, not at all!"

This second misrepresentin' of my characterization twicet in the same day kind of nestled me, so I says, a bit haughty like:

"I'm Si Whiffletree of the Faculty of Laws, last seat, second row from the door."

"Oh, mister Whiffletree, eh," he says, unbendin', "that's a horse of a different collar. To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"I'm in the interviewin' business jest at present, though a stoodent by trade," I explains to him in explanation, "I sorter thought as how I'd look you up as bein' one of the few college perfessors what can make a Eskimo heat up with laughin' out loud."

"Ah well," he sighs, with a kind glance at his watch, "everything in the day's work, I suppose."

"Ain't it the truth," I blurts out, tryin' to keep a straight face at this witticism an' failing lamentable.

There was a awkward pause. Then I continues by way of keepin' the ball roarin': "I read your latest book, perfessor— the one named with the title of *Winkin' Winnie*. It's mighty good in spots, but in course we all has our off days!"

"Hum," he replies back, "not to mention ho!"

"For incense," I goes on, clearin' my throat, "when I come up here to the McGill from Sims' Corners two years ago, come next Michaelmus, fust thing I did was to trot over to the library an' ast for one of your books, hearin' tell that you was the man what put the 'haw! haw! in laugh. I was give the *Principles of Political Economy* an' a sharp look from the librarian, she tellin' me that if I kep' it more'n two weeks consecutive, I'd have to make the welcome ring with 2 cents per each day I kep' it over the two weeks. 'Don't worry your little self thin over it,' I told her. 'I've heard tell of Perfessor Leacock an' if I dont burn the midnight owl readin' this book, my name's Denis!' Right there, I was barkin' up the wrong elm, 'cause it took me a week to get to page 10, an' I'll be hornswoggled if my risibles didn't think I'd left town! By crickey, perfessor, somebody must of borrowed money off you at the Mausoleum Club the day you wrote this book—not a poverty-stricken giggle in the hull shootin' mask!"

"Ah well," he says, playin' with his watch chain, "we all have our off days as you so significantly remarked. But tell me, haven't you got a lecture about this time?"

"I have," I repartyed facetious, "but I reckon the well oiled wheels of justice won't stop revolvin' on the account me not bein' amongst those present. How 'bout givin' me some personal facts, such as—what was your intimate thoughts as a youthful child, or, did you spend most of your wakin' hours goin' to the eye doctor on the account of readin' omnivorous?"

"While the perfess was thinkin' out the best way to reply back to these questions, the door opens an' a seedy lookin' bird hops in.

"Ah, manna from heaven!" exclaims Perfessor Leacock, hearty. "Mister Manna, let me introduce you to my friend, Whiffletree, last seat, second row from the door, Faculty of Laws."

I shook hands with this gent what looked like a perfessor to me. He wanted to go out, thinkin' he'd disturbed us, but Perfessor Leacock told him to sit down if he valued his skin, or sumpin' of the kind. Seein' how the lamb lay, I said tactful: "Well I guess I'll trot right along if you don't mind."

"We do, but we're resigned to it." answered back the perfess. "Close the door after you!"—Collegiate World.

The New Roberts Animal Book

IT was just about the beginning of the present century, when Charles G. D. Roberts, having devoted himself mainly to poetry for twenty years, and having just issued the "Collected Poems" which still stands as his most certain claim to immortality, discovered a new literary device which proved to be extraordinarily successful in attracting the attention and admiration of the larger public. The year 1900 is the date, not only of the "Collected Poems" but also of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," the first of the volumes in which the dramatis personae consist largely of animals instead of human beings; and by 1902 the new method was in full operation in "The Kindred of the Wild". There may be some question of priority in this new adventure between Dr. Roberts and Ernest Thompson Seton (both, singularly enough, were born in the same year, viz., 1860, but Dr. Roberts had nearly twenty years the start in literature), for the latter's "Trail of the Sand-Hill Stag" was published in 1899. There can be little dispute as to the artistic superiority. Seton was an animal painter and a scientist, and his earlier efforts to dramatise the life of the woods were intended for the consumption of children, for whom he would doubtless have continued to write if their elders had not elbowed the youngsters out of the audience. Roberts was a matured literary artist when he entered the field of zoological fiction.

The recipe for zoological fiction is extremely simple, but the very simplicity of the device and of the subject matter increases the necessity for high technical perfection in the treatment. The modern reader has shown unmistakable signs of an acute interest in physical conflict, probably because there is, comparatively speaking, so little of it in our ordered present-day life. Now the life of the wild animals resembles that of more primitive man in being one continuous series of conflicts of the most murderous character. If, therefore, the individual creatures engaged in these conflicts can be so depicted as to enlist the reader's sympathy and belief, the result is an unlimited supply of fights-to-the-death, each with a strong sporting interest, and carried on in surroundings which make a strong appeal to man's imagination simply because man is totally absent from them.

All such efforts at dramatising animals involve, of course, a certain amount of pathetic fallacy. It is necessary to attribute to the combatant animals various mental states and processes of whose very existence in their minds we cannot be certain, and of whose nature we can know nothing. We conjecture the mental processes of our fellow human beings, not merely by observing the behaviour of many thousands of them in varying circumstances, but by judging every item of that behaviour in the light of what goes on in our own private and personal minds, which we assume to be similar in general characteristics to those of all the other human beings. The animals we can judge only by their behaviour; we have no internal knowledge of their mental processes. That animals feel pain and pleasure (within a much more limited range than ours) we cannot doubt; but pain and pleasure can be purely physical sensations. That they feel fear seems equally certain, but it must be a very different thing from the absorbing emotion which passes by that name among human beings. The writer has seen a rabbit in a state of the most intense alarm at one minute and placidly eating grass within thirty seconds after the cause of its alarm had been removed. Indeed the prospect of a violent death is, to a rabbit, so omnipresent and perpetual that it seems as if nature must have accommodated the poor animal to his circumstances by giving him a reasonably philosophical attitude towards it — Ralph Hodgson to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dr. Roberts has indulged less in this pathetic fallacy than any other of the writers of his school. His animals do no talking, and not much more thinking than can reasonably be attributed to them in view of their behaviour. Dr. Roberts' knowledge of the economic processes at work in the woods and the waters is vast and authentic, and is thus the source of the apparently inexhaustible supply of plausible plots for animal-conflict stories upon which he has been drawing for twenty years. No one can read these stories without greatly enlarging his knowledge of natural history — not that old-fashioned natural history which consists in a catalogue of bones and muscles, but the modern science which concerns itself with the habits, disposition and economic situation of the creature. And since increased knowledge of any of God's creatures means increased love for them, we suspect that the Roberts nature stories have done much to advance that far-off millennium when man will no longer inflict any unnecessary pain upon the least of his fellow-creatures upon the planet that has been given to him.

The entire list of short nature stories from the pen of this famous Canadian, over one hundred in number, has now been brought together in a single uniform edition by the Macmillan Company. They are in eight volumes, handsomely illustrated by Paul Bransom and others, and sold in Canada at the very moderate price of $1.10, separately or complete. The Macmillan Company are to be heartily congratulated upon getting out so important a collection by one of the greatest of Canadian writers at the very moment when the Canadian Book Week is drawing the attention of Canadians to the scope and excellence of their own national literature.

COMPLETE BACK FILES OF THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN BOUND VOLUMES.

The Publishers of the Canadian Bookman have in their possession a very limited number of complete sets of the ten issues of the quarterly, bound in two volumes in a substantial library binding.

These will be disposed of to the first Canadian libraries applying for them, at the rate of $20.00 *for the set. A considerable reduction will be made to libraries which can surrender in exchange copies of the rare issues of January* 1919 *and December* 1920.

Librarians are reminded that these volumes will be practically uniform in size with the yearly volumes of the monthly now commencing, and that the possession of a complete set of the Canadian Bookman from its foundation is bound to be a source of much satisfaction in the future.

Basil King as Novelist and Thinker

MR. Basil King, to whom the whole body of Canadian writers is under a deep obligation for the generous part which he took in the propagandist effort of Canadian Authors' Week, has two new books on the market this season, each of which takes very high rank in its particular line. His new novel, *The Empty Sack,* is probably the most serious and important of all the list, now both so long and so creditable, of his works of fiction. But though its influence will be wider, it will certainly not be so deep or so powerful as that of his autobiographical study in psychology, *The Conquest of Fear.*

The Empty Sack (Musson, Toronto, $2.00), is the tale of a family of Maritime Province origin, settled for twenty or thirty years past in a cheap suburb of New York. The head of the family is that most pathetic of figures, the old man who has not acquired the capacity to perform any marketable service that a young man could not do much better, and who finds himself thrown out of employment before his family has reached the point of being able to sustain itself and him. The old man passes off the scene in an early chapter, and the interest of the book is in the manner in which different members of the family react to the pressure of their environment. One of them ,the older son, is sufficiently weak in character to succumb to the temptation to thieve from his employers, and subsequently, in the instinct for escape, to slay one of the officers who are in pursuit of him. The tragedy of this unfortunate weakling, and its effect upon his mother and sister, are the essence of the tale, although the necessary action and love interest are provided by a courtship, leading at first to a formal marriage and only at the end of the book to a real marriage, between the daughter and a son of the head of the firm.

Mr. King's treatment of the trial and execution of the murderer is extraordinarily courageous. We do not know another novelist on this continent who would not have either yielded to the desire for a happy ending or else have depicted the young man as either a debased wretch or a heroic victim, unjustly suffering under the tyranny of our property-made laws.

Mr. King teaches us not to be so much interested in the mere event, the purely external happening, of an acquittal, a reprieve or an execution, as in the manner in which the human mind adapts itself even to those conditions which at first sight appear most intolerable. He shows us the young boy, growing in moral stature throughout the period of his arrest and trial, realising (largely through the sympathy and friendship of his sister's lover) that his own fate was written in his own character—that the empty sack cannot stand upright, and that the human being lacking certain qualities cannot be a useful member of society. Death in the electric chair ceases thus to seem terrible to its victim, and therefore to the reader. The horror of the execution itself is tempered by a wonderfully judicious use of what some people may term the supernatural, but what is really nothing more than a suggestion of the faith (which is surely latent in almost every one of us) that there must be a realm of some kind, outside of this life, in which those unfortunate individuals who have been "empty sacks" in this existence, and have suffered accordingly, will be judged by some other and less utilitarian standard. The episode is a singularly touching one. At the very hour of the execution, as the wealthy young man is motoring away from the jail where he has said his last farewell to the poor young man whom he has learned to understand and to love, he sees in the road before him two figures, those of the ill-fated youth and his mother, walking arm-in-arm, and on reaching their home he learns that the mother died at the very hour of her son's execution.

There is much other matter of interest in the novel, and some rather conventional sketches of society life in a wealthy Long Island Sound suburb. But the value of the book lies in the fact no one. even among those who read for incident and sentiment alone, can peruse this work without learning a somewhat higher philosophy of life. Not that that philosophy is obtrusive, but it underlies the whole subject matter of the tale.

The Conquest of Fear is Mr. King's Credo, formulated only after a period of great physical and mental suffering, which has undoubtedly had much to do with enabling the author to reach the sane and rich philosophy which is stated in this book and embodied in the novel. Mr. King rightly holds that no present suffering is to be compared with that which we undergo in the expectation of future suffering, which means that fear is the chief of life's evils. He maintains that the current religious orthodoxies do little or nothing to relieve fear and much to stimulate it, in which most people will agree with him. The process of thought, and the exercise of faith, which he himself has found most potent for the exorcism of fear, will not serve all other men in equal degree; but Mr. King's mind is, we think, typical of a very large class of cultured minds of the present day, and his experiences should be of great value to many readers.

JOHN F. HERBIN

Whose admirable Acadia novel, "Jen of the Marshes", will be reviewed in our next issue.

Ash of Dead Incense

THOSE dreams I dreamed of you
Have flamed and waned
Like ash from incense blue
Of sandalwood soft stained.

Those dreams I dreamed of you
Are things of dread—
An ash of faded hue
From scent long dead!

Ethel Lonore Gnaedinger.

New Poems by Dr. Scott

By ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Scott, Duncan Campbell, "Beauty and Life." McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.

A NEW volume of verse from the pen of Duncan Campbell Scott is an event in Canadian Letters and an inspiration to Canadian ideals. *Beauty and Life* shews Dr. Scott's power of word music, his philosophical trend and his scholarly attainments. The following words of Coleridge are particularly applicable. "No man was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and fragrancy of all human knowledge, human thought, human passions, emotions and language."

The present volume is deeply tinctured with an indulging streak of profound and penetrating philosophy of life. Several of the poems are the outcome of a philosophical emotion recollected in tranquillity. Witness these lines from an "Ode for the Keats Centenary" which opens the book and which was read at the Hart House Theatre.

The minds of men grow numb, their vision narrows,
The clogs of Empire and the dust of ages,
The lust of power that fogs the fairest pages,
Of the romance that eager life would write,
These war on Beauty with theis spears and arrows.

Dr. Scott has confidence in the power of Beauty and her immortality.

But still is Beauty and of constant power;
Even in the whirl of Time's most sordid hour,
Banished from the great highways,
Affrighted by the tramp of insolent feet,
She hangs her garlands in the by ways;
Lissome and sweet
Bending her head to hearken and learn
Melody shadowed with melody.
Softer than shadow of sea-fern.
In the green-shadowed sea.

The soul of Beauty is imprisoned in these lines and shines forth with an irrepressible and iridescent radiance. In the Poem, "The Eagle Speaks" the following lines might aptly be applied to the human striving after the ideal.

To mount that is our destiny, to mount
and even
In rest to feel that power that calls
To hang above the earth and all the tribes
Of men that creep and scurry upon it

Beauty and Life is distinctly Canadian in theme, colour and setting. The lyric contained in the "Keats Ode" is essentially so in spirit, shewing as it does a close and true observation of nature and the power to convey these truths in word picture to the reader. In this lyric and in the poem "Leaves" Dr. Scott reminds one of Meredith in his delineation of the minutiae of Earth's mysteries.

Where bloodroot in the clearing dwells
Along the edge of snow;
Where, trembling all their trailing bells,
The sensitive twin flowers blow;
Where, searching through the ferny breaks,
The moose-fawns find the springs;
Where the loon laughs and diving takes
Her young beneath her wings;

Where flash the fields of arctic moss
With myriad golden light;
Where no dream—shadows ever cross
The lidless eyes of night.

No other Canadian poet gives such detail or delivers it with such a disarming simplicity. Obviously his knowledge of nature was not acquired solely from books. It rings too true to life.

The sequence entitled "Variations on a Seventeenth Century Theme" is modern in its imaginative strength and boldness of treatment and historical in its settings. It opens with a variation done in the early English style. The author has caught all the cer. What could be more picturesque, more original and yet truer to the spirit of the times, in which it was supposedly written than the following:

Then looking on its beauty, sodenly
Her timid mind with payne was rudely crost,
Sche thought on all the blossoms sche had lost,
And the first tear of all the teares sche
Fell down upon the litel yalow head.

The main theme is then elaborated in numerous variations, both of thought and form. Dr. Scott's power over words and metre is amazing. To enclose in one poem so many separate and distinct verse forms, and yet to keep each one true in principle and spirit to the prevailing mood is beyond doubt the work of the true craftsman. Nothing of equal merit has before been accomplished in Canadian literature.

Canadian nature in all its glory and grandeur, simplicity and beauty is brought before the reader in many memorable passages. These lines from the poem "The Fragment of a Letter" are saturated with beauty and imagery. Dr. Scott has loaded every rift with ore.

We watched the youthful darkness take
The burning mountain-chain of fretted colour
And drench it with his dream of dusk, duller
It grew and duller, to a high coast of ashes.
The impalpable sheet lightening fled in flashes,
Signalling, in a vivid instant code,
The approach of another wonder episode
Of beauty, ever stealing high and higher,
And then we were aware of the still fire
Of the Great Moon."

Some of the poems are pervaded with an almost mediaeval mysticism and symbolism. Take, for example, the lines "A vision"; terse in their abrupt stanza form and yet triumphant in their closely packed train of symbolic pictures. "Spirit and Flesh" embodies the elusiveness and incomprehensibility of life. The Poem "Somewhere in France" is a modern theme in a mediaeval setting. It is a poignantly pathetic picture of sorrow and the bringing together of the woman of the present and the spirit of the woman of the past has a touch of the dramatic. The woman's voice, speaking from the tomb wherein she was forceably walled centuries ago, is suggestive of a scene in an early English mystery play.

Dr. Scott's lyric power was proven by his earlier volumes. Many of the shorter poems in the present work would make exquisite songs for music. "Idle to Grieve" possesses all the requisites

Canadian Authors' Week

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Canadian Authors' Week at Smith's Corners as seen by our special cartoonist.

of a true lyric; simplicity, passion and form. I cannot forbear quoting,

Idle to grieve when the stars are clear above me,
When the bright waters bubble in the spring,
Idle to grieve when there are storms to prove me
And birds that seek me out to come and sing.
Idle to grieve, the light is on the highway.
There are the mountain meadows to achieve.
Beyond in the pass the airy heights are my way,
Idle to grieve, glad heart, idle to grieve.

The volume concludes with several war poems. The well known "To a Canadian Aviator who died for his Country in France" has been included in George Herbert Clarke's "Treasury of War Poetry." "To the Canadian Mothers" expresses the spirit of renunciation and sacrifice of the mothers of war time. It is a beautiful and consoling tribute.

"See deep enough and you see musically" said Carlyle. Dr. Scott's verse possesses both the depth of thought and the music. His latest volume is a distinct addition to all literature. It is a privilege to review it.

Books Received

FICTION

Cabell, James Branch, "Figures of Earth". Goodchild, Toronto. Readers of the Canadian Bookman are aware that we regard Mr Cabell as one of the towering figures of American literature, typical of the best culture of the country to which he belongs rather than of the "mass production" mentality of its more popular authors. This book has, to our mind, a finer philosophic design even than "Jurgen", and is quite as beautifully written in much the same high-fantastic style. There could be no greater mistake than to suppose that Mr. Cabell is not serious because he writes playfully; as well deny serious intent to "The Shaving of Shagpat".

Comstock, Sarah, "The Daughter of Helen Kent". Gundy, Toronto. $1.90. — Helen Clifton, the daughter of staid, church-going New Yorkers, was ahead of her time, and escaping from the precincts of her austere home, she went to a California university, where the college life fostered her scepticism until along came Vernon Kent, with whom she fell riotously, rapturously-headlong-in love. And in a year she had lost her faith in love, as in God, when Vernon Kent, accompanied by a woman, arrived at their San Francisco door at five in the morning, in a helpless state of intoxication. She took her baby daughter, Bequita, a pretty Spanish diminutive for Rebecca, and with all the brains and determination of which she was capable, she began to carve out a business career, which would give them plenty of money and absolve Bequita from any necessity of having a man in her life — to wreck it. The child was taught the "absurdity of that delusion — that preposterous Santa Claus called 'God,'" and was told in all its horror of her mother's experiences in "that gigantic fraud, called love". When Bequita was nineteen, Helen Kent took her to New York, never doubting her ability to "rule her child's emotions as she ruled her daily routine of sleep and meals and study and play." But you can't dam back the current of nature, and the conflict between that most ancient of all mothers and the ultra-modern methods of Helen Kent made Sarah Comstock's story an absorbing study with a most unusual theme.

Cooke, Marjorie Benton, "Married?" Gundy, Toronto. $1.90. — Marcia Livingston was the sole heiress to many millions. The foundation of her fortune had been laid by her grandfather, and a big part of it consisted of the Santa Rosa Ranch, an estate of 12,000 acres in California, but in the very heart of the Santa Rosa there was an estate belonging to a Spaniard, Dom Padrasso, and when he died he left the estate to his grand-daughter, who also refused to sell out but who consented to rent her estate to the Livingstons. Old Henry Livingston's dearest enemy was an Irishman, Parnell Shawn, but his grandson, Dennis, inherited nothing save the story of the Livingston-Shawn feud. By the turn of fate, young Shawn became superintendent and manager of the Santa Rosa Ranch, when he discovered that the Great Western railroad was trying to buy the Padrasso ranch from the old Spanish heiress. From then on, the story alternates between Dennis's trials at the ranch and Marcia's efforts to reduce her boredom in New York. The old Senorita is about to die, and she will sell her ranch to noone but a member of the Livingston family. Marcia and Dennis are married, by long distance telephone, in order that Dennis, as her husband, may purchase the Padrasso land. And then? Then comes the test of Marcia and Dennis — it might even be called "The Redemption of Marcia". It is a snappy tale, full of action, and if it appears to you to be more or less improbable, what of that when it is so entertaining?

Curwood, James Oliver, "The Flaming Forest", Copp Clark, Toronto. — The third of Mr. Curwood's dramatic trilogy of the North Country. "The Flaming Forest" will be a delight to those numerous admirers of this author's work who have revelled in "The River's' End" and "The Valley of Silent Men". As usual, a Royal North West Mounted Police Sergeant is the hero of the tale, and he has started, in this case, from Arthabasca Landing, in pursuit of Black Roger Audemard, a murderer who had disappeared fifteen years earlier but was rumored to be still alive. David Carrigan, for such was the Royal "Mountie's" name, was shot very early in his quest — by a woman who took him into the stronghole of St. Pierre Boulain, head of the "Boulain Brigade", who brought out the richest cargoes of furs from the northland, and who remained himself a mystery. If you are a Curwood reader, you know that you have here all the concomitants of one of his typical romances, the handsome sergeant, the beautiful French-Canadian girl, the romantic criminal, and all the Indians and halfbreeds that go to make up what his publishers call "the glamour of the North."

Dawson, Warrington, "The Gift of Paul Clermont"; Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. Mr. Dawson is a Southerner, with a marked capacity for understanding the French character. Paul Clermont was a youth with an irradicable belief that "it is better to be killed than to kill poor people", and that "it is better to go to prison than send a comrade there" even when the comrade is guilty. It is perhaps a sign of disillusionment that whereas in Victor Hugo's time the tragic history of such a youth would have moved readers to tears, today it leaves us cold. Not that Mr. Dawson is a Hugo, but he is a competent novelist.

Duffus, Robert L. "Roads Going South", Macmillan, Toronto. $2.00. — A rather stupid book, dealing with a rather stupid young man. It seems to have been intended as a second "Moon Calf", but it impresses one as rather more calf and rather less moon.

Ferber, Edna, "The Girls", Gundy, Toronto, $1.90.—One of the best books about women, for women and by a woman, that has been written for many moons. Great-Aunt Charlotte Thrift, spinster, aged seventy-four; Mrs. Carrie Payson, aged sixty-nine; Lottie Payson, spinster, aged thirty-two and Charley Payson, spinster, aged "eighteen and a half," dominate this "story about old maids," as the author calls it. Charlotte, Lottie and Charley are great-aunt, niece and grand-niece, and they all live in Chicago. Live, one says, because they are all so human that one cannot think of them as story-book people. They are so much the sort of people you know and number among your friends. Their love-stories, their experiences during the war, and the unexpected climax of Lottie Payson's war service in France, are as absorbing as gossip about your neighbours. And if you knew what that climax was—my, how you would gossip!

Fish, Horace, "The Great Way." Mitchell Kennerley, New York. An immense public, which can no longer hope for much more of its literary food from Hall Caine, stands ready to adopt Horace Fish as its chief purveyor if he can keep up the atmosphere of sanctified sinfulness which is the secret of this book's popularity. We have to admit that "The Great Way" entertained us while we read it, in virtue of the rapidity and exotic colouring of its action and the author's undeniable fervour. Hall Caine's earlier books had the same effect. But subsequent consideration convinces us that "The Great Way" is by no means in the great manner.

George, W. L., "Ursula Trent." Musson, Toronto, $2.25. Mr. George's studies of prostitution, which constitute the major part of his contribution to contemporary literature, appear to us to be reasonably sound so long as they deal with the economic side of the subject, and intolerably unsound and unhealthy when they get into the realm of the psychological. This book, being the autobiography of a "lady" (in the strict, hereditary sense) engaged in "gay life," is entirely psychological. We believe it is entirely false, but it is not worth the space which we should have to consume to demonstrate our belief. Mr. George is not a woman, and if he were he would not be a lady.

Harding, Jane, "Margaret's Mead." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. A rather irritating story which gets you nowhere and yet has an indefinable charm of its own. You rather wish the heroine would be very bad or very good, or would at least give you some indication of what she intends to do with herself, but you are left quite "up in the air" and rather peeved over the whole thing.

Hooker, Forrestine C. "Prince Jan, St. Bernard," Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. A dog story in the style made popular by "Beautiful Joe." You are given conversations between dogs, and you are allowed to "see the wheels go round" in the dog's mind. Prince Jan is transported from the hospice in Switzerland to sunny California, goes through many vicissitudes culminating in a dramatic feat whereby he saves the lives of 91 people by swimming ashore with a life-line from a wrecked ship. It is a slender, rather pretty story, and eminently suitable as a gift to the small nephew or niece who is a dog-lover.

Kyne, Peter B. "The Pride of Palomar," Cosmopolitan, New York, $2.00 Peter Kyne is one of the "red-blooded, two-fisted, regular he-man" sort of writers who produce what his publishers call "vital and vigorous" tales of action, and sometimes of love. Joking aside, Mr. Kyne may write novels especially designed to please men, but he does draw worth-while women. In fact, this reviewer would say Mr. Kyne's women are the most gentlemanly ladies of modern fiction. And this isn't a "slam"—it's a genuine compliment. After "sub-debs," "flappers" and others of that ilk, it is good to find a woman like Kay Parker, the heroine of "The Pride of Palomar," a big, fine, upstanding sort of girl, who doesn't flirt, giggle or rouge; who plays the ball as it lies, and doesn't cheat on the score. She's the sort of girl every man would like to find for his girl of girls, and Don Miguel Farrel, a Spanish Irish-American, so thought when he found her on the way to his California "Rancho Palomar," even though her father was conspiring with a Japanese, Okada, to get control not only of the ranch but of the valley in which it was situated. It was a fight for Don "Mike" against the father of the girl he loved, and against the father of the girl he loved and against the combined power of the Japanese and the New Yorker. Mr. Kyne is more than frank in his hatred of the Japanese, and his insistence on "California for the native son."

Maugham, W. Somerset, "The Trembling of a Leaf," McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. A collection of six short stories of life on the Islands of the Pacific, depicting different phases of the clash between the tropic carelessness and the temperate-zone intensity in matters of morality and economics. Mr. Maugham has sufficient sympathy with the tropical attitude to be able to depict it with very great power, and every one of these tales is a brilliant example of that popular form of art.

Smith, Juliette Gordon, "The Wednesday Wife," Macmillan, Toronto. $2.00. All the occult charm and mysticism of the Orient possesses this unusual tale of life in a harem. Attar al Hassan is a Moslem, and according to the customs of his fathers, should have a wife for every day of the week devoting himself to each wife for the day dedicated to her. One wonders how the custom would work here, where the average man finds that one wife keeps him busy from Monday to Monday. Attar, at the time of the story, had only progressed so far as to have three wives, for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and it is with the fortunes of Aletra, the Wednesday wife, and the most beautiful and charming of the three, that the book is concerned. Almost she persuadeth you that a harem might have its distinct advantages—for the owner of the harem. Such is her charm that she wins the fancy of the Sultan, escaping from him by feigning leprosy, and Monday and Tuesday wives having been removed by the plague, Attar decides that Aletra's charms will be enough for him and he will make her his all-the-week wife. The story sounds father foolish to Occidental ears, but there is a Chu-Chin-Chow sort of magnificence about it that captivates your fancy and makes it well worth reading.

..Tarkington, Booth, "Harlequin and Columbine." Gundy, Toronto, $1.50. A brief but very Dickensy and very Christmassy tale, in farce-comedy style, based upon the temperamentalism of a New York star actor of the male sex. Mr. Tarkington's dexterity, which is certainly unexcelled by any other American author of today, enables him to turn to this kind of work in the intervals between a "Penrod" and an "Alice Adams" and achieve equal success in all three manners.

Walsh, John H. "Glenwood of Shipbay," Macmillan, Toronto, $2.25. You know that old bromide, "it isn't so much what he said, it's the way in which he said it." In this book the story is told by "a little dried-up Yankee with a short leg," who has passed his three-score-years-and-ten, who loves life and people and who talks like a garrulous, fascinating old man, without envy, malice or bitterness. You feel just as if you were sitting in the club over your walnuts and wine, listening to him "clack" about Tom Glenwood, and all the other characters of Shipbay, a small town, gone to seed before the war and revivified by the demand for ships. The book is full of clever sayings, what Mr. Dooley would call "ippygrams." It has the atmosphere of the "upper ten" of a small town and you feel as if you fere on the inside looking out at all the vagaries of a better class "Main Street."

NON-FICTION

"Anthology of Modern Verse." Methuen, London, 6 shillings. A 26-page introduction by Robert Lynd points out, very justly, that "the good poets of the twentieth century have not been nearly so revolutionary either in form or in formlessness as is sometimes imagined." The book is dedicated to Thomas Hardy, "greatest of the moderns," which tells us much of the compiler's standards. Ninety writers, none less "modern" than Hardy in chronology at least, are represented. Except one or two pieces like "The Bull" and "The Hound of Heaven," no poem is big in size. But there is astonishing intensity of beauty about almost every one of them. A book to keep under hand.

Raymond, E. T. "Portraits of the Nineties." Macmillan, Toronto, $4.25. This is a much more important book than "Uncensored Celebrities," and shows that Mr. Raymond's mind has been steadily maturing, under the influence, we venture to guess, of the author of "Eminent Victorians." The detached and philosophical intellect of a Strachey Mr. Raymond may never achieve, but he has advanced materially in intellectual power and in mellowness of judgment. The present volume may not be history, but it is very good political and social annals. The essay on "Old and New Journalists" shows that Mr. Raymond is much too able a journalist to be merely a journalist.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington, "Collected Poems." Macmillan, Toronto, $4. The Boston Transcript says that "in Mr. Robinson American poetry has its profoundest voice, its deepest vision, its most enduring utterance." Those to whom poetry is already beautiful sound will not agree, but few of them will dispute the claim of this writer to a large measure of attention from the students of the contemporary movement. Extended review later.

Rostand, Edmond, "Plays of Edmond Rostand," translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman; two volumes; illustrated by Ivan Glidden; vol. 1, "Romantics," "The Princess Far Away, "The Woman of Samaria," "Cyrano of Bergerac;" vol. 2, "The "Eaglet," "Chanticleer." Macmillan, Toronto, $10.50 the set. Mrs. Norman is ingenious and tasteful, and has done as good a job as one could expect in the effort to parallel Rostand's sonorous verse with a slightly American English rhyming pentameter. The book will doubtless find a good reception among those "study clubs" composed of ladies with more time and money than linguistic ability. The illustrations are rather far from being worthy of the subject.

Among Authors and Bookmen

Major Longstaff F.R.G.S. has nearly completed several series of short essays on "Vancouver and its Several Meanings", "The West Coast of Vancouver's Island", "The Columbia River from its Source to the Sea", "Potlatch and the Coast Indians", "History of Pacific Squadrons from the Earliest Days". He has moved into his new home, "Seabank," 50 Island Drive, Gonzales Hill, Victoria, B.C., where there is ample room for his collections of maps, charts, books and photos of British Columbia.

The Ottawa Branch of the Authors Association gave its first monthly dinner on December 13th, at the Daffodil, under the directorate of Messrs. Lloyd Roberts, Edward Sapir and Alfred Buckley.

Mr. Jules Helbronner, formerly editor in chief of La Presse, Montreal, died in Ottawa, on November 25. He was 77 years of age. Mr. Louvigny de Montigny, of the Ottawa Executive, is a son-in-law.

Mr. Remi Tremblay, a veteran of the pen, has been superannuated. He was senior head translator of the House of Commons. He will travel in the West Indies during the winter, with Mrs. Tremblay.

During the Canadian Authors' week, elocution and composition contests were held in all the bilingual schools of Ottawa. The winners will be publicly "crowned" during December. Mr. Jules Tremblay will be the speaker at that meeting. His topic will be French Canadian literature.

The contests on Canadian literary topics will be held in January in the English schools of Ottawa, both public and separate. Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott is in charge of arrangements, with a committee.

Mr. Francis J. Audet, of the Archives, is preparing a biograhy of Ryland.

Mr. Antonio Proulx, of the Carnegie Library, will shortly publish a comedy in book form.

Many prizes have been subscribed for the close of the literary contests in the Franch schools of Ottawa. These prizes comprise medals, Canadian books and money. All told, about two hundred pupils may expect a recompense among the 6,000 odd schoolboys and girls.

Ottawa Authors' Week was a great success, if one may count success in terms of co-operation on the part of the Booksellers, editorials from the Press and enthusiasm at the meetings addressed by various members of the Association. Dr. Sapir gave a very scholarly lecture before the Women's Club. Mrs. Ashton (Beatrice Embree) spoke early in the week to a large and enthusiastic audience. On Thursday, November 25, the President, Mr. Stead, made an address at the reception given to Her Excellency Lady Byng, and also on the following day, before the Women's Canadian Club. On Saturday, Mr. Jules Tremblay and Dr. Sapir were the guests of honour at the Women's Press Club and both made interesting addresses on the subject of Canadian literature.

Lloyd Roberts had a particularly pleasing poem in a recent number of the Windsor Magazine.

A thrdilling serial with a very original idea, by Madge Macbeth, is beginning in the December issue of "National Life".

It is rumored that a curtain-raiser by Mrs. Osborne will be produced at the next Ottawa Drama League Performance.

Professor W. T. Allison, Vice-President for Manitoba and Saskatchewan of the Canadian Authors' Association, visited Regina on November 19 and was successful in forming a branch of the Association. He addressed an enthusiastic meeting of those interested in the Staff Room of the Normal School whereupon it was determined to name officers to carry on until Saskatchewan shall be given a Vice-President of her own as Professor Allison promised she would be at the coming national convention of the Association. The officers appointed were: President, Austin Bothwell; Vice-President, Dr. W. W. Andrews; Secretary, Miss C. E. Sheldon-Williams; Treasurer, Miss Pithie; Archivist, J. R. C. Honeyman; Executive Committee, Mrs. Murdoch MacKinnon, Mrs. Salvorson and Dr. J. S. Huff. The new branch was formed in enthusiasm and will go forward with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Nellie McClung has written a letter to Mrs. Francis F. Reeve, (Onoto Watanna), in which she states that she has sold Mrs. Reeve's new novel, "Sunny-san," to the London publishers, the Hutchinsons, both as a book and a serial. The publication will begin in January. The novel will be published in New York and Canada by the George W. Doran Company, and is being dramatized for play purposesby William Mack, author of "Tiger Rose." Kick In, etc.

A very valuable service in connection with Canadian Authors' Book Week was performed by the two principal libraries of Victoria, B.C., the Provincial Library and the Public Library. These energetic institutions collaborated in the preparation of a check list of Canadidan books in the possession of either or both of them, so that residents of Victoria can now without difficulty obtain a complete knowledge of the Canadian literary products that are available to them in their chief libraries.

Dr. George H. Locke, the Chief Librarian of Toronto Public Library, offered five prizes of Canadian books to the pupils of the Humberside Collegiate Institute, Toronto, for excellence in essays written on Canadian subjects, to be completed by the close of Canadian Authors' Week. This school is in the part of the city served by the Western Branch of the Public Library, which branch is unique in Canada in having a large High School library in its building and used by the teachers and pupils of this Collegiate Institute. It is a great success.

The scope of the Canadian Authors' Week propaganda is admirably exemplified by a postcard which has reached the headquarters of the Association from Cincinnati, and which bears the following inscription: "From the Montreal News in the Cincinnati Times-Star I note that you are launching the Canadian Book Rack. Please send me a copy of advertising or other information. It will fill a need."

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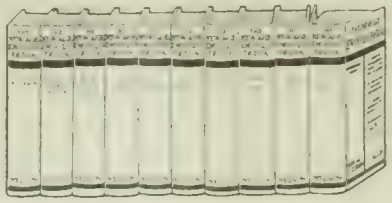

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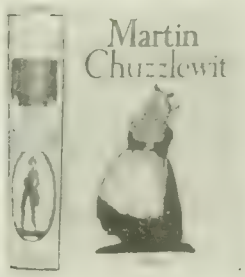

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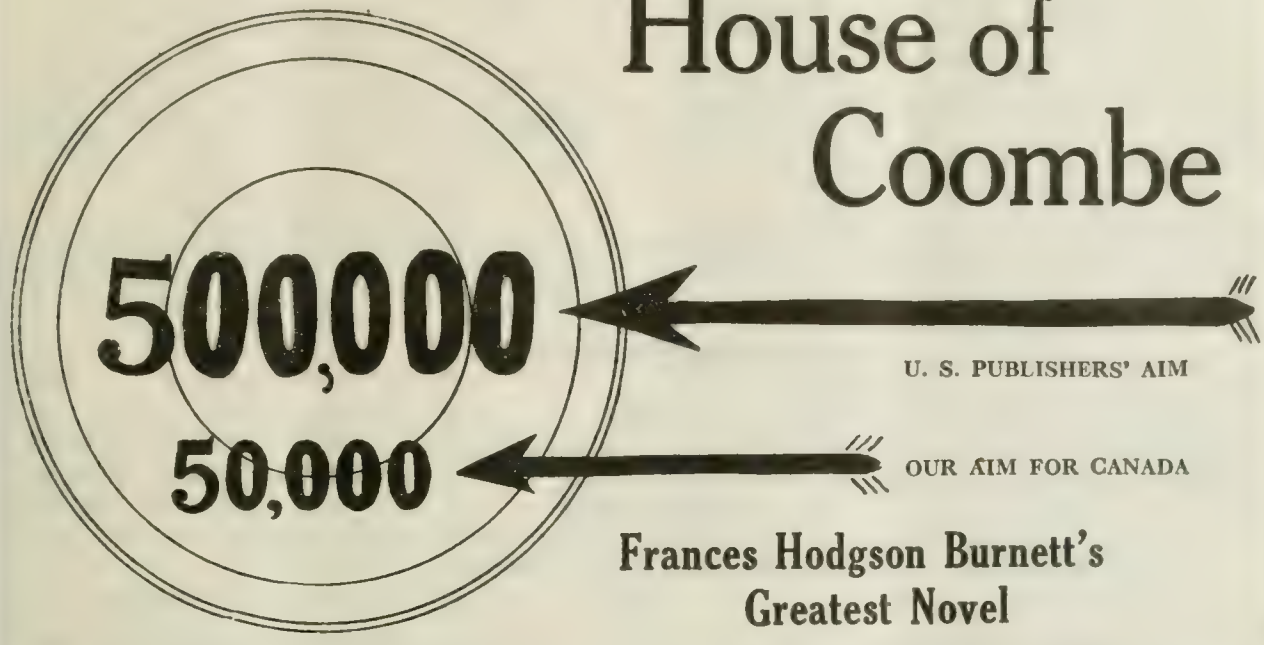

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Publication Office: 263 Adelaide Street W., Toronto.

Vol. IV.—No. 3 TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1922 $2.00 a year 25c a copy

A New Company

A NEW company now being incorporated as The Bookcraft Publishing Company, Limited, with head office in Toronto, has acquired "THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN" and with this has been merged "THE CANADIAN BOOK TRADE JOURNAL."

This is the first number under the new management and the issue has had to be put out under handicaps consequent upon removal of the publication from Montreal to Toronto, entailing a great deal of extra work.

This has precluded the introduction of new features that have been decided upon, but these will appear in the March issue, so that subscribers may expect increasingly valuable contents, including the features announced in December by "The Canadian Book Trade Journal," before the merger of the two periodicals had been proposed.

Bernard K. Sandwell continues as editor of "The Canadian Bookman," and the managing directorship is in the hands of F. I. Weaver, who was the publisher of "The Canadian Book Trade Journal," which now takes the form of a Trade Section in the trade edition of "The Canadian Bookman."

The directors of The Bookcraft Publishing Company, Limited, are:

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The news of the amalgamation of the two journals was received with enthusiasm by the trade in the knowledge that it is going to mean much in providing an ideal publication for the book interests of Canada—Authors, Publishers, Booksellers, Public Libraries and individual booklovers.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Subscribers to "The Canadian Book Trade Journal" will now receive "The Canadian Bookman" until the expiration of the subscription orders. In the case of those who were subscribers for both papers, the subscriptions will be extended pro rata.

Drama and Life

STUDENTS of the human mind have often remarked upon the skill with which most men can confine their various activities within watertight, or emotiontight, boxes. The business man can practice one morality on the exchange and quite another in the family circle. The painter, whose sense of beauty is apparent in his pictures, can live in a house from which all sense of beauty seems to have been excluded, and the lover of the drama too often confines his dramatic art within the walls of the theatre.

But if art is to be any good to us or to anyone it must become a part of our normal lives, not something kept in a box, looked at now and again as something too rare and beautiful for everyday use, and then locked up again. It must be an active and everpresent influence on everything we say or do. The revival of the dramatic qualities of everyday life is one of the objects which may well engage our thoughts, for today the drama is too theatrical and life is not sufficiently dramatic. (It is, of course, occasionally melodramatic, but that is another thing. A holdup in a bank or a murder trial are not really dramatic, even if they are "staged" in the newspapers).

It was not always so. The drama in its origin was a religious function which required the participation of the whole people. The ceremonial dances and dramas of savage people are not mere amusing shows to entertain an audience. They are great national functions on which depend the well-being of every individual in the nation. To take part in them is a distinction.

To the ancient Greeks the drama was a religious ceremony in honor of the gods as well as for the edification of the people. Even their pantomimes were in honour of Dionysios and so important was attendance that the fees of those who could not afford to pay were paid for them by the state. The Greek religion was full of drama. All the religious festivals were dramatic. The great five-yearly Panathenaic festival was, as its name indicates, a bond of all who owed allegiance to Athena, and was intensely dramatic. In later Roman times the mysteries revealed at Eleusis, of whose consoling power Cicero writes so strongly, were almost certainly conveyed through a religious drama, and there is good reason to believe that the rites of the first Christian Church were dramatic.

Today we have little of such drama. The coronation of the King is indeed a great dramatic ceremonial in which the central figure is solemnly and symbolically devoted to his great task as the accepted representative of the British Empire, and we have a few similar ceremonials ruled by long tradition which still preserve a dramatic quality but, especially in this country, they are very few.

We "Anglo-Saxons," as we are sometimes called—people in the main of British descent—are possibly the least dramatic people in the world. In this we are far behind all other civilized people. The French or the Italians, for instance, can and do manage their public functions in a dignified and well arranged way. Even the Germans, if one may whisper the name, are far ahead of us in this. Their management of the numerous "fests" which they celebrate is always excellent. But we have only to attend any public function in this country to see a model of bad stage management. If it is possible to do a thing the wrong way one may depend on seeing it done. Indeed, to many, this slovenly and tawdry setting of a public function seems to afford a positive satisfaction. "Away with all this unreal, play-acting folly," they cry. "Let's get down to something practical." And then only too often they engage in another bit of sharp practice.

Are we really ashamed to manage our ceremonials properly? Are we really ashamed of beauty in our actions or in our lives? What is worse, do we not all too often ridicule these things in others and so deprive them, and ourselves, of a great deal of pleasure?

These are sad statements and grave accusations and should be backed up by proof. My only regret is that the proof must be derived from what I have seen myself and therefore involves corporations for which I have the utmost respect, and even affection.

In laying before you the misdeeds of the City of Montreal and of McGill University I do not single them out as conspicuous offenders. They may indeed be better than many others, and I have no doubt that your own experience will enable you to supply similar examples from your own city.

At the armistice we had, of course, a peace procession in Montreal. The results, if not altogether unexpected, were very instructive. It was a very long procession, very much too long, with a tail that trailed behind, growing gradually weaker and weaker. It had, to use a stage expression, no curtain.

The military part was, as usual, orderly and dignified, if not dramatically striking. By far the most beautiful group was that formed by the Indians from Caughnawaga. Riding their untidy little horses, white, grey and piebald, in brown leather coats and leggings, with feathers of dirty white and black and pink, they drifted down through the crowd like a swirl of autumn leaves. They were all browns and greys and reds and dull quiet colours. They were not in the least theatrical, but they were very dramatic.

Next in beauty were the Chinese group with, as the chief figures, two horsemen in very gorgeous array. Their feathers must have been six feet long, of a vivid pink. The group was bright and gay with clear blues and pinks and that bizarre quality which anything oriental must have to European eyes. The Chinese colony of Montreal are not, I suppose, trained artists, yet their group was full of beauty.

The Greeks made a good showing, more theatrical than the Indians and not quite so gay as the Chinese. They had a model of the Parthenon and though it was a very bad model, yet it showed a real reverence for their past and a real love of beauty.

But these are all mere dagoes or Chinks or savages. Why trouble them? Here come the Mayor and the Civic Fathers of the greatest city in Canada. What spectacle of Beauty! A number of uncomfortable looking gentlemen in rather shabby tall hats and frock coats. Old clothes as men walking. They walked in an irregular kind of a mess and looked as if they wished that they were not there. Dramatically they were a horrid spectacle, and yet the City Council

in robes and chains of gold, with the City banners on ahead and the City Charter under a canopy guarded by the City Police might be a noble and inspiring sight. But our popular representatives are perhaps not very good at this kind of thing. "Their minds are ta'en up wi' affairs of the state." No doubt our homes of cultured learning will do better. Here come the representatives of McGill University. The oldest seat of culture in Canada. A number of gentlemen in equally dingy tall hats and frock coats. In a lump. Their academic robes repose at home where moth corrupts, and the men of culture are hardly to be distinguished from the men of affairs.

The procession, as I have said, was very long, and the last half mile or so was composed of advertisements of every ironmonger and greengrocer in town, especially such as call themselves "Corporations." They supplied the pathetic tail and gave the anticlimax which was inevitable.

So the peace procession showed that neither the city itself nor the leading exponent of culture in it had any idea of beauty, dignity or dramatic suitability.

A similar failure has to be recorded of the recent Centennial Celebrations of McGill University. "Old McGill" was celebrating her hundredth birthday, and here, if ever, was an occasion which called for some dramatic representation. It was unfortunate that the weather spoiled the only really dramatic events, a very well arranged little pageant, and the students "Fete de Nuit." But the events which did come off all suffered for the lack of proper stage management.

There was an Academic Procession, in full academic dress, but, unfortunately, it was arranged upside down. In complete inversion to all dramatic propriety the principal figures came first, so that the procession, instead of leading up to the stars, tailed off in anticlimax behind them. There was also a reception in which the guests, after marching through miles of corridor, popped round a corner and ran into the Principal who was hidden in a bookcase, apparently because no proper and dignified place for him to stand had even been thought of.

Amid all this, let us not forget one good point. The football match was not at all badly managed. The "Rooters" were well drilled, and their ideas were well carried out. At half-time a monstrous dragon pranced about the ground and was nobly slain by St. George on a hobbyhorse. If their professors were unable to rise to the occasion, the students did not do so badly.

I have already said, and I must say it again, that I do not wish to select these corporations for particular blame. The mournful fact is that there does not seem to be a single corporate body in Canada, with the exception of the Roman Catholic Church and the Army, which is able to conduct a public function with any degree of dignity, much less of beauty.

Yet we can do it if we try. Only the other day Mr. Bliss Carman visited Montreal and there, on the occasion of a public reading of some of his poems, was made the centre of a little pageant. A chorus of children, dressed as autumn leaves, danced round him and finally presented a wreath. Words, music and dancing were all composed for the occasion and the little act of homage was most excellently done. It was a proper reception for a poet, and my only criticism is that not only children, but young men and maidens, old men and matrons, should have danced round the poet too, or, if they could not dance, should have given homage in some suitable way. You may say that this is absurd. No doubt it would be absurd, but only because the young men and maidens and the old men and matrons lack that dramatic feeling which would lead them to act spontaneously. We have come to think of the drama as something to be looked at instead of as something to be done. We are all afraid. We are afraid of criticism and we are afraid of failure, though these are two things of which no real lover of the drama has any right to be afraid.

Now one could go on forever recounting examples such as those I have mentioned. Our lives are full of dramatic possibilities and we ignore most of them. When we do not ignore them we do them wrong. The manner in which the oath is administered in our courts of law is utterly lacking in the dignity required by the occasion. We sing "God Save the King" when His Majesty's health is drunk, though the end of the entertainment is the only proper place. This is not a mark of extra patriotism, it is merely a mark of ignorance. We are always flying the wrong flags, in the wrong places, and usually upside down. I have seen the flag of the Empire used as a tablecloth. If these things are not worth doing why do them? If they are worth doing, why not do them right? It will be a long time before our city Councils employ a competent master of ceremonies to stage manage their functions, but, if we could only waken the spirit of the drama amongst us, we would insist that these things be done properly.

But the spirit of the drama is asleep. We have shut her up in the Theatre, where we let her gambol from time to time. And then we lock the door. No wonder she pines away inside. The theatre is only one side of the drama and there is a larger drama, in which we may all be actors, which is quite untheatrical.

There are indeed ways out. The Dramatic Instinct rooted in human nature refuses to be stifled. Men seek satisfaction in the ceremonials of the "Mystic Shriners" and kindred bodies. You will see processions of respectable gentlemen in parti-coloured sashes, banners and tall hats, solemnly parading our streets, and you will occasionally, perhaps, be inclined to laugh. Do not. They are doing nothing ridiculous. They are simply trying to liberate their dramatic instincts, their immortal instinct of "make believe," and, if they are not doing it very well, it is because they and we have been brought up in an atmosphere of repression.

Women are more fortunate. They find an outlet in clothes. They are also a more practical and less imaginative people than men and their dramatic instinct is not so strong.

But these outlets are not enough. It is difficult to make any really practical suggestions. It is hardly practicable, for instance, to tender advice to the Houses of Parliament as to their procedure, or to the Courts of Law. It is so very improbable that our advice would be accepted. But much can be done

Reference Guide of Books Published in Canada in 1922 will begin in the next issue of "Canadian Bookman."

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Miss Glasgow's characters in this fine book show that the old established order will not mix comfortably with the new, and that the man not bound by traditions is a stirring force. The story has a well-knit plot together with an element of mystery placing this novel beside such books as "Virginia," "Life and Gabriella," and "The Builders."

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This is the best book that MacGrath has ever done, which is saying a lot. It has the thrill, action and fire of the MacGrath mystery story and has, moreover, a fineness of character and a high tension in the romance which shows that even a practised hand makes progress.

ABOVE ALL ELSE

By Harriet T. Comstock **$1.90**

Here is a most engaging tale reflecting the fragrance of the hills, fields and forests. The principal characters find their balm in the open spaces and, as in all Harriet Comstock's novels, the spirit of outdoors prevails.

WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS

By Christopher Morley **$1.90**

You have read Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows." You have read Barrie's "The Little White Bird" (from which the play "Peter Pan" came). These are not published by us, so we can praise them with a light heart. What we are getting at is this—Christopher Morley's "Where the Blue Begins" seems to us to fall into the same general category.

THE HIDDEN ROAD

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This is a modern love story full of thrills and action. It is better than the same author's "Guarded Heights." The scenes are set in New York and Bermuda. This story is at present running serially in "Collier's."

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if we are content to spread a real love of the drama. If we insist that any little bit of formal ceremonial that comes our way is properly done.

Public Pageants, with no paid performers, are good things, and often bring in a very large number of people, to take an interest in some historical celebration, and, incidentally, to learn to walk straight. Anything is good which brings people together in a drama in which all are actors, for the greatest drama is the drama of life, in which we are all actors. If we work for dignity and beauty in that drama we shall have a life's work.

Making of an Anthylogy of Canadian Verse

MR. WILLIAN ARTHUR DEACON has anticipated me with an article, "Six Canadian Anthologies," in the December number of The Canadian Bookman. I had intended, for a considerable time, to discuss in a magazine article the history and aesthetic values of the various anthologies of Canadian verse, but was conscionably prevented from doing so by a peculiar circumstance. Though I was not bound to silence about the making of "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse," I should have but "raised a row" if I had revealed how actually it was made. For the late Wilfred Campbell, excellent poet as he was indeed, was temperamentally a "stormy creature; and for me to have told the world that "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse" is, with respect to the manner of compiling it, not an anthology but a fortuitous concurrence of poetical atoms, would have been fatal to the peace of the Canadian literary realm. Yet the truth is that "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse" is the one anthology that was compiled neither according to history, logic, nor critical taste. But since Wilfred Campbell has died and since Mr. William Arthur Deacon, in his way, perpetuates the critical opinion, expressed by some others, that "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse" is the best of the Canadian anthologies, I may be permitted to reveal the "inside" history of the making of this anthology.

Two others, besides the late Mr. Campbell, deserve the credit (?) of acknowledgment as compilers on the title-page of the book—Mr. S. B. Gundy, Canadian Representative of the Oxford Press, Toronto, and myself. Mr. Gundy was responsible for the choosing of the poems by Arthur Stringer and (I think) the poems by R. W. Service, which appear in the volume. I am responsible for the choosing of poems Nos. 211 to 249—about 40 all told. It all happened in the manner in which I relate the facts.

Rupert Brooke had arrived in Toronto in 1913, and I was only on my way to meet him at the Arts and Letters Club, where that day he was the guest at luncheon. As I passed the offices of the Canadian Branch of the Oxford Press, Richmond Street, Mr. S. B. Gundy happened to be looking out of the office window at the moment I was passing. He tapped on the glass and when I looked up, he beckoned me within. When I reached him, he handed me a thin book, saying, "What do you think of that?" It was the original printer's rough make-up of "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse." I hurriedly or cursorily examined its contents, and as we both looked into one another's faces, we chorused, "This will never do!"

I then told Mr. Gundy that I was on my way to meet Brooke, and asked permission to take the book along with me. At the Arts and Letters Club I showed the book to Brooke and a group of the members. They all expressed the same depreciation of the volume (and Brooke wrote in ink on the flyleaf a stanza from either his "Lust" or "Dust," I've forgotten which, and the book is not at hand). I went back to Mr. Gundy and told him what was the critical opinion of Mr. Brooke and certain members of the Arts and Letters Club.

"There isn't a single poet, except Marjorie Pickthall, of the later generation of our poets represented in the volume," I said. "The book, if published as it stands, will be still-born, so far as sales are concerned and, what is worse, it will cause the literary world to believe that Canada has produced no poets since Roberts, Lampman, Carman, Campbell, D. C. Scott and Pauline Johnson gave the Dominion a reputation for poetical talent."

"Take it," said Mr. Gundy, "and do what you can to improve it."

"I can't improve it without remaking it from beginning to end," I replied.

"But there is not time for that," Mr. Gundy objected.

Accordingly it was agreed that I should rush home to my library of Canadiana, and select forty to fifty poems from the work of the later contemporary poets, and return with the typewritten MSS. next day! This I did, and while I was handing over the MSS. of the poems Nos. 21 to 249 (inclusive), a bare memorandum note arrived from Wilfred Campbell, with two poems, apparently torn from a book of verse or cut from a newspaper, curtly asking Mr. Gundy to add them to the collection. These two poems were Alexander Louis Fraser's "November" and "A Gloaming Call," which conclude the verses in "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse" as it finally appeared on the market. I mention this item merely to show the hopelessly uncritical way that Campbell "chose" the poems that make up the book. It will not, at this date, hurt the sales of the book if I call it, from the point of view of its making, a literary abortion.

I have written on this matter solely in the interests of literary history. Why Campbell should have neglected to include Arthur Stringer and R. W. Service, whether ignorantly, or from carelessness, or from prejudice, I do not know. Mr. Gundy, however, made good the defect. For Mr. Deacon I add this note—Richard Serace is the pseudonym of Mrs. Williamson of Guelph, Ont., whose verses I observed appearing in the Globe, Toronto, amongst which was "The Foundry," No. 242 in "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse." It may be of general literary interest to Canadians to know that I published in December, 1921, a booklet, recounting the pathetic facts of the emigrant Welsh poet, who, while working as a navvy on the Robert Simpson Co. building, Toronto, composed "Love's Pilgrim," which is No. 243 in "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse." My booklet, which bears the title, "Love's Pilgrim," and which contains the poem and another, "The Stained Garment," in addition to my story of the discovery of the poet and the stranger recovery of the poem after he had died, is published by T. C. Allen and Co., Halifax, N.S. It, too, is a contribution to the literary history of Canada.

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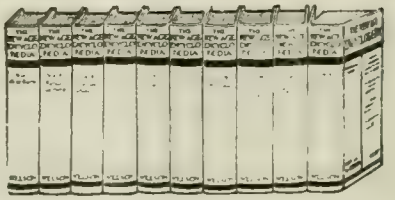

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An Evening at the "Popular Heroes' Club"

THE club-room was furnished in a solid, comfortable style, with dark panelled walls, plenty of sofas and lounges, and a circle of deep leather arm-chairs drawn up before the cheery open fire. Only four of the members were in the room, though the clock on the mantel piece pointed to a quarter past seven.

"Hullo?—the He-man not here yet?" asked the Absinthe Drinker, entering the room at that moment and dropping into a vacant chair by the fire.

"No, working still, I suppose. These are his busy days, poor devil," yawned Lord Belgravia, turning round from admiring his reflection in the mirror over the mantel, and smoothing down his immaculate frock-coat. "What do you think of these mauve trousers I have on tonight? Rather out of the ordinary, eh?"

"You needn't blow about them," exclaimed the Struggling Artist, you didn't earn them, you know. The author gave them to you. You're always well dressed, confound it! Look at the shabby, slip-shod togs poor old Absinthe and I have to wear. I hate these floppy bow ties, and no decent artist wears them nowadays, anyway. But do you think my bosses will let me take it off? Not on your life!"

"I know—it's the same with me," the Cow-Boy nooded his head commiseratingly. "I have to wear this red flannel shirt, and bear-skin chaps, and big spurs, and all the rest of my outfit wherever I go. Why, some authors even make me lug my lariat around with me when I go up to town, or in the house for meals . . ."

They presented an interesting study in contrasts, these "Popular Literary Heroes," each in his popular typical costume, and each displaying, despite their pathetic attempts to be, if only for one evening, somewhat human, their popular typical characteristics.

Lord Belgravia, hero of a thousand "Bow Belles Novelettes"; the Artist and the Absinthe Drinker, the darlings of London and Paris some thirty years ago, and still earning an honest living variously disguised in "Greenwich Village" stories; the Cow-Puncher, looking outrageously bronzed and masculine, compared with the Artist's refinement and delicacy; and the Ordinary Man, who sat a little apart from the Popular Heroes, in shabby everyday clothes, a trifle thin and pale, and quite evidently out of work.

"That's one thing in which the 'O.M.' puts it over on us," said the Absinthe Drinker, nodding toward the Ordinary Man. "Even if he doesn't get much attention nowadays, he can wear decent, ordinary clothes, and not fancy dress."

"Clothes!" boomed a deep voice from the doorway, "talking about clothes? How would you like to have to wear such stuff as *this?*"

All turned and found the Cave-Man standing behind them, looking so pathetically like a perambulating hearthrug, with his shaggy bear-skins and tangled hair, that they burst into a shout of laughter.

"Oh, laugh away, laugh away," growled the Cave Man, peevishly slinging his heavy club into a corner, and sinking into an arm-chair. "Thank the Lord, though, my day is just about over. This is the first job I've had in this country since I finished up with J. M. Gibbon; I'll soon be able to sit here all day and rest up a bit with my friend Absinthe."

"Oh, but I'm not such a back number as you think, mon vieux," exclaimed the Absinthe Drinker, preening himself. "Haven't you heard that I've signed on for a contract with Robert W. Service? My day is not done yet by a long shot."

"For that matter, nobody's day is ever—aw—quite 'done,' as you express it," remarked Lord Belgravia, languidly curling his glossy black moustache, and warming his back at the fire. "We all have our ups and downs, our—aw—good days and bad ones. I myself suffered a temporary eclipse during the war, but—aw—but I am happy to say that I am rapidly coming into favour again—aw—rapidly!"

"So am I, and I wish I wasn't," said the Cow-Boy, angrily. "It's bad enough working for Zane Grey or Robert J. C. Stead, or any of my old bosses, where I know what's expected of me and can do the regulation tricks. But nowadays there's a bunch of young writers who don't know the first thing about cow-punching, who seem to think that they can try their hand out on me."

There was a sympathetic chorus from the whole group. "We all suffer from the novice, my good friend," said Lord Belgravia. "Incredible as it sounds, even I have suffered at the hands of a novice."

"But look here, it's almost eight o'clock and the He-man's not here yet," exclaimed the Cave-man. "I call that going a bit too far—they're working the man to death!"

"Oh, the He-man has always been popular," put in the Artist, a trifle jealously, perhaps, for he suffered more than any of them from seasons of unemployment. "It's that square, clean-cut jaw of his that does the trick . . Gets the women, you know, just like my long hair does—or used to . . ." and he ran his delicate fingers reminiscently through his flowing locks.

"But I'm really worried about the He-man. He's a sort of half-cousin of mine, you see," went on the Cave-man, "and it's perfectly shocking how the authors have been working the poor devil since the war began . . . Couldn't we form a committee, or a union, or something, and forward a protest to the 'C.A.A.', (they're about the worst offenders), demanding an eight hour day for Popular Heroes . . ."

At this moment he was interrupted by the entry of the He-man himself, who staggered in, white and panting for breath, and dropped exhausted into a chair. The Heroes crowded round him, slapped him on the back, and poured out a stream of helpful advice and encouragement.

"Try some milk-and-hot-water," exclaimed the Absinthe Drinker, "that's what I always take after my day's work; I find it most refreshing."

"No, no, for God's sake give me a whisky-and-soda," gasped the He-man, "I'm working for a teetotal clergyman just now, and I haven't tasted a real drink in three months. Give me a—oh, thanks, old man!"

It was the Ordinary Man who,

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while the Heroes were busy talking, had slipped from the room and brought the drink; and who now stepped out of the circle again, but remained near, following the conversation.

"Poor old fellow," said the Artist, "did you say you were working for a clergyman?"

"Yes!" grunted the He-man savagely, "but I'm working for about ten thousand other people besides. All through the war they had me on the jump day and night, now into khaki, now a sailor, now a mounted policeman. And they were forever sending me to the front and blowing me up, wounding me, blinding me, and knocking me about generally; but I managed to keep up through it all by thinking of 'the good time after the war' when I'd be able to rest up a bit . . ."

He buried his face in his glass, and sighed deeply.

"And now?" asked the Ordinary Man.

"Instead of that," yelled the He-man, his nerves evidently all on edge, "instead of that, I've been kept on the jump worse than ever! Why, even here in Canada I've had no rest. First, Archie P. MacKishnie lugs me out into the backwoods; then Frederic Niven insisted on my going out West, and you all know how I hate the West, although my authors won't let me say so! Then Arthur Stringer rushed me back to New York—that's a little more like it; everyone likes working in New York; but I had hardly finished there when I had to dash away out to B.C. for about three separate jobs; and—just my luck!—who do you think nabbed me at Winnipeg on my way back, and near drove me to death?"

His voice sounded vindictive and ominous. The others exchanged uneasy glances. "You don't mean—" the Cow-boy left his question unfinished.

"Yes!" cried the He-man. "I'm not the only one who has suffered, I see. Yes, Ralph Connor! Oh, what a life he has led me! Up at five every morning bright and early, dash into a cold tub and pretend I like it"—all the Heroes shuddered—"sprint about five miles before breakfast, play football or some other silly game all morning; and then spend the rest of the day having disgraceful brawls with the villain, and rescuing the heroine confound that woman anyway," he broke off, "she's got no more brains in her head than a kitten. Gets herself into the most awkward scrapes she can, and then expects me to come sailing in with my two bare fists and rescue her! And I can't take a drink, or smoke, or even swear, except say 'blankety-blank' and a pile that relieves the feelings! And I'm just itching to kick that simpering idiot of a woman all the time I have to make chivalrous speeches to her . . . ugh!"

There was a general chorus of assent at this, as if all had at one time or another felt the same way towards their Heroines.

"I tell you, boys," went on the He-man, plaintively, "rather than work any more for one of these 'virile, athletic clergymen,' I'd sooner—yes, sir, I'd sooner sign on with a lady novelist!"

But at this there was a unanimous shout of protest. Cries of—"Nothing doing!"—"Not on your life!"—"Once is enough for me!"—"Not if I can help it!"—rose from them all, and there was a general outbreak of reminiscences.

"I just worked for a lady novelist once," said the Cow-boy. "She nearly broke my jaw first making me talk that idiotic Western dialect that nobody ever heard spoken, and then she killed the best little pony I ever had by making me gallop seventy-seven miles in two hours and a half to rescue the fool heroine."

"Personally, I must confess that I am never seen to such advantage as when working under a lady novelist," drawled Lord Belgravia.

"Oh, you make out all right with anybody," sneered the Artist. "But how would you like to be set to work on a colossal masterpiece without even being allowed to make so much as a sketch or a single study for it first? Catch a lady novelist ever stopping to think about little details like that!"

"There was an innocent young creature tried to make me work for her once," cried the Absinthe Drinker. "She kept me sitting all night in a cafe singing out every now and again, 'Hey, garcon, another absinthe,' until I had swallowed fifteen—and yet she would not even let me get drunk on it!"

The roar of laughter that followed this was broken rather unexpectedly by the Ordinary Man.

"I'll tell you a good man I worked for once—lives right here in Canada," he said, "gave me nice short hours, easy work, good pay, no idiotic speeches to make, no heroines to rescue, no fist fights or cold tubs in the morning, and plenty to drink any time you wanted it."

"Who?"—roared the club in unison, "who is it? Come on, out with his name. Don't be a piker. Shoot, we're listening."

The Ordinary Man paused. "Did you ever try Stephen Leacock?" he asked. But instantly there was a terrific clamour. The Popular Heroes sprang to their feet, roaring with anger, and shaking their fists at the Ordinary Man.

"He laughs at us," shouted the Cow-boy. "He kicked us out of doors!" wailed the Artist and the Absinthe Drinker. "He poked me in the ribs!" yelled the He-man. "He mocks me to my face—I, Lord Belgravia!" thundered that gentleman. "He called me a fraud!" bellowed the Cave-man. "I ask you—he called me a fraud!"

"Well, and so you are," shouted the Ordinary Man. "Leacock was quite right—you're all frauds—every one of you! Oh, you needn't sneer at me because I hardly ever get a job nowadays since O. Henry died. I tell you my day's coming yet. Look at Leacock, he's written my biography already, and I tell you he made a masterpiece of it. And my day's coming again, when plain John Smith will be just as popular as any of you stuffed dummies and quacks! Do you think authors will be able to keep up their reputations on only you freaks, you dummies, you frauds? . . . I tell you, if they don't start writing about me for a change; if they don't turn to real life . . ."

(At this moment, unfortunately, we woke up; and so the Ordinary Man's dreadful threat remains, as usual, unheard and wrapped in obscurity).

"Eric Dorn," one of the season's conspicuous successes, has been brought out in a Canadian edition by Goodchild's.

Michael Sadleir, who created such a sensation with "Privilege," has written a new novel, the title of which is yet to be announced. Goodchild's will have the Canadian edition.

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A Beautiful Backwoods Book

NO more luxurious piece of book making has been applied to the work of a Canadian writer in recent years than that which Doubleday, Page & Co. have given to the production of Arthur Heming's "The Drama of the Forests" (Gundy, Toronto; $5.50), nor can it be said that Mr. Heming's work is not well worthy of its beautiful setting. The only really certain way of procuring illustrations which are absolutely in keeping with the reading matter is to have them provided by the man who did the reading matter. This involves, in many cases, a grave risk that the writer will prove defective as an illustrator or the artist will prove inefficient in prose. Mr. Heming began life as an illustrator, and rapidly rose to the leadership of his profession in he has now developed a direct, simple, and un-self-conscious style which is well suited to the adventures in the wilds that occupy most of his volume.

It is a large book of 325 pages, with 13 full-page illustrations in colour, but it is a book which no lover of the wilds will willingly lay down. Mr. Heming knows his wild animals and his Indians and his habitants and trappers and game-wardens as well as anybody now writing about them. Furthermore, he has a good sense of an anecdote and a neat and unostentatious way of telling it. Much of the volume has to do with methods of trapping, some of which are sufficiently start- New York, or at least that section of it which specializes in the representation of Wild Life. Much later in his career he began to write, and ling to the novice. The approved method of obtaining marten is to lure the animal into a hole in the snow, on the sides of which are boards into which four nails have been driven so that they project through the boards into the hole but at such an angle as to allow the animal to enter without trouble. When he attempts to get out they run into his flesh, and thus dissuade him from the effort. When the hunter arrives—the rear end of the marten now projecting from the hole—he places two fingers of each hand over the four nail points, seizes the animal's tail with his teeth, and draws the victim out by throwing back his head. We are not surprised to read that "such work is rather risky, as the hunter may be bitten before he has a chance to kill the marten."

ARTHUR HEMING

Whose book, "The Drama of the Forest," is one of the season's notable issues. He is also represented with two articles in "The Trail-makers Boys' Annual."

The Window Gazer

ISABEL Ecclestone Mackay has done the sound and workmanlike novel that we expected of her, and she has been singularly quick about it. It seems no time at all since "Mist of Morning," and in the interval there has been at least one short play (done at Hart House), many poems, and we fancy also three or four short stories. But here at any rate is "The Window Gazer" (McClelland & Stewart, $2.00), and it is a very successful novel, as far from "Mist of Morning" as one can well travel in a year or so. It is the ancient tale of the unconsummated marriage and the growth of love between two persons wedded only in name—such a favorite fable in this land where sex relationships must not be mentioned in fiction unless they are legal. But Mrs. Mackay handles it with remarkable skill and sincerity, and with much less sentimentality than, for example, W. J. Locke. Her professor, it may be, reminds us of Septimus, but her wife-who-is-no-wife is far more human and more adequately motivated than Locke's merely glamorous women.

A new picture of Isabel Ecclestone McKay, author of "The Window Gazer."

The scene is laid mainly on an island near Vancouver, which provides some excellent settings, beautifully described, as we should expect from this author-poet. It shifts to a small town in Ontario, the treatment of which suggests that Mrs. Mackay has powers of society comedy not yet fully utilized. But her most important new achievement is in the more vigorous drawing of her characters and the skilful construction which makes her novel continuously interesting and intriguing.

. Behind the love-story of the two married persons, and providing the motive for their marriage at a time when love could not exist between them, is one of the most sinister personages ever brought to life by a Canadian fiction-writer. It would be grossly unfair to all concerned to give away in this review any of the secrets pertaining to the career of Dr. Farr, the little old man with the frock coat and the large umbrella, who kept his lovely daughter far away from civilization in a tumbledown shack at Friendly Bay, B.C. Suffice it to say that he gave us several cold chills down our spine, which is an effect very seldom produced by Canadian writers, because it cannot be done without a great deal of technique.

Waking Up Deaf Canadians

WE gather from the first sentence of Miss Agnes C. Laut's "Canada at the Crossroads," that in their original form these articles were intended for American consumption, notwithstanding the fact that they bear the imprint of the Macmillan Co. of Canada (Toronto, $2.00). The first chapter begins with the query: "Are Americans interested in Canada's domestic problems?" which appears to be mainly for Americans to answer. It does not much matter to whom Miss Laut is addressing herself, providing her utterances are interesting,; and that they certainly are. She holds that the day of Sea Power is over, thanks to the progress of the machinery for destroying everything that floats; and that the day of Land Power has now arrived. Apparently Miss Laut feels that with Sea Power gone and Land Power substituted, there is not much future for a "tight little island" such as England. She tells us quite frankly that in the typical war of the future, "England would last just as long as she could keep her sea lanes open with supplies of food and raw products coming to her; just as long as she could keep her fence of submarines and aeroplanes intact from invasion. She knows that now, and is preparing to pour her colonists by the millions into Canada as a Greater Britain Overseas." This is a hard saying for the Old Country, and makes one wonder why British capital has not moved out to Canada even more rapidly than the colonists are preparing to.

Miss Laut thinks that Canada is rather refusing to live up to her proper destiny as a Greater Britain Overseas by being grossly inhospitable to non-Canadian capital, non-Canadian labour, and non-Canadian enterprise. Even if Canada is not destined in the early future to replace Great Britain as the centre of Empire, there would still be good reasons why a country which needs above all things an increase in its productive power, should be kind to industrious immigrants and just to the capital and brains which foreigners are willing to lend it; so we can approve of Miss Laut's sermon without necessarily admitting the canonicity of her text. The plain fact is that a good many Canadians, especially in the West, where perhaps the average Canadian is not quite so Canadian, need to be spoken to in a loud voice and an ejaculatory manner about some exceedingly obvious economic facts. Miss Laut is one of the acknowledged masters of the ejaculatory manner in American and Canadian magazinedom; and she is ejaculating in a good cause.—S.M.

Latchkeys and Ladies and London

FEW Canadians are probably aware of the fact that "M. Grant," the author of "Latchkey Ladies," which has just received a very notable acclamation from the critics of England, is Miss Marjorie Cook, formerly of Montreal, and a few years ago a frequent contributor to the University Magazine, the Canadian Magazine, Beck's Weekly, and others of the not too numerous Canadian publications which occasionally print good literature. Miss Cook has another book to her credit since leaving Canada, a collection of sketches entitled "Verdun Days in Paris," but this is her first full-sized novel. It is published by William Heineman, whose imprint is in itself as good a guarantee of quality as the discerning novel reader can expect.

"Latchkey Ladies" is a very intimate and sympathetic study of the lives of a very small group of young women in war-time London —young women in possession of the token of freedom referred to in the title, and engaged in the struggle with many problems which go with freedom and consequently have not been provided with any traditional solutions for the benefit of the sex whose freedom is so recent. Some of these young women are unmistakably not yet competent for freedom; all of them learn that it is by no means synonymous with happiness; only in the case of Anne, the member of the group who is studied in most detail, is freedom even used for that enrichment of character which is probably the best thing it can bring to any human being. The story of her love affair with Dampier, the unsatisfactorily-married literary man, is very beautiful in its restraint and its total lack of heroics—a story of two very human people who have their great moment in which they are as gods, and who subsequently exhibit all the weaknesses common to gods who have come back to earth.

In the background of the tale there moves to and fro an extraordinary portrait gallery of special types, quite new to fiction, and undoubtedly the product of direct observation. Several of the scenes are laid in a Canadian military office in London; others in various resorts of shady Bohemians, music-hall artists, in hospitals, and similar out-of-the-way places. We incline to think that such a book could not have been done so well by any author who had not the detached and critical viewpoint of the visitor coming in from another country; but with that exception there is nothing to mark the book as specifically Canadian. It is simply a very good example of the better type of British fiction about women by women.

LEAVING THE SEASIDE.

I NEVER brought so many thoughts
From any place before
As I took with me yesterday
From that enchanting shore;
The purest gold of happiness
Filled every thought I bore.

Now I will make that treasured gold
Into the fairest things
And with them decorate the house
Of my rememberings;
My soul will linger happy there
Among those furnishings.

M. A. HARGADON.

Secret Victory.

In "Secret Victory," Stephen McKenna completes the series of "The Sensationalist." O'Rane and Eric Lane both figure in this story, so that it should be linked up in the reader's mind with McKenna's great success, "Sonia."

TRADE SECTION

Winners of Window and Ad. Contests

Cloke, of Hamilton; Jarvis, of Ottawa; Thurtell, of Chaplin, Sask., Get Cash Prizes.

AMONG the most alert of booksellers in taking full advantage of both Children's Book week and Canadian Authors' week, was Mr. Fred Cloke, of Cloke's Bookstore, Hamilton, Ont.

He went to a great deal of expense in his preparations for both these campaigns and, as an indication of the effective manner in which he went about making things count, the Canadian Authors' Week $50 prize window display, won by Cloke's, is reproduced herewith.

There were other good window displays in the contest, as for instance that of Phelan's Bookstore, Montreal, also appearing in this issue, and others that will appear in subsequent issues of "The Canadian Bookman."

The $50 for the best newspaper advertising was equally divided between Thurtell's, of Chaplin, Sask., and A. H. Jarvis, Ottawa, for the advertisements as reproduced in this issue.

Booksellers report that they are still reaping benefits from the Canadian Authors' week and they were practically unanimous in reporting materially increased demands in Christmas selling for books by Canadian authors.

In Montreal the reports given by the booksellers were to the effect that about five times as many Canadian books were sold than in any previous Christmas trade season.

Mr. Roy Britnell, of the Albert Britnell Bookstore, Toronto, said that he believed that the Canadian Authors' Week had had a good effect in inducing many people to select Canadian books as might not have done so.

The Britnell Bookshop was a very busy place throughout December, and consequently the report regarding holiday business was most satisfactory.

Mr. Rutledge, head of the Murray-Kay Co.'s book department, Toronto, said that they had noticed better results from the Canadian Authors' Week campaign than from the Children's Book Week campaign. He questioned the advisability of having the two campaigns so close together.

The department here was thronged with people and many assistant clerks were engaged for December.

Here is a reproduction of the Canadian Authors' Week window display that won the cash prize of $50 awarded by the Associated Canadian Publishers. Mr. Fred Cloke, of Cloke's Bookstore, Hamilton, Ont., is the winner.

More Slogans.

Some of the slogans for Canadian author's week, published in the list appearing in the December issue, but which merit publicity, are these two, submitted by Miss Evelyn G. Murphy, of Edmonton: "Canadian Authors Are Our Heralds of Empire," "Know Canada Through Canadian Books."

Give a Book a Week.

"Buy a Book a Week" has become a widely used slogan among booksellers, and it is interesting to report this variation was used by a New York retail bookshop during the month or two before Christmas: "Give a Book a Week." "Buy a Book a Week" is for use throughout the year in connection with the Year-Round Bookselling Plan. Why shouldn't "Give a Book a Week" be extended to the twelve-month basis? This is a tip for Canadian booksellers to try out in their advertising this year.

RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK IN APRIL.

RELIGIOUS Book week was observed in Canada last year, but not nearly to the extent that it was put across in the U. S. This year, however, there are indications based upon preparations already going forward, to indicate that this bookselling event will assume far greater prominence in Canada.

The dates selected are April 2nd to 8th.

Publishers, booksellers, the churches and the press co-operated last year in placing the importance of religious books before the public in the first annual Religious Book Week. A greater effort will be made this year to impress upon people a realization of the enrichment which religious books give to home life. "Religious books in the home" will be stressed in posters, window exhibits and special displays in bookstores, special articles in newspapers and magazines, sermons, book talks and book exhibits in churches and church organizations, and notices in church bulletins.

Special publicity articles will be prepared on the romance of best sellers among religious books; the religious books which most influenced a certain clergyman or congregation during the past year; reading aloud in the home; how to interest children in reading the Bible; and other subjects vital in the life of any individual or family.

"Hidden Fires," (McClelland & Stewart) a new novel by Mrs. Patrick MacGill, is the story of a wife who, to maintain her invalid husband, works, without his knowledge, as a chorus girl in a musical comedy.

Canadian Authors for Canadian Readers at Canadian Bookstores

Know Your Own People

Let Us Help Each Other to Boost Canadian Literature.

Nov. 19 CANADIAN AUTHORS' WEEK **Nov. 26**

For this week we have assembled for your inspection a superb collection of the best books for Canadians by Canadian writers. They cover every subject and every province. You will be proud of Canada's place in the world of books.

McClung	Moorhouse	Carman	Keith
Watson	Stead	Service	Cody
Stringer	Montgomery	MacKay	Connor
Leacock	Roberts	Knibbs	Fraser

and many others.

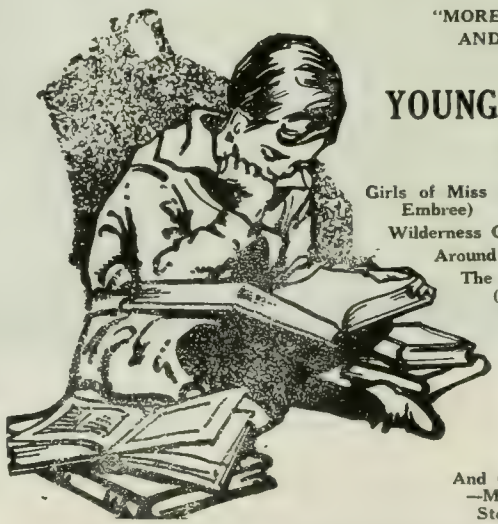
Meet Your Favorite Canadian Authors

AT

Thurtell's Drug and Book Store

CHAPLIN - SASK.

Children's Book Week



"MORE BOOKS IN THE HOME AND BETTER BOOKS FOR THE CHILDREN"

YOUNG CANADA SERIES

$1.25 each

Girls of Miss Cleveland's (Beatrice Embree)
Wilderness Campers
Around the Campfire (Roberts)
The Boy Tramps Across Canada (Oxley)
Mrs. Strang's Children's Annual
Mrs. Strang's Baby Annual
"Water Babies" (beautiful illustrations), $2.00 and $3.75.

BURGESS BOOKS

And Other Animal Stories—Bedtime Series—Mother West Wind Series—Wishing Stone Series—Bird and Animal Series.

The Famous **"OZ BOOKS"** Fifteen different titles, including new title, "Royal Book of Oz."

Beautiful Art Books for Children. Also Bubble Record Books

All have the effect of impressing art and good literature upon young minds. Our Linen and Painting Books—our Story Books are very comprehensive. Our stock is a surprise to all new customers and we want you to enjoy and profit by seeing our CHILDREN'S BOOK GALLERY. It will be a real treat for you and the children. BRING THE CHILDREN.

A. H. JARVIS

The Children's Book Shop **157 Bank St., Ottawa**

While CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK is every day of the year at the Children's Book Shop, We especially invite you during the official week—November 13th-19th.

These two ads. were awarded $25 each.—See page 17.

ADVICE TO BOOKSELLERS

Order Adequately on

The Bridge

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL,
Author of "The Drift of Pinions"
"The Lamp of Poor Souls,"
Etc., Etc.

A Story of the Great Lakes

When you realize that even before the book has appeared for review, such quotations as those which follow have been made on the few advance readings (from forms) which have been arranged, you can picture to yourself what the reception of the book will be from coast to coast by reviewers everywhere, and what the effect will be when special articles, advertising and publicity on this unusual author will flood every legitimate channel. When you realize this, you will know how to proportion your orders on this remarkable novel by an author who is acclaimed as the outstanding literary figure in Canada.

"So far there has been talent in Canada—this is genius."

"As great as Conrad."

"This book is a remarkable production both in characterization and atmosphere."

"There has come to be a new suspense in fiction—the higher suspense of human experience, and as an example of that plot-quality 'The Bridge' is a masterpiece."

Do you remember the amazing popularity and demand for M. L. C. Pickthall's "THE DRIFT OF PINIONS"—poetry? Within a year of publication it was selling at premium. If a little book of verse in limited edition could create so much attention, what do you think this next book will do by the same author—a novel? We regard it as the logical successor in public favor to "If Winter Comes." It is the same sort of book that the public is hungry for.

DON'T BE SHORT OF STOCK WHEN THE BIG RUN BEGINS.

PROBABLE MONTH OF PUBLICATION—FEBRUARY.

THE GREAT CANADIAN NOVEL FOR SPRING.

Hodder & Stoughton Limited

263 Adelaide Street West

Publishers *TORONTO*

Year-Round Bookselling Plan

A "HOME question hour" as an aid in memory training and a stepping stone to the use of books is recommended by H. Addington Bruce, a Canadian writer whose wholesome daily features are syndicated in prominent U. S. and Canadian newspapers. "It will make parents procure and read books of substantial value—history books, travel books, natural science books, encyclopedias, and other books of reference," writes Mr. Bruce. "Their own stock of knowledge will be augmented, their minds will become better informed and disciplined in the process of developing and guiding their children's minds. And this will mean to the parents increased satisfaction with life. It may mean to the father—if he shares with the mother, as he should, the task of making the question hour a success—increased working ability, hence increased earning power."

Mr. Bruce's suggestion is in line with the 1922 promotion plan of the National Association of Book Publishers. "Every Real Home Has Books," is the slogan which will carry this message through posters, bookstore and public library displays and press comment. The idea of more books in the home will be featured through the winter months; and in succeeding months of the year publishers, booksellers, libraries and educational organizations will cooperate in keeping books before the public with seasonable suggestions.

In February, books on biography, history, citizenship and national arts, and books for valentines will be displayed. In March, useful books for business men and women and practical books for the household will be recommended.

The second annual RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK will be held April 2-8, with nation-wide co-operation of churches and church organizations. In April there will be displays of books as Easter gifts; and with the advance of spring, books on the out-of-doors will be displayed—especially children's books on gardens, trees, birds, wild flowers, and other books that answer questions and take readers "Back to Nature."

"Buy a book a week" has become a habit with many booklovers; but those who cannot quite afford this habit can, nevertheless, gradually build up home libraries, for "EVERY REAL HOME HAS BOOKS."

February.

Biography, history, citizenship, music, art.

Work with local schools, scouts, patriotic societies.

Books as Valentines.

March.

"Find It in Books."

Useful Books for Business (first two weeks).

Useful Books for the Home (last two weeks).

April.

RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK, April 2-8.

Religious education in the home.

Books as Gifts for Easter.

"Back to Nature"; means of increasing sale of children's books in spring.

May.

Books as graduation gifts.

Books as rewards for school children.

June.

Books for wedding gifts; books for brides' showers.

Start vacation reading publicity.

"TAKE ALONG BOOKS FOR ALL THE FAMILY."

Vacation reading for children to be urged through schools and camps.

Here is a striking window display for the photograph of which "The Canadian Bookman" is indebted to Mr. George Zurhorst, of the J. K. Gill Bookstore, Portland, Oregon. Mr. Zurhorst is a Torontonian, having received his early training with that veteran bookseller, Albert Britnell, of Toronto.

NEW WRITING COURSE

From the World Book Co., of Yonkers, N. Y., comes a specimen set of the "Curtis Standard Practice Sets in Handwriting," which has been issued in a second and improved edition with the students Daily Lesson Book, having dotted instead of black lines.

The investigations of the authors showed that writing is a trick, which must be learned by the pupil through individual instruction. The basic idea of the tests is to place definite, attainable goals, based upon standards, before the child and then provide the means for him to reach them. Means are provided for carrying on work to meet the individual needs of the child, and to get away from the routine of usual classroom work. There are also means for measuring the efficiency of the teacher's work as well as that of the pupil.

NELSON'S NOVELS NOW 35 CENTS

Liberal Discount to the Trade

Ample Stock in Toronto

Arnold Bennett
The Old Wives' Tale
The Loot of Cities

Andrew Balfour
The Golden Kingdom

J. J. Bell
Wee MacGreegor

E. F. Benson
Thorley Weir
The Oakleyites

E. C. Bentley
Trent's Last Case

John Buchan
Salute to Adventurers
Prester John
Greenmantle

Geo. A. Birmingham
Simpkin's Plot

Bernard Capes
The Lake of Wine

Marion Crawford
The Witch of Prague
Three Fates
A Cigarette Maker's Romance
Mr. Isaacs
A Roman Singer

Erskine Childers
The Riddle of the Sands

B. M. Croker
Married or Single
Beyond the Pale

A. Conan Doyle
Adventures of Gerrard
Micah Clarke

George Douglas
The House With the Green Shutters

George Gissing
The Town Traveller

Maurice Hewlett
The Forest Lovers
Little Novels of Italy
Richard Yea and Nay
Fond Adventures
Rest Harrow
Halfway House
Open Country
The Queen's Quair
New Canterbury Tales

Anthony Hope
Tristram of Blent
The God in the Car

E. W. Hornung
Raffles
Mr. Justice Raffles

Vincente Blanco Ibanez
The Matador

W. W. Jacobs
Ship's Company
The Lady of the Barge

Hy. Seton Merriman
The Sowers

Archibald Marshall
The Eldest Son

Sara Macnaughton
The Three Miss Graemes

Wm. de Morgan
Joseph Vance
Alice for Short

Frank Norris
The Pit
The Octopus

Morley Roberts
Salt of the Sea

Charles Turley
A Band of Brothers

Horace A. Vachell
John Verney
Blinds Down
John Charity

Stanley Weyman
The Wild Geese
Sophia

C. N. & A. M. Williamson
The Lightning Conductor
The Princess Passes

H. G. Wells
Marriage
The War in the Air

There are yet three months of winter ahead of us, which means a brisk demand for good fiction (and lots of it) at low prices.

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR SHARE OF THIS TRADE?

Order now. **Use above list.** **We can ship at once.**

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd.

TORONTO

Not High-Brow, But How They Do Sell!

A Little Story About the Making of Tea-Cup Reading and Dream Books

Written for this Journal by A. E. Wilson

OVER a year ago, one of the Toronto publishing houses brought out a small paper book called "Teacup Reading." It was a typical example of the low-priced 25c to 50c line, but there were features about it usually overlooked in the making of cheaper books. In the first place, it was practical, written by a person who knew the science of fortune-telling by tea-leaves thoroughly, and it was well-printed and illustrated by lucid line diagrams. It was a good little book, but it is doubtful if it would have had the popularity it has attained without the finishing touch of imagination with which it was bound. Its cover declared it the work of a "Highland Seer." From the first, "Teacup Reading" was taken seriously by its publishers. It received the same backing as the higher priced stock in merchandising and advertising, and a permanent window-display stand was gotten up for it, so it was an easy step for the retailer and customer to take it seriously as well. "Teacup Reading" is one of the best steady selling books on the market to-day, both on the counter and by mail order. That started things. It wasn't long before a second book of the kind was under way — this time a dream interpreter. Who'd think that a hard-headed Canadian population would buy a fool book on dreams? Well, who'd think they'd buy a fool book on tea-leaves? The point of this history is that they probably wouldn't if both books hadn't been handled differently from the usual "trick" paper-backed offering. Of course it would have been easy and a good deal of fun to hand over the business of the dream-book to a whimsically-minded editor to work his creative powers upon, but the publishers went to seemingly uncalled-for pains to make a "dream research." They skipped friend Freud, but they consulted a great many old and reliable authorities before the four months it took to complete the job had elapsed, and by actual count the number of dream interpretations exceeded those in any high or low-priced book on the market. It was more thorough and more authoritative than any other, but it wasn't quite "fat" enough. Then was administered the touch of imaginative salt which spiced "Teacup Reading." A method of card telling purported to have been used for the Empress Josephine when she was told she would be "more than a Queen," was dug up along with other famous future-reading systems, as well as a collection of lovers' charms. Dreams and all, together, made "The Crescent Dreambook and Fortune Teller."

Even more instantaneous success than that which rewarded "Teacup Reading" met this second book. First ordered in hundred lots, after advertisement by the big department stores, reorders came in for lots of both books by the thousand.

Now a third book in this "genuine" series of inexpensive books is in the making—a collection of famous and standard selections for recitation—and the same methods of preparation are in order.

The confidence placed in the policy of giving the "real" thing at a popular price has been rewarded in this overture and the trade is picking it up with enthusiasm.

A Dictionary of Religion.

A Dictionary of Religion and Ethics was published recently by The Macmillan Company. It is edited by Shailer Mathews and Gerald Birney Smith, of the University of Chicago, with the co-operation of a large number of specialists.

The book sets forth in compact form the results of modern study in the psychology of religion, the history of religions, both primitive and developed, the present status of religious life in America, Europe, and the most important mission fields, and the important phases of Christian belief and practice. It also covers both social and individual ethics.

Business Books

AUTOMOBILE books loom large in connection with the selling of business books, and with the month of March set down for specialization in promoting sales of useful books, the dealers have a wonderful chance to take advantage of the interest in automobiles and all data relating to them that culminates with the approach of spring, when so many additional automobile enthusiasts join the ranks of owners; and present owners, if not out for new cars want to know how best to rehabilitate the old ones.

For the bookseller whether the motorist drives a flivver, a motorcycle or side-car or whether he lolls back in his limousine, he is a prospect for one or more of the volumes going to make up the library of automobile publications.

Canada's motorists, i.e., owners, will soon number half a million people. Think of it, approaching every tenth citizen of Canada owns a motor-car of some description! Get ready now to make the month of March a month of big accomplishment in selling automobile books and all useful books.

Canadian Poets.

Dr. E. A. Hardy's little art book, "Selections from the Canadian poets," is familiar to the trade as being particularly excellent. It contains selections from Canadian poets, old and new, and in its new form is assured of a generous welcome. It is published by Macmillan's.

Never So Many Book Necessities

as on the

Macmillan's Spring List

CANADIAN

MAZO DE LA ROCHE—Explorers of the Dawn. **Price, $2.50**

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN—Moonlight and Common Day. **Price (probably) $1.50**

W. H. BLAKE (Translator)—Maria Chapdelaine. **Price: In Cloth, $1.50; Leather, $3.00**

E. K. BROADUS—A Century of Canadian Prose and Verse. **Price, $2.50**

SIR GILBERT PARKER—Old Quebec **Price, $5.00**

V. STEFANSSON—The Friendly Arctic. **Price, $6.50**

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

H. G. WELLS—Washington and the Riddle of Peace. **Price, $2.00**

VISCOUNT BRYCE—International Relations of the Old World School. **Price, $2.75**

VISCOUNT BRYCE—Study of American History. **Price, $1.50**

J. M. KEYNES—A Revision of the Treaty. **Price, $2.50**

E. T. RAYMOND—Portraits of the Nineties. **Price, $4.50**

POETRY

LAWRENCE BINYON—Selected Poems. **Price, $2.20**

OWEN WISTER—Indispensable Information for Infants. **Price, $1.00**

SARA TEASDALE—Helen of Troy. **Price, $1.75**

FICTION

ROLAND PERTWEE—Men of Affairs. **Price, $2.00**

KNUT HAMSUN—The Wanderers. **Price, $2.50**

H. G. WELLS—The Secret Places of the Heart. **Price, $2.00**

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER—Cytherea. **Price, $2.50**

MAY SINCLAIR—The Life and Death of Harriet Frean. **Price, $1.25**

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON—The Veneerings. **Price, $2.00**

EDGAR LEE MASTERS—Children of the Market Place. **Price, $2.00**

MARY S. WATTS—The House of Rimmon. **Price, $2.00**

EDEN PHILLPOTTS—Children of Men. **Price, $2.00**

J. AUBREY TYSON—The Scarlet Tanager. **Price, $1.75**

SARAH McCONNELL—One. **Price, $2.00**

IVAN HEXT—No. 87. **Price, $2.00**

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW—Conn of the Coral Seas. **Price, $1.75**

DRAMA AND BELLES LETTRES

JOHN MASEFIELD—Esther and Berenice. **Price, $2.00**

CLEMENCE DANE—Will Shakespeare. **Price, $2.00**

M. WILKINSON—The Dingbat of Arcady. **Price, $1.75**

Mr. Alfred Knopf - - - and Ourselves

We are pleased to announce that since January First the home of Borzoi books in Canada is St. Martin's House, Toronto.

THE

Macmillans in Canada

TORONTO

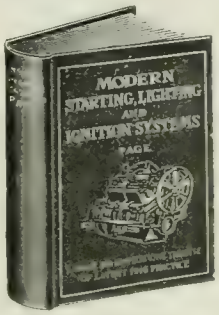
Practical Automobile Books are Always in Demand

We Publish Victor W. Pagé's Standard Works

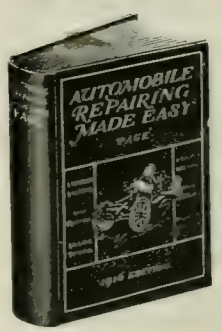
THE MODERN GASOLINE AUTOMOBILE, ITS DESIGN, CONSTRUCTION AND OPERATION.

By Victor W. Pagé, M.S.A.E. This is the most complete, practical and up-to-date treatise on gasoline automobiles and their component parts ever published. In the new revised and enlarged 1920 edition, all phases of automobile construction, operation and maintenance are fully and completely described and in language anyone can understand. 1032 pages. 1,000 illustrations. **Price, $4.50**

STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION SYSTEMS.



By Victor W. Pagé. A practical treatise on modern starting and ignition system practice. This practical volume has been written with special reference to the requirements of the non-technical reader desiring easily understood explanatory matter relating to all types of automobile ignition, starting and lighting systems. It can be understood by anyone even without electrical knowledge. Nearly 800 pages. 492 specially made engravings. New edition. **Price, $3.50**



AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING MADE EASY.

By Victor W. Pagé. A thoroughly practical book containing complete directions for making repairs to all parts of the motor car mechanism. Written in a thorough but non-technical manner. This book also contains Special Instructions on Electric Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems, Tire Repairing and Rebuilding, Autogenous Welding, Brazing and Soldering, Heat Treatment of Steel, Latest Timing Practice, Eight and Twelve-cylinder Motors, etc., etc. You will never "get stuck" on a job if you own this book. 1,000 specially made engravings on 500 plates. 1,065 pages (5½ x 8). 11 folding plates. **Price, $4.50**

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE AUTOMOBILE.

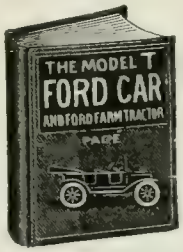
By Victor W. Pagé. A self-educator on automobiling without an equal. This practical treatise consists of a series of thirty-seven lessons, covering with over 2,000 questions and their answers—the automobile, its construction, operation and repair. The subject matter is absolutely correct and explained in simple language. Answers every question asked relating to the modern automobile. A popular work at a popular price. 5¼ x 7½. Cloth, 701 pages, 387 illustrations, 3 folding plates. New Edition just published. **Price, $2.75**

HOW TO RUN AN AUTOMOBILE.

By Victor W. Pagé. This treatise gives concise instructions for starting and running all makes of gasoline automobiles, how to care for them, and gives distinctive features of control. Describes every step for shifting gears, controlling engine, etc. Among the chapters contained are: I, Automobile Parts and Their Functions. II, General Starting and Driving Instructions. III, Typical Control Systems—Care of Automobiles. Thoroughly illustrated. 178 pages, 72 illustrations. **Price, $1.65**

GASOLINE AND KEROSENE CARBURETOR, INSTALLATION AND ADJUSTMENT.

By Capt. V. W. Pagé. All leading types of carburetors are described in detail, special attention being given to the forms devised to use the cheaper fuels, such as kerosene. Carburetion troubles, fuel system troubles, carburetor repairs and installation, electric primers and economizers, hot spot manifolds and all modern carburetor developments are considered in a thorough manner. Methods of adjusting all types of carburetors are fully discussed as well as suggestions for securing maximum fuel economy and obtaining highest engine power. 250 pages, 89 illustrations. **Price, $2.25**



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Unique Selling Idea That *Works*

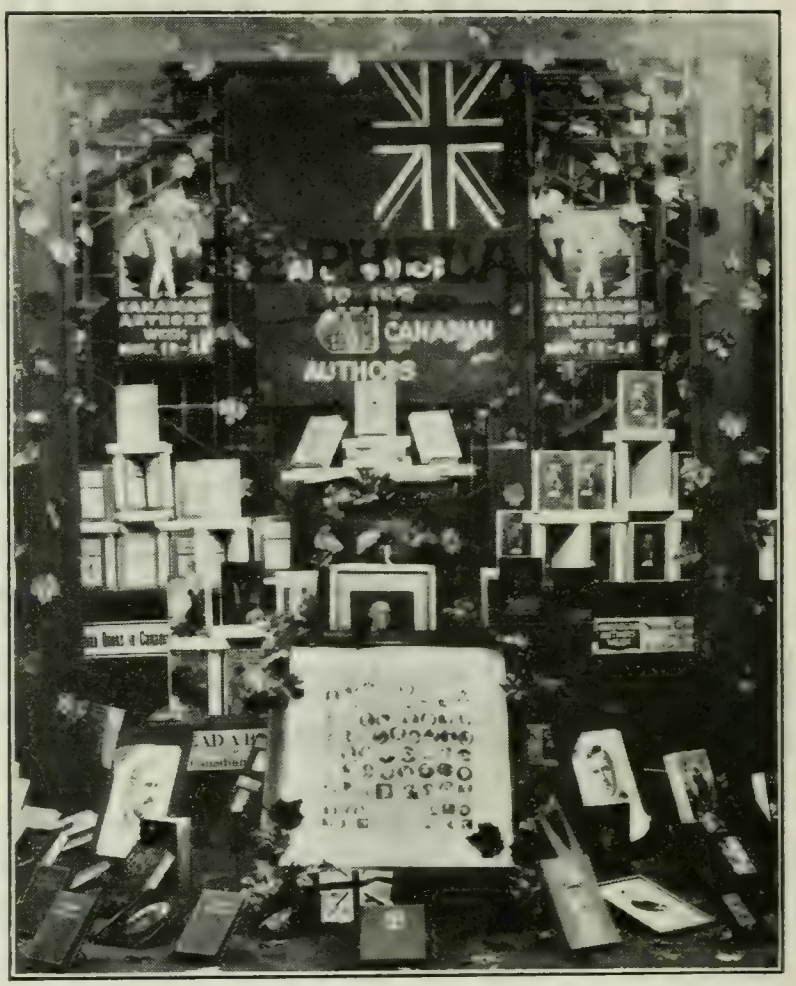
Idea Appeals Strongly to Chris. Morley, of "Shandygaff" Fame.

There is some human interest in the following copy of a letter by Christopher Morley, he of "Shandygaff," "The Haunted Bookshop," etc., written to Mr. Allen, of Ireland & Allen, of Vancouver, as brought east for this journal by John Henry, of Gundy's:

"My friend, Mr. H. A. Horwood, of Los Angeles, tells me that you have contracted a bad habit of giving away my little indescretion, 'Shandygaff,' to your customers, and leaving it to them to decide whether they want to pay for it or not. Anyone who is so intrepid a gambler as that has my affection. The only thing I am afraid of is that perhaps you won't stay in the book business long at that rate. I will admit, however, that there is one nice thing about 'Shandygaff,' and that is the title page which I planned myself, taking one of Ben Franklin's title pages as a model.

"Speaking of 'Shandygaff,' and of drinks in general, have a look at Professor George Saintsbury's new book, "Notes on a Cellar-Book," published by Macmillan. I am so ignorant that I don't know whether you are bone dry in B.C. or not; but at any rate Saintsbury's delicious testament of the experiences and humors of 50 years' of moderate and artistic drinking must delight and entertain you; and after forgetting to mention 'Shandygaff' at all in the body of his book, he comes back to it in a postscript and pays it a friendly word. It is, of course, a mild tipple, not designed to make Reason totter on her throne; but it has had its devotees.

"This is just to send you my best regards, and to thank you for being so kind to my little book—more kind, I fear, than it deserves, for it is only a very youthful scrapbook of a young man's moods and tenses."



This is a reproduction of the Canadian Authors' Week window at Phelan's Bookstore St. Catherine Street, Montreal. This was a runner up in the contest for the $50 prize.

Plum Pudding.

Chris Morley's latest book, "Plum Pudding," came blessed with a most appropriate name for helping booksellers to sell it at Christmas time. This book is characterized by the same spirited humor and genuine love of line that marked such previous offerings as "Shandygaff," "Mince Pie" and "Pipefuls." It is with especially loving care that the author writes of the Three Hours for Lunch Club, a waggish institution after his own heart. Like all the previous books by Morley, this one is gay, witty, sober, merry — almost anything but never tiresome.

Mrs. Burnett's New Novel.

An event of magnitude, not in the book world only, will be the publication, in February, of Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel, "The Head of the House of Coombe." This is Mrs. Burnett's first novel since "T. Tembarom," and is the result of eight years of loving, conscientious and inspired work. The universally loved author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Shuttle" holds a unique place in the affections of readers of all ages and all classes. A Canadian edition of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is also to be issued at a very early date.

Error Starts Book Hunt.

A printer's error has started quite a book-hunt by collectors. Of "Bliss Carman's Later Poems," fifty-eight copies were completed before an error was discovered in the last line of the text appearing on the decorative sheet on the inside of the front cover in which the word "murmur" was spelled "murmer." These fifty-eight copies are at a premium. So far only five of these copies have been unearthed.

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Here is something which will be certain to attract the people in your town who have a leaning toward scientific things—preachers, mechanics, teachers and others of the type. Its aim is to give in plain, ordinary language an outline of the main facts in every branch of science, somewhat as Well's "Outline of History" does for the subject it treats. The work has more than 800 illustrations, with forty large color plates, and comes in four volumes. $15.00 per set.

Europe--Whither Bound

By Stephen Graham.

Is Europe staggering toward destruction? This is a most informative summing up of actual conditions by an observer after a comprehensive tour. It gives a remarkably enlightening and truthful picture of present-day conditions in Europe. $2.00.

It Can Be Done

Compiled by Joseph Morris.

Here is one of those inspirational books which so attract a certain type of customer—young men, young women and others who want to make a success of life. Cloth, $1.75; leather, $3.00.

The Story of Mankind

By Hendrik Van Loon.

This remarkable work gives the sequence of human progress from the time of original man in the wilds of Europe, up through the Classical World, the Middle Ages, the Age of Invention. While it is done scientifically, it has been kept most human and will appeal strongly to children as well as grown-ups. Profusely illustrated with line engravings, eight 4-color pages, numerous animated maps and half-tones. $5.00.

Indoor Games and Amusements

By Ruth Blakely.

Tell the young lady who drops in to buy a magazine that there is something here to liven up her parties or the evenings at home, and it will be almost sure to sell. Just what the title suggests. $1.25.

White Magic

By John LeBreton.

An intensely interesting new publication in book form, which seems to present veritable magic. Vital questions are asked which, with the aid of a table of signs, are given most astonishingly accurate answers. A novelty which will be sure to sell. $1.00.

We are selling agents in Canada for the following publishers:

WARD, LOCK & CO. - London, England
HARROP & CO. - London, England
CUPPLES & LEON - New York City
HURST & CO. - - New York City

The Ryerson Press

Toronto - Ontario

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Frank Alexander who, for many years, was with the MacLean Publishing Company, managing trade papers, and who latterly had charge of the trade papers published by the Commercial Press, Ltd., Toronto, has just joined the Macmillan Co., of Canada, to have charge of advertising and mail promotion, a post for which the experience he has had admirably fits him.

Another change at Macmillan's is the appointment of Dr. D. J. Goggin as educational editor. Dr. Goggin was for ten years general editor of school text books for the Province of Ontario, and previously had founded the normal school system of Manitoba. He spent ten years, also, as Superintendent of Education in the North-West Territories. The value of all this experience which he brings to Macmillan's cannot fail to prove most beneficial to that house.

MUSSON, ALIAS SANTA CLAUS.

An event demonstrating the fine spirit obtaining between Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., and the Musson Book Co. and their office, warehouse and travelling force, was that which took place at the warehouse at Christmas time, when principals and employees, with members of their families, attended a "Christmas Tree" presided over by Mr. Musson, who impersonated Santa Claus in his "civies." The comedy spirit was introduced by two of the younger members of the travelling force. Dancing and a fine spread added to the gaiety of the occasion.

ANOTHER AGENCY ADDED.

Since the reorganization of the old-established toy book publishing house of McLoughlin Bros., Inc., acquired by the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Ohio, arrangements have been made whereby this line will be handled in Canada by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd.

The McLoughlin concern dates back to 1828 and the name, by virtue of the huge output of all varieties of toy books, has been a household word in America for generations.

The recent change occasioning removal of plates, etc., from Brooklyn to Springfield is said to have entailed carriage costs amounting to $56,000.

Photograph of A. H. Jarvis, Vice-President of the Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association, taken in front of his fine bookstore at the time of the Children's Book Week in November. The Children's Department in this bookshop is one of the most successful in Canada.

The McClelland men are already showing the McLoughlin line and its vast extent and complete variety has embued them with such enthusiasm that trade in children's books bids fair to pick up from now on all along the line in this country, particularly in view of the fact that the series idea is a strong feature, in consequence of which customers buying one title come back at intervals for the rest of the series.

MODERN MEN AND MUMMERS.

Hesketh Pearson's "Modern Men and Mummers" (Goodchild) is a counterpart for men of letters and art to "Mirrors of Downing Street." The book contains studies of such people as Lytton Strachey, Shaw, Chesterton, Lloyd George, Wells, Mrs. Asquith, Winston Churchill, etc. Mr. Pearson has rubbed shoulders with many popular idols whom he has caught off their pedestals. His shrewdness and humor make the volume a delight to anyone who wants to know the unconventional side of people usually regarded so seriously.

RANGY PETE.

The interest stirred up in Canadian authors by Canadian Authors' week should be followed by emphasizing the new Canadian books this year. Among the earliest to be announced is a racy and original new Western story, "Rangy Pete," by Guy Morton, a bright young Toronto newspaperman, who has done good work in special articles and short stories and now breaks into the novel-writing field. Rangy Pete is a new character who is said to blend in his composition characterictics of David Harum, Happy Hawkins and The Virginian.

"Roads Going South."

"Roads Going South" is a new Macmillan issue that is well worthy of note. The author is Robert L. Duffus, and his offering is one of distinction—strong in atmosphere and rich in humor. It is the tale of a young New Englander, Young Joe, son of rigid, dutiful Josiah Chapin, bred among the cold New England hills.

The boy has the steady blood of the Chapins, and the more roaming temperament of the Snows. His father wished him to follow in his footsteps as a country doctor, but the mother had other dreams, and the story deals with his musical ambition, with which a most engaging love story is interwoven.

News About Books and Authors

Selling Points for Booksellers.

Bliss Carman.

Bliss Carman's tour of Canada created an interest in the works of the poet that has not yet been fully capitalized by the bookseller. The interest in his work is not merely spasmodic. His poems need only to be kept before the public on the counters and in the store windows to ensure a steady sale.

Brass.

"Brass," by Charles G. Norris, is a novel which men will stay at home from the theatre to read. It is a novel which deals with the institution of marriage in a way that has called forth the commendation of many of the leading writers of America. Gertrude Atherton rates it of a very high order; Fannie Hurst says: "It rides Norris into the rank of the foremost American novelist." Zona Gale declares that "It handles its human beings with that directness and honesty which, more than any one quality, the American novel has lacked."

The Popular Appeal.

"The Mucker," by Edgar Rice Burroughs, is in a somewhat new vein, but his success with the Tarzan stories has gained him a following that will be eager to venture with him in this new field. Billy Byrne, the Mucker, is a product of the Chicago slums and is projected into a series of startling adventures which rival those of the famous Tarzan—adventures among gangmen, policemen, sailors, millionaires, yachtsmen, nobility, savage head-hunters, prize fighters, cowboys, and Mexican revolutionists. Perhaps it will not appeal to the readers of high-brow stuff, but the red-blooded man who likes lots of action and adventure will certainly find what he wants in "The Mucker."

Romance to the Rescue.

"Romance to the Rescue," by Denis Mackail (Allen, Toronto), is a novel of wide sympathies and appealing characters, laid in London's theatrical colony. The author's humorous sallies and cleverly turned phrases enrich the romance, and there are a number of highly original situations making this a good novel for people coming into the bookstore looking for something really refreshing.

"Rummyniscences."

From the Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston, comes a volume entitled "Rummyniscences," by Frederick P. Kafka, which is reminiscent of the pre-arid era in America and draws in a really entertaining manner upon the fund of humor arising out of "wet" associations. The volume is illustrated by Walt Lantz, and is published at $1.50.

Bits o' Bronze.

Another new volume of poems published by Thomas Allen is H. C. Mason's "Bits o' Bronze," with a preface by Premier Drury.

These poems were originally published in the O. A. C. Review, and the demand of the O. A. C. undergraduates led to their publication in book form. The book is rich in humor, pathos and whimsicality.

In Nature's Temple Shrines.

A new volume of poems by Dr. James L. Hughes has recently been published by Thomas Allen, under the title of "In Nature's Temple Shrines." Booksellers will welcome this as an addition to the Canadian section. Some fine tributes are being paid to Dr. Hughes on the rich spiritual note of these poems, such as the one saying that the writing of poems like these must be something like praying in music.

Saint Theresa.

Booksellers recalling "Queed" will enthusiastically welcome Henry Sydnor Harrison's first novel since before the war. It is "Saint Theresa," to be published in Canada by Thomas Allen.

Teresa, nicknamed the Saint for her ascetic character, and known to newspaper readers as "The Woman Who Hates Love," is the daughter of a famous and wealthy New York family. Filled with vitality, a zest for life, and an entire disregard for public opinion, she has explored every sensation, broken polo ponies, ridden in airplanes, shot a burglar, and (it is rumored) a French suitor, slapped the face of the Governor of New York, and in general so behaved as to achieve wide newspaper notoriety.

Buying the controlling interest in a steel company, she appoints an office manager, and the antagonism between changing to interest and more provides the heart interest of this tale.

"Success."

Different conceptions of the meaning of Success are exemplified in the novel of that name by Samuel Hopkins Adams, a newspaper tale which booksellers may enthusiastically recommend to those who want the sort of action in their novels that carries with it high achievement flavored with romance.

The hero of this novel, coming from an obscure southwest town, goes to New York and, climbing the ladder of success, rung by rung, becomes a dominant figure in the newspaper world and the storm centre of New York activities.

Eventually this newspaper man comes to realize that he has been worshipping false gods and he then fashions for himself entirely new conceptions of Success. The Canadian edition is published by Thomas Allen.

New Agency.

An interesting new announcement is that Frederick Goodchild Co. will in future represent the John F. Shaw Co., 3 Pilgrim St., Ludgate Hill, London, England, for the Canadian market.

This publishing house puts out an extensive list of rewards, toy books and annuals, besides other series.

Passing of John Kendrick Bangs.

The death occurred in hospital at Atlantic City, on Saturday, of John Kendrick Bangs, an author famed as a humorist, his most notable book being "The Houseboat on the Styx," which set forth conferences between many modern and ancient celebrities in the nether regions. He had at different times in his career been editor of "Life," "Harper's Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," "Puck" and other magazines.

A MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT CHAPMAN.

To the Booksellers and Stationers of Canada — Greeting.

Dear Friends:

IT is with pleasure that I offer my fellow members, of the honorable profession of Bookselling in Canada, my best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year, because I can foresee their realization with confidence.

The year 1921 will always be remarkable in the annals of Canadian Bookselling, for in this year we have seen the recognition of the high place a Bookstore can and should occupy in the intellectual life of the community it serves.

The recognition is one of the by-products of the inauguration of the Authors' Association and "The Canadian Book Week." At last publishers and authors realize that the Bookseller is the living link between them and the public.

This recognition also brings with it responsibility which surely we will not shirk, a dignity to our trade or profession which we accept with all due humility, opportunity to widen the scope of our business and increase our usefulness to the community which we welcome, and a possibility of increased business which we welcome still more.

The crux of the whole matter after all is larger profits to enable us to fulfil worthily all the requirements which the community makes upon us.

The Bookseller is not avaricious but he cannot carry a heavy, slow moving stock on discounts from 10 to 30%, and we hope this year to bring the Publishers to see the force of this; as it is now, the wholesale bookseller demands a larger rate of profit than he gives the retailer.

Having gained the recognition and confidence of the author, it must now be our object to secure the respect, confidence and consideration of the publisher and wholesaler.

In order to do this we must get together; let every Bookseller and Stationer of Canada join the Association and become a live member, write complaints and suggestions to its secretary or the book journals, and generally see to it that the executive does its duty and especially its President.

Yours truly,

A. T. CHAPMAN.

SETS NEW STYLE IN HATS.

We've heard of books bringing about reform of public abuses, inducing civil wars, converting criminals and inspiring patriots, but it has been the distinction of one of our Canadian authors recently, to set a style in women's hats!

A good many displays of Douglas Durkin's book, "The Lobstick Trail," some with explanations of what a lobstick is, have appeared in most cities, and the description of a "pinetree whose topmost branches have been lopped, leaving a mere tuft at the crest, and an arm or arms pointing in the desired direction to mark a trail, a pass or a spot of interest," has evidently piqued the imagination of some of our enterprising millinery-designers.

In more than one Canadian city the title of "The Lobstick Trail" has been enacted as some member of the fair sex initiates its citizens into the mode of the lobstick. In Toronto the "trail" lasted a whole block on the track of the first "Lobstick" hat.

The lobsticks are reported as sprouting up the front; wing-like from the centre; upwards from a soft-gathered crown, tilting slightly backward; or like a quill, along the side. They are made of natural feathers or artificial materials.

Who says that there is no distinctive Canadian literature or fashion?

FROM FAR-AWAY YUKON.

White Horse, Yukon.
Jan. 10, 1922.

F. I. Weaver, Esq.,
Secy.-Treas. Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—

Enclosed you will find my cheque for two dollars for membership in Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association. This circular has only arrived, having been caught in the Squamish Lake wreck in B.C. I am too late for the Book Week, but we push Canadian books always—Canada first.

In looking over the officers I see many names familiar to me when I was on the Coast to Coast travelling route. No representative from the Yukon, however, I hope some day we may be large enough to have one on your executive.

I trust the Association may prosper and be of mutual help to all its members.

Yours very truly,

H. G. MACPHERSON.

"The Hope of the Future."

From the Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston (Goodchild's, Toronto), comes "The Hope of the Future," by Edward E. Eagle, with forewords by President Harding, Lloyd George, Ex-Premier Meighen, of Canada; Premier Hughes, Australia; Premier Massey, New Zealand, and Premier Craig, of North Ireland.

The author is not a professional writer of books. His sphere is international commerce, but he had a mission in writing this book. It was to bring home to people the interrelationship and mutual responsibilities of nations and particularly to appeal to the hundred million people of the United States who have never gone beyond the boundaries of American continent.

"Not all of them," he says, could be so prejudiced as I was, before my rovings began. Yet I am fully convinced that a majority possess an exaggerated idea of their own importance in the world, and of the world's regard for them. Many Americans whom I encountered abroad have assured me that this is their opinion now, but that they are loath to state it, lacking both time and inclination."

The preface proceeds to tell of encouragement received from leaders of public thought in bringing out this book.

Special interest for Canadians is the inclusion of the Canadian viewpoint of ex-Premier Meighen and also the several other forewords by premiers of several of the commonwealths of the British Empire.

The book is excellent in binding and workmanship, and is amply illustrated, making it a desirable addition to any library, and especially so to students of world politics.

Dr. Briggs to the Rescue.

The recent publication of Sir Hall Caine's epoch-making story, "The Master of Man," brings to light a rather interesting incident which occurred during his visit to Toronto a decade or so ago. Sir Hall Caine had been invited to dinner one evening then by a publisher who was at that time a good deal in the public eye, to meet other members of the trade in Toronto. When the meal—a rather sumptuous one, by the way, as was natural under the circumstances—was about to begin with no evidence of any grace being asked, the lion of the evening turned to the host, saying, "Excuse me, sir, I never like to begin a meal without grace. Will you not allow it?" Dr. William Briggs, who was at that time head of the house which bore his name, and who has since been given the term Book Steward Emeritus of the House which now uses the trade name, The Ryerson Press, is well known to be strongly Irish, and it is said that he rose to the occasion admirably.

This Man's World.

Will Levington Comfort continues to develop as a novelist and his growing army of readers will be delighted with his new story of the Philippines, "This Man's World," published by Gundy.

The hero of this tale is a boy who was brought up by a lonesome American soldier in the Phillipine jungles, where he had isolated himself as a renegade.

Comfort has in most of his books gone to the Orient for his backgrounds and no doubt the successful appeal of the previous novels had a great deal to do in his selection of the picturesque Phillipines as a scene of his newest offering. This is a circumstance that booksellers might do well to use as a selling talk. At the same time they can use similar argument to interest those who have not as yet read any of Comfort's novels with Chinese settings.

Sarah Comstock.

An author who has won distinction because of the merit of her novels is Sarah Comstock whose books "The Valley of Vision," and "The Soody" were deservedly popular. But her latest novel "The Daughter of Helen Kent" excells her previous books. Helen Kent's marriage, fair at the beginning was turned to tragedy by her husband's desertion, after which all beauty to her was an illusion. She enters business life and all the beauty and idealism she suppressed in herself came out in her daughter "Bec." The book, properly, is the story of "Bec."

It is a strong story and one that will enlist the selling enthusiasm of the bookstore people who read it for themselves.

Punch's Books.

Almost everybody who reads knows "Punch," the famous English humorous weekly. An excellent combination of wit, humor, satire, and solid information is found in the three books recently issued, drawing their material from "Punch." There is "Punch Drawings," by F. H. Townsend, which consists of nearly three hundred humorous drawings and cartoons. "Punch's History of Modern England" is a four volume edition covering the period from 1841 to 1914. "Punch's History of the War" continues to be of interest, while the latest announcement is a "Punch's Lloyd George," which will follow the career of the little Welshman as seen from week to week in "Punch." These books make a remarkably fine set for any home. They will provide entertainment for odd moments of leisure.

Ellis, Havelock, "Little Essays in Love and Virtue." Toronto, McClelland & Stewart. This new book is timely in view of the opposing contentions of the pros and cons as to the question of whether the world is better or worse than it was a generation or more ago. In any event the author asserts that the postulation that the world can be remodeled, is a discovery of the 19th and 20th centuries, improved knowledge being characterized as the means of breaking through the sentimentality and platitudes that have sheathed family life. More passion for that which really counts is given as the real need of the world to undo the work of Hate, if we are to add gaiety and pleasure in life to the sum of human achievement.

"A Child's Garden of Stories."

"A Child's Garden of Stories," by Miss M. E. Paterson, a Toronto lady, is an ever-welcome book for children. It is a delight to find a combination such as Miss Paterson's work, an excellent children's book and by a Canadian author. The stories are delightfully illustrated by Estelle M. Kerr, and the book is put out with beauty as to format and get-up that characterizes Macmillan's, who have put out this volume.

OVER 100,000 SOLD.

It is a notable fact that over 100,000 copies have been sold in the U. S. of Miss Edith M. Hull's remarkable novel "The Sheik." The outstanding merit of this book is realistic manner in which the atmosphere of desert life is conveyed to the reader.

Aids for the Specialist Collector

THE book collector to the average person is a man who finds a queer sort of satisfaction in amassing dog-eared, frowsy, old volumes which are without the faintest trace of interest to anyone but himself and his kind. Here and there no doubt is a man of that sort—a relic of long past days, when life was more leisurely and the printing press had not begun to shake the earth with its roar and clatter—but he is not entitled to be called a collector, in the modern meaning of the word, anyway. Acquirer or accumulator are better terms to apply to him, for the collector of these modern days is a being of an entirely different stamp. Not for him the rubbish which lies about the foot of the mountainous and fast growing mass of literature. He casts his glance searchingly about for what seems to him most desirable, and forthwith, disregarding all else, proceeds to make it his own. This means, of course, that, in keeping with the spirit of the age, he is a specialist. One can't read everything, and furthermore, space is limited. Therefore, what particularly appeals to him suffices the modern collector.

These remarks are apropos of three small pamphlets in a series of "Bibliographies of Modern Authors," which have just been issued by Leslie Chaundy & Co., London, setting forth in full bibliographical detail, evidencing a great deel of research and care on the part of the compiler, I. A. Williams, the various publications in prose and verse of three authors, admired by the aforesaid specialist collector. These authors are Robert Bridges, "Our late Elizabethan," as Andrew Lang once termed him—the present English poet laureate; John Masefield, laureate of the sea and student of the human heart, and George Moore, once a "rank outsider" among writers, but now (so strangely acts the whirligig of time) approved of and accepted by the elect. All three bibliographies were first printed in the London Mercury, and now appear in amplified form after having been revised by the various authors concerned, and are therefore, presumably, complete and accurate.

The Bridges bibliography lists a total—including revised issues, books with introductions, etc—of 73 items, beginning with the "Poems" of 1873, and coming down to "October, and other Poems," issued in 1920. At least two omissions—neither very important—have been noticed: Miss A. Buckton's "Through Human Eyes" (Oxford-Daniel, 1901), which has a prefatory poem by Mr. Bridges, and "Ode to Music" (1896). It may be mentioned in passing that the black letter edition of "The Growth of Love" and "Hymns from" (not "For" as the bibliography has it) "the Yattenden Hymnal," issued by Daniel and noted as without date, were published in 1890 and 1899, respectively.

The Masefield bibliography describes or mentions no less than 79 separate items, counting revised editions, books for which the author has written prefaces, introductions or notes to, or which he has edited, selected or seen through the press. This number, however, large as it is, considering that Masefield's first book appeared only in 1902, is not complete, as a number of books which had their first, or only, publication in the United States must be added, as follows:

"The Everlasting Mercy, and the Widow in the By Street" (first collected edition). New York, 1912.

"The story of a Round House, and other Poems" (including "Eauber"). New York, 1912.

"Salt Water Poems and Ballads" (first collected edition), New York, 1916.

"The Locked Chest, and The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight" (first published edition), New York, 1916 (500 copies).

"The War and the Future" (first publication, preceding "St. George and the Dragon," (which included this lecture, issued in London in 1919), New York, 1918.

"Poems," by Cecil Roberts (Pref. by Masefield), New York, 1919.

"Collected Poems" (with Pref.), New York, 1919.

"Collected Plays" (with Pref.), New York, 1919.

The Moore bibliography lists 47 separate items, including books for which the author has written prefaces or introductions together with two books relating to his work. As the compiler points out, it would have been impossible, out of consideration of size, to record in the pamphlet all the revisions which many of Mr. Moore's books have undergone, many of them to such an extent as to make them altogether new books. A notable instance of this—which the compiler has wisely recognized—is his "Lewis Seymour and Some Women," which is a re-writing of "A Modern Lover." Another is "Muslin" which is a re-writing of "A Drama in Muslin," while another is "Evelyn Innes," which, first appearing in 1898 as a regular cloth volume, was reissued in sixpenny form in 1910, almost wholly rewritten.

One omission from the list may be noted, namely: Augustus M. Moore's "Walnuts and Wine," which includes "A Russian Story," and "Darling! How Long Shall I be Thine?" by George Moore.

It may be of interest to mention here that a copy of Mr. Moore's third book, "Pagan Poems," with the title-page (which was torn from nearly all copies by the publisher and the volumes sold for waste-paper), brought $370 at auction in New York a few weeks ago.

R. H. HATHAWAY.

MISS MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL, now acclaimed as the outstanding literary woman of Canada and author of "The Drift of Pinions," whose novel, "The Bridge," is being brought out in February by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. In reading an advance copy of the book a leading critic has said: "So far there has been talent in Canada—this is genius." "The Bridge" is a story of the Great Lakes.

A New Translation of Rostand

"Plays of Edmond Rostand." Translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman. 2 vols. Macmillan, New York, 1921. Macmillan, Toronto, $10.50 the set.

THESE two beautiful volumes, it is safe to prophesy, will remain the definitive edition of Rostand's plays in English, and they will do much for the fame of the author with purely English readers. The work of translation has been done in a most unusually satisfying way. It would be difficult to think of any French dramatist, the rendering of whose plays into English would be more calculated to give pause to the translator. The exquisite poetry, the delicacy and finsh of form, the author's love of manipulating language to secure effects of surprise, his witticisms, his puns, his unique power of making language a medium for the expression of his exuberant spirits, now whimsical, now exalted, might well prove the despair of one who sought to reproduce them. Mrs. Norman has very unusual qualifications for her work. In the first place she must read Rostand as if he had written in her native tongue. But she has also a command of English and a native cleverness in conveying the atmosphere of a scene that is constantly a surprise and a delight to the reader. One hardly knows whether to admire more her capacity to turn beautiful passages of poetry into exquisite English verse, or her success in reproducing the marvels of verbal dexterity which one would have been inclined to pronounce untranslateable. Indeed it is very rarely that one is reminded that he is reading a translation. A single example, taken from "Chantecleer," not more felicitous than multitudes of others, must illustrate the point. The Guinea Hen (the social climber) is holding a reception, and is beside herself with delight that all the great of the earth are her guests. She confides her happiness to the Phesant.

Magpie: (announcing) The Guinea Pig.
Guinea: The famous one that was inoculated. You've heard about him? I have heard it stated 'twas *anti-toxin*—and we have him here! I've everybody!
(To the Guinea Pig) How d'y'do? (To the Pheasant) My dear, Let me present my friend . . . He's really big, Hyphen, you know . . . yes, Guinea-Hyphen-Pig. The Gobbler lectures near the Currant Patch, By the Tea Roses . . . club teas . . . dear, you catch the thought?
(To a passing Hen) How do you do to you? Club teas and current topics! Ah, that's new to you? (Whirling about).
I've everybody! I've the Golden Pheasant.
The Duck—it's really Duke you know,—it's present:
I have . . ."

Chantecleer's attempt to give the petty, mocking soul of the Blackbird a chance to comprehend eternal verities is another excellent piece of work. Where the essentials are so good it is perhaps captious in a Canadian reviewer to wish that Mrs. Norman did not make "Messiah" rhyme with "aspire."

No name in modern literature recalls more inevitably the age-old struggle between classical and romantic ideals than that of Rostand. Those to whom all romanticism is anathema would praise his whimsical humor, his amazing verbal gymnastics, his delight in the picturesque and the unexpected, or even the charm of his poetry. They would be willing to be generous in eulogy as long as they were not expected to treat his ideas seriously—to consider his plays as great literature. And yet there is a persuasive grace about his work that might disarm the most extreme of classicists. Here is no idealistic dreamer divorced from a proper sense of reality, luxuriating in empty wonder, and worshipping the iridescent projections of his own temperament. There is no question here of the exaltation of a meaningless liberty, of rights apart from duties, of vague longings and undefinable desires. On the contrary, Rostand delights in this present world of men. He chides their follies but he finds in them all the divine spark which may recognize the Light in which alone is peace. To be loyal to the highest that one knows—this is the prescription for all human satisfaction. His idealism has a function like that of poetry in dealing with tragic things—it provides a centre of regularity in the midst of contending passions, upon which the mind retreats to possess itself in calm, which steadies the nerve and dulls the ache of passion. It enables Cyrano to dispense with success and even with Loxane's love; the Samaritan woman finds her delight in life rising new-born from the ashes of her dead sins. It transforms even the egotism of Chantecleer's devotion and enables him to rebuild his shattered faith.

It is not as a solemn moralist, however, that Rostand preaches his gospel. It breathes almost unnoticed through scenes of flashing wit, and is often quite forgotten in the intoxication of his delight in verbal dexterity or in the pageantry of colour and form in which he revels. But not even a child can miss the point. The only serious distinction is between the ignoble and noble, between the base and upright, between the unwisdom of the selfish and the sanity of devotion to something beyond self. And it is with the engaging simplicity of a little child that this brilliant worker in intellectual ores bids us behold the beauty of goodness. In his inaugural address to the Academy he praises the freedom from coarseness in the work of Bornier, his predecessor, and quotes that poet's lines:—

Si j'avais cédé, lâche ou traître,
Au démon que j'ai combattu,
Je sais qui me louerait, peut-être . . .
Toi, ma fille, que dirais-tu?

Rostand's comment is "les vers sont exquis." One can hardly believe that he was conscious that he himself was performing such a courageous act in pronouncing such a judgment in such a place.

All lovers of good literature will rejoice in the appearance of these volumes. To many an English reader who remembers Rostand's vogue in his own country, they will serve as a reminder that the beauty of high ideals makes its appeal to Frenchmen as to Englishmen. It is a lesson in elementary truth of which we cannot too often be reminded.

"Masters of Men" is a new novel coming from the author of "Simon Called Peter." It is a Constable publication, and will be issued in Canada by Goodchild's.

"The Venetian Lovers" is a new novel by Sir Philip Gibbs, being published in England by Hutchinsons, and which Goodchild's have for Canada.

Earliest Roberts Animal Stories

The Editor, Canadian Bookman.

Sir: Will you allow me to correct a statement made in your notice of the uniform edition of Charles G. D. Roberts' animal stories, just issued by the Macmillan Company, which appeared in your January issue? The statement in question is the one that the year 1900 saw the publication of the first of the volumes of Mr. Roberts "in which the dramatis personæ consist largely of animals instead of human beings." As a matter of fact, Mr. Roberts' first "animal story" book appeared in 1896 under the title, "Earth's Enigmas," being published by Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston and New York, in their "Red Eagle Series," and bearing the copyright date of 1895. The volume is prefaced by the following "Author's Note":

Most of the stories in this collection have already appeared in the pages of English, American and Canadian periodicals. For kind courtesies in regard to the reprinting of these stories my thanks are due to the Editors of Harper's Magazine, Longman's Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, The Cosmopolitan, Lippincott's Magazine, The Independent, The Toronto Globe, Harper's Bazaar, and The Youth's Companion.

I have not searched diligently to trace the first publication of these stories (which, by the way, it must be said, are not all to be described as having animals for their dramatis personæ), but there can be no question about Mr. Roberts having had the start of Ernest Thompson Seton, if not also of Rudyard Kipling, as a writer of animal stories.

I might mention here that the second edition of "Earth's Enigmas" appeared in 1903, with the imprint of Page & Co., Boston, three new stories being added and three of the old ones dropped.

It may be interesting to quote here a letter of Mr. Roberts, which is inserted in my copy of the first edition of "Earth's Enigmas":

King's College,
Windsor, N.S.,
April 30th, 1895.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball:

(I don't know which of you is at home now, so I write collectively and impersonally).

Dear Sirs: I have to-day sent you by registered mail the MS. of my volume of short stories—"Earth's Enigmas"—complete, except for one tale, "The Romance of an Ox Team," which is to appear at once in Lippincott's Magazine. In the list of contents I

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

have given (not for publication) the names of the periodicals in which the stories have appeared.

May I ask you to let me have your report on the MS. at the earliest possible date, as I have a publisher waiting to take the work if you do not want it. I had promised to give you the first chance at it, so I put it together as quickly as possible after my return from N.Y. It is a quite different volume from that which I planned at first, under the title of "Tales from the Backwoods," a volume of better work and more distinct flavor.

I saw John Lane in New York, and he will probably take the English edition of these stories.

An early answer will greatly oblige

Yours very sincerely,
Charles G. D. Roberts.

Evidently Stone & Kimball did not rise to the opportunity offered them by Mr. Roberts, for the book, as indicated above, was published by an entirely different firm.

By the way, I wonder if any reader can say whether John Lane or anybody else took the English edition of these stories. I have never been able to trace such an edition.

R. H. HATHAWAY.

New Volume by Beatrice Redpath

ALL old readers of The Canadian Bookman, and we trust most new ones also, are familiar with the delicate and elusive verse of Beatrice Redpath, much of whose work since her earlier volume, "Drawn Shutters," has been published in our columns. She has now brought out "White Lilac" (Gundy, Toronto; Lane, London, 3s 6d), a little volume of eighty pages, containing some twenty-eight poems, of which only two are of more than lyric proportions—and even they are of lyric beauty though dramatic in intention. The first piece, which gives title to the book, depicts three moments in the life of the Greek courtesan Phryne, and is a very subtle and effective statement of the spiritual value of the highest physical beauty, "too high for all but reverence." And "The Lie" is a discussion between two sailors, vaguely revealing a dramatic situation which would be commonplace but for the extraordinary heightening which it receives from Mrs. Redpath's masterly use of beautiful words.

We know of no other writer of the period who has a greater power of evoking a sense of the poignancy of great beauty than Mrs. Redpath. One might have supposed that stars and apple blossom had been exhausted as symbols of imperishable beauty; but she brings them to life again with a dexterous touch, an adjective of colour, an alternation of vowel sounds, a haunting melody of words, and their spell is flung as effectively as ever. Here is a small instrument, a reed pipe in the dim-lit woods, a candle in a shadowy room; but these things have power to move the human heart to an exquisite emotion that the full orchestra, the blaze of daylight, cannot compass. The world would sooner give up all Milton than the hundred lines of Sappho.

Fear the Greatest Evil.

"All the miseries wrought by sin and sickness put together would not equal those we bring on ourselves by fear," says Basil King in his new book, telling how he himself fought and conquered this greatest of life's enemies. In "The Conquest of Fear" he says that every one is dogged by fear in some form or another. The great merit of this book is that it not only shows how useless and unnecessary this haunting anxiety, but shows the way to conquer fear.

More About the Mons

THE supply of information concerning the behaviour of the vast number of spirits which once inhabited human bodies upon this mundane sphere, but have become detached therefrom by the process known as death, goes on accumulating—for those who are able to accept it as information. The latest Canadian addition is contained in a little brochure of some 70 pages, "edited," if we may use the term, by S. Norris Oughtred and Eric S. Bushell, and published by Rock, Ltd., Westmount, Que. It contains a very circumstantial account of the angelic demonstration at Mons, from which we gather that some rather emphatic measures had to be adopted by the celestial powers to convince the Teutonic "spirits" in the "spirit world" that they must refrain from all acts calculated to help the Germans to win the war. To those accustomed to the spiritualist conception of after-death existence, with its extraordinary (and to many minds repellent) resemblances to the life of the physical world in which we exist today, it will perhaps not be surprising that deceased German generals were actively aiding Von Kluck and Hindenburg, and their forces, in large numbers, and that the Mons angels were sent as a reminder to them of the duties of strict neutrality which they owed to their heavenly rulers. The angels had been preceded by a proclamation (the text of which is given in full, but without mention of its authorship), but there seems to have been some dispute in the spirit world as to the genuineness of this document, for we are told that "many asked for a sign," and many "felt that the ideas set forth in the edict were mistaken ones." The angelic demonstration settled this trouble, for with truly Teutonic respect for overwhelming force, the German spirits ceased to help their living fellow-citizens from that hour. It must have been rather a blow to their pride to see how well the living Germans got along without them for some three years, in spite of being opposed by all the strength that could be afforded to the Allies by the spirits of deceased British, French, Italian and (at any rate after a certain date) American warriors of all periods of history. One narrative in this book tells of the activities of "an ancient British bowman" in a costume reminiscent of Agincourt, who performed prodigies of valour (if an indestructible spirit can exhibit valour), in a trench conflict in Flanders in 1916 or 1917.

This is only the first volume of "Truth From the Spirit World," and future issues are to contain articles by Gladstone on the Washington Disarmament Conference, by the Widow of Nain, and by other eminent disembodied entities. There are important advantages about this species of contributor. He cannot bother the editor with last-minute corrections or demands for proofs. And presumably he will not expect to be paid, at any rate, in worldly coin.

Herbert Symonds---A Memoir

"Memoirs of Herbert Symonds," edited by C. P. Shatford. Renouf, Montreal, $3.

IN the death of Herbert Symonds Canada has lost one of her great men. A student, a scholar, a fearless thinker, a man who never "sat on the fence," but said straight out what seemed to him the truth, careless whether others approved or disapproved. And withal a most humble, modest man, kindly and charitable in his thoughts of others: a Christian gentleman.

His memory we would not willingly let die. It was a happy thought of some friends to produce this volume sketching briefly his life with its many activities, and preserving some of the valuable thoughts which attracted and helped men in his lifetime. It is edited by Canon Shatford and contains his fine memorial sermon on his friend. A happy choice was made of a biographer, Rev. Jas. A. Elliott, known to Canadian readers as "Spectator," who knew much of the inner thoughts of Dr. Symonds, and is evidently in deep sympathy with him. After the memoir come thirty pages of Appreciations which, good as they are, we could well have spared to make room for more thoughts from Dr. Symonds himself. One by Canon Plumptre, his intimate friend, is very touching. But Symonds was too big a man to need Appreciations and we have only ten of his sermons and papers in the book.

These ten are well chosen to represent dominant thoughts in his teachings. The Unity of the Spirit, the Solidarity of the Race, Social Reform, the Religious Outlook, Religion After the War, Life's Struggle, etc. There is a noble sermon on "Our Fallen Heroes," and an interesting lecture to the Dickens Fellowship on "The Old Curiosity Shop."

They are fine utterances, and many who heard them will be glad to have them in permanent form. But we have one criticism to make. They do not represent Dr. Symonds at his best. They are special sermons on special occasions, delivered, one might say, to the general public. But the simple, loving, pastoral teaching to his people which was his great life work, is not sufficiently presented. We have no sermons on the Fatherhood of God or the Brotherhood of Man, the thoughts which dominated his life. The simple little thoughts on Penitence and Prayer and the Son of God and the Tenderness of Christ, by which his people will best remember him, ought to have had one or two specimens in the book. For in these the big, tender heart of the man was at its best.

This is our only criticism. Apart from this, the editors may be congratulated on a worthy memorial of the friend whom so many loved, and the publishers on producing a handsome and attractive book. It ought to have a wide sale in Canada.

The Writing on the Wall

FROM "The Writing on the Wall," by H. Glynn-Ward, (Sun Publishing Co., Ltd., Vancouver), we gather that Vancouver and Victoria, peaceful and delightful cities though they appear to the uninstructed eye, are really the scenes at this moment of a stupendous conflict, carried on with all the arts of the most atrocious criminality, between the White Man and the Yellow Man for the economic and political control of the Pacific Coast. The extensive employment of fiction is one of the most interesting and up-to-date features of the anti-Oriental propaganda now going on not only in our own West, but in the Pacific States. It is hardly possible to take up a novel by any writer west of Calgary or Salt Lake City without being made to shiver at the prospect of ten million Chinese and ten million Japanese, all criminals, but all devoted to their respective empires, all living on two cents a day but all enormously wealthy, becoming the predominant landholders, factory owners and voters of the western part of this continent. Even so peaceful a person as Robert Watson is touched by it, but it takes H. Glynn-Ward to do the thing thoroughly. We surmise that one perusal of "The Writing on the Wall," and two drinks of British Columbia whisky should make the most kind-hearted British Columbian go out and kill six Chinese laundrymen with his bare hands. Eastern Canadians may find it less provocative, though not necessarily less entertaining; for somehow all the propagandists suggest quite distinctly that the Orientals do not want anything farther east than the Rocky Mountains—or is it that to a Pacific Coast propagandist there is nothing east of the Rockies that even a Jap could possibly want?

"The Writing on the Wall" is, apart from its special purpose of stimulating hostility towards Orientals domiciled in Canada, a very breezy and well-written tale about Coast politicians and police, and gambling-den owners and labour "padrones" and other very picturesque persons. The localization is so extreme that the author finds it necessary to premise that all the characters are purely "fictionary," which will not prevent many readers from fitting caps. The temptation to do so is much enhanced by the uniform unpleasantness of all but two of the people in the novel. Even Upton Sinclair has seldom done so highly-coloured a portrait-gallery of "enemies of the people." We should like to see this author at work on a story told for its narrative value alone, and not for the sermon to be taught by it.

A Novel of the Acadian Marshes

MEN of the Marshes, by John Frederic Herbin (Goodchild, Toronto, $2.00), is a tale about very interesting people in very interesting surroundings. Its scene is the marshy valley of the Gaspereau, with its great meadows of Grand Pre, with Cape Blomidon mistily outlined to the north, and with miles and miles of dyked land threatening ever and again to go back to the sea from which it was reclaimed. Its characters are several old farmers (Scottish and English) of the district, two newly arrived Englishmen, a returned Acadian, and the young women of the farmers' families. They are not at all conventionalized, and one feels that to Mr. Herbin's mind they are very much alive and self-moving. Yet the story as a whole is not completely satisfactory, and leaves a feeling that a larger amount of the technique of the novelist, a thing not to be acquired save by practice, will enable Mr. Herbin to do much more effective work. An over-conscious effort to reduce everything to dialogue leads to some pages of conversation that do nothing but convey a fact that could have been told in a single sentence. And there is a great deal of mystification of the reader which is not relieved by the feeling that he is being carried along towards a solution. These are purely defects in the technique of the tale-teller, defects which can readily be cured by practice and attention.

Jen, the heroine, is the daughter of a not too prosperous Grand Pre farmer, and is on the whole a very charming picture. Everything that we see of her is natural and in character, but we do not see enough or rather, what we see is not exhibited in sufficiently clear a light. For Mr. Herbin in his desire to produce a naturalistic picture, has omitted all focussing, allowing very unimportant characters continually to take up our attention at times when we should like to be preoccupied with Jen and her handsome English lover. The life of rural Nova Scotia needs a chronicler, and we look forward to seeing Mr. Herbin doing much useful work in this capacity.

Married?

None of the swift grace and wit that so marked "Bambi," "Cinderella Jane," and "The Cricket," is lacking from "Married?" by Marjorie Benton Cooke (Gundy) and it presents a situation more ingenious, and productive of even more thrilling and humorous incident.

It is the story of the sole heirs of two families, Marcia Livingston and Dennis Shawn, separated by an old feud, and even more by their condition—Dennis in California, penniless, and Marcia in New York, heiress to millions, affianced in bored indifference to a man she did not love. How, in order to prevent a disaster, Dennis and Marcia are legally married by wire and how, after incredible adventures, the technical marriage, with its provision of annulment within six months, turns into a real marriage to last unto eternity—makes a novel that jaded readers will be grateful for.

New Poetry Volumes.

Four new volumes of poetry from the Cornhill Publishing Co. are, "Sea Lanes," by Burt Franklin Jenness; "With Star and Grass," by Anna Spencer; "On the Des Moines," by James Cloyd Bowman, and "Tree Top Mornings," by Ethelwyn Wetherald, a Canadian poet.

THE COPYRIGHT SITUATION IN U. S. AND CANADA.

The following is the text of an important letter on copyright legislation in the United States and Canada written by Mr. G. Herbert Thring, Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers of Great Britain, and appearing in the Literary Supplement of the London Times:

Sir: The evolution of copyright legislation in the United States should be of interest to readers of the Literary Supplement, many of whom are owners of copyright property. There are but few, however, who appear to have knowledge of the rights they possess as owners of that property. The copyright in books is mainly dealt with in this letter, as the portion of a law dealing with book publication is more difficult and complicated than the portion dealing with other kinds of copyright property.

The Copyright Law in the United States was revised in 1873, when the first Act of any importance was passed. Under that Act no one who was not a citizen of the United States could obtain copyright in that country. In consequence there were but few authors and very little native literature, as almost every attempt to obtain a livelihood by authorship was undersold by pirated copies of the literature of other countries. Various amendments to this Act followed, but nothing that touched International relations until 1891, when an Act, commonly known as the Chace Act, gave a chance to the foreigner to obtain copyright and at once gave a stimulus to the production of American literature. The benefits of this Act were extended to foreigners when the foreign country gave to American citizens "the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens." There was no need for a formal treaty, as a Proclamation of the President declared whether any country did grant copyright on the lines indicated. Great Britain, its Dominions, Colonies and Dependencies did gain by this Act; but there were certain serious drawbacks, the chief of which lay in the fact—patent in the Copyright Legislation of every country young in literary works—the Governments considered it was more important to conciliate the trade than to protect the property of the author from whose brain the work sprang.

The following points will illustrate some of the author's difficulties:

1. In the case of a book photograph, chromo or lithograph, it must be printed from type set within the limits of the United States or from plates made therefrom or from negatives or drawings on stone made within the limits of the United States.

2. The title of the work and two copies (now by amendment limited to one) had to be filed at Washington not later than the day of publication.

3. A copyright notice in special form had to be printed in every copy so produced.

4. In the case of a book published in the English language, the requirements of the Act must be carried out within a certain time from the publication of the work outside the States.

5. Complicated difficulties—revealed by case law subsequently—arose in obtaining the registration of copyright in an author's name when the work was published serially.

The performance of an unpublished work was protected by common law, as performance under the Act did not amount to publication. In consequence many dramatists kept control of their works by non-publication of their manuscript.

This Act of 1891 was modified by the Act of 1909 in several minor points, in which were included:

1. It became possible to obtain statutory copyright in unpublished works "of which copies were not reproduced for sale."

2. Publication with notice of ownership of the copyright became essential for obtaining copyright and not registration at Washington as heretofore. But type-setting was still a *sine qua non* for books published in the English language.

It is impossible in a short article to analyse the whole Act, but it is essential to point out the main difficulties under which British subjects labour. In addition the Act is badly drafted and difficult of interpretation. A great American copyright authority confessed that one clause alone could be interpreted in four different ways.

The great obstacle in the way of International progress was and still is the type-setting clause promoted by the Typographical Union, which is one of the most powerful unions in the States. For many years the publishers, headed by George Haven Putnam and the Authors' League, with the authors and dramatists at its back, have been crying out against the clause which, while it did not really benefit the Union of Typographers, was a serious impediment in the evolution of a civilized nation. Strong words have been spoken against it, and none stronger than those uttered by the Americans themselves. The secretary of the Authors' League set about collecting evidence. When he had gathered sufficient and it all tended to show that the printing clause gave no real benefit to the trade, he approached the heads of the union, not once, but many times. Finally, after many conferences and discussions, in the summer of the present year the typographers are recorded as having expressed a willingness to make no opposition to legislation abrogating the manufacturing provisions. A public notice to that effect was printed in the *Publishers' Weekly* (U.S.A.). Further minor amendments have been made during the war to protect the copyrights both in Great Britain and the States, referring to the time limit under which it is possible to obtain copyright for a book.

By the latest amendment it is possible to obtain copyright in the United States by filing at Washington a copy of the work as published in Great Britain, within sixty days of publication, and by *publishing* the book from type set in the U.S.A., subject to the other technicalities of the U.S.A Act, within four months from the date of filing.

It is necessary now to turn for a moment to Canadian copyright, for the evolution of legislation in Canada depends a great deal on, and is interlocked with, that of the United States. Canada is more than six years behind in copyright legislation. She has never, like the other Dominions, adapted to her own requirements the British Act of 1911. This is partly owing to the difficulties with the United States and partly to the indifference of the Canadian Government towards the protection of authors' property. In the winter of 1920, the British Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers sent out its secretary to Canada and the United States to investigate the position. The intrigues and lobbyings connected with the Canadian efforts cannot be chronicled in detail; suffice it that as in the United States so in Canada the trade holds the dominant influence; and a law was passed in 1921 clearly bearing out this view But the law is not to be proclaimed by the Governor-General in Council until it is in accord with the Berne Convention, and is not antagonistic to the rights of Canadian authors in Great Britain and the United States. The British Government is not likely to oppose the Act either so far as it refers to those countries, Colonies and Dependencies governed by the Act of 1911, or so far as the Berne Convention is concerned.

It would be a serious matter then if the Canadian Government proclaimed the Act without a proper settlement with the United States. For the Act is drafted with a view of obtaining retaliatory measures against the printing clause in the present United States Act.

In the meantime, those interested in the further development of copyright legislation in the States are hurrying forward amendments. It is possible that when the type-setting clause is removed, a duty may be set against the importation of sheets. This seems not unreasonable. (Indeed, all retributory measures in copyright should be taken through the Customs, rather than through the Copyright Law. If this had been done years ago, much trouble would have been avoided.)

It is probable that the States may still reserve some system of registration which would not contravene the Berne Convention. This, also, is not unreasonable. Indeed, there are many advocates of some form of registration among those interested in copyright property in Great Britain. But whatever alterations and amendments are suggested, it is fervently to be hoped that the whole law will be redrafted and simplified.

It will be seen from this slight survey that both the United States and Canada are on the eve of important changes. It is hoped that the Governments of both countries will consider carefully the ideals that have stimulated copyright legislation of recent years in all civilized countries, and will legislate for the benefit of the owners of the property and not the trade, thus bringing a great literature to their own country and a great addition to the claims of international agreement.

Yours truly,
G. HERBERT THRING.

Among Authors and Bookmen

Major Rodolphe Girard, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Croix de Guerre, Officer de l'Instruction Publique, author of many noted books and plays, has just published a social and political comedy in four acts entitled "Les Ailes Cassees." The scene is laid in Montreal and Ottawa. The play is to be translated into English.

Captain C. E. Lart, who is the author of the article, "Eye-Witnesses' Accounts of the British Repulse of Ticonderoga," in the December Canadian Historical Review, is doing a great deal of important research work in Canadian history and genealogy in the British Museum and also in France. He writes to The Canadian Bookman: "I have just found a large amount of papers in France dealing with the Acadians of Nova Scotia, and these will be published by the Canadian Archives Department. They practically reconstitute the parochial registers of Acadia (lost or destroyed after the expulsion), of Cobequid, Pisiguit, Minas (Grand Pré), and Rivière aux Canards, and in many cases give the pedigree back to the first settler from France." Captain Lart's knowledge of early Canadian pedigrees, both French and English, is very extensive. His address is First House, Harlyn Bay, Padstow, Cornwall, England.

Mr. C. C. Pemberton has resigned from the position of secretary of the Victoria and Islands Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, but remains an active and earnest adherent of the branch. He is replaced by Mrs. Dorothy Bishop, widely known under her pen-name of H. Cheriton Hilgate, and also over her own signature, as a writer of forceful and sincere verse which has found a resting-place in such discerning periodicals as the Westminster Gazette and the Royal Colonial Institute Journal. Several new names are added to the executive committee of the branch, which now consists of the four chief officers, already named in a recent issue, and L. Adams Beck, George Dyke, Lieut.-Colonel Flick, Major F. V. Longstaff, C. C. Pemberton, Marjorie C. T. Pickthall, R. Sheldon-Williams, and two honorary members in the persons of Editor C. Swayne, of the Colonist and Editor B. C. Nicholas of the Times.

W. Everard Edmonds, whose "Studies in Western Provincial Government" have been appearing in the Edmonton Journal, will contribute a series of brief historical articles during 1922 to the Canadian Magazine on "Great Days in Our Empire's History."

Many Canadians of English as well as of French tongue will be interested to know that La Revue Moderne, the Montreal monthly edited by Mme. Huguenin, published in its December issue a practically complete list of the works by Canadian authors in the French language which are procurable from the trade. It included about 250 titles. The number of important French-Canadian works which are out of print is unfortunately very large, a situation which is good for the collector, but bad for literature.

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LITERARY NOTICE.

One of the more important of the forthcoming publications of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited is the first collected volume of verse by Louise Morey Bowman. The title of the volume will probably be "Moonrise and Common Day," though we understand this detail is not finally settled.

Mrs. Bowman's work is very well and favorably known to lovers of verse, particularly of the more modern manner of it. She has attracted attention by her contributions to important and tasteful publications in Canada, England and the United States, and is assured of a very receptive public.

The January Canadian Forum is an interesting number, containing a cleverly-written short story by P. A. W Wallace (in which truth to character is preferred to conventional heroics) and a brief and pithy letter by Basil King in reply to Professor Fairley's December criticism of Canadian Authors' Week. Professor J. A. Dale deals with the criticism of Canadian university education recently formulated by Secretary Foran of the Civil Service Commission on the strength of the failure of candidate to pass the Commission's test of "general knowledge," and concludes that the test was not one of "general knowledge" in any proper sense, and that the questions asked should have been directed to a "prospective specialist"—say, "a student in a University School of Commerce."

The Bookman's Journal and Print Collector, of London, England, operated as a weekly for nearly two years, has been converted into a monthly, and can be obtained on this side from R. R. Bowker Co., 62 West 45th Street, New York, at 50 cents (two shillings in England). The Journal has made itself very serviceable to collectors, and has a distinguished list of contributors. An article in the January issue by M. Annesley on "'Bulls' in Books" should be read and noted by many Canadian novelists.

Books Received

Fiction

"Connor, Ralph (Rev. C. W. Gordon), "To Him That Hath", McClelland, Toronto.—Characterization and method closely similar to those of "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock" are here applied to a tale that has a good deal to do with the economic disturbances of the present era in big industrial cities. Ralph Connor seeks to be a mediator between capital and labour, and his book will undoubtedly be widely read, and may exert considerable influence.

Hine, Muriel, "Torquil's Success", Gundy, Toronto, $2.00.—Good example of Miss Hine's vivid and highly-coloured narrative, with a noble-hearted author and a terribly naughty lady aristocrat as chief personages. The professional English novel in full vigour.

Jacobsen, J. Peter, "Niels Lyhne", Gundy, Toronto, $2.25.—Jacobsen is one of the fathers of modern Scandinavian literature, and this is his most important and probably most autobiographical novel. But its interest is largely historical, and this translation is not likely to rival in popularity the versions of Hamsun and Bojer, which are so widely read in English-speaking countries.

Maher, Richard Aumerle, "The Works of Satan", Macmillan, Toronto, $2.00.—A good novel, or rather series of loosely-strung episodes, if one can forget the extreme impossibility of the means by which each successive episode is brought about. One can imagine a village in Northern New York being turned upside down once, or even twice, by a lie told by the village prevaricator for no other reason than so to turn it, but not every week for years on end. By the author of "The Hills of Desire."

Phillpotts, Eden, "Eudocia", Macmillan, Toronto, $2.25.—Mr. Phillpotts is an exceptionally hard-working novelist whose industry can be devoted as readily to the resuscitation of the late Byzantine Empire as to the depicting of modern Cornwall. All of his works afford pleasure to Phillpottsites, and some in varying degrees to those who are not of that clan. We doubt if "Eudocia," in spite of its background of Oriental gorgeousness lavishly painted, will appeal to a very wide public.

Robinson, Edwin Meade, "Enter Jerry", Macmillan, Toronto, $2.00.—The fashion for autobiographies of one's school days has spread to Indiana. Mr. Robinson was a nice boy, and as interesting as most. But the autobiography fiction of adolescent life begins to pall a little. By the author of "Pipings and Pannings."

Stringer, Arthur, "Are All Men Alike?" McClelland, Toronto. — Two stories, of little more than ordinary short-story proportions, told with a technical dexterity that Mr. Stringer has acquired in years of conscientious work. The first contains little more than technique, though its central thought, that of the girl who uses the power of sex to obtain from men the things that she wants and fails to realize the obligations that she thus incurs, is one of the most useful in all American fiction for serious writers, and one that Mr. Stringer could handle seriously to fine effect. The second is laid in Kent County, Ont., and is a big piece of work—perhaps with just a little too much attention to the momentary thrill and too little of the permanent satisfaction of the reader.

Walpole, Hugh, "The Young Enchanted", McClelland, Toronto.—Mr. Walpole has an amazing variety of styles at his command. This book is an example of his ultra-romantic—a blend of Mr. Locke and Compton Mackenzie. It contains no rememberable persons, but it is full of action and pleasant sentiment, and it just grazes the War, and lots of people will be delighted with it.

Non-Fiction.

Blymyer, William H., "The Isolation Plan", Cornhill, Boston, $2.00.—A project for ending war by "general disarmament, arbitration and the sanction of non-intercourse." Discipline is to be enforced on recalcitrant nations by economic boycott, instituted by an international court after an impartial hearing. The author maintains that this involves a minimum of interference with national sovereignty.

Bowen, Minnie Hallowell, "The Story of the Lone Pine," Mrs. Cecil Bowen, Sherbrooke, Que.—A little brochure of verses, narrating in imaginative form the life-history of the great pine-tree in the St. Francis River which was blown down in 1913 after a life of many hundreds of years. Mrs. Bowen has admirable command of versification, and varies her metre her tempo and her style in close conformity with her subject. The content of her message, while not profound, is suggestive and impressive, and the whole short work will give pleasure and profit.

Brown, Alice, "One Act Plays", Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50.—This volume by the author of that brilliant novel. "The Wind Between the Worlds," contains two or three of the best short plays of the recent American stage ("Joint Owners in Spain" is almost as good as anything of Lady Gregory's) and at least two of the worst. But the volume is necessary to any collection of the better-class American drama. The author should keep away from sentimental love episodes; the Broadway playwright does them much better.

Bryce, James (Viscount), "Canada An Actual Democracy", Macmillan, Toronto, $1.00.—The very important chapters on Canada from Viscount Bryce's monumental work, "Modern Democracies," arranged in a convenient volume for Canadians. The book has already been extensively adopted as a college text.

LACEY AMY

Canadian Author, who writes under the pen name of Luke Allen. His latest novel is "The Lone Trail."

GENE STRATTON PORTER

An interesting photo of The Limberlost Author.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

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Canadian Short Stories From Periodicals

By Robert Max Garrett

FAR from thinking that the present compilation represents a complete bibliography of Canadian short stories which have appeared in magazines, I realize that my selection of authors lays me liable to severe criticism, and that my lists of stories are woefully incomplete. Nevertheless, I know of no similar work, a work the need of which I have repeatedly felt while building up a course in Canadian Literature. My hope in submitting such a list to the Canadian public, and my sole excuse for so doing, is that the list may be made the object of attack by scholars who are able and willing to supplement and correct it, so that eventually a list may be accessible which the student can consult with profit.

I have leaned too heavily on two excellent guides, namely, Francis J. Hannigan's "The Standard Index of Short Stories 1900-1914" (Boston, 1918), and Ina Ten Eyck Firkins' "Index to Short Stories" (White Plains, N.Y., 1915). In most cases I have been unable to check up on the data contained in these books, which is, of course, a confidence well placed, if unscholarly. I feel sure that many important works as well as authors have escaped me, through not having access to files of Canadian magazines and literary supplements to Canadian newspapers, and to a complete index to British magazines. At any rate I can only hope that those more fortunate will be patient and kind enough to complete this all too inadequate work, so that we may have a guide to this department of literature in which Canada has acquitted herself so worthily.

BLEWETT, MRS. JEAN.

Allan Gillis, Farmer and Scholar Canad. M., 10.433. At Point Aux Pins, Canad. M., 5.140. Barry the Bad, Canad. M., 28.553. The Convert from Camp 2, Canad. Md., 15.434. The Cornflower, Canad. M., 6.315. Dr. Dorothy Treherne, Canad. M., 20.558. An Easter Event, Canad. M., 18.560. Experiences of a Woman Bachelor, Canad. M. 26.154. A Farmer's Daughter, Canad. M., 7.535. Grown Baby, Canad. M., 17.116. Harbour Lights of Home, Canad. M., 20.28. On the Panoka Reserve, Canad. M., 21.458. The Re-Christening of Humpy, Canad. M., 18.271. Word in Season, Canad. M., 36.487.

CAMPBELL, W. W.

Canad. M., 3.527. Love's Tragedy at Scratch's Point, Canad. M., 3.325.

CARMAN, R. R.

"General" Bain of Sandy Beach By the Book, Canad. M., 25.341 Cupid Junior, Canad. M., 38.145. Easter Week at Rome, Canad. M., 32.562. In Marconiland, Canad. M., 32.426. Mamie in Venice, Canad. M., 28.436. My Bridal Trip, Canad. M., 20.10. A Rest Cure, Canad. M., 30.270. Shaw's Comedy, Canad. M., 23.258. The Weaning of Arthur Browning, Canad. M., 28.326. Two Fools, Leslie's M., 55.222.

COTES, MRS. EVERARD.

The Heir Apparent, Harper, 110.625. A Mother in India, Scrib., 33.747; 34.107. The Pool in the Desert, Cent., 66.67.

DE LA ROCHE, MAZO.

Buried Treasure, Atlantic, 116.192. Canadian Ida and English Nell, Metro, 34.279. The Comrade, Canad. M., 43.148. D'ye Ken John Peel, Woman's H. C., 46.14. Explorers of the Dawn, Atlantic, 124.532. Romance, Canad. M., 46.385. Son of a Miser, Mun., 239.750. The Spirit of the Dance, Canad. M., 35.37. The Thief at St. Loo, Mun. 28.182. The Year's at the Spring, Metro., 34.141.

DRUMMOND, W. H.

The Montmorenci Election, Everybody's, 7.97.

DUNCAN, NORMAN.

Animal Shop, Harper, 126.79. Art of Terry Lute, Century, 85.397. Beat t'Harbor, Harper, 107.614. Best of a Bad Job, Harper, 124.410. Black Pawn, Harper, 125.264. Boss of the Gang, Canada M., 25.506. Breaking Camp at Kantara, Harper, 118.516. Breath of the North, McClure, 22.44. By-an'-By Brown of Blunder Cove, Harper, 117.526. Cast Away on Feather's Folly, Cosmo, 41.353. Chase of the Finback Whale, Outing, 44.679. Chase of the Tide, Outing, 44.679; McClure, 17.307. Comedy of Candlestick Cove, Harper, 114.954. Croesus of Gingerbread Cove, Harper, 125.862. Cure of Hezekiah, Harper, 115.940. Diwan or Ahmed Ased-Ullah, Harper, 118.198. Dog With a Bad Name, Outing, 51.705. The Dream of Nageeb Fiami, Canad. M., 25.241. Every Man for Himself, Harper, 113.255. Father for the Baby, Harper, 122.933. Fool of Skeleton Tickle, Outlook, 81.229. For the Hand of Haleem, Atlantic, 86.347. Fruits of Toil, McClure, 19.257. God in Israel, Harper, 126.165. Halfyard's Mutiny, Canad. M., 25.433. Healer from Far-Away Cove, Harper, 105.669. Higgins—A Man's Christian, Harper, 119.165. In the Absence of Mrs. Halloran, Atlantic, 85.255. In the Fear of the Lord, Atlantic, 90.95. John Fairmeadow's Foundling, Harper, 122.298. Judgment of John Fairmeadow, Harper, 122.77. Lamp of Liberty, Atlantic, 85.649. Lee Shore Off Soap-an'-Water, Century, 984.455. Little Romance, Harper, 119.841. Lower Animal, Harper, 124.752. Madonna of the Tinkle Tickle, Atlantic, 110.615. Minstrel, Harper, 117.29. Miracle at Pale Peter's, Harper, 123.239. Ninety-ninth Notch, Harper, 114.633. Of the Real Sea, Outing, 40.590. One Day's Adventures, Harper, 118.133. Ordination of John Fairmeadow, Outl., 97.649. Our Harbor, Outl., 77.846. People from the East, Harper, 106.553. Questing Veteran, Harper, 120.245. Raging of the Sea, McClure, 18.433. Regenerate, Cent., 81.439. Revolution at Satan's Trap, Cent., 74.185. Romance of Whooping Harbor, Harper, 111.268. Santa Claus at Lonely Cove, Atlantic, 92.742. Small Sam Small, Harper, 122.736. Spirit of Revolution, McClure, 15.466. Squall, Harper, 116.826. Stitch in Time, Harper, 122.463. Strength of Men, McClure, 21.532. Suitable Child, Harper, 119.50. Surplus, Harper, 116.749. Sympathetic Part, Harper, 120.858. They Who Lose at Love, Harper, 112.338 Wayfarer, Atlantic, 98.145. With That Measure of Love, Harper, 112.579. Wreck of the Will o' the Wisp, Canad. M., 25.440. Yarn or Sink or Swim, Harper, 108.444. Youngsters of the Seven Seas, Harper, 122.126.

DUVAR, HUNTER

A Modern Perseus, Canad. M., 10.445. Our Abbe, Canad. M., 8.82.

FRASER, W. A.

Ace of Hearts, Canad. M., 24.147. Apostasy of Moung Pyu, Canad. M., 26.523; Metrop. 23.207. Awakening of Rastus, Col., 33.19. Ballygunge Cup, Canad. M., 23.451. Blooding of a Griffin, Col. 33.17. Brave Heart, Sat. E. P., 176.35. Brunswick Diamond, Sat. E. P., 172.75. By the Grace of Chance, Canad. M., 12.216. Capture of the Canton, Lippinc., 71.227. Capture of Sheitan, Canad. M., 13.297. Conversion of Sweet-Grass, Canad. M., Corruptionist, Canad. M., 30.523, Dacoit, 12.216. Chalk Horses, Canad. M., 27.548. Taunia, Canad. M., 24.505. Diplomat's Sacrifice, Canad. M., 23.118. Ek Aukie, the Man Eater, Sat. E. P., 179.6. Finnerty of the Elephant Keddah, Canad. M., 27.163. Fusee Redivivus, Sat. E. P., 177.6. Gaudy Combat. Col. 34.19. Girl from Georgia, Canad. M., 28.265. Glove Stakes, Canad. M., 28.179. Haste of Joe Savarin, McClure, 28.658. Homecoming of the Nakannies, Ladies' H. J., 17.3; Canad. M., 14.207. Infatuation of Ackerly, McClure, 14.222. Little Sister at Saint's Lake, Canad. M., 19.451. Little Smoke and Much Fire, Col. 33.14. Love Affairs of the Twins, Sat. E. P., 173.3. Love and the Capello, Canad. M., 11.11. Mahnet, Harper, 103.268. Marie the Hun, Everybody's, 14.353. Medicine-Making of Naskiwis, Canad. M., 21.19. My Friend the Count, Canad. M., 19.353. Misled Collie, Canad. M., 26.22. Motherhood, Col., 36.22. Muzzled Collie, Metro, 21.717. Nawaz Khan: the Gift of Allah, Sat. E. P., 172.812. Net of Leo, Delin., 2.859. Offcastings of Nichemous, Delin., 58.738. Outcasts, Sat. E. P., 173.1 and four numbers following. Patient Fog Signal, Col., 33.19. Poree

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FRECHETTE, LOUIS.

Weep, Poor Will, Canad. M., 25.499.

HICKMAN, WILLIAM ALBERT.

A-flat Major Polonaise, Cent., 78.504. Antiquity of the "Ronald," Canad. M., 25.224, 320. Compensated, Cent., 80.24, 177, 383. Goosander, Canad. M., 24.67, 120. Man With the Horse's Neck, American, 74.425. New Power, Cent., 78.120. Oriented, Cent., 77.564. Overproof, Cent., 72.399. Unofficial Love Story, Cent., 78.825; 79.32.

JOHNSON, E. PAULINE.

The Haunting Thaw, Canad. M., 29.20.

JONES, ALICE.

At the Harbour Mouth, Canad. M., 26.59, 162. Blue Cloak, Canad. M., 22.419, 538. A Little Immigrant, Canad. M., 28.147.

MACBETH, MADGE.

Adelina, Imitator, Canad. M., 40.140. Case of Philip Cheeseborough, Canad. M., 38.134. Ever-ready Lena, Ladies' H. J., 31.11. Frieda's Engagement, Canad. M., 31.21. Gifts, Canad. M., 32.157. In These Good Enlightened Days, Canad. M., 39.280. Pseudo-Theosophist, Canad. M., 34.164.

MACDONNELL, BLANCHE L.

A Queen of Tatters, Canad. M., 25.258.

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McCLUNG, MRS. NELLIE.

The Live Wire, Canad. M., 27.123. Wedding March, Delin., 73.75.

McCRAE, JOHN.

Civil War, Canad. M., 8.109. Men of Blood, Canad. M., 14.61. Women of St. Honoria's, Canad. M., 14.472.

McILWRAITH, JEAN.

The Assimilation of Christina, Canad. M., 41.607.

McKISHNIE, ARCHIE.

Elopement of Kidnapper Sporum, Canad. M., 31.453. Her Husband's Partner, Canad. M., 40.335. Taking of Scar-Face, Canad. M., 32.356.

McLENNAN, WILLIAM.

A la Gaumine, Harper's W., 48.2000; Canad. M., 41.607. As Told to His Grace, Tales of the French Revolution, Harper, 83.1. A King for a Week, 129; II. Monsieur Le Comte, 255; III. An Adjustment of Accounts, 360; IV. Cache-Cache, 528; V. An Interrupted Story; VII. A Letter, 704. Coureur de Bois, Canad. M., 11.321. A Gentleman of the Royal Guard, Harper, 87.609. Indiscretion of Grosse Boule, Harper, 99.814. Melchoir Stories, Harper, 84; De Littl' Modder, 167; Johnny Rawson and Chunky Peters, 539; La Cabane, 702; La Messe de Minuit, 142; Malouin, 910; Marie, 345. P'ti' Barquette, Harper, 85.71. Question of Courage, Harper, 97.190.

MacMURCHY, MARJORY.

Dissimilarity of Vanessa, Harper's B., 34.264. House of Plutus, Harper's B., 34.900. Playing of the Game, Canad. M., 14.157. Upper Hand, Canad. M., 32.546.

McTAVISH, NEWTON.

A Hurried Postcript, Canad. M., 15.381. My First Sermon, Canad. M., 15.477. My First Sweetheart, Canad. M., 15.157. Thrown In, Canad. M., 54.539; 55.82, 170, 260, 347. An Unposted Letter, Canad. M., 16.367.

MONTGOMERY, MRS. L. M.

Abel and His Great Adventure, Canad. M., 48.355. Akin to Love, Canad. M., 34.143. By Grace of Julius Caesar, Canad. M., 31.412. The Doctor's Sweetheart, Canad. M., 31.154. Each In His Own Tongue, Delin., 76.247. Emily's Husband, Canad. M., 22.78. The Finished Story, Canad. M., 40.108. Garden of Old Delights, Canad. M., 35.154. Hurrying of Ludovic, Canad. M., 25.67. Kismet, Canad. M., 13.228. Parting of the Ways, Canad. M., 28.335. Promise of Lucy Ellen, Delin., 63.268. Quarantine at 16.495. Return of Hester, Canad. M., 33.73. Son of His Mother, Canad. M., 22.469. Story of His Love, Canad. M., 36.487. Tannis of the Flats, Canad. M., 42.275.

PARKER, SIR GILBERT.

At Point of Bugles, Idler, 6.603. At the Mercy of Tiberius, Pall Mall M., 20.4. At the Sign of the Eagle, Liv. Age, 198.264; National R. (London), 21.518. Baron of Beauregard, Idler, 6.395. Buckmaster's Bay, Sat. E. P., 180.10. Camp-Meeting at Mayo, Cosmop., 53.51. Castaway of the South, Eng. Illustr., 9.210. Error of the Day, Everybody, 15.44. Eye of the Needle, Pall Mall M., 19.292. Fielding Had an Orderly, Pall Mall M., 18.4510. Finding of Fingall, McClure, 3.348. Flight of the McMahons, Cosmop., 54.184. Flower of the Flock, Pall Mall M., 22.500. Friend of the Commune, Eng. Illustr., 10.61; Liv. Age, 195.651. George's Wife, Sat. E. P., 180.18. Gift of the Simple King, Idler, 6.255. Girl and the Anarch, Cosmop., 50.35. Going of the White Swan, Scribner, 17.65. Great Minus, Scribner, 54.665. Guest That Tarried, Col., 43.13. House With the Broken Shutter, Eng. Illustr., 12 No. 11. House With the Tall Porch, McClure, 1.5333. Lake of the Great Slave, Idler, 6.143. Level Crossing, Cosmop., 51.175. Little Bell of Honour, Cent., 51.881. Little Widow of Jansen, Sat. E. P., 180.5. Malachi, Alexander Abraham's, Everybody's, Eng. Illustr., 12 No. 29. March of the White Guard, Good Words 32, Christmas No. 51. Man at the Wheel, Canad. M., 13.101; Atlan., 83.785. Marcille, Sat. E. P., 180.20. Mathurin, Liv. Age, 212.112. Michel and Angele, Harper, 101.685, 895. Norah, Col., 44.11. Old Roses, Liv. Age, 194.382. On the Reef of Norman's Woe, Pall Mall M., 19.436. Once at Red Man's River, Sat. E. P., 180.18. Pilot of Belle Amour, Cosmop., 15.334. Pretty Pierre, Eng. Illustr., 9.53. Price of the Grindstone and the Drum, Pall Mall M., 19.149. Rawley's Last Gamble, Canad. M., 30.110. Red Patrol, Eng. Illustr., 12, No. 4.33. Scaret Hunter, Liv. Age, 193.465; Macmillan, 65.376. Singing of the Bees and the White Omen, Eng. Illustr., 12, No. 7.23. Spoil of the Puma, Cosmop., 15.80. Stakes and the Plumb-Line, Everybody's, 14.156. Tall Master, Liv. Age, 195.665; National R. (London), 20.108. "There is Sorrow on the Sea," A Lancashire Story, Idler, 7.297. There Was a Little City, New R., 12.589. Three Commandments in the Vulgar Tongue, Atlant., 73.613. Three McMahons, Cosmop., 51.400. To-morrow, Sat. E. P., 180.11. Treaty of Peace, Sat. E. P., 173.4; Pall Mall M., 21.540. The Tune McGilvray Played, Canad. M., 10.131. Tyrant and the Lady, Sat. E. P., 175.3 and three numbers following. Unpardonable Liar, Eng. Illustr., 11.51, 162. Watching the Rise of Orion, Booklover's M., 7.281. When the Swallows Homeward Fly, Delin., 66.1075. Whisperer, Cosmop., 40.503. White Weaver, Macmillan's M., 66.462. Woman in the Morgue, Liv. Age, 190.333; Macmillan's M., 64.104. Woodman's Story of the Great White Chief, McClure, 2.130. You Never Know Your Luck, Mun., 51.601. Young Lion of Dedan, Sat. E. P., 175.4; Pall Mall M., 27.475.

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE.

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I hereby make application for election as

Regular
Associate Member of the Canadian Authors Association, and in the event of such election I agree
Life

to conform to the Constitution and By-laws of the Association.

My qualifications are:

(Give name of publication or publications in book or magazine form, with date; or play or scenario or other qualifying work).

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Name in full (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) . . . . . .

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ARTICLE 3.

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Section 1.—The membership shall comprise three classes, viz.:—

1.—Regular Members.
2.—Associate Members.
3.—Life Members.

Any writer, dramatist or scenario writer, or other creator of copyrightable literary material of recognized position in his or her profession as author may be admitted at the discretion of the Executive Committee as a regular member.

Other writers, publishers, booksellers, etc., who may have sympathy with the objects of the Association, but who are not considered by the Executive Committee as qualified for full membership, may be admitted, at the discretion of the Executive Committee, as Associate Members, who shall receive the published report of the Association and have the privilege of attending its General Meetings, but shall not have a vote.

EXRACTS FROM BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 6.

Section 1.—All members shall sign the Constitution and By-laws of the Association either in person or by agent, proxy or attorney as the Council may by resolution provide.

Section 4.—The annual dues of the Association shall be $5.00, and shall be paid on the first day of April of each year. Members who shall fail to make payment within thirty (30) days thereafter shall cease to be in good standing, and furthermore, shall be notified of such failure by the Secretary. If within fifteen (15) days after said notice is mailed said dues shall remain unpaid, the Council shall have power to take such action as it may deem proper, and until such action is taken all rights of the member are suspended.

Section 5.—The dues of persons elected to Associate Membership shall be $3.00 per fiscal year. Associate Members shall have no vote in the affairs of the Association.

Section 6.—Any person elected to membership in the Association shall pay his dues within thirty (30) days thereafter, otherwise his election shall be void.

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The constitution of the Canadian Authors Association does not provide for any reduced fees for any portion of the fiscal year, and no matter when a member enters he is liable for the full fee for the fiscal year which may be nearly expired. The maximum concession that could be made in these circumstances was arranged for at the last meeting of the executive, when it was resolved that persons desiring regular membership, and applying after December 1, could be granted Associate status until March 30 for the usual $3 fee but at the same time could be admitted to regular membership to take effect on April 1 next, thus assuring them of the higher status, and of voting power attached to it, in time for the annual meeting.

"Jen," Not "Men."

On page 37 of this issue, in the initial letter of the article under the heading of "A Novel of the Canadian Marshes," should be "J," not "M," as the subsequent references to the title in the article will indicate to the reader. Errors of this nature occasionally slip by the proof-reader's eagle eye.

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For the picture of Bliss Carman in his laurel wreath, as appearing on the cover of this issue, "The Canadian Bookman" is indebted to his publishers, McClelland & Stewart.

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Some Explanations

THE February issue of The Canadian Bookman was produced in Toronto, and was the first to be so produced, as the magazine had, prior to that time, both as quarterly and as monthly, been printed at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., a few miles from the editorial office and from the place of residence of the editor. The February issue was produced under circumstances of somewhat exceptional difficulty, which, our printers assure us, will not be repeated, and which not only delayed the appearance of the magazine very seriously, but made it impossible for the issue to receive the final revision of the editor. As a result, it contained a number of errors of such seriousness and importance that some explanation concerning them is necessary.

As our readers will have gathered from the announcement at the beginning of the February issue, The Canadian Bookman is now an amalgamation of the magazine formerly bearing that name, and of the Canadian Book Trade Journal, of Toronto. The latter periodical takes the form of a Trade Section of the Canadian Bookman. It is the intention of the publishers, however, to keep the Trade Section entirely distinct from the main body of the magazine, and to circulate it only to those among our subscribers who are actually engaged in the book trade or who express an explicit desire to receive it. In the February issue, this intention was not carried out by the printers, and both the reading matter and the advertising pages of the Trade Section were distributed throughout the magazine; this practice will not be continued. Subscribers, other than those in the book trade, who desire to receive the Trade Section, as well as the literary portion of the magazine, will please communicate with the publishers, The Bookcraft Publishing Company, Limited, 263 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, asking to be placed on the mailing list for the Trade Edition. The subscription rate is the same as for the ordinary edition.

The most unfortunate of the typographical errors referred to above consisted in the omission of the names of the writers of several important contributions. In at least one case the article thus rendered anonymous was a personal narrative, and lost all significance when deprived of the name of its author. The names thus omitted were:

"Drama and Life," by Professor Ramsay Traquair, of McGill University, one of Canada's best-known authorities on architectural art and the art of costume, a member of the executive committee of the Community Players of Montreal, and a critic particularly well qualified to deal with the subject of the lack of feeling for significant spectacle and symbolic action in our North American life.

"The Making of an Anthology of Canadian Verse," by Dr. J. D. Logan, of Halifax, a veteran friend and critic of Canadian literature, and the holder of the first university chair ever created for the teaching of that subject.

"An Evening at the 'Popular Heroes' Club'," by P. W. Luce, of Vancouver, editor of what is probably the most individual "colyum" in Western Canadian Journalism, and author of the amusing skit, "How to Write a Successful Novel," in the December Canadian Bookman.

"A New Translation of Rostand," by Professor M. W. Wallace, of Toronto University.

"Herbert Symonds, A Memoir," by the Rev. Archdeacon J. Paterson Smyth, of St. George's Church, Montreal.

Need for Haste in Copyright

MR. LOUVIGNY DE MONTIGNY, probably the most energetic and best-informed advocate in Canada of correct international relations in matters of copyright, has directed attention to a circumstance which greatly increases the need for prompt legislation to bring about Canada's adhesion to the latest Berne Convention. This is the fact that under the old Convention and under the present Canadian copyright law which is conformable thereto, no reference is made to a large class of property rights which have come into existence and become very valuable in the last twenty years, viz., the rights of various kinds of mechanical reproductions, particularly of music (and to some extent of words) by means of the phonograph, and of dramatic conceptions by means of the moving picture. Under the new Berne Convention these property rights are fully protected; but until Canada adheres to that Convention they remain, in this country, in the public domain. Apart altogether

from the injustice of continuing, as we have been doing for the last half-score of years, to deprive the author of his property rights in these and other methods of propagating his ideas, when the country is quite prepared to admit, and has already passed a statute to admit, that he ought not to be so deprived, and when all the other countries of advanced civilization in the world have long since ceased to deprive him—apart from this purely moral consideration, it is obvious that very grave difficulties are being allowed to arise, through the constantly expanding investment of large sums of capital in forms of new production which are now in the public domain, but which will have to be withdrawn from it whenever the country adopts the modern conception of copyright. Vested interests are being built up in moving picture films and phonograph records upon the basis of making no payment whatever to the author of the music or of the dramatic ideas thus embodied, and the larger the body of this investment becomes, the greater will be the resistance to the introduction of a policy of justice to the creator of the original.

Moreover, with every year of delay, important works which have already enjoyed copyright for forty-two years are passing irrevocably into the public domain, although the legislators of Canada have recognized by passing last year's Act that they ought to remain the property of the author and his heirs for fifty years after the author's death. The property rights which are thus being allowed to lapse can never be restored. A work which has once passed into the public domain through expiry of the forty-two-year copyright can never again be restored to its owner.

This situation, bad enough in itself, is rendered very much worse so far as the international reputation of this country is concerned, by the fact that Canada is the sole remaining British possession which has not given its adhesion to the Berne Convention of 1908, so that this is the sole British country in which the public domain is possessing itself of vast quantities of works in the English language whose authors are recognized everywhere elese in the British Empire as entitled to a continuance of their rights in their intellectual property.

We commend to the legislators of Canada the excellent principle which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Macbeth anent a much more questionable enterprise. Of the adhesion of Canada to the Berne Convention, it is particularly true that "If 'twere well done when 'tis done, 'twere well it were done quickly." It seemed to be the unanimous opinion of both houses of Parliament and of all parties at the last session, that the adhesion of Canada to the 1908 Convention was a thing to be done. That being so, there is every reason why it should be done quickly.

The C.A.A. Convention

IT is now practically certain that the annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association will be held in Ottawa on the 28th and 29th of April, with, perhaps, some preliminary committee meetings on the 27th. It is of the highest importance to the interests of the writing craft in Canada that this meeting should be participated in by the largest possible number of Canadian writers. One of the main reasons for holding it in Ottawa, apart from the importance of that city as a literary centre of activity in both the Canadian languages, is the fact that a new Parliament will be in session and will be engaged, probably at the very moment of the meeting, in the consideration of the amendments which will be necessary in order to make the new Canadian Copyright Act a workable measure which can be proclaimed and which, when proclaimed, will effiectively bring Canada into the society of nations adhering to the new Berne Convention.

Legislation, however, will not be the only business of importance to engage the attention of the C.A.A. meeting. The Association is completing a year of unexpectedly rapid growth, and with its enlarged membership it must be prepared to face enlarged responsibilities. The provincial constitution, adopted at the convention of Canadian Authors last year when the Association was organized, has functioned quite as well as could have been expected; but some changes will doubtless be necessary, and it is to be hoped that a very large number of the members of the Association will participate in the making of them. Personal attendance at the convention is not absolutely necessary in order that a member may exercise his franchise in the election of officers and on any other subjects upon which it is possible for a vote to be taken by mail in accordance with the provisions of the constitution. But it will at once be evident that only a limited class of questions can possibly be dealt with by a postal referendum, and that the destinies of the Association for the next year must be largely determined by the results of the personal contacts of those members who attend the annual meeting.

Members and branches are urged to communicate to the Secretary at the earliest possible date any suggestions or motions which they may desire to have included in the agenda for the meeting. They are also urged to do all in their power to aid in securing the personal attendance of members from the more distant branches, and also to see that such members, by being supplied with instructions from the branch organizations, shall be able to speak, not for themselves alone, but as the delegates of those large bodies of members in the extreme east and west who cannot be expected to attend in full numbers.

The White Plume

By W. S. WALLACE

THE publication of the official biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier* is an event of exceptional importance both in the history of Canadian literature and in the literature of Canadian history. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was, when he died, the dean of Canadian parliamentarians. His active political life extended over a greater period than that of even Sir John Macdonald. He was a member of Parliament for half a century, and a member of the Dominion Parliament for forty-seven years. For nineteen of those years he was leader of the Opposition at Ottawa, and for fifteen he was Prime Minister. The story of a career so long and distinguished, so vital to the history of Canada since Confederation, could hardly fail, when told by a biographer in whose hands had been placed the whole of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's private papers, to possess a very unusual interest.

For the task of writing Sir Wilfrid's life, moreover, Professor Skelton promised to be a most suitable choice. Though primarily an economist, he has already done work in the field of Canadian history and biography which has made professional historians in Canada look to their laurels. His "Life and Times of Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt," published two years ago, showed him to have a mastery of the art of historical biography; his little book on "The Canadian Dominion," in the "Chronicles of America" series, revealed an expert knowledge of the background of Canadian history; and his account of "The Day of Sir Wilfrid Laurier" in the "Chronicles of Canada" series made it certain that he would approach the task of writing Sir Wilfrid Laurier's life with the necessary sympathy and insight. It was perhaps singular that Sir Wilfrid, a French-Canadian, should have entrusted the writing of his life to an English Canadian; but, in view of the unhappy events of the last years of his life, when the ideal of national unity for which he had striven seemed to have been dashed in the dust, the decision was no doubt a wise one. It was obviously desirable that Sir Wilfrid's life-work should be interpreted to the majority of Canadians by one of their own race and creed; and among English-speaking historians in Canada Professor Skelton possessed the great advantage of having followed "the white plume" implicitly from first to last.

In many ways Professor Skelton's volumes amply fulfil the great expectations formed of them. The historical background is painted in everywhere with a deft brush. Indeed, the amount of detail in the background may, in the opinion of some readers, be excessive; but, if this is a fault, it is a good fault in these days when so many biographies are little more than silhouettes. Professor Skelton's picture has always a central figure; and the lineaments of that figure stand out with the clearness and vitality of a portrait by an old master. "The practice of authority, the burden of responsibility, the disillusionment of experience, gave a greater wariness to his wary eye, a greater firmness to his firm features, a deeper inscrutability to his inscrutable face. Yet to his intimates he remained the simple, unaffected, kindly friend of the days before power had brought its opportunities and its tasks" (II, 165). Many such passages as this might be cited, all revealing a real power of literary portraiture.

It is, however, not so much to Professor Skelton's descriptive passages that we owe the vivid picture of Sir Wilfrid which the book gives; it is rather to the admirable selection of Sir Wilfrid's letters, table-talk and literary fragments which the book contains. Some time before his death, Sir Wilfrid placed in Professor Skelton's hands all his papers down to the close of his period of office, and after his death Lady Laurier gave access to the remainder. On these papers Professor Skelton has drawn freely. Especially during the later period, letters written by Sir Wilfrid to his political associates are reproduced in considerable numbers. Of particular interest perhaps, as revealing in detail the motives which actuated him in his attitude toward the Military Service Act and the formation of the Union Government, is a very full series of letters to some of the English-speaking Liberals who parted with him in 1917, as well as some letters to those who stood by him. Another valuable feature of the book is a number of extracts from an illuminating study of the history of Canada since Confederation which he began but never found time to complete. Space is lacking here to quote at length either from this historical essay or from the letters, and Sir Wilfrid's peculiar style of composition does not readily lend itself to brief quotation. But from the illustrations of his table-talk included in the book, a typical passage may perhaps be reproduced, in which he discussed some of his earlier political colleagues:

> Cartwright was the most finished speaker in the House in my time, and a very effective debater. Mackenzie knocked his opponent down; Cartwright ran his through with keen rapier thrust, and usually turned the sword in the wound. He was a master of classic eloquence, and it was a pleasure, at least on our side, to listen to the fluent, precise, faultless English of his most impromptu utterance. Blake was perhaps a more omnivorous reader, but Cartwright was distinctly the most lettered man in the House. His mordant wit set his opponents writhing, and did not always spare his technical friends. His duels with Tupper, who was a better hand at the bludgeon, were particularly interesting, though the exchange of personalities was more intense than I had been used to in Quebec. He was a good Liberal, at least a good Grit, after he left the Tory fold, but I often felt that he would have been more at home in the old unreformed House of Commons in England, or in the diplomatic service (I., 221 n.).

Here is a singularly frank obiter dictum with regard to a later colleague:

> Mr. Sifton was the master mind in Parliament. He could discern the different political tendencies, but his finger on the popular pulse better than any

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other man in my experience. His executive capacity was extraordinary; but not more so than his secretiveness. He never told his whole mind even to his closest intimates. I could not fathom the reason for his attitude on reciprocity. (II., 371 n.)

These quotations will perhaps serve to illustrate the character of some of the materials which the book contains—materials not found, as a rule, in official biographies of the stereotyped sort.

Valuable and interesting though the book is, it is not, however, without some defects. Though Professor Skelton reaches in some parts of the book a very high level of historical writing, his style is uneven, and there are passages which are somewhat too reminiscent of the "Annual Register" or the "Canadian Annual Review." Colloquialisms not infrequently obtrude themselves on one's notice. On the whole, one may be forgiven perhaps for thinking that, had Professor Skelton subjected his manuscript to a more ruthless revision the result would have been more uniformly excellent. The book suffers, too, from a lack of documentation. Some very grave statements are made without any sort of supporting proof whatever. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's failure to consult his Minister of Railways, Mr. Blair, with regard to the railway policy of 1903 is explained, for instance, by the amazing and unsubstantiated statement that "he was determined that there would be no second Pacific scandal" (II, 190). Sinister and materialistic motives are attributed to Sir Clifford Sifton, both in regard to his attitude toward reciprocity in 1911 (II, 372) and in regard to his support of conscription and Union Government in 1917 (II, 517), for which not an atom of solid proof is adduced.

But the most serious blemish in the book is its political bias. That the biographer should have been sympathetic toward his hero was most desirable; that he should have been at great pains to set forth his hero's viewpoint on all occasions was to be expected; but that he should himself have taken sides, and attempt to anticipate the verdict of history, was surely unnecessary. Yet repeatedly Professor Skelton enters the ring, and dons the gloves of party warfare. One illustration will perhaps suffice. Not content with explaining Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude toward the Military Service Act of 1917, Professor Skelton cannot refrain from gilding the lily and giving us his own comments. "The Military Service Act," it appears "did more to win the election than to win the war. It failed absolutely in the ostensible aim of providing greater reinforcements than the voluntary system" (II, 545). Of those who enrolled under the Act, "few ever saw France" (II, 549), and so forth. This sort of thing might do well enough in the campaign literature of the Liberal party; but it is surely out of place in a serious historical work. As a matter of fact, those who were in touch with the situation will recognize that Professor Skelton, when he says that few of the "conscripts" reached France, has allowed his political prejudice to betray him into a statement which is not in harmony with the truth.

One does not need to be a Tory to regret that Professor Skelton has not tried, in scores of passages that might be cited, to hold the balances more even. The more one admires Sir Wilfrid Laurier's serene tolerance and wise charity, the more one must deplore the tone of partisan acrimony to which his biographer too often descends. A sympathetic biography is one thing; a controversial biography is another.

***The Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.** By Oscar Douglas Skelton. Two Vols. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1921. $8.

Quebec Rewards Literary Effort

A GREAT deal of attention has been attracted throughout Canada and the United States by the action of the Government of the Province of Quebec in establishing a fund for the carrying on of annual literary and scientific contributions. It is true that the appropriation provided for in the proposal is only five thousand dollars per annum, but that can easily be increased if the results of the competitions show any justification for such action. The whole proposal shows a recognition of the duty of the State towards artistic and scientific endeavor which cannot fail to be most gratifying to every friend of literature and of the sciences, and which is, unfortunately, most uncommon among governing bodies upon this continent. It is very satisfactory to be able to add that the Quebec measure is in the hands of a minister already well known for his sympathetic and discerning support of letters. It is to be hoped that the Hon. Athanase David, who belongs to one of the most literary families in French Canada, will long continue to administer the new and important institution which he is now in process of founding. The text of the bill which he has introduced is as follows:

An Act to encourage the production of literary or scientific works.

Whereas there is ground for encouraging the cultivation of belles-lettres and sciences in the Province;

Whereas it is expedient to facilitate the publication of the works of our authors;

Whereas it is advisable to draw to public attention literary or scientific talents which remain unknown owing to unfavorable circumstances;

Whereas the founding of competitions would facilitate the advancement of literature and the sciences, would further the efforts of authors, would aid men of talent to make themselves known, and would stimulate, by emulation, the taste for literary and scientific work and the desire to promote literature and the sciences in the Province;

Therefore, His Majesty, with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, enacts as follows:

1. This Act may be cited as "Literary or Scientific Competitions Act."

2. The Lieutenant-Governor in Council may establish annual literary and scientific competitions, and determine the conditions thereof.

3. A sum of five thousand dollars, payable out of the consolidated revenue fund of the Province, shall be appropriated annually for such purposes.

4. The Lieutenant-Governor in Council may appoint for each competition, a jury, which shall confer, if it deems it expedient, rewards on the prize-winners. The jury shall be composed of nine members. The Provincial Secretary or his representative shall be a member ex-officio.

The jury shall, under the direction of the Provincial Secretary, fulfill the duties that may be assigned to it.

5. The conditions of each competition shall be published in due time in the Quebec Official Gazette.

6. The Provincial Secretary shall be entrusted with the carrying out of this act.

7. This act shall come into force on the day of its sanction.

Essays in Canadian Literature

IV. The Masculine Story

By CHARLES W. STOKES

AS Canadian literature—stimulated, perhaps, by that $2,500 prize—begins to feel its oats, so does it become multiform. Ten years ago it was merely Canadian; to-day, however exotic your need, it can supply you with almost anything from home production. We notice latterly, for example, that there is a rising school of Masculine Fiction. Ralph Connor and James Oliver Curwood, of course, we have with us always; there is no reflection upon their masculinity intended by omitting them from this category. What we refer to is the kind of fiction the Depressed Business Man wants. Of its many forms, the most popular are the Practical and the Ferocious; here, in tabloid form and offered gratis to young writers who need plots, are samples of each.

THE PRACTICAL
"Get It—Or Get Out!"

The Belleville Canal Gates Manufacturing Company, Ltd., is the largest corporation of its kind in this fair Dominion; but nevertheless, it has never succeeded yet in selling to Geoffrey Hunt, the largest buyer of canal gates in the country. Hunt employs a very hard-shelled purchasing agent who has always bought from the Arnprior Patent Sluice Corporation. The Belleville Company's sales-manager has endeavored by every trick in his bag to overcome this competition, but without success. He has deluged Mr. Hunt with advertising material, which has been returned with postage due; he has sent him follow-up letter after follow-up letter, only to have them converted into memorandum pads. Star and other salesmen have returned dejected and disappointed, and in many cases the victims of physical assault.

Finally the sales-manager sends for Paul Potter, a "cub" salesman, and tells him sternly it is up to him to "sell" Hunt. "Get the order—or get out!" Paul has just become engaged to the daughter of the president of the company, who is commonly known in the canal business as "Old Nutface." He is naturally anxious, therefore, to earn more salary, as Isabel Nutface couldn't live on his, and here he is threatened with the blue envelope! Old Nutface, in common with the remaining characters, is ignorant of Isabel's engagement to Paul, and wants her to marry Hunt's son, and thus get the order.

Paul calls upon Carboy, Hunt's purchasing agent, but for the first thirty-seven times is denied admittance. The thirty-eighth time he assumes the garb and pail of a window-cleaner, and stalks into Carboy's room without question.

CHARLES W. STOKES

He reveals his identity to Carboy, and is indignantly thrown through the window he has partly cleaned. He then disguises himself successively as a restaurant waiter, a bar-tender, an old woman, and a fire-escape, and each time, when he opens up his selling talk, is bad-temperedly repulsed.

Every night he meets Isabel, and each time she injects fresh pep and vision into his drooping spirits. Her father is trying to hasten her marriage to young Hunt. Paul discovers that Carboy's one diversion in life is golf. He himself is entirely ignorant of that noble pastime, but he rushes away and takes lessons from a famous Scotch professional, and very quickly becomes the Boy Wonder. He then has himself elected to the exclusive Country Club, of which Carboy is a member.

For three months he dogs Carboy's footsteps, but Carboy refuses even to be introduced to him. The sales-manager tells Paul he has just one week more to get it or get out; the same night Isabel, very tearfully, tells him he simply must hurry up, because young Hunt has already proposed to her and is merely being stalled off. She loves Paul, of course, but——

The next day Paul disguises himself as a caddie, and gets himself hired by Carboy, who is to play a twosome with Old Nutface. Carboy defeats Nutface. The caddie, tactfully congratulating Carboy, challenges him to another game. Carboy, flushed with success, accepts and is defeated by Paul ten up and one to play. (Young writers should get this golf stuff correct.) Nutface beams delightedly on Paul, who, unthinkingly tears off his false whiskers. "Where have I seen that face before?" says Carboy. Paul produces an order-blank. Carboy is indignant at mixing business with pleasure, but Nutface tells him to be a sport, and what is his prejudice against Belleville Canal Gates anyway? Carboy says that in another firm he once worked for he bought some Belleville gates, but the delivery was a day late. Paul proves that he is mistaken, for that year was Leap Year, with an extra day. Carboy signs on the dotted line, and just then Isabel and young Hunt stroll across to tell them that tea is ready. Young Hunt is in white flannels and moustache, and Nutface turns disgustedly from contemplating him and gives Isabel and Paul his benediction in the assurance that the old virile, fighting stock will be perpetuated.

THE FEROCIOUS.
A Race Against Time.

Alan Harkness, a young civil engineer, has been spending the winter at Fort Norman, prospecting for oil. It is spring-time, and

he is "mushing" back to Toronto with his faithful dog-team, when in a deep forest near Winnipeg he is set upon by a band of masked bandits. He is robbed of everything he possesses, including his blueprints and his pocket-flask; and the only clue to the identity of his assailants is that the chief one wears a gold signet ring on his left thumb.

Ten days later Harkness staggers into a cottage on the outskirts of Owen Sound, almost dead from fatigue, hunger and cold. The cottage belongs to Sandy McSwat, an old Scotch missionary, who is rapidly drinking himself to death. With him lives his beautiful, motherless daughter, Eileen. She it is who resuscitates Harkness and forces doughnut after doughnut down his parched throat to revive him. His convalescence, after the hardships he has gone through, is slow, and he comes to love Eileen, though he has nothing to offer her now but a pair of strong arms. The cottage, although a lowly one, is beautified by Eileen's tasteful decorations, and is covered with vines.

Bidding good-bye to Eileen and her daddy, Alan sets out to walk to Montreal for a job in the Hudson's Bay Company. His route is through Port Arthur, and there he learns from chance conversation that a contract is to be let shortly for some new sidewalks. Realizing that here is opportunity knocking at his door, he determines to go after the contract. He floats a company, underbids all the other firms, and gets the contract. The only stipulation is that the sidewalk must be laid by December 25th, and here it is September 10th. He wires to old Sandy to come and be his timekeeper, and rushes off to Chicago, where, by pretending to be the Harkness who is President of the Grand Pacific Northern Railway, he hoodwinks various firms into selling him machinery, concrete mixers, and so on. He next gathers round him a select gang of toughs, lumberjacks and miners who have worked for him before in various parts of the world, explains that he can't pay them until the job is completed, and appeals to their loyalty.

But hist! A rival company which had just missed the contract sends Roger Runnymede to upset things. There is a mysterious delay in the machinery's arrival; when it is ten weeks overdue, Alan goes out and finds it side-tracked at a grain elevator near Saskatoon. By superhuman efforts, however, he rushes it back. The McSwats have arrived, and old Sandy has reformed, but Roger lures him off, makes him drunk, and persuades him to falsify the time-sheets, so that Alan finds he owes more for wages than he will eventually take in. Nothing daunted, he declares a fifty per cent. cut in wages, and appeals to his men's loyalty. They set to work with redoubled pep.

Other accidents happen. The concrete mixer, for example, stops dead one day, and is found to have been tampered with. Alan fixes it from the works of an old disused flivver car. Roger comes out into the open, and tries to buy Alan off. But Alan throws him out of the room, and Roger retires snarling. One night, at Gentleman George's Refined Put-and-Take Gambling Saloon, there is a riot in which someone shoots at Alan. He ought not to have been there, but at Eileen's cottage (sure, she had a cottage here, too), putting on the gramophone records; but he had gone to that vile haunt to drag McSwat away from the fatal tables, whither Pierre the half-breed, Roger's accomplice, had lured him.

Mrs. Emily Murphy, "Janey Canuck," the noted Canadian Authoress, whose novel, "Seeds of Pine," is being brought out in a popular edition by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, this spring.

On December 14th there is a strike amongst Alan's men, engineered very obviously by the opposition. Alan settles it by promising to put the wages back to the old scale, but a precious day has been lost. On December 22nd all is completed but two yards, and Alan will win out! Roger and Pierre steal his supply of cement, but are observed by Eileen, who puts it back. At lunch time on December 24th there are only six inches to be completed. Roger and Pierre pour molasses into the cement so that it won't mix. As the sunlight flashes on Roger's hand, Alan (who is concealed behind a pile of lumber) sees a gold signet ring on the left thumb! With a berserker shout of rage he springs at Roger, and kills him. Then for seven hours he feverishly picks the cement out of the molasses, and when his men quit for the day he lays the last six inches himself. The Christmas bells are just proclaiming peace on earth and goodwill to men as he finishes and folds Eileen into his arms.

Home Libraries.

"I am very glad of the establishment of Religious Book Week. It is not enough for people to read the current novels and magazines. Religious families ought to build up good libraries of religious books. Children should be made familiar with them in their youth. It is a wholesome thing for every family who cares for the higher things of life to give attention to the additions that are made to the home library. This ought to include something more than the incidental, trivial and flippant things, which too many people are content to buy and read. If we are to train up a generation capable of sustained thought and possessed of strong convictions, there must be some attention to the selections and purchase of good books for the home."—Rev. William E. Barton.

Muriel Hine is an English novelist with a steadily growing following among Canadian lovers of clever fiction, and her latest offering, "Torquill's Success," may be depended upon to not only please those readers, but attract many new ones This was one of the recent publications by S. B. Gundy. It is a $2 volume.

More Aid for the Specialist Collector

By R. H. HATHAWAY

A NOTICE was published in the February issue of the Canadian Bookman of the first three of a series of pamphlets published by L. Chaundy, of London, under the general title, "Bibliographies of Modern Authors," setting forth in full bibliographical detail the various publications in prose and verse of Robert Bridges, John Masefield and George Moore. Now comes, also from London, with the imprint of the Bookman's Journal, an imposing volume bearing the same title, "Bibliographies of Modern Authors," compiled by Henry Danielson, the well-known London dealer in and authority on present-day first editions, and containing full collations of all first editions of the works of the following authors, viz.: Max Beerbohm, Rupert Brooke, Hubert Crackenthorpe, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Lord Dunsany, James Elroy Flecker, George Gissing, Francis Ledwidge, Compton Mackenzie, John Masefield, Leonard Merrick, Richard Middleton, Arthur Symons, Hugh Walpole.

The volume, most of the material used in which originally appeared in the Bookman's Journal, includes six fac-similes of title-pages, and blank pages, very thoughtfully, are provided after each bibliography upon which to record additional titles. The bibliographies are complete to the very last detail; in fact, it might be questioned whether so much care is really necessary in describing books of our own day. It is a different matter when what is known as incunabula, or early printed books, are being described, for such books often underwent changes in the course of printing which made it difficult without a reliable guide to determine what constitutes the first edition. One would like to know, however, why the bibliographies are confined to the regular full-length books of the various authors, to the exclusion of books which they have edited, or to which they have contributed prefaces or introductions, or in which they have been otherwise concerned. Surely no collector worthy the name would be satisfied unless and until he had brought together not only all the regular books of his favorite author or authors, but also all those with which they had in any way to do.

One would like to know, also, on what principle the authors honored in this volume were selected. Most of them can be endorsed without question, but there are one or two among them, at least, whose work, while interesting enough, does not seem to be sufficiently important to warrant their inclusion in such a volume, while, on the other hand, one can readily name a score and more of other modern English writers who are entitled to be included—J. M. Barrie, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Joseph Conrad, John Davidson, W. H. Davies, Ernest Dowson, John Galsworthy, W. W. Gibson, Cunningham Graham, Maurice Hewlett, W. E. Henley, Ralph Hodgson, A. E. Housman, W. H. Hudson, D. H. Lawrence, Lionel Johnson, Arthur Machen, Mrs. Meynell, George Russell, James Stephens, John M. Synge, Francis Thompson, William Watson, H. G. Wells, W. B. Yeats. These, with others who also could be named, are all authors whose work is being gathered to more or less considerable extent—and justifiably—by eager collectors, and why they should have been set aside in the preparing of the volume under consideration is difficult to understand. Of course, the line had to be drawn somewhere, but a more comprehensive, and, at the same time, more compressed, volume would have been warmly welcomed by many collectors. Perhaps, however, we are to see additional publications of a similar kind later on.

A casual examination of the bibliographies has not revealed any serious omissions or errors, but it may be pointed out that the compiler is wrong in describing the London edition of 1918 as the first edition of Rupert Brooke's collected poems, these having been first published in New York in 1915 with the imprint of the John Lane Co. It may be mentioned also—and this is a fact not generally known to Brooke collectors—that his "Letters from America" appeared first in New York, being published by the Scribners, the London edition being issued several months later in the same year (1916) and printed from the plates of the New York edition.

By the way, while Max Beerbohm's first book is given here as the "Works" of 1896, John Lane, in the bibliography appended to that volume, cites under the year 1890 "Beccerius: a Latin fragment," which he describes as comprising "about 12 couplets" printed on rough yellow paper, 4 pp. with no printer's or publisher's name.

Wanderlust Shelf

BOOKS of travel will get a great deal of attention this month by reason of the publicity being given the International Travel Exposition to be held in New York March 25th to April 1st, under the auspices of The Travel Club of America.

Booksellers everywhere should advertise travel books and feature displays of travel books in their windows.

Canadian authors and booksellers as well as literary critics, librarians and individual book-lovers were invited to join in nominating the ten best travel books, addressing the nominations to the Travel Book Committee, Grand Central Palace, New York.

The twenty-five books receiving the greatest number of votes will be displayed in windows of New York book shops during Travel Week and also at the Travel Exposition. Visitors to the show will decide by ballot which are the ten best of these. The ten will constitute what will be known as the "Wanderlust Shelf," and announcement of the titles will be made on the afternoon of Friday, March 31st, at a reception tendered by the Travel Club of America to all authors of travel books.

A New Canadian Poetic Voice

IT is perhaps not an unreasonable demand to make on Canadian current literature that it shall produce at least one interesting new poet every year. By "interesting new poet" one does not mean a matured artist with a solid body of work to his credit entitling him to take rank with Bliss Carman; one means only a voice sufficiently original and sufficiently strong to attract interest and awaken hope. Mr. Wilson McDonald was such a voice two or three years ago, and we are not sure that there has been another since. This year there is one, unmistakably, although it has only just been heard.

"My Pocket Beryl," by Mary Josephine Benson, is (in large part), real, personal and authentic poetry, of the present era. It is a first book (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto), and it contains some things which will be left out of future collections. But it contains a score of gems. Best of all, it contains a poem which shows that the writer knows the inner nature of her craft, a poem entitled "Words," which is the very statement of the self-understanding passion for words which is the essence of poetry:

As dolphins love the wave and hawks the air,
And moths the light and, blindly, moles the earth,
So have I loved the element of Words.
I have disported in their deep-piled sea,
Breasted and breathed their tingling atmosphere,
Singed my befeathered wings in their fierce heat,
Groped God-ward for their fountain when words failed.

A writer who knows as much about words as that, knows far too much to make the mistake of throwing away any of their possible values, any of the enhanced powers of suggestion, of fascination, of hypnotism almost, that are added when individual words are patterned together in any of the many relationships of formal verse, let it be rhyme, rhythm, assonance or what you will. So we find very little of that carelessness for sound and that unreasonable effort to appeal to the eye which is characteristic of so much "modern" verse, and a great deal of honest, understanding craftsmanship in the forms which have been loved of true English poets these hundreds of years.

But a genuine love for words cannot be confined to their sound. Mrs. Benson shows her respect for the words which she loves by always using them in a very rich, apt, vigorous sense, and by always employing them to state a worth-while idea. We quote "Heredity and Ego" because it is not merely a true and important idea that is expressed, but a peculiarly Canadian one:

I with the seashell-sounding heart
Have scarcely seen a boat,
And I who tent on the plain apart
Have sight of hills remote.

Of lordly seas and mountains grand
My blood has sudden sense,
Although I live afar inland—
With sky for recompense.

My father was a sailor free,
My mother from the hills,
And hauntingly they share with me
My desert's joys and ills.

Anon the trackless sea invites,
And now the mountain wall
Has peopled all the waste with sights
I've never viewed at all.

My father rules my errant heart,
Or oft my prairie will
My mother governs, though apart
I dwell from any hill.

MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON
Author of "My Pocket Beryl"

And yet the sweeping plain for me
With all its bending sky!
Oh, much I owe heredity,
But also I am I!

Quotation is difficult in spite of the presence of many lovely lines, because their loveliness is not an isolated matter of a pleasing sound or a happy metaphor, but is wrapped up in their relation to the whole concept of the poem. Here is a three-line picture of the derelicts in the garden of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto (yes, Mrs. Benson can see no reason why King Street, Toronto, is not just as good poetry as the Strand or the Champs Elysees, and neither can we):

Pickpocketed by Time of youth and power
And pride and hope they crouch 'neath Time's high tower,
Of Time oblivious, striking loud Shame's hour.

And here two little bits of observation:

I saw flame on a smoky wing—
They called him Oriole.

the river like a cup
Is full of sky, as a vintner good
Had lately filled it up.

But looking at these by themselves we see that they are not fair samples of Mrs. Benson's power, and we can only say that any reader really interested in current Canadian verse will have to buy or borrow this book and read for himself "Bark," "Noon Day on Lake Ontario," "At the Fountain," "The Island of Fulfilment," "Song of the Mire," and almost a score more of poems that achieve what they try for and state something that has not been stated quite in this way before. The book closes with "Tongues of Light," a series of monologues by the different forms of light, the sun, the stars, the aurora, the hearth-fire, etc.; they are beautiful and effective, but their continuity is obscured by the style in which they are printed. The publishers tell us that Mrs. Benson is a cousin of Lieutenant Bernard Freeman Trotter, whose "Canadian Twilight" attracted considerable attention not long ago.

Children As They Should Be

MAZO DE LA ROCHE, who is decidedly one of the rising magazine writers of the continent, and who lives in Toronto, and who is understood to be a lady, although there is nothing about the name and not very much about the stories to support that understanding, is the author of a volume entitled, "Explorers of the Dawn" (Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50), which is receiving widespread approval in the United States and has the honor of a foreword by Christopher Morley. When we say that Christopher Morley is the one man in America who could properly have been asked to write this foreword, we have said a great deal about the nature of the book. It is a book about children; but it is not a book about the little angels and little nuisances whom you and I meet in our friends' houses and perhaps stumble over in our own. It is not a book about real children at all, and it does not pretend to be and should not be expected to be. It is a book about the kind of children that you and I, if we are highly imaginative persons, and in our most wildly imaginative moments, believe ourselves to have been—knowing, of course, all the while, that as a matter of prosaic fact we must have been just like the little angels and brats and nuisances whom we see around us. If we want a book about real children—by which we mean children as they manifest themselves to adult apprehension—we can go out and buy one of Mr. Booth Tarkington's. If we want a book about children as they manifest themselves to their fellow-children, there is always the Boys' Own Paper. But if we want a book about children such as we imagine ourselves to have been, or wish that we could have been, we go to Sir J. M. Barrie. And now it begins to look as if we could go also to Mazo de la Roche.

"Explorers of the Dawn" has all the accessories of traditional Childhood As It Should Have Been Lived. To begin with, the children are three in number, of very slight disparity of age, of the same sex (masculine), and all living together in the house of their governess, to which they have been consigned after their mother's death and while their father is building a railway in South America. Then, this house is next door to the abode of a Bishop, in an Old English Cathedral Town. Then there are a Bishop's Grandniece, a Retired Pirate Captain, a Shoemaker With a Lunatic Wife and a Long-Lost Daughter, an Irish Servant With a Kind Heart and a Brogue, a Duke's Disinherited Younger Son, a Duke's Disinherited Younger Son's Music-Hall Wife

MAZO DE LA ROCHE
Author of "Explorers of the Dawn."

—in fact, all the very persons whom you and I would have liked to associate with in the days of our youth. Nor are these persons depicted in the drab and unexciting manner of the realist; they come on the stage (we keep thinking of Miss de la Roche's events as if they were going on in the bright, golden light of the theatre) in the full traditional panoply of their various professions, costumes, arms, vocabulary and all. And they play up to their audience of three open-mouthed children in just that whole-hearted manner which adults so terribly seldom exhibit to children in real life. Even the Bishop is not too busy episcopating to play musical chairs, and as for the Pirate and the Shoemaker, they admit the three infants to the very heart of their preoccupations, which are of a most desperate and adventurous kind. Only Mrs. Handsomebody, the aged governess, remains an inconvertible adult, never to be naturalized into the republic of Juvenilia and to exercise therein the full rights of citizenship, and we think Miss Mazo de la Roche made a tactical mistake in letting her go to the pantomine in the last chapter.

We do not know whether "Explorers of the Dawn" is a book for children, but then we never know what is a book for children until the children have told us. It is not a book for all adults. But it will be pretty safe with adults who like Christopher Morley. And it will rest them when they are tired of reading about the human boy and the human girl as they really are on this prosaic North American continent.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

In "Mr. Prohack," Arnold Bennett has combined a delightful blend of humor and seriousness, dealing with the difficulties of parents who have been too poor, but afterwards become too rich.

The Literary Promise of the West

By CHRISTINE COUGHLIN

CANADIAN Authors' Week has drawn attention not only to Canada's literary achievements, but to her possibilities. The West, although hitherto a rather unproductive field of Canadian literature, is one of great promise. There is lofty inspiration in its giant Rockies and in its miles and miles of foothills. There is a wealth of unsung beauty hidden in its mountain lakes and in those passes where "Snows and Suns and mad winds meet to battle where the cliffs defend." The poet's soul, cramped in populous cities, here expands and exults in measureless prairies; it finds its home in the loneliness of the West.

There is a story in each crooked trail; the sad story of a race that is vanishing even as the snows of yesterday, of the men who once owned the country, who blazed their trails and wandered where they would, and who now have the freedom of but a few "reservations." There are other stories in these trails; stories of caravans and gallant pioneers, of their hardships and their determination. There are thrilling tales of Mounted Police and of heroic Missioners. Really there are a thousand sources of inspiration in the West.

The literature of the West will be strong and virile, for lofty mountains and vast plains, tales of stoic Red-men and brave pioneers can inspire nothing small or weak. Western poets will not sing of trees and babbling brooks; these gentle nature-themes will be replaced by forests and wild torrents. The rigorous climate makes strong and active men and women, to whom adversity brings not despair but increased hope. Surely this country and these people give promise of a literature that will live long and be able to dispense with gentler charms on account of its rugged greatness.

But since there is such great promise, why is it that the West has been so unproductive in the literary line? For one reason, it has no parent literature from which to draw the source of its own. The early French settlers had their "chansons" and their ballads which originated in France, but Western songs must be born on the Prairie. Although the country is blessed with the buoyancy and energy of youth, this very youth is its greatest literary drawback. Young countries must necessarily be commercial, and a commercial spirit retards literary growth, for literature is the result of a cultured atmosphere, and while a country is still struggling for mere existence it has no time for culture. The West, however, is making great strides in educational directions; Edmonton is already quite a centre of culture and has produced some of the cleverest Canadian writers of the present day. In time, this culture will extend over the whole country and the promise will be fulfilled.

The Winter-Fast (For Lent)

By R. STANLEY WEIR

NOW are the lengthening days,
Though still wild winter stays
Chilling the stars and moon
And the low suns of noon.

Not yet we hear the South
With laughter in its mouth,
Nor songs of summer birds
That soothe like loving words.

Our lonely homesteads stand
All in an ice-bound land;
And down the canyon street
We pass with hasting feet.

Yet are there mornings when
The lord of earth and men
Looks down with face of gold
From azure clear and cold;

Mounts his meridian
Unto what heights he can,
And turning thence at noon
Climbs higher until June.

But when the night comes on;
And stars begin to dawn,
Gleaming through boundless skies
I turn away my eyes.

Now while the snows lie deep
The Lenten Fast we keep;
For forty days deny
A year's satiety.

No carillon is rung
Or loud Te Deum sung:
Ashes and low-voiced psalm
Till Easter pomp and palm.

We move in pleasing gloom
Till Easter lights illume;
Luxuriating in
Small penance for much sin.

We fast from plenteous food,
Yet hardly pause to brood
Upon the erring way
Our vagrant footsteps stray;

From our abundance choose
Such food as we refuse;
Knowing when Lent is o'er
That we need fast no more.

The Fast comes late or soon
As wandereth the moon;
In calendars is set
Alas, lest we forget.

And we forget the days
One spent in desert ways
Sad that humanity
Must bear their cross as He.

And we forget the Fast
Of immemorial past
When snows piled snows on snows
Ere the long winter's close;

When hunter on the hill
Saw white plains bare and still
And vainly in the wood
The trapper sought for food;

When in their caverns dwelt
The martyrs first who felt
The hunger-agony
Of ancient tragedy.

In cold, famine and dark
They nursed the primal spark
Into diviner flame—
Priests of forgotten name.

Good Christian, on thy knees,
I pray thee think of these
Who kept in far-off past
The bitter the winter-fast.

Canadian Anthologies

By LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

IN reading the article in the February number of the Canadian Bookman on the genesis of the anthology hitherto attributed to the late Wilfrid Campbell, one finds oneself sharing the bewildered emotions of Alice in the trial scene. What is it all about, and why? Both matter and material suggest Margot Asquith. You will remember that Margot has a playful way of sticking a knife into a man's moral or intellectual reputation after he has been safely tucked away in the grave. You will recollect, also, how instinct her writings are with the qualities of modesty and good taste. This Philanthropic Iconoclast has apparently been treasuring these momentous disclosures for years, but was "conscionably prevented" during Dr. Campbell's lifetime because of the poet's stormy temperament. Have you ever noticed how often explanations of this kind have the disconcerting qualities of a boomerang?

"For me to have told the world," says the P.I., "that the Oxford Book of Canadian Verse was 'a fortuitous concurrence of poetical atoms' would have been fatal to the peace of the Canadian literary realm." As some of our American cousins have it, I'll say it would! It might be fatal to the peace even of a dachshund.

'Tis a breathless tale the P. I. has to tell. It all happened, it appears, in Toronto—where everything worth happening, happens. You are to imagine yourself back in the days before the war. The P. I., we are told, was walking down Richmond Street, to meet Rupert Brooke at the Arts and Letters Club. The fact that the P. I. walked down Richmond street is an extremely important fact, as you will presently see. As the P.I. passed the offices of the Oxford Press, who should he see leaning out of the window but Mr. S. B. Gundy. Knowing S. B. Gundy as we do, we feel justified in adding, as a little bit of local color, that his features were graced with a winning smile and a Perfecto. Mr. Gundy "beckoned me within." Now you will see that if the P. I. had taken a taxi, as he really should have done, because Rupert Brooke was probably waiting for him impatiently, the momentous circumstances that he is about to describe would never have happened—and that would have been another calamity to the Canadian literary realm.

Well, Mr. Gundy beckoned the P. I. within, and handed him a thin book, saying, "What do you think of that?" It was the original printer's rough make-up of The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse. The P. I. "hurriedly or cursorily examined its contents." Note how careful the P. I. is to be meticulously just. If he did not examine it hurriedly, he at any rate examined it cursorily, which suggests profane haste. Now hold your breath, for this is a most dramatic moment. "As we both looked into one another's faces, we chorused, 'This will never do!'" And somewhere out on Richmond Street a hurdy-gurdy ground out the appropriate music of the popular refrain, "Poor Lou, Poor Lou! No, this will never do!"

The P. I. rushed off in a fine frenzy to the Arts and Letters Club, where he showed the book to Brooke and a group of the members. "They all expressed the same depreciation of the volume (and Brooke wrote in ink on the fly-leaf a stanza from either his "Lust" or "Dust," I've forgotten which, and the book is not at hand)." The reader, of course, grasps the tremendous significance of the fact that Rupert Brooke wrote on the fly-leaf a stanza from either his "Lust" or "Dust," P. I. forgets which. It may have been from his "Just" or "Rust"; or even from his "Must" or "Bust."

In any event, the P. I. posted back to Mr. Gundy, and breathlessly announced to the publisher, "There isn't a single poet except Marjorie Pickthall, of the later generation of our poets represented in the volume!" The plot thickens. We now have two counts against poor Campbell. The chorus "This will never do!" could not have referred to the omission of the later generation of poets, because that was evidently a new discovery made at the conference in the Arts and Letters Club, and had something to do with Rupert Brooke's verses with the elusive title. We may conjecture that the soulful moment when the P.I. and the publisher gazed into one another's faces was inspired by the thinness of the printer's make-up. Or perhaps it was merely an emotional ejaculation.

But we are delaying the action. The scene is in the publisher's office. "Take it," exclaims Mr. Gundy, "and do what you can to improve it."

"I can't improve it without remaking it from beginning to end," passionately replies the P. I.

But there was not time for that; the Canadian public were clamoring for another anthology of Canadian verse. Accordingly it was agreed that the P.I. should rush home to his library of Canadiana, and select forty or fifty poems from the work of the later Canadian poets, and return with the typewritten manuscript next day! The exclamation is the P.I.'s, not mine, but I accept it as altogether appropriate to the occasion. Need it be said that he achieved the impossible? Time was when the selection of material for an anthology was a task of time and patience and infinite thought. But the modern Palgrave makes a selection of forty odd poems, and has them neatly typewritten for the printer, all in a summer's evening. Finally, we are favored with the P. I.'s opinion that the anthology, from the point of view of its making, is "a literary abortion."

We are not told what the late Dr. Campbell thought of this entirely original method of compiling an anthology. So far as the evidence goes, it seems quite probable that the additions were made without either his knowledge or consent. There are, one ventures to think, certain ethics that should govern the relations of authors or editors and publishers. Are there not, also, certain implied obligations as between publishers and their public? And is it quite consistent with these obligations to put forth a

the work of Wilfrid Campbell a book put together in the manner described by the ingenuous P.I.? Altogether apart from ethics, might it not have been better under all the circumstances to have allowed the public to remain in blissful ignorance of the somewhat irregular manner in which the Oxford Book of Canadian Verse was edited?

In what has been said above, the writer's comments are necessarily based upon the accuracy of the statements contained in the article in The Canadian Bookman, and are not intended to reflect in any way upon Mr. Gundy, whose side of the question has not yet been heard. Mr. Gundy may well say, whatever the outcome "Save me from my friends!" The writer is still more anxious to disclaim any thought of criticism of the late Rupert Brooke, for whose personality and poetry he has always had the most sincere admiration.

MRS. LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN
whose "Moonlight and Common Day" is shortly to come from Macmillan's.

Some Fine Psychology

THERE is one story in "A Bit of a Drifter and Other stories," by the late Mabel Hodgson Gurd (Chapman, Montreal; Musson, Toronto, $2.00), which reveals a remarkable insight into a delicate psychological situation. This is the tale entitled "Separation," which deals with the feelings and attitude of a woman whose son has gone to war and been killed, and who blames his father for consenting to his going. The case is typical of a large class, and so far as we are aware the study of it is new to fiction. The mind of the mother is depicted with remarkable justice and sympathy. There can be no doubt that the circumstances in which a good many mothers live—their exclusion from other interests, the all-too-frequent chilling of the relations between the parents as the children grow up—explain if they do not excuse the growth of an exaggerated and egotistical maternity, a mainly selfish desire to control and dominate the child for the sake of the mother's happiness rather than the child's highest development. We are far from suggesting that this vice is confined to mothers; but the circumstance which does most to produce it, namely, the lack of other interests, is, of course, far more common with mothers than with fathers. The result of this distorted affection, and of the blow that it suffers when the son goes to war, is, in the case depicted by Mrs. Gurd, an extreme hardening of the mother's heart against the father, so that the parents, instead of aiding one another in their sorrow, make it harder to bear for each. Fortunately, the disease (for such it seems to us) has not progressed so far that the woman cannot eventually be cured by the fresh-air-and-sunshine treatment, so to speak, of contact with the life around her, with its joys and sorrows, leading to a realization of the small importance of the individual and the unhealthiness of excessive egotism. The tale is told with a simplicity which proves a great deal of art, but its great value is in the keen observation and just depiction of a subtle domestic situation.

The other tales in the volume are considerably less important, simply because they deal with less vital subject-matter and show less original observation. The two most ambitious are concerned with that ancient problem —the strife between the artistic temperament and the hum-drum domestic interior. It requires a very dramatic form of statement to make that problem interesting in this post-war period, and Mrs. Gurd was not so fortunate in either her situation or her characters as in "Separation." A very short sketch entitled "The Brass Bowl" is a triumph of effective compression and contrast. The whole volume is made up of serious artistic work, and is not to be confused with the short stories of commerce. The tragically early death of the author, which has occurred since this volume reached us, deprives the Canadian short-story field of one of its most promising serious workers.

Wells, H. G., "Washington and the Peace Riddle." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.00. This is a reprint of Mr. Wells' newspaper letters between November 7th and December 14th, 1921. The author's summing up in the last chapter clearly proves that a world exclusively populated by spiritual counterparts of Mr. H. G. Wells, differing only in racial characteristics, and with himself as dictator, would be a more excellent place to live in; but it leaves one convinced that nothing short of the absolute making-over of human nature can produce the result at which Mr. Wells aims.

TRADE SECTION

Individualize Your Window Displays

By W. J. SHANNON

SPECIALIZATION should be the key-note of every bookseller's displays. A window with a miscellaneous collection of books suitable for people of all ages and tastes attracts the attention of none. The dealer goes on the theory of having something to appeal to all, but far better results are gained by talking (through one's window) to a certain class at a time, and winning the attention of all in that class.

First and foremost—there's the boy. Some boys are natural readers; all would be if books were brought to their attention in an attractive manner. Nothing fascinates them more than stories of cowboys and Indians, and if the right sort of books and writers are selected, there is nothing better for them than these stirring tales of bravery and action. Here is how a western firm gained the attention of every youth that passed their store, and greatly increased their sale of adventure books.

On an elevation in the back corner of the window a small Indian encampment was erected. A number of tepees, painted in red hieroglyphics, and a miniature campfire around which were seated a number of dolls dressed as braves, squaws and papooses, furnished an attractive background. A large poster of an Indian chief hung on the wall and in easily read letters was the caption: "Real Indian life by one who has lived among them as an adopted son." Among the books which filled the balance of the window were strewn Indian baskets, bits of pottery, moccasins and Indian dolls dressed in beads and fringed leather—all of which wares were for sale inside. No lurid, distorted, wild west tales were shown. All the books were about Indians and pioneers, written in a fascinating manner by men who had lived among them and knew their ways. Every one was a book that could be put into the hands of the boys by parents themselves. Among them were such famous titles as: "Forty Years With the Indians," "Among the Shoshones," "O, Pioneers," "The Quest of the Fish Dog Skin," "Famous Indian Chiefs," "With Sully Into the Sioux Land," "Indian and Scout," "The Indian Book," "The Pioneer Trail," and "The Indian of To-day." To these might be added these sterling classics, "The Leather Stocking Tales." Isn't this a collection to gladden the heart of any lad with red blood in his veins?

The business man and the enterprising youth who is just embarking in the business world are classes who should not be forgotten. They are willing to pay a good price for anything that will help them in their business or career, and the dealer should make it his business to see that they are supplied. A Detroit stationery firm, John V. Sheehan & Company, had the right idea when they displayed their "Business Building" window. In the centre was a large picture of a prosperous-looking business man sitting at his desk in a well-appointed office. Above it was a sign:

DO YOU WANT TO SUCCEED?

Get Ahead? Make More Money?

Let us suggest that you cast your eye on the books in this window and see which meet your needs.

Among the books displayed were: "Men Who Sell Things," "Business Building Ideas," "The Business of Advertising," "Successful Selling," "Writing an Advertisement," and many other notable business books.

These are just a few suggestions with regard to individualizing your windows to make them noticeable. It is publicity that pays big dividends.

Take McFee's Advice

William McFee, the author, who has had such a remarkable rise to popularity by reason of his extraordinarily fine sea stories has a pet sea library the list of which has been printed on the inside back cover on Frank Shay's, "Iron Men and Wooden Ships," this latter being a volume of sailor chanties. Regarding these books forming his "sea library," McFee said recently:

"Only deep sea sailors would be able to take this suggested library with them, because a sailor only reads at sea. When a landward breeze brings the odor of alien lands through the open scuttle, one closes the book and, if one is a normal and rational kind of chap and the quarantine regulations permit, goes ashore."

The list of titles is as follows:

On the back cover of Frank Shay's collection of sailor chanties, "Iron Men and Wooden Ships," is printed McFee's Sea Library:

"Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott.

"Two Years Before the Mast," by R. H. Dana.

"Midshipman Easy," by Captain Marryat.

"Captains Courageous," by Rudyard Kipling.

"The Flying Cloud," by Morley Roberts.

"Cruise of the Cachallot" by Frank T. Bullen.

"Log of a Sea Waif," by Frank T. Bullen.

"The Salving of a Derelict," by Maurice Drake.

"The Grain Carriers," by Edward Noble.

"Marooned," by Clark Russell.
"Typhoon," by Joseph Conrad.
"Toilers of the Sea," by Victor Hugo.
"An Iceland Fisherman," by Pierre Loti.
"The Sea Surgeon," by Gabrielle D'Annunzio.
"The Sea Hawk," by Sabatini.

There is a valuable suggestion here for the bookseller to promote sales of good tales of the sea.

By way it may be recorded here that Morley who conducts the "Bowling Green" in the New York Evening Post, and Don Marquis, conductor of the Sun Dial, in the New York Sun, whose inimitable "The Old Soak" about to be published, recently felt the lure of the films and "went into the movies." They played as extras in Elsie Ferguson's new picture, "Footlights."

"The Valley of Paradise."

Three men and a girl wrecked on a deserted island, form the nucleus of interest in one of the latest issues in T. Fisher Unwin's first novel library, the title of the story being "The Valley of Paradise." The author is Alfred Gorden Bennett.

The lonely island takes on tense phases of life in the thrilling romance, love and jealousy that are met within its bounds with the arrival of the four principals.

The volume is published at 7s. 6d.

The bookseller having a circulating library should find this a most acceptable volume for the subscribers.

"Of the West, Western."

Two new novels of action that have just come from the Ryerson Press suggest specialization by booksellers that should lead to goodly sales.

These books are "The Hidden Places," by Bertrand W. Sinclair, and "The Rider of the Golden Bar," by William Patterson White.

Sinclair's novel has the additional interest of being laid in the Canadian West, but, whether laid north or south of the 49th parallel, there are plenty of people who will buy almost all they can get of really well-told western tales of outdoor action such as these.

The scene of "The Hidden Places" is largely in the Toba Valley of British Columbia, and the story possesses the same rugged virility as the locality of its setting.

Patterson White's book is worthy of the author of "The owner of the Lazy D."

Opening Canadian Branch in Toronto

THEODORE F. PIKE in charge

THE old established house of Longmans, Green & Co., with the reputation of having the longest history of any book publishing concern in the English-speaking world, and who have for years maintained a successful American house in New York, are now about to extend their activities by maintaining a branch in Canada.

This branch will be in charge of Mr. Theodore F. Pike, who is popularly known throughout the book trade of Canada by reason of having for a number of years travelled this country, latterly out of New York, representing the American branch of Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Pike was in Toronto early this month when he made preliminary arrangements for the opening of the new branch on April 15th, including the taking of a lease of the premises at 210 Victoria Street, which, it will be remembered, was the building occupied by Bell & Cockburn. The whole of the second floor of this building will be occupied, permitting the carrying of goodly stocks of the extensive publications of this house. Mr. Pike also made arrangements for advertising in "The Canadian Bookman," the series of announcements to begin with the next issue, so that the booksellers may look forward to this interesting addition to the messages from Canadian publishers presented in each succeeding issue of this journal.

Longmans, Green & Co. are including in their early spring publications: "Hinduism and Buddhism: An Historical Sketch," by Sir Charles Eliot, "The King's Council in the North," filling in a gap in sixteenth and seventeenth century local history, by R. R. Reid; "A Short History of the Irish People," by Mary Hayden; and "Labour's Magna Charta," a critical study of the labour clauses of the peace treaty, by Archibald Chisholm.

THEODORE F. PIKE,
Who will manage the Canadian Branch being opened in Toronto by Longmans, Green & Co.

In conversation with "The Canadian Bookman," Mr. Pike said that this removal to Canada was the realization of a desire that he had had almost ever since the close of his previous residence in this country, and he added that this was shared by Mrs. Pike as well. According to Mr. John C. Saul, there is an interesting sentimental reason for this in that their marriage took place on this side of the line—in Winnipeg to be more definite. One thing certain is that their pleasure in returning to Canada is by no means stronger than the welcome that awaits them on the part of the book trade fraternity of Canada. Here's success to "Teddy" Pike in his new venture.

Tracing and Drawing Books.

Another new line of made-in-Canada books for children has come this year in the Canadian series of Tracing and Drawing Books introduced by Hodder & Stoughton, Limited. Ultimately the line is to be widened to include various toy books, but the initial step is to complete three series of books with tracing inserts, these series comprising items for retailing at 10c, 15c and 25c each.

To Get Something Worth-while Out of Religious Book Week

——APRIL 2 - 8

WE suggest that you read the article "A Real Opportunity for Booksellers" elsewhere in this issue and proceed accordingly. We will be glad to help you as suggested therein or in any other way you can suggest. We submit that at least it will furnish you with some new ideas.

Get After the Man Who Buys Books for His Children

Get After the Children too, with these:

New Canadian Copyright Editions of Louisa M. Alcott's Works

These are in demand everywhere. In good cloth binding with picture jackets. They are sure to be splendid sellers at the price $1

JO'S BOYS	LITTLE MEN	AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL
EIGHT COUSINS	ROSE IN BLOOM	UNDER THE LILACS
JACK AND JILL	—also—	AUNT JO'S SCRAP BAG
LITTLE WOMEN		GOOD WIVES

New Canadian Copyright Editions of Anna Sewell's "BLACK BEAUTY"

Three Editions to Retail at 60c, $1.00, $2.00

NOTE—We hold absolutely sole Canadian rights on this book and intend to protect ourselves against importations.

THE RYERSON PRESS

Publishers - - - - Toronto, Ontario

A Real Opportunity for Booksellers

An Interview With Dr. Fallis.

"DO you really think Religious Book Week is worth while for Canada?" was a question placed before Dr. S. W. Fallis, the Book Steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, the other day. "Is it feasible for booksellers to expect any satisfactory returns from a little extra effort during the week in question?"

"Naturally we are enthusiastic about Religious Book Week," said Dr. Fallis, "but aside from any advantage a special effort like this might seem likely to bring to us, we believe there is a really first-rate opportunity for the bookseller who is willing to work, not only to dispose of a few special books during that week, but also to create a number of new and steady customers. I presume it is perfectly natural," Dr. Fallis went on, "and as we find to be the case, particularly in the smaller towns, for the bookseller to expect his business to come to him as it does to other merchants —in his store—and in consequence that he buys almost exclusively the things which he knows he can sell immediately—fiction by popular authors, and other books of a general type for which a demand has already been created. It has been demonstrated over and over again by booksellers who were energetic and advanced enough to do their selling in a little more modern way, namely, by circularization or by actual calls on prospective customers, that there was splendid business in books which would not ordinarily sell over the counter in their towns.

"We believe this would apply particularly just now when there is unusual interest and discussion all over Canada in several rather interesting theological and doctrinal questions. In every town large enough to support a bookstore there are dozens of people interested in these questions who, if well-recommended books covering them were suggested, would certainly be willing to buy. Once they knew that the local retailer was able to supply books on current problems this class of people would become steady customers. One well-known Toronto bookseller has cultivated a special trade through methods just like this, which brings him thousands of dollars of business every year. There could not be a better time for beginning a campaign of this kind than during the coming Religious Book Week, particularly when it falls, as it does, in the bookseller's between-seasons period."

At this point the Methodist Book Chief jumped up energetically and walked over to the window, leaning on it as though thinking deeply.

"There are half a dozen other things which a bookseller might do during Religious Book Week," he proceeded, after a minute.

REV. S. W. FALLIS, D.D.
Head of the Largest Religious Book House in Canada.

"Being a preacher myself and knowing what it means as a preacher to have my parishioners reading good books, I know very well that a fair percentage of the ministers would be ready to follow up the good work they did in Canadian Authors' Week last Fall with another sermon, or perhaps two, on such subjects as 'Good Reading,' 'Worth-while Books of the Present Day,' 'New Books on Outstanding Problems.' This sort of thing would be almost certain to stir up a demand at least worth while to stock three or four copies of the recommended volumes. There would be no difficulty in finding out in advance what volumes would be referred to and these even might be placed in the display window with a card reading something like: 'Rev. Dr. Blank will preach about these on Sunday next,' or 'Rev. Mr. Jones recommends these for present-day reading.'

"Here is another suggestion," Dr. Fallis continued. "If news items, properly worked up, regarding the Book Week idea are sent into the local newspapers they will be very glad to make use of them at least to such an extent as is warranted by their news value. It would be real news if the fact of the sermons suggested a moment or two ago could be coupled up with the Religious Book Week idea."

"Is there any part the churches themselves would be likely to take in the celebration of Religious Book Week?" the Bookman asked.

"I scarcely see," Dr. Fallis said, after considering a moment, "where you could link up the churches with the idea, aside from the plans already suggested. A new scheme in some churches, however, is a sort of rejuvenation of the library idea, consisting in placing book tables with desirable new books in the vestibule and urging the people to use these in the same way as they use the books from the public library. Another opportunity for the bookseller would seem to lie in this where there are quite a number of churches in Canada energetic enough and financially able to carry this idea forward if it were properly presented to them. Lists of the books should be made out by the pastors of the churches. The Methodist Book and Publishing House has a Book Advisor now, who spends most of his time in giving advice of this kind. The bookseller's job would be to get the matter going and get the order. The publishers will be glad to help him both in supplying suggestive lists and"—this came with a smile—"supplying him with the books.

Hymn Books and Bibles.

"We sometimes feel," Dr. Fallis went on again, "that the bookseller does neglect one good opportunity, and in this I must confess we are particularly interested. I have gone into store after store in various parts of Canada at all seasons of the year,

Two Unusual New Novels

——to feature this Spring

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By Richard Mathews Hallet

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The dashing story of a young fellow who tried theology, then thought of osteopathy, and finally ended up with love and hunting for gold near the Mexican border.

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A first novel of mystery and adventure portraying the sea life of the far-east as it has never been done before. This author is worth developing for he has many books to follow this first title.

Cloth, $2.00

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Cloth, $1.75

The Mind in the Making

By James Harvey Robinson

A book to awaken every reader to a real understanding of his own mind.

This is a book for that large body of general readers as well as historians and philosophers who wish to know why they act as they do, and how far man has actually progressed towards "civilization."

Cloth, $3.00

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and scarcely any time except at Christmas see a hymn book or Bible displayed anywhere. It would seem that this special week was one time when these always-steady-sellers and good profit-makers, too, should be given a prominent place in the store, or even the first place in a window. I believe there would be steady and much larger sales for Bibles, hymn books, prayer books, psalms and other things of the same type if the bookseller kept these things properly displayed."

There was no hesitancy in Dr. Fallis' reply to the next question: "Is the sale of Religious books increasing or decreasing in Canada?"

"Of course it is increasing," he said. "As our country is growing up people are getting larger and better ideas of worth-while things and are reading more and better books. This will continue as the country grows older. Canada has been, as compared to some of the European countries, in the boy and girl stage, and her reading in consequence, has not, in some respects, grown up. This does not mean that there is not a worthy body of readers of good literature in Canada now. There is a remarkable one for our age and population. And as we are reaching years of maturity the demand is increasing for really good and heavier things. It will continue to do so as our population increases and as our percentage of educated people becomes larger. As our towns grow up the demand for a better class of literature will increase. If the local people know that the bookseller is ready to supply what they want his business will grow with his town."

Growth of a Book Display Idea

GETTING THE MAXIMUM ATTENTION

DISPLAY is a problem in bookstores as in all other stores. Solve that problem so as to get maximum attention for your goods and your business cannot fail to be successful, providing always that you are buying the right class of goods to sell at the right price.

The recent campaign for Children's Book Week and Canadian Authors' Week encouraged intensive specialization in books of those two general classifications, but that does not mean that similar methods cannot be brought to bear on other books. The objective of the bookseller should be to make those events lead to larger activity in the book trade in the months and the years to follow.

The accompanying illustration of a silent salesman for popular fiction is presented through the courtesy of Grosset & Dunlap. These racks are designed from the plans of an Indiana bookseller named Munger, and so practical and effective was the idea he worked out that since being placed on the market these racks have found their way into bookstores all over the United States and Canada.

This particular display idea might well be applied to other classes of books. For instance, a much larger rack, or connected racks, might be devised that could become in effect a veritable little bookstore, which, if used for juvenile books, picture books and toy books, would thus become a children's bookshop inside the bookshop proper.

Any practical-minded bookseller or assistant could easily work out this idea, and it is worth while doing.

News of Travelling Men.

Mr. T. Francis Brophy, son of Thomas Brophy, of the Cambridge Bookshop, Quebec, has been added to the travelling staff of Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., and the Musson Book Co., and has left on his first trip covering the Eastern ground through to the Maritimes. Mr. Brophy gained valuable experience in the book business in his father's store, and his knowledge of the trade will be most valuable in his new work of representing the H. & S. line on the road.

Back After Eight Years.

After an absence of about eight years from Canada Mr. F. H. Bailey, representing the Religious Tract Society of London, England, is again in this country on a

journey which will take up four months.

Mr. Bailey was a caller at the office of "The Canadian Bookman" and was much interested in the idea of the new journal taking in "The Canadian Book Trade Journal" as a "trade section," speaking in terms of appreciation regarding the journal, its general make-up and appearance.

In addition to the R.T.S. line, Mr. Bailey is on this journey representing also Nisbet & Co., Ltd., of 22 Berners St., London, W.

The ten days spent in Toronto netted exceptionally good business, said Mr. Bailey. He found the booksellers keener than ever for British publications.

Mr. Bailey spent three years at the front in active service, and the fact that he got through without a scratch, together with the fine physical training, accounts for his looking "in the pink," a circumstance that all his Canadian friends remarked upon directly they set eyes upon him.

Mr. Bailey has a warm spot in his heart for Canada and was delighted to be over here again.

THE BOOKSELLER'S CALENDAR

March 25 to April 1—"Travel Week"–Sell Travel Books.

April—Make this a month of Back to Nature Books.

April 2–8—Religious Book Week.

April 16—Books as Easter Gifts—use Gift Bands on Books.

May—Books as Graduation Gifts and School Rewards.

May 14th—Mothers' Day—"Send a book to Mother."

June—Books as Wedding Gifts.

July—Books for Vacation Reading.

You Too Can Cash In On This $13,000 Advertising Campaign

There has been laid out, and has already begun, an advertising campaign for Jackson and Salisbury's "Outwitting Our Nerves," the most cheerful, the most readable, the most easily helpful, the most successful health book published in recent years.

It is a book for everybody. It is one of those rare successes which people are glad to tell others about. And we are glad to sell it, as you no doubt are, for it is a good book. It is an authentic good deed to get "Outwitting Our Nerves" into the hands of a reader.

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Slogans

Reproduction of an attractive poster being featured for Religious Book Week. As a follow-up for this week, dealers should strongly urge Books as Easter Gifts.

Here are a few slogans for use in Newspaper Advertising and Window Cards:

Use Your Evenings.

Find It In Books.

Good Books Are Life Teachers.

Mr. Layman Do You Shun Religious Books?

Missionary Biography For Young Hero-worshippers.

How To Interest Young People In Worth-while Reading.

Supply Spiritual Needs Through Books.

For Your Wanderlust Shelf.

Books Give You World-Wide Travel With Arm-Chair Comfort.

Back to Nature Books.

Reduced reproduction of "Back to Nature" Poster depicting a man and two boys on a hike, stopping to look up a new bird in a book they have carried.

BOOKS
As Easter Gifts

APRIL
Outdoor Books

I---Love---You

By Lloyd Roberts.

When I was young, say half-past-three or four,
My heart was true to one dear girl, no more.
I loved her with that singleness of mind
That poets praise but happ'ly seldom find.
I bought a heart—a frilly thing, 'tis true—
And on its back I wrote—I—Love—You.

When I was ten the good saint came again,
And found me in the throes of passion's pain.
My heart beat fierce for Prue,
And just as fierce for Sue—
Ah, how I loved the two!
As lovers often do—
I bought two hearts (to each I would be true)
And on each heart I wrote—I—Love—You!

But time went by, depositing discretion,
Heightening taste and mellowing impression,
Until, at twenty-two,
I thought I'd send a valentine or two
To just a few—
To Marian, Maud and Mary, Madge and Jess,
To Alice, Kate and Ethel, Elsie, Bess,
To Elmer, Gretchen, Eva, Grace and Tess.

My heart with years had grown cosmopolitan,
And without stint claimed passion true for all of 'em.
I bought a bunch of hearts—what could I do?
And on each heart I wrote, I—Love—You!

To-day I'm older grown, and wiser too;
My vision's broader with a bolder view;
I come to this red-letter day of saints—
The day when all fond lovers air their plaints—
And filled with fervor to declare by token
The sweet emotion that can not be spoken,
I carefully examine my heart region
To find my sweethearts grown now to legion.
No longer partial, prejudiced or blind,
I love the whole blessed world of womankind;
Blond and brunette, dusky, white and red,
Widow and maid, the single and the wed,
I love 'em all from A right through to Z.

And so my heart, which is no longer mine,
I give to you, a humble valentine,
Upon whose back is written bold and true,
I—LOVE—YOU!

Note—This poem, among others, was read at a happy gathering of the Ottawa Branch of the Canadian Authors Association on the night of St. Valentine's Day, being awarded first prize.

"Woodbine Willie"

"STUDDERT KENNEDY is, perhaps, the most popular man in the Church of England to-day," says the Methodist Recorder. Well, certainly he is the most unique, indeed one of the most striking and virile, and probably he is reaching a larger majority of convertible hearts than any other preacher of the day.

In similar manner with Bairnsfather and Rupert Brooke, "Woodbine Willie" is one of the great inspirational discoveries of the war, but unlike most war discoveries, he has lasted. Unlike most ministers of the gospel, he is rampantly favoritized, and unlike traditional religious books, his astounding poems and argumentative essays continue to compete with popular fiction in public demand. "What's God like, Padre, you ought to know? What's He like?" asked the bewildered young soldier who was wounded. "Like your father, your mother, your sweetheart, your chum — like Christ," said "Woodbine Willie," and it goes so deep that it has brought an understanding of religion to a legion of otherwise casual people. It also characteristically defines the style of this strident-worded man who complains that his work is made harder by the everlasting necessity of having to explain the Prayer Books and pointing out what they don't mean.

He talks as naturally about faith as he does about "facts." He is not so much a preacher on "common-sense Christianity" as a man who is radiantly sure that Christianity is inspired common-sense. Not that common sense which is just a plodding cart-horse with no leap in it. He can plod with the best when it is needed, but he knows when a man has to leap if he is to save either his neck or his soul. As he says in his Peace Rhymes:

How do I know that God is good?
I don't.
I gamble like a man. I bet my life
Upon one side in Life's great war.
I must.
I can't stand out. I must take sides. The man
Who is neutral in this fight is not
A man. He's bulk and body without breath,
Cold leg of lamb, without mint sauce . . .
I want to live, live out, not wobble through
My life somehow, and then into the dark.
I must have God. This life's too dull without.
Too dull for ought but suicide.

He would sting us into voting, with our lives as stake, for one side or the other, because a man is more than a breathing carcass. He bids the man who is always

STUDDERT KENNEDY
Better known as "Woodbine Willie," famous for his "Rough Rhymes of a Padre" and other virile books.

screaming for facts to have a look at the supreme fact of his life—himself, and let his soul have a word. Some folks only weigh one set for "facts"—the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy insists on tabling the whole series, both of life and death. "Food for the Fed-up" is his most coherent statement of his faith. He has no reservations.

"The Dog Collar."

"Woodbine Willie" refers to his clerical neck-band as a "dog-collar." When challenged to take it off, he replies: "I'll keep it on, thank you. It often hurts the back of my neck, but some jolly fine men have worn it, and I am not ashamed of it. It stands for, and in the main I believe it always has stood for, a white world."

This is taken from "Democracy and the Dog-Collar," a discussion between organized labor and organized religion. "I am not a member of the Labor Party nor do I propose to become one, but for that very reason I feel the less inclined to confuse the movement with the party. I am a member of the Christian Church, and believe that with all its faults and failings it is by far the greatest of all human movements in the history of the world, and I therefore feel that the world's salvation and the building of the City of God depends upon there being some understanding and co-operation between the Labor movement and the Church."

Only once in the writings of "Woodbine Willie" is there a quotable passage on fear, and it strikes one as being a new sort of conception of Judgment. "I have my own vision of Judgment," he writes, "and it has its own fear; it is not the fear of a flaming Hell, it is the fear of the Eyes of Christ."

Unfortunately not all of his work is procurable in this country. Three titles are available, however, "Food for the Fed-Up," "Democracy and the Dog-Collar" and "The Sorrows of God and Other Poems" (complete poems).

GUY MORTON
Author of "Rangy Pete."

A. S. M. Hutchinson

By FRANKLIN JEFFERSON

LONDON, February 21.—What manner of man is this A. S. M. Hutchinson who has so captivated the literary world of America and England within the last six months with his phenomenally selling novel, "If Winter Comes"? I first met this modest, sensitive, youthful-appearing man, now 41, after his first novel, "Once Aboard the Lugger," was published in 1908. This delicious comedy (it was not a sea story as the title suggests) made a distinct impression on the critics but was not widely read. He was then writing "The Happy Warrior." I discovered him to be the Forbes Robertson type, lean and spiritual, with a strongly marked forehead and eyes that were at once observant and sympathetic. His charm and modesty of manner invited confidence, and this faculty combined with a keen sense of humor and sympathetic observation of his fellow-creatures, made him singularly human. His army life and activity during the war, for he was a captain attached to the Headquarters Staff of the Tenth Army Corps, has inevitably matured him. Otherwise I found him scarcely changed when I visited him to-day. Naturally quiet and self-contained, soft spoken but companionable, his fine features lighten when you have won his confidence and have persuaded him to tell something of his methods of work.

"I am appallingly conscientious," he told me, "and therefore a slow producer. No divine flames of inspiration make my pen fly over the paper. It is all a labor of love, but a very slow, careful labor notwithstanding."

Although a prodigious walker, the author of the best-selling new novel throughout the English-speaking world cannot utilize those peregrinations after the manner of some novelists. "I can only think," he told me, "when I am actually sitting at my desk with pen in hand. I envy those authors who can go for long walks, construct a chapter while they stroll, and then come home and rush it down on paper. I absolutely cannot. Indeed, unless I have a good nib and good paper and am writing neatly, I cannot get on at all."

Seated in the den of his comfortable London home, this bachelor, who seems to know so much about married life, talked briefly of his literary tastes. "Fielding is my favorite author," he said, as he fondly handled a copy of "Tom Jones." "Meredith is my second choice," and here he opened some first editions. "Kipling, too, I read over and over again, and then I am also fond of the old English essayists. Of course, there are the poets, particularly Browning, and I am one of those who tremendously admire the poems John Masefield is now writing.

"I can't say that I am fond of the theatre, for I have been bored so often, nor have I any ambition at present to write plays. I have always enjoyed out-of-door sports and I played football until my eyesight prevented. I like golf, too, but after all, my principal exercise has been walking."

Knowing that he left the editorship of the London Daily Graphic to enter the army, I asked him how he had the courage to abandon journalism after demobilization.

"Even in France the characters of a new novel took shape," he replied, "but I needed a spark. That spark," he says, "flashed upon me one day in the letter of a lady friend. She was in distress over the sad case of an unmarried mother. The girl was willing to work, but would not be parted from her baby. Did I know anyone who would engage the mother as servant and receive the baby, too?

"As I read these words, 'If Winter Comes"—my first novel in seven years—was born. The fusing touch had been imparted, and then the thing wrote itself. I had always been sceptical of these assertions by novelists as to stories 'writing themselves,' but I shall never doubt them any more. This story did so write itself, as though I were merely the hand of some force outside myself. No, I had not framed the plot or drawn up any scheme of that kind. I cannot construct plots; my interest is always in characters."

"But the great theme of the story?" he was asked. "When you selected as your title that line from Shelley's ode, 'O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?' were you not thinking of applying the moral of the war in a large sense?"

"Yes," replied, half-hesitatingly, this World War veteran. "I do not see how it is possible for any modern novelist, whose period is laid after 1914, avoiding the war. It is too much the biggest thing in human history to be ignored. But I would apply its moral in a broader sense.

"What is the key to your principal character, Mark Sabre?" he was asked.

"Merely this, that a man who can see both sides of any question is in a tragic position compared with the man who can only see one. I was out of my element as the editor of a daily newspaper. I realized that I could never be a great editor just because I could see both sides of any question. You can see the result of being able to see only one side in the case of Sabre's wife, Mabel.

"But what I should like all my friends in America to know is that I feel now that all my previous books, 'Once Aboard the Lugger—,' 'The Happy Warrior,' and 'The Clean Heart,' are but so many 'prentice efforts. The new story upon which I am now engaged is developing in a manner which I cannot understand and which frankly surprises me. It, too, is writing itself in the most amazing manner."

The title of his fifth novel, he said, had already been chosen: "This Freedom," taken from a Biblical quotation in the Book of Acts,—"With a great sum obtained I this freedom." It is a story of a wife who wanted economic freedom from her husband. May its sale exceed the 300,000 mark that "If Winter Comes" has already said to have reached!

"Chatterbox," The Page Co., Boston. Delayed in the Custom House, a late arrival, is this annual holiday juvenile volume, which is deservedly popular and has been appearing since 1878. The well-edited annual continues to make new friends among the children, aided and abetted by grandfathers and grandmothers who look back over the years to the time when they as children pored over the early issues of "Chatterbox."

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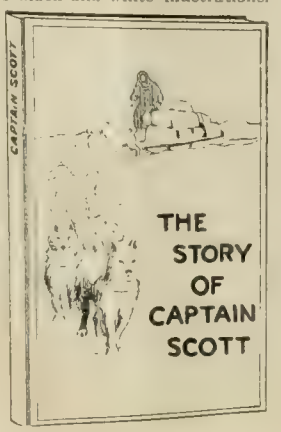

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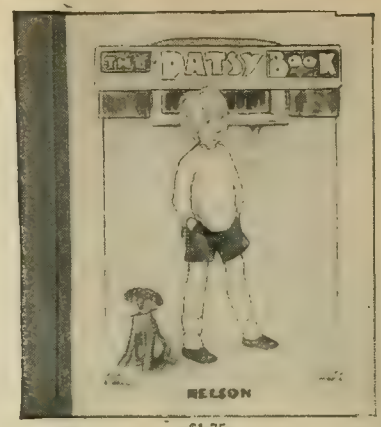

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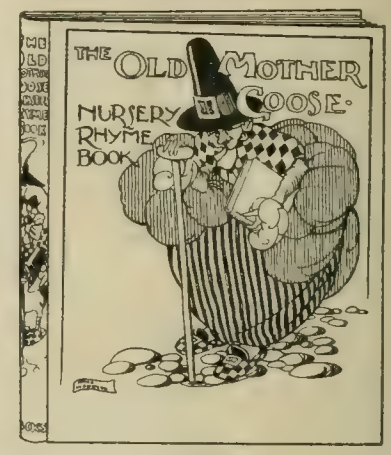

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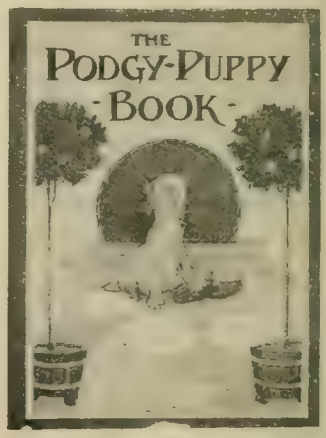

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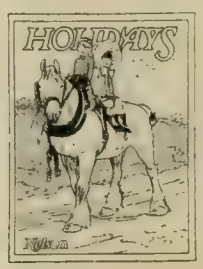

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The Bride Dreams

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

LOVE, is it dawn that creeps in so gray,
Like the timid ghost,
All shrinking and pale, of the sweet, dead night
Lived and enjoyed to the uttermost
Of its swift delight?
Love, hold me close, for I am a-cold
With the grave's own chill,
And my cheek must yet have the smear of the mould—
I have dreamed a dream as here I lay
Next to your heart—in my dream I died
And was buried deep, deep in the yard beside
The old church on the hill.
(Oh, the dream was bitter!)

II.

By my gravestone a rose was blowing red,
Red as love,
The world was full of the laughter of spring—
I heard it down there in my clammy bed—
The little birds sang in the trees above,
The wind was glad with the clouds that fled
All white and pearly across the sky,
And the pretty shadows went winking by
Like tricksy, madcap thoughts a-wing.

You had buried me in my wedding gown
Of silk and lace—
My hair curled blackly, my neck adown,
But my lips, I knew, were white in my face,
And the flower I held in my stiff hand yet
Was slimy and wet.
(Keep me from death, oh, my lover!)

III.

Still, though the clay was heaped over me,
I could see—I could see
The folk going by to the old church door;
Wives and mothers and maids went by
All fine and silken, rosy and sweet;
Some came with a tear their graves to greet,
But to mine only old mad Margaret came,
And she laughed to herself as she read my name
With an eerie laughter, evil and sly,
That pierced like a dart to my cold heart's core.
I saw the old maid go bitterly in
Who had known no love
Two brothers who hated each other well—
Miser Jock with his yellow skin—
A girl with the innocent eyes of a dove—
A young wife with a bonny child—
And Lawrence, the man who never smiled
With his lips, but always mocked with his eyes—
O love, the grave makes far too wise,
(I knew why he mocked!)

IV.

Then I felt a thrill the dank earth through
And I knew—Oh, I knew
That it came from your step on our path from the dale;
Almost my heart began to beat!
And you passed by with another bride,
Proud of her golden ring, at your side—
That slim, white girl who lives at the mill,
Who has loved you always and loves you still,
With her hair the color of harvest wheat
And her lips as red as mine were pale.

How I hated her, so tall and fair
And shining of hair—
Love, I am so little and dark!
My heart, that had once soared up like a lark
At your glance, was as a stone in my breast;
Never once did you look my way,
Only at *her* you looked, and kissed
With your eyes her eyes of amethyst—
My eyes were sunk in cruel decay
And the worms crawled in the silk of my vest—
(Keep me from death, O, my lover!)

V.

Love, hold me close for I am a-cold!
It was only a dream—as a dream it has fled.
Kiss me warm from its lingering chill,
Burn from my face the taint of the dead,
Kiss my hair that is black not gold—
Am I not sweet as the girl at the mill?
(Oh, the dream was bitter!)

A Uniform Edition of Buchan

WHEN an author's works are put into a uniform edition it is conclusive evidence that he has "arrived." This status of uniformity has just been achieved by Mr. John Buchan. Of course, as an historian Mr. Buchan "arrived" early in the war; but his star as a novelist only rose above the Canadian horizon about the year 1917. Since then he has scored many successes, which, as sometimes happens, have had the effect of making the more discriminating readers take up his earlier and less known books. Many of these were rather inaccessible to Canadian bookbuyers—a disadvantage which will be shortly removed. Messrs. Nelson (of which firm Mr. Buchan is a director) announce a uniform edition of the novels to be completed this year.

Beginning with "Greenmantle" in May next, the following will appear at monthly intervals: "Prester John," "John Burnet of Barns," "The Watcher by the Threshold," "A Lost Lady of Old Years," "The Thirty-nine Steps," and "The Power House," (in one volume) "Salute to Adventurers," "A Lodge in the Wilderness" and "The Half-Hearted."

It will surprise many of his admirers that Mr. Buchan has such a long list of novels to his credit. When one considers also his poems, essays, and his monumental "History of the War," one is equally astonished at his industry and his versatility.

The uniform edition of his novels is issued in delightful books of handy size; they may be had either in red cloth or a full dark green limp leather binding. The prices are $1.25 and $1.75 respectively—which is a welcome sign of returning sanity in the fiction market.

Success in One's Own Game

WHEN Lord Beaverbrook, in his volume, "Success" (McClelland, Toronto), a reprint of a series of articles in his own newspaper in London, tells us that success is "some kind of temple which satisfies the mind of the ordinary practical man," we are compelled to conclude that the titled author has not duly considered the meaning of the word "temple." In a later sentence he speaks of the young clerk as having "the key of success in his pocket, if he has the courage and the ability to turn the lock which leads to the Temple of Success." Our own idea of a temple is a place into which any man with a worshipful disposition can enter to perform his worship. Lord Beaverbrook's is that of a rather exclusive club, or perhaps even the money vault of a very large bank. This idea may be perfectly proper for a conception of success — which, after all, is for each man to a large extent what he has decided to consider it—but the word "temple" is inappropriate and misleading. Lord Beaverbrook undoubtedly has a perfectly clear idea of what, to him, constitutes success, and he leaves so little doubt about it in his description of the way to attain it that we cannot greatly complain if he has failed to give us a good definition or working description of it.

Be it noted that success is something which can be more easily attained to-day than in former days, because the death duties are wiping out hereditary wealth and with it hereditary command in finance and industry. That observation alone gives us a pretty good idea of the kind of success about which Lord Beaverbrook is writing. It would not be fair to say that it concerns money alone, for Lord Beaverbrook has no interest in that kind of wealth which merely produces an income. What really fascinates him, we are quite sure, is the power which comes with the active and adventurous use of wealth. Like most varieties of power, this is a power which is to be used in conflict with other possessors of power, and the joy of conflict is the real source of satisfaction. Throughout the book there emerges continually the concept of business as a game, in which one engages precisely as the true player (not the professional gambler) engages in any other game, viz., for the sake of the testing of one's own skill against somebody else's. Lord Beaverbrook, like all other players, is convinced that his own game is a better one than any of its rivals. He devotes a page to proving that it is a better game, and requires better qualities than politics. We need not quarrel with him for this, any more than we quarrel with a chess-player for maintaining that chess is a better game than dominoes or bridge whist or golf or polo. We merely smile and admit his contention regarding everybody else's game except the one game which we ourselves play.

For Lord Beaverbrook's kind of success, which means success in Lord Beaverbrook's kind of game, "the real education is the market-place of the street," and the chief qualification is "an unholy proficiency in estimating the value of the currency of the realm."

As we read the volume, a pleasant thought occurs to us. It is that by the elimination of a few specific references to the money-market, and the substitution of technical terms relating to one of the popular pastimes of the age, we could take this book and convert it into a treatise on how to play golf or bridge or poker or cricket or politics or war. Its recommendations and its warnings are equally sound for all of these pursuits. Not a single chapter-heading need be changed except that of "Money." The considerations on "Luck," "Moderation," "Arrogance," "Courage," "Panic," "Consistency," "Prejudice" and "Calm" are the kind of thing that every golf-player ought to read before each important match. We do not know that we can say anything more far-reaching in commendation of this volume by an eminent Canadian. Lord Beaverbrook seems to have written better than he knew.

All the same, except for financiers, finance is not the only game.

Ko-Ngai

Note:—The Orient is famed for its gigantic bells. One of the more noteworthy is the great bell of Peking. Every hour this bell is struck by a large wooden beam which moves like a great battering ram of mediaeval days. So huge is this bell that when it is struck the neighboring buildings with their myriads of little ornamental figures tremble and the air is filled with soft reverberations for miles around. "Ko-Ngai" is the phrase which has been used by the Orientals for hundreds of years to describe the call of this great bell, and it is for that reason chosen as the title for the following poem.

HARK! Now's struck the hour.
Hark! From out the tower
Now peals the bell, with power.

Smote are the metal lips,
Smote are the monster's hips,
The massive mallet backward slips.

Hear, the bells call nigh,
Hear, its voice's cry,
The tongueless mouth's reply,—
Ko-Ngai.

Little dragons shiver,
Nodding to the river,
On neighboring roofs they quiver.

On the tilted eaves
Trembling like the leaves
Of Autumn or the harvest sheaves,
Shivering 'neath the sound
Gargoyles crave the ground
From their perches all around.

Gold-fish strung on high
Vibrate 'gainst the sky
Responsive to the monster's cry,—
Ko-Ngai.

Little silver bells
Tremble and each tells
A mute desire to speak. Now swells

Each of the green and gold
Colored tiles that hold
The inmates of the temple old.

Raised finger of Fo
Trembles o'er the low
Bowed heads of worshippers below.

Goblins show desire
Wriggling tongues of fire
To bellow forth their ancient ire.

After the mallet's knock,
After each huge shock,
A myriad playful echoes flock

Round: hear now their sigh,
Sibilant sobbing cry,
A lovely lady whispering "Hiai."

First a loud clang bold,
Then deep moan of gold,
And silver murmur half untold.

OSWYN BOULTON.

Note the Authors' Names

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Letters to the Editor

Different To?

Sir:—Mr. Nevill Lytton's vivacious book, "The Press and the General Staff," contains compliments not a few to the Canadian Corps. Indeed the author goes out of his way to express his admiration for its prowess. He also admires General Currie and his famous special order of March 27, 1918. Included in the book is the French translation, which Mr. Lytton considers "one of the rare instances of a piece of prose conceived in English being better when realized in French." He adds, "I had tea with General Currie about this time and he said with the most perfect Canadian accent, 'I can't see that this kind of Boche is different to any other kind of Boche; he's just as easy to kill.'" Personally, I am ready to admit the accent, but not "different to." The two things do not go together. No Canadian, drunk or sober, says "different to." When the phrase was pointed out to Thackeray in "Esmond" he promptly erased it, as an impossibility. Yours, etc., A. M. M.

(Editorial Note:—We have no doubt that A. M. M. is right concerning General Currie, and we hope that he is right concerning Canadians generally. But Mencken, in his "American Language," maintains that in colloquial utterance Englishmen habitually say "different to" where Americans say "different from" or "different than." We do not support Mr. Mencken, but we should like to get evidence on the rights of the matter.

Articles on Bibliography.

Sir:—Mr. Hathaway's notes on bibliographies of authors are very interesting, as all his notes are, coming from such an enthusiastic bookman.

With reference to the Masefield items, "The Locker Chest and the Sweeps of Ninety-eight" was first published in England in 1916 at Letchworth by the Garden City Press. "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye Street," published in New York in one volume in 1912, is a reprint of the English separate editions published in 1911 and 1912 respectively, both volumes being issued prior to the New York one.

Regarding George Moore's "Pagan Poems," 1878,—the few copies that got into circulation amongst Dr. Moore's friends—the author was mainly responsible for tearing out the title page, an act which he committed when visiting his friends, when he knew they possessed a copy. A copy of the book, which belonged to the late John Payne, and which contained an extra sheet with an inscription by the author, was listed two weeks ago by a New York firm of booksellers for $125.

Might I suggest that your contributor, R. H. Hathaway, give in your pages the benefit of his store of knowledge, in a bibliography of the writings of Bliss Carman His collection of Carman's writings is unrivalled, I presume, either in Canada or in the United States. Yours, etc.,

W. MacDONALD MacKAY.

26 Lonsdale Road, Toronto.

Among Authors and Bookmen

"Lovers of England" is the title of a book of poems by Geoffrey F. Monckton. It consists chiefly of a number of patriotic songs woven together by a narrative description of the glory of England. The songs may be judged by some of their titles: "Ashamed of England," "England's Graves," "An Englishwoman" and "The British Flag." It has been favorably reviewed by English papers.

A branch of the Canadian Authors Association has been formed in Regina under the guidance of Dr. W. T. Allison, National Vice-President for Manitoba and Saskatchewan. This is the first branch to be formed in Saskatchewan. The President is Austin Bothwell, whose reviews are familiar to readers of the Canadian Bookman. The Vice-President is Dr. W. W. Andrews; the Secretary, Miss C. E. Sheldon-Williams; the Treasurer, Miss Pithie; the Archivist, J. R. C. Honeyman, and the Executive Committee includes also Mrs. Murdoch MacKinnon (author of "Miriam of Queen's"), Mrs. Salverson, and Dr. J. S. Huff.

Macmillan's announce for early publication "Moonlight and Common Day," by Louise Morey Bowman. This is a collection of verse, by one of the most accomplished of our Canadian writers, much of whose work has appeared in the advanced literary periodicals of the United States. The title poem of the book appeared originally in the Canadian Bookman of January, 1920. Mrs. Bowman is a free verse writer with a very definite understanding of the rules and limitations of that species of poetry.

The Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., has published through the Messenger Press, Montreal, a 400-page volume entitled "Historic Caughnawaga," which gives an extremely picturesque account of what is perhaps the most famous Indian village in America. An extended review will appear shortly.

Mr. Frank Feigh, of Montreal, has left for the quietude of Three Rivers, Que., to complete a novel upon which he has been working for a year. The projected title is "Was Veneer Justified?"

Mr. Jules Tremblay, of the Ottawa Executive of the C.A.A., has produced a charming little collection of tales of French-Canadian life and psychology under the title of "Trouées dans les Novales."

Mr. Antonin Proulx, of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa, is publishing a comedy in book form.

Macmillan's announce for spring publication, "A Century of Canadian Prose and Verse," by Prof. E. K. and Mrs. E. M. Broadus, which will be a survey of Canadian literary work from its beginnings, with many examples both in prose and poetry. The price will probably be $2.50. Prof. Broadus is an English publicist who has spent many years on this side of the Atlantic and at present occupies a chair in the University of Alberta. His remarkable volume on the history of the poet laureateship in England has recently appeared and will shortly be reviewed in these columns.

One of the competitors in the Laura Blackburn lyric competition by the Order of Bookfellows, Chicago, was Mr. Philip Gray, of Montreal, whose poem received honorable mention. One hundred and seventy-one entries were received. The prize and honorable-mention poems will shortly be published in brochure.

Prof. E. K. Broadus, of the University of Alberta, has been invited by the University of California to deliver two series of lectures in the summer school at Los Angeles this year. He will lecture on Shakespeare and on the English Novel. This is a return visit, as Prof. Broadus lectured at the same institution in 1916. In 1919, on the invitation of Sir Walter Raleigh, he gave a series of lectures at Oxford under the auspices of the Honors School of English.

There seems to be a movement in Philadelphia for the artistic improvement of the film business, backed by a number of wealthy and cultured Philadelphians, and it is interesting to note that one of the first authors to whom they have applied is Robert Norwood, the Canadian poet, who is now minister of St. Paul's Memorial Church, Overbrook, Philadelphia. Mr. Norwood has done a scenario of the story of a modern Job, who is naturally a captain of industry instead of an owner of flocks and herds. It is to be hoped that Canadians will have full opportunity of seeing what ought, from the personality of the author and the aims of the producers, to be a very important film.

Mr. C. C. Pemberton, Victoria, B.C., who until recently was Secretary of the Victoria branch of the C.A.A., has an article in a recent issue of the Canadian Field Naturalist on the mysterious retention of vitality by the stumps of some coniferous trees. Mr. Pemberton has for long made a study of the growth-forms of Pacific Coast trees, and is preparing for publication a monograph of his field observations with many photographs.

That extremely useful book by M. O. Hammond, "Confederation and Its Leaders," has been put on the list for supplementary reading in the schools of both Manitoba and Alberta.

Roland Goodchild, of Vancouver, whose book, "Thistledown," published in London, is going into another edition, intends to publish in the spring a metrical version of the History of Herodotus, upon which he has been working for the last three years. Mr. Goodchild has another volume of

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Crossrigs

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Gissing, G.
The Town Traveller

Harraden, Beatrice
Interplay

Hewlett, Maurice
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Richard Yea and Nay
Stooping Lady
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Half Way House
Open Country
Queen's Quair
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Jacobs, W. W.
Ships' Company
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The Secretary-Treasurership of the Calgary Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association has been accepted by John William Hugill, K.C., D.C.L., LL.D., one of the most accomplished literary men of Western Canada, and better known to readers as John Harker. Mr. Hugill is the author of a number of short stories, critical articles, and pieces of occasional verse. His address is 220 Seventh Avenue West, Calgary. The Calgary Branch is growing rapidly, under the energetic presidency of the Rev. G. W. Kerby, D.D.

Prof. Archibald MacMechan's latest "Nova Scotia Chap-Book" (It is titled No. 2 but the numberings evidently have nothing to do with the order of publication, as four others have already preceded it) is in many ways the most charming and characteristic of all the series to date. It is entitled "The Nova Scotia-ness of Nova Scotia," and there is hardly anything about Nova Scotia from coal seams to columbines, and from the Gaelic Sacrament to the "Green Market," which is not touched upon in the essayist's most delicate style. The cover bears a beautiful line drawing of the portico of the Province House, Halifax, by Gyrth Russell, whom most Canadians probably know better as an eminent artist of Devonshire, England, than as a son of Judge Russell, of Nova Scotia.

The Sewanee Review, which is one of the leading literary quarterlies of the United States, is under the editorship of a Canadian and a member of the Canadian Authors Association, George Herbert Clarke, Professor of English in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. Prof. Clarke is well known in the United States as a lecturer on cultural subjects. He is a specialist on Sidney Lanier and on modern English poets.

The Authors' Club of New York, as a token of its fraternal appreciation of the new Canadian Authors Association has sent through one of its Canadian members, Mr. George Iles, a copy of the famous "Liber Scriptorum," consisting of 125 autographed contributions by prominent American authors. Through the courtesy of Dr. G. R. Lomer, Librarian of McGill University, this will be on view at the McGill University Library for three months, after which it will be passed on to other libraries located in the cities in which the Canadian Authors Association has branches.

St. John, N.B., has organized a branch of the Canadian Authors Association under the presidency of the National Vice-President for New Brunswick, the Rev. H. A. Cody. The other officers of the local organization are: Vice-President, Mrs. E. Atherton Smith; Treasurer, Miss Alward; Secretary, Miss Katharine Moore Bell, 197 Germain Street; Executive, A. M. Belding, Rev. Father Daley, Miss Mary Flett, Mrs. Heber Vroom, and W. F. Hatheway. Members are already coming in from various parts of the province, and Mr. Cody is addressing the Canadian Club of Moncton and the Daughters of the Empire at Fredericton with a view to arousing an interest in the work of the Association.

The St. Jean Baptiste Society informs us that no first prize has been awarded in its competition for the best French-Canadian novel; that the second prize has been awarded to Mlle. Cecile Beauregard (Andree Jarret) Laprairie, Que., author of "Roman d'Helene," and that the third prize has been awarded to Mr. J. E. Lariviere, N.P., 921 Cadieux St., Montreal, author of "l'Iris Bleue." The jury was composed of Abbe E. J. Auclair, Mlle. Marie-Claire Daveluy, and Messrs. Germain Beaulieu, Gustave Comte and Ubald Paquin.

We have received the following from an Ottawa correspondent: The discovery in France, by Captain C. E. Lart, of papers dealing with the Acadians of Nova Scotia, announced in the Canadian Bookman of January last, is but a re-discovery. These documents were first discovered, some thirty-five years ago, by M. Edme Rameau de Saint-Pere, the French historian, author of "Une Colonie féodale en Amérique," and other valuable works. They were copied for Abbé Casgrain who published them, in 1889 and 1890, in "Le Canada Francais."

Books Received

FICTION.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson, "The Head of the House of Coombe." McClelland, Toronto. An excellent melodrama, written in the manner of the late Victorian period, for which there is, we fancy, still a very large demand. Mrs. Burnett's well-known ability to depict sentimentally interesting children is employed to good purpose.

Burroughs, Edgar Rice, "The Mucker." McClelland, Toronto. Mr. Burroughs shows that he does not need to resort to semi-human animals in the jungle for his excitements. This time he uses, among other things, a tribe of Japanese warriors in an isolated island who have remained in the state of civilization of a thousand years ago. As always in American adventure fiction of this era, the chief male figure is a perfectly innocent murderer.

Dane, Clemence, "Will Shakespeare." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. This "four-act drama in blank verse" is a great surprise, not because of its dramatic strength, for that was to be expected from the author of "A Bill of Divorcement," but for its poetic quality of language and its exuberance of imagination. Its object is to exhibit the spirit of Shakespeare in the making, and the contributions made to it by the devotion of his neglected wife, Ann Hathaway, and the infidelity of his "dark lady," Mary Fitton, of Elizabeth's court. Miss Dane is extraordinarily successful in attaining the Elizabethan rhetorical vigor of utterance, and also in creating intense and powerful figures to stride her stage. It is difficult to predict a limit to the attainments of a writer who but a year or two ago was known only for a clever novel or two of life in almost wholly feminine circles.

Evarts, Hal. G., "The Settling of the Sage." McClelland, Toronto. A tale of a feud between ranchers and squatters in the Western States; and there is sufficient cattle-rustling and horse-breaking and round-ups and sage-brush, and gun-play, with a real he-man and a girl-rancher to add to the excitement, to please the most jaded reader of cowboy fiction.

Grey, Zane, "To the Last Man." Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, $2.00. The picture on the slip-cover, that of a cattle rustler, his cheek bleeding from numerous wounds, seated on a black charger whose hooves actually spurn the ground, with a girl apparently holding on to the saddle with difficulty and one hand, gives one an excellent idea of this very "bluggy" book, in which all the males proceed to exterminate each other, like the Kilkenny cats, and only the hero is left to marry the girl.

Grimshaw, Beatrice, "Conn of the Coral Seas." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. All tropical adventure romances are much alike, but they differ in degree of excitement, and this is probably the most exciting of the season. When a young woman, married in name alone, is landed by mistake on the wrong one of a group of Pacific islands, and finds herself in the house of a bachelor planter in the middle of the biggest "souse-party" of the year, when she thought she was heading for the missionary station—well, you see the possibilities, don't you? So does Miss Grimshaw, to the fullest extent.

Hergesheimer, Joseph, "Cytherea." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. Henry James, writing on the subject matter usually employed by d'Annunzio. This work, by the one recent American novelist whom the best English critics are accepting without qualification, is hard to judge off-hand, but impresses us as an extremely serious and important work. It tells of the collapse of the "safe" and by the neighbors considered happy married life of a well-to-do American of forty-five, whose wife has ministered perfectly to his comfort and not at all to his imagination. It is uncompromising in its sincerity and in parts almost too horrible for pleasurable reading, and we do not in the least recommend it to those who read for anodyne purposes. But the serious reader can hardly afford to miss it, and it is far more important than "Linda Condon."

Holding, Elisabeth Sanxay, "Angelica." Doran, New York, $1.90. The daughter of the janitress of a poor apartment-house, she was so brainy that she worked herself into the family of a wealthy New Yorker (we judge from recent fiction that that sort of thing happens every day in New York). She could have married the W.N.Y., but unfortunately she yielded without marriage to the hypnotic spell of his poetic-religious brother, and she was so truthful (it was her one virtue) that she had to tell the W.N.Y. about it. An entertaining, if improbable, yarn.

MacGrath, Harold, "The Ragged Edge." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. A duly exciting MacGrath yarn, pitched this time mainly in Canton, with an innocent criminal, a Chinese guide educated at Yale, and a white girl from a Pacific island, who "knows nothing of the world." What more can the wildest movie fan want?

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Martin, George Madden, "March On." Appleton, New York. The author is the lady who invented Emmy Lou. The new book will be popular with Emmy Lou lovers. But we respectfully decline to believe that any stately Southern dame of eighty-eight ever said to a young man, apropos of his grandfather's fervor, "The soul in this old body still can grow faint, and this old frame trembles yet, at recall of that love-making."

McKenna, Stephen, "The Secret Victory." McClelland, Toronto. There is much to be said for the practice of carrying on the same character from one novel to another, but it may be done to excess. Readers of "The Secret Victory" who have not read the preceding volumes of the trilogy will feel that they are in the rather disconcerting position of being present at a "small-town party" where the person under discussion is somebody whom they do not happen to know. The book is clever, and, like its predecessors, appeals to the reader's snobbish instincts by always depicting the "smart set." But it is not a pretty story, and if it depicts modern English society, it is not a pretty society.

Morton, Guy, "Rangy Pete." McClelland, Toronto. We have read quite a lot of this volume, and we think the publisher's "blurb" is justified. "A two-gun man who shoots from the hip, as daring a bucko as ever tamed a bronc. a tender, chivalrous lover, but withal a quaint humorist and a philosopher who charms." And what more does any reader of cowboy novels want?

Norris, Charles G., "Brass: A Novel of Marriage." McClelland, Toronto. This appears to be a very carefully observed narrative, the product of a very omnivorous student of the externals of life. It left us, however, extremely cold. There is not a single human being in it with the capacity for arousing our interest or our sympathy. We do not say that there were not such people in California in 1900. We merely feel that they should have been allowed to stay in that place and date, and not taken all over America in 1921-22 in a book. And Mr. Brass has no right to tell us that the tragedies that happen to them are the fault of marriage; they are caused by their own pitiful incompetence in face of life.

Sinclair, May, "Life and Death of Harriet Frean." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.35. Short but astoundingly complete, and the outstanding clever book of the present quarter, as "Mr. Waddington of Wyck" was also a few months ago. It is the tale of the epoch-making events in the life of a woman doomed to ruin her own life and the lives of several others by her determination to "do the unselfish thing." A sentimental correctitude leads her to refuse to marry the man she loves, because, before falling in love with her he had become engaged to her friend. Harriet has not the power of telling when those moments occur in which one must mould life to one's needs without regard to conventions. The world is full of people of her type, and they cause far more suffering than those who move to their appointed ends across every forbidding convention, when their instinct bids them do so. A book of notable wisdom.

Wetherald, Ethelwyn, "Tree-Top Morning." Cornhill, Boston, $1.50. This is one of the most charming collections of little poems for little children that we have seen in a very long time. The author, who has made some notable contributions to the more grown-up portion of Canadian poetry, is exceptionally successful in adopting the playful-motherly attitude towards her readers, and we cannot imagine any small child who will not be fascinated by these verses about the familiar things of Canadian childhood —cats and dogs, frogs, birthdays, butterscotch, taffy-pulls, Thanksgiving, valentines, etc. And every tale has its little comment of wisdom, not too irritatingly moral and not too obvious, but just the kind of comment to appeal to the juvenile mind.

NON-FICTION.

Archibald, Rosamond M., "The King's English Drill." McClelland, Toronto. Miss Archibald maintains that the way to teach correct English is to familiarize the child mind with the correct forms of expression, by constant repetition, rather than to teach the rules which make them correct. It is doubtless true that correct talking is largely a matter of habit, but we incline to think that the habit is more readily acquired if accompanied by reasons. This book contains a large collection of sentences such as are commonly perverted by the uneducated (and also by the educated occasionally), and we trust that the continued repetition of them will enable students to use the correct form not only in these cases but also in all similar ones.

Borden, Sir Robert, "Canadian Constitutional Studies." University of Toronto Press, $1 postpaid. Three Marfleet lectures, on a subject of which the ex-Premier is an acknowledged master. They conclude with some very interesting remarks on recent developing in the workings of democracy, including a warning that if there exists, in the labor and agrarian and other organizations which now send many members to Parliament, "a power which may eventually direct and control the vote of the majority in Parliament, a situation may arise in which not the Government of the day, but an independent, unofficial body will exercise final judgment in public affairs." This, the author thinks, would make parliamentary government of the present kind an impossibility.

Bullard, Arthur, "The A.B.C.'s of Disarmament and the Pacific Problems." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.40. A distinguished foreign correspondent and novelist (author of "Comrade Yetta") states pretty impartially what are the vital interests of the three great powers in the Pacific, and outlines three "zones of conflict."

Canby, Henry Seidel, and others, "Saturday Papers." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.10. Those who have enjoyed the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post will be glad of this collection of twenty-one of the less ephemeral essays contributed to that periodical by Mr. Canby, William Rose Benet and Amy Loveman.

Hopkins, J. Castell, "The Canadian Annual Review, 1920." Canadian Review Co., Ltd., Toronto. Although containing almost exactly the same number of pages as the 1919 volume, this book is slightly thinner and much more comfortable to handle, owing to a change in the paper employed. We need not repeat here what we have often said as to the amazing completeness of this annual digest of the Canadian news. The index continues to improve in adequacy, and is, of course, the chief test of the efficiency of the whole work. We venture to suggest that Mr. Hopkins add the year to the title of the book as printed at the top of every left-hand page; in using back volumes one does not always remember what year one has in hand, and it is a nuisance to have to look at the title-page or the back of the volume.

Irwin, Will, "The Next War." McClelland, Toronto. Nineteenth printing. There has probably been no more effective appeal against militarism and excessive national ambition in our day than this little volume.

Jackson (Josephine A.) & Salisbury (Helen M.), "Outwitting Our Nerves." Gundy, Toronto, $2.50. This is really a treatise on psycho-therapy, written in popular style. It will be of no use for the cure of a broken leg or the smallpox, but in that very long list of diseases which are produced by or enhanced by an improper mental state it should indicate a way of help to anybody except those who are too far gone to be able to correct their own neuroses. While mainly addressed to women (who, perhaps, are more addicted to neuroses than men), the book has plenty to aid and inform the male reader.

Kawakami, K. K., "The Real Japanese Question." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.25. An investigation of the anti-Japanese propaganda in American literature and politics. The author shows that the interests behind this propaganda are closely allied to those which make their chief bid for popularity and influence by "twisting the Lion's tail."

Tyau, Dr. M. T. Z., "China Awakened." Macmillan, Toronto, $5.50. A study of the last quarter-century in China. The author maintains that Japan has financed both sides in the recent civil wars in China. in the Machiavellian hope that their conflicts will render the country helpless against Japanese penetration. Dr. Tyau seeks to prove that in spite of such undermining operations by foreigners, China is developing a sense of nationhood and a capacity for stable government. His strictures on the Chinese militarist party suggest either that he is a pacifist or that he thinks most of his American readers will be.

Talley, Thomas W., "Negro Folk Rhymes." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. A most interesting collection of several hundred traditional negro verses and short ballads, gathered by a professor in Fisk University, the chief colored institution of learning in America. They are nearly all new to the printed form, and while they shed little light on negro versification they are full of information as to the ideas and conditions (some of them reaching back into tribal days in Africa) which produced them.

Canadian Books in the Schools

"Preference is always given to books written and published by Canadians." This statement was made by Hon. R. H. Grant, Ontario Minister of Education, in a letter to the Toronto Board of Education, as a reply to criticisms made by that body to the effect that an undue proportion of the school text books used in the Public schools of Ontario were "un-Canadian."

"An examination of the lists of text books authorized," wrote the Minister, "will show that this policy has, on the whole, been very closely and consistently followed. A very large proportion of the books on these lists has been prepared by Canadian authors and published by firms in our own Province."

Wherever a change is found desirable, points out the Minister, an effort is always made to introduce books prepared by Canadians. The new Canadian geography he instances as an illustration of the carrying out of this policy.

"While it is desirable that the books selected should be written by Canadian authors, it is important also that teachers and pupils be supplied with the best available books in the different departments of study, and it has not always been found possible to secure Canadian books that would meet fully the needs of the schools. These reasons determined the selection of the books now in use prepared by American authors.

"With respect to the Greek and Spanish books, it would appear that it will be a long time before books written and published by Canadians can displace the present text books. As only a few hundred copies of each book are sold each year, no Canadian author or publisher could be found who would accept the financial loss which publication in Canada would entail. As it is, the American publishers have exkeen disappointment at the small sale of these books in Ontario.

"The High School Ancient History was written by the late Professor Botsford. From all such histories in existence, both British and American, it was selected by a number of representative Ontario teachers as altogether the best book of the kind available. It was carefully edited by a Canadian.

"Before publication in Toronto, many changes were made by the Canadian editor with a view to making the book entirely suitable for our Ontario schools. When the present contract expires, if there is a Canadian book in sight possessing merits equal to those of the present excellent book, it will certainly receive sympathetic consideration.

"As to the newly-authorized books in elementary science—"Bailey's Beginners' Botany" and "Coleman's Beginners' Zoology"—a large committee of experienced teachers of science, after an extended search and a thorough examination of all such books available, unanimously recommended the adoption and authorization of these books.

"There were no Canadian books covering the field of work recommended by the Committee on High School Education, and, as the fauna and flora of Ontario are those of the North American continent, it was clearly impossible to find British books which would meet our requirements. As soon as elementary science books of satisfactory merit, written by Canadians, are available, the Minister will gladly consider the question of authorizing them.

"Canadian authors who are competent and who have the necessary skill in writing, will never have reason to complain that they have been neglected by the Department and competence will be welcome and favorably regarded by the Minister."

Edison Marshall, Author of "Shepherds of the Wild"

Bertrand W. Sinclair, Author of "The Rider of Golden Bar"

William Patterson White, Author of "The Hidden Places"

Canadian Authors Association

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EXTRACTS FROM CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 3.

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Section 1.—The membership shall comprise three classes, viz.:—

1.—Regular Members.
2.—Associate Members.
3.—Life Members.

Any writer, dramatist or scenario writer, or other creator of copyrightable literary material of recognized position in his or her profession as author may be admitted at the discretion of the Executive Committee as a regular member.

Other writers, publishers, booksellers, etc., who may have sympathy with the objects of the Association, but who are not considered by the Executive Committee as qualified for full membership, may be admitted, at the discretion of the Executive Committee, as Associate Members, who shall receive the published report of the Association and have the privilege of attending its General Meetings, but shall not have a vote.

EXRACTS FROM BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 6.

Section 1.—All members shall sign the Constitution and By-laws of the Association either in person or by agent, proxy or attorney as the Council may by resolution provide.

Section 4.—The annual dues of the Association shall be $5.00, and shall be paid on the first day of April of each year. Members who shall fail to make payment within thirty (30) days thereafter shall cease to be in good standing, and furthermore, shall be notified of such failure by the Secretary. If within fifteen (15) days after said notice is mailed said dues shall remain unpaid, the Council shall have power to take such action as it may deem proper, and until such action is taken all rights of the member are suspended.

Section 5.—The dues of persons elected to Associate Membership shall be $3.00 per fiscal year. Associate Members shall have no vote in the affairs of the Association.

Section 6.—Any person elected to membership in the Association shall pay his dues within thirty (30) days thereafter, otherwise his election shall be void.

Section 7.—A regular member may become a life member upon the payment of ($100.00) one hundred dollars. Such payment shall exempt the life member from any further dues and assessments.

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A TRIBUTE.

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The Ottawa Meeting

THE first annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association will take place at Ottawa in the Victoria Museum on Friday and Saturday, April 28 and 29. Business sessions will be held on the morning and afternoon of Friday (commencing at 10 o'clock) and on the morning of Saturday, and, in case of urgent necessity, will be extended into Saturday afternoon. Friday evening will be devoted to a social gathering of a kind which will permit the members to make one another's acquaintance as widely as possible. Saturday evening will be the occasion of the Association's annual dinner, which will be held at the Chateau Laurier, and at which a number of persons distinguished in all walks of Canadian life have promised to attend.

It is of the highest importance that this gathering of Canadian authors should be as representative as possible, not only for the sake of the internal business of the Association, but because of the need for a demonstration at Ottawa of the strength, unity, influence and representative character of the writing fraternity of the Dominion. There has been too much tendency in the past on the part of statesmen, and also of the general public, to regard Canadian authors as a class of persons, perhaps not without merit as individuals, but having no particular weight as a body.

Authors as a body have never had so much at stake as they have to-day in the legislative programme which is before the new Parliament. The copyright question, far from being finally settled at the last session, has been left in a condition in which all the main issues which were threshed out last year must again come up for consideration. The authors of Canada stand for a complete adhesion by this Dominion to the latest form of the International Copyright Union, and are unanimously opposed to any alteration of the existing Copyright Law which falls short of securing that adhesion. They are therefore opposed to the promulgation of the Act of 1921 in its unamended shape, on the ground that that Act, while declaring Canada's desire to become a party to the Revised Berne Convention of 1908, contains clauses which are in flat contravention of that convention. Those clauses were inserted at the instance of a class of individuals who have no interest in Canada's adhesion to the Convention, or in the security of the rights of her authors in any other country; who are indeed interested in one thing only, viz., the securing of a little additional business for their printing plants.

Other matters of importance which will come up for consideration are the enlargement of the basis of membership so as to include certain other producers of copyrightable material, particularly the composers of musical works and the designers of illustrations; the nature and methods of the propaganda to be employed by the Association for the advancement of the interests of literature; ways and means for more effective communication of ideas and more effective co-operation in business matters between Canadian authors; the advisability of the Association's taking steps, alone or in concert with other associations, looking to the adoption of a uniform version of a Canadian National hymn; and various other matters. Ample opportunity will be given for the discussion, in a committee on resolutions and (subject to the decision of this committee) in the Association as a whole, of any suggestions or proposals that may be made by branches or by individual members.

The report of the activities which the Association has carried on during the year will probably come as a surprise to many members. It is in the nature of things that the work of such a body as this must be carried on very largely, between annual meetings, by the Council to which the members have entrusted its affairs, and by the Executive Committee to which that Council, itself too widely scattered for effective constant action, commits much of its own responsibility. But it is vitally necessary that these officers, if they are to continue their work, should receive from year to year a full assurance of the approval of the members of the Association and an intimation of any changes of policy which they may desire. Those who cannot attend in person are therefore urgently requested to confer their proxies upon those who will attend.

A Page of Canadian Verse

APRIL ON MOUNT ROYAL.

A ROBIN called,
The mountain roads were clear,
The ice-freed river shone in vivid hue
Through lacy trees,
So near and startling that the city seemed
Apart, unreal, untrue,
A jumbled mass of red and grey
Between the branches and the river's sapphire way,
Beyond were mountains blue;
The robins called and called,
And in a quiet spot
Where last year's leaves lay dead,
The blood-roots, thick in that dark bed,
White, gleaming, grew.

ESTHER KERRY.

CANADIAN NIGHT TABLEAU.

THE day is dying on the lake;
In the far west the sun leans, panting, all bloody,
With flaring streamers of glorious hues—a mortality—stricken Redskin Chief.
Flaunting, defiant, his war-paint and feathers, on his last trail
To the Happy Hunting Grounds . . . .

Lo! yon phantom-army marching across Heaven . . .
Silhouettes of Braves crawling stealthily towards their foe—
Now retreating—flitting like shadows,
Now advancing through woods of subdued moonlight,
And with a bound torches are flung . . . Stockades afire . . . guns blazing . . .
Panorama of ghostly Indian battles
Re-fought in Canadian skies . . .

Calm o'er the derelict lake and encircling gloom of woods
Moves the memorial moon,
Ghostly head of a Paleface scalped—hanging trophy of the wild Past,
Swinging through the branches of the trees,
Ashen, a haunting relic:—then a shining Angel with wings of light
Spreading long trails of Peace
Athwart Heaven, the lake and the land . . .

HYMAN EDELSTEIN.

"ADIEU."

I SAID "Beloved, when we bid goodnight
And standing there before the open door,
I watch your form pass onward out of sight,
The while I count what hours must pass before
I hear your voice again—can you, Dear, tell
The pang that fills my heart as close I draw
The bolts and bars upon you, whom so well
I love?" You answered—"Dearest, there's no law,
No bolts, no bars, can part your soul from mine;
I take your spirit with me, mine I leave,
Thus each in other finds a holy shrine."
So when for touch of lips and hands I grieve
Your golden words come stealing o'er my mind
And in their message deepest peace I find.

—ELAINE M. CATLEY.

OPEN PASTURES.

HERE in the quiet talk of tender leaves
Locusts are heard and a lark's clear singing;
The sun-warmed wind clings all day round the eaves,
And when the twilight brings the moth-moon winging,
The tall elms drip with stars and insect bells are swinging.

Here there is rest beside the waters still,
That only minnows fleck with frantic leaping;
Where flowers foam and cloud—sails luff and fill,
And pleading snipe incessant watch are keeping
Among the gray-green water-grasses sleeping.

Here where the swallows dip in the sun's red setting;
Where lillies flame and bluebells burst their border;
Where past's forgotten and the future seems forgetting
Error and ardor and the world's stern order—
Out from this place of peace goes up the prayer invincible,
Like noiseless thunder,
That stills the roaring mobs of furious men,
Bursts hell asunder,
And heals the draining wounds and bids war cease.

Here where life lies sleeping and Truth's awaking;
Here where hands lie idle while thoughts roam;
The battle-line is held against all breaking,
And those who ventured forth are brought back home.

LLOYD ROBERTS.

HEART'S DESIRE.

FORTUNE, the blind, capricious jade,
Deprived him of all worldly store,
Time, cruel despot, stole his youth,
His strength—he had no more!
But Love—who is more blind that Fate,
More kind than Time—seeing the dire
And hopeless lot of this poor wight,
Gave him his Heart's Desire.

—FRANCES FENWICK WILLIAMS.

A Novel With Some Great Scenes

By ALFRED GORDON

MISS Pickthall has always been, in nearly all her work, so much the poetic counterpart of St. Francis of Assisi, that it has been fortunate it stood almost beyond criticism, since he who had dared to criticize it would have laid himself open to the rebuke that he was criticizing the carving of a shrine before which he should more properly have knelt in silence: and it is unfortunate that "The Bridge" is so far from being beyond criticism that the suffering of this rebuke must be hazarded.

"The Bridge" is steeped in that passion for all shy, tender and wistful things which saturates her lyric work; it has many descriptive passages of exquisite beauty; it has scenes which can only be compared to that breathless scene in her first novel ("Little Hearts"), Anthony's ride to Diantha, or to the picture of the crazed woman nursing her imaginary child, in Chapter XVII. of the same book, a picture which it is not too high praise to say that it is as memorable and unforgettable as that of Ophelia's madness; it has even much of the tragic power of "The Wood Carver's Wife."

Nevertheless "The Bridge" is not what Miss Pickthall may yet give us, a novel which will link her name with Emily Bronte's (for real importance, not, of course, for likeness of work) as her poetry has already linked it with that of Christina Rossetti.

In its suggestions of tragic power, it marks a great advance from "Little Hearts," but at the same time these suggestions are accompanied by a quite incongruous tendency towards sentimentality, which, curiously enough, was not the fault of the first book. A possible explanation of this lapse lies in the apparently loose form of the novel, i.e., of the novel in general, not of this novel in particular. As Arnold Bennett remarked a long time ago there are far more perfect sonnets than perfect epics; a short form is easier to manipulate than a long form; and the most difficult thing in all art is to maintain the imaginative tension unslackened through a considerable period. As between the poem or the drama on the one hand, and the novel on the other, it would seem fair to say that the intellect supplies, or should supply, in the latter, what the set form safeguards in the former, consistency.

It is, therefore, perhaps natural, taking the character and order of appearance of the three works mentioned ("Little Hearts," Miss Pickthall's first novel; "The Wood Carver's Wife," her amazing poetic drama; and the present novel), that "The Bridge" occupies the middle position, showing an advance in the novel, but showing her yet unable to achieve in its apparent freedom what she can achieve when supported by an art form. This is not to set the novel higher than poetry or the drama, for it is not. It requires less imagination, though possibly more power of invention. But it has its own difficulties and problems, especially for the imaginative mind, which is naturally supposed to be intellectual.

* * * * *

So far as real likeness of work is concerned, it might be helpful, but also confusing, to say that "The Bridge" is more reminiscent of Conrad than of any other modern author: helpful in so far as it is true; confusing, if it led anyone to think the book imitative, which it is not, having only that link with what has already been done which distinguishes originality from eccentricity.

It is not surprising to find Miss Pickthall writing exquisitely, as in such a passage as the following:

> The muskrat trails at the edge of the marsh would hold him for hours, puzzling out their manifold intersections. A little wader with lemon-yellow legs, picking water-snails from the sunken reed-roots gave him food for infinite reflection. A turtle with a wine-red shell, creeping from a pond to lay her eggs in a channel of the warm mud, he watched a whole evening. These small lovelinesses were new to him. He took them, shaped them to his need, as sometimes he shaped the wet sand to idle stars or walls or flowers.

It is perhaps even not surprising, after "The Wood Carver's Wife," to find such powerful imagery as "a shrub covered with pink tubular flowers, rigid as metal in the glare of the street lamp."

But it is surprising, even after "The Wood Carver's Wife," to read such a passage as this, describing Alan Maclear sinking in the lake for the third time in his attempted suicide after the collapse of the bridge, due to his having skimped the specifications: "He saw the bridge more clearly than he had ever seen it—the bridge, and all connected with it, compressed in space and time to one instantaneous apprehension. It spanned the oncoming darkness; little brilliant lines and diagrams enclosed it, economical calculations printed indelibly on the universe"; or such a passage as this, as Maclear goes down to the wharf from which he jumps. "He shuddered from the dark, bright faces that the night gave him. That girl with the scarf over her head and her teeth flashing; that slim boy pushing home the peanut stand; that broad, Madonna-faced woman calling her children; even the children themselves, picking up half burnt moths under a light, he saw only as so many potential murders, adulteries, betrayals, helpless in the hold of life."

In such passages there is every warrant for the comparison made The very story itself is a further warrant: The meeting of Maclear, on Tallis Island, where he seeks refuge, in solitude, from his own conscience, with Sombra and Salvator Luz, twins, living with Mait Ransome, now an old man, but obsessed with his loss of Martha to Juan-Maddalena Luz, their father, who was wrecked and drowned on the island ere they were born—such a story inevitably recalls "Lord Jim," especially in regard to the characters of Sombra and Salvator, tinged with the enigmatic passion of the south; and it is perhaps not unprofitable to remark that this book, the nearest approach to a significant novel from the pen of one who, though not Canadian-born, is properly accounted a Canadian, having lived nearly all her life here, is as much Spanish as Canadian, nay, more Spanish than Canadian, for though the setting is on the Great Lakes, and though

the third part of the book has a wonderful description of a blizzard, still her descriptions are so atmospheric that no definite image of any place remains. Tallis Island is nothing but a heap of drifting sand. The city from which Maclear flees might be any city on earth. The great lake on which it stands might be a lagoon. Sombra and Salvator dominate the whole book.

* * * * *

The point of departure of "The Bridge" from Conrad's work lies, however, in the wholly different final philosophy underlying it, and in the incongruous tendency towards sentimentality already noted. It might also be said that its action springs rather from the will of the author than from the inherent tendencies of her characters, and is therefore lacking in inevitability.

Miss Pickthall's final philosophy, notwithstanding the passages quoted, is that Fate is **not** stronger than Love, and that the tree need not for ever lie as it falls. This philosophy has perils for the artist, almost inviting the disaster of a banal "happy ending" which Miss Pickthall does not entirely escape, and it is certainly responsible in part for the incongruous sentimentality. There is nothing inartistic in Salvator and Maclear, each, as it were, freeing himself, by contrition and confession, from the albatross about his neck; but it is inartistic and conventional to end by acquainting the reader with Maclear's resolve to build a bridge at a dangerous ford so that he may save lives for the lives he lost. That is giving a sign where none should be given and where none is needed by those who can enter into the spiritual grace which finally descends upon these stormy souls.

The matter of sentimentality is more serious in those smaller details which make so much difference, as Miss Pickthall herself shows in her poetry. It arises partly from Sombra being an uneducated girl, but it is not necessary to make a girl who is also one of nature's royal women speak cheaply — with "lovey" and "dearie" etc. It might be less true, superficially, to life, but it would be more true to art, to endow her with speech, simple, it may be granted, but befitting her character, as J. M. Synge endows Maurya in "Riders to the Sea." It may be noted that Masefield's "Dauber" is not more convincing than Conrad's "Typhoon," because the former has, and the latter has not, a liberal sprinkling of hells and damns and bloodys, though this is not to say that it is more convincing. And would Salvator, where Maclear brings in Sombra through the surf, sure that she is dead, say all Miss Pickthall makes him say?—especially, "Mr. Maclear . . . Alan, for God's sake, listen! You love her. So do I. Give her to me. I won't hurt her. I tell you she's alive. She's my dear sister. She's Sombra. She's living yet." Would not any man in such circumstances simply insist, "Give her to me. She's alive. She's alive"? Was there any necessity to make Sombra and Moira meet, so that the former might speak of the "poor lady"? Moreover, these lapses, and these are not the only ones, are contrary to the reserved character which both Sombra and Salvator are explicitly given.

As to the somewhat arbitrary nature of the action of the story, it may be urged that there is a quite justifiable substitution of a beautiful symbolism for plot, or logical sequence. The book is divided into three parts: "Sand," "Mist," and "Winter." In the first, Maclear is bulding his life on sand; in the second, Maclear loses Sombra both actually and metaphorically in mist; in the third, their love, as well as their lives, are in winter, a winter which only in the last few pages "changes to spring."

However, despite the passages not only of great beauty, but also of great power, in this book, the conclusion seems justified that Miss Pickthall is not yet master of the novel as she is of poetry, and it may be repeated that this is in all likelihood due to the difference between the two.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL
in a typical setting. She was a worshiper of Nature in all its forms. Her outdoor descriptions contribute jewels to the story she tells in "The Bridge."

When the tragic news of the death of Marjorie L. Pickthall reached Eastern Canada, it was too late to remodel the review of her novel, "The Bridge," which had been prepared for this issue, and which is from the pen of one who has devoted much of his time and energy to causing her work to be better known and more truly appreciated in Canada.

Miss Pickthall's death is a most serious loss to Canadian literature. Though she was of English origin, her art had for years been steadily becoming more characteristically Canadian. She was perfectly at home in British Columbia — that extremity of Canada which is as much nearer to England spiritually as it is further from it geographically than the rest of the Dominion.

In its next issue The Canadian Bookman will endeavor to express the feelings that are shared by all Miss Pickthall's fellow-workers in consequence of her untimely death.

What Moose Jaw Reads

By A. H. GIBBARD

IT is well known that Western Canada absorbs millions upon millions of dollars of loans, but it may not be so well known what the West absorbs in the form of emotional or intellectual literature. A record of one day's output from the Moose Jaw Public Library may, therefore, prove interesting.

(Parenthetically, what sort of place is Moose Jaw? A city of at least 20,000 inhabitants, coming mainly from Eastern Canada, but many are of Western birth, quite a large proportion from the British Isles, and many others from the United States and from Europe. It is a railway and distributing centre, has excellent schools and churches, and nine years ago, by a debenture issue of $105,000, built for itself and equipped an attractive Public Library, which has now about 17,000 volumes on its shelves, and subscribes to over 100 magazines and newspapers.)

On Saturday, January 14th, of this year 932 books were given out from the library for home reading. Of these 123 were juveniles,—fairy stories, nature stories and typical children's literature; 689 were novels by over 300 writers, an indication that tastes differ in Moose Jaw as elsewhere. The remaining 120 volumes were as follows, and in the realm of serious reading it will be noticed that tastes differ quite as much as in fiction:

Asquith, M.—Autobiography.
Bridle—Sons of Canada.
Haw—From Workhouse to Westminster.
Debs—Life, Writings and Speeches.
Dilnot—Lloyd George.
Evans—Romance of Lloyd George.
Hasanovitz—One of Them.
Singmaster—Martin Luther.
Pepys—Diary.
Stone—Fifty Years a Journalist.
Villiers—His Five Decades of Adventure.
Watkins—Famous Mysteries.
Pittenger—Debater's Treasury.
Edson—Getting What We Want.
Gulick—Mind and Work.
Payot—Education of the Will.
Adams—Plato.
Burton—Problem of Evil.
Green—Prolegomena to Ethics.
—— —Apocryphal New Testament.
Smith, G. Adam—Book of Jonah.
Farrar—St. Paul.
—— —"By an Unknown Disciple."
Kennedy—Food for the Fed-up.
Dau—Four Hundred Years (of Lutheranism).
Wilber—Mary Baker Eddy.
Douglas—Economic Democracy.
Blankenhorn—Report of the Steel Strike.
Pigou—Unemployment.
Flynt—Tramping With Tramps.
Wellman—Day in Court.
Whitlock—Forty Years of It.
Berman—Glands Regulating Personality.
Comstock—Handbook of Nature Study.
Anstruther—Complete Beauty Book.
Ash—Problem of the Nervous Breakdown.
Spinney—Health Through Self-control.
Wood—Old Days on the Farm.
Broomhead—Poultry and Profit.
Paull—Incubators and Chicken Rearers.
Balderston—Laundering.
Farmer—Boston Cook-book.
Gillmore—Meatless Cookery.
Fowler—Practical Salesmanship.
Jones—Salesmanship and Management.
Patterson—Banking Principles.
Seldon—Elementary Cabinet-work.
White—Principles of Floriculture.
Tapper—Chats With Music Students.
Hollister—Parlor Games.
House—Hunters' Camp-fires.
Kellerman—How to Swim.
McGuire—In the Alaska-Yukon Gamelands.
Lowell—Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.
—— —Days With Lyric Poets.
Wilkinson—New Voices in Poetry.
Campbell, W. W.—Collected Poems.
—— —Oxford Book of Canadian Verse.
Chappell—The Day and Other Poems.
Drummond, W. H.—Poetical Works.
Garvin—Canadian Poets.
Guest—Just Folks.
Milton—Poetical Works.
Russell, G. W.—Collected Poems.
Avebury—On Peace and Happiness.
Benson—Father Payne.
Carman—Poetry of Life.
Cicero—Old Age and Friendship.
Marcosson—Adventures in Interviewing.
Vaughan—What of To-day?
French—Standard Canadian Reciter.
Patten—After-dinner Speaker.
Oman—Byzantine Empire.
Wilder—Smiling Round the World.
Buckingham—Mackenzie, His Life and Times.
Clement—History of Canada.
Hughes—Father Lacombe.
Dionne—Champlain.
Pope—Days of Sir John A. Macdonald.
Victor—Canada's Future
Wood—Red River Colony.
Auer—Camp-fires in the Yukon.
Bridgman—Breaking Prairie Sod.
Cameron—The New North.
Curran—In Canada's Wonderful Northland.
Enoch—Great Pacific Coast.
Millais—Newfoundland and Its Untrodden Ways.
Morley—Bridging the Chasm.
Stewart—Down the Mackenzie and up the Yukon.
Tremaudon—The Hudson Bay Road.
Peel—Future of England.
McCarthy—Priests and People in Ireland.
Somerville—Experiences of an Irish R.M.
Earle—Stage Coach and Tavern Days.
Twain—Roughing It.
Beston—Full Speed Ahead.
Coleman—With Cavalry in 1915.
Dillon—Inside Story of the Peace Conference.
Hall—Kitchener's Mob.
Le Goffic—Foch at the Marne.
—— —The Lie of August 4th, 1914.
Nasmith—Canada's Sons in the World War.
Newbolt—Naval History of the War.
Scheer—Germany's High Sea Fleet.
Verhaeren—Belgium's Agony.
Wells—From Montreal to Vimy Ridge.
Morgan—Leaves from a Field Notebook.
Pantazzi—Roumaina in Light and Shadow.
Smith—How Paris Amuses Itself.
Fraser—The Conquering Jew.
Ling—Two Years in the Forbidden City.

Paine—The Lure of the Mediterranean.
Zangwill—The Voice of Jerusalem.
Butcher—Things Seen in Egypt.
Fraser—The Land of Veiled Women.
Fraser—The Amazing Argentine.
Stock—Cruise of the Dream Ship.
Hall and Nordhoff—Fairy Lands of the South Seas.
O'Brien—Mystic Isles of the South Seas.
Stock—Cruise of the Dream Ship.
Gooding—Picturesque New Zealand.
Scott—His Last Expedition.

Since the library opened in August, 1913, there have been issued 718,998 books for home reading, made up of 109,779 juveniles, 500,002 novels, and 109,217 non-fiction. It would be easy to moralize on the effects produced by this reading on the community, but the readers of the Canadian Bookman are quite as competent to do that as the contributor of these facts.

List of Book Collectors.

A classified list of book collectors in Canada is being made and the readers of Canadian Bookman are asked to kindly assist in making this list as thorough as possible. It will be the means of bringing to collectors a great deal of information without any effort on their part, and dealers have found it helpful in reaching many buyers who were not on their private lists. It will be for the general interest of all concerned for the list to be as accurate and comprehensive as possible. Book buyers who care to receive correspondence or lists and catalogues along lines in which they are interested should register their names, addresses, and such further information as may be helpful, at once. Correspondence should be addressed to The Canadian Bookman, 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Real Wealth of Nations.

In "The Real Wealth of Nations," by Ben Hecht, (World Book Co., Yonkers, N.Y.), the author contends that the operations of a system of economies such as is outlined in this book would remove the causes of industrial unrest and should convince the workers of the value to themselves of maximum production. The author defines the relationship of capital and labor, middlemen and producers. Given the necessaries of life to each citizen and an equitable distribution of wealth, the relative importance to the community of capital, employers, and employees will be appreciated and dissatisfaction will disappear. The significance of international competition is made clear. The object and the effect of Protection and of Free Trade receive the attention that the important question of tariff demands.

Canadian Children and Canadian Writers

THE editor of The Canadian Bookman has received a copy of a letter written by Miss Margaret C. Cowie, of the Aberdeen School, Vancouver, B.C., to one of the leading officers of the Canadian Authors Association, which is so full of interest and suggestion that there seems nothing to do but to publish it practically in full. If every teacher in Canada—or even one-half of the teachers in Canada—were to undertake something like the work which Miss Cowie is doing, the results for both the immediate future and the long-distance future of Canada would be beyond all computation. And yet it is not a difficult work, for Canadian children do not possess that prejudice concerning Canadian literature which is so deplorably common among their elders, and which Dr. Archibald MacMechan not long ago satirized in the delightful epigram which may be new to some of our readers:

Why is it—for ye know it's true—
That the last thing a Canuck will do
Is read the work that's from the pen
Of one of his own countrymen?

In fact, most Canadian children, we suspect, suffer from a slight sense of shame—if they have given any attention to the subject at all—at the thought that the nation to which they belong does not seem to rank quite as high in the matter of literary output as some of the other nations which, in other respects, are quite satisfactorily inferior. Patriotism is a simple matter in the child mind, and finds expression mainly in the desire to believe one's own nation to be better than all other nations in all respects. We do not suggest that to the child mind prowess in literature appears as important as prowess in warfare, or in the Olympic games, or in lacrosse, or in flying, or in the possession of the fastest locomotives or the rarest postage stamps; but to some children, at least, it has its importance. Says Miss Cowie:

"I am a teacher in a Vancouver public school. About eighteen months ago I undertook to interest my class in Canadian writers. The children promptly waxed enthusiastic. They started a class library, every book in which is by a Canadian-born author. They now possess sixty-nine volumes of fiction, poetry, travel, history, etc.

"They worked for that library! They contributed their magazines to a second-hand bookstore, and gave two concerts. And the library will continue to grow. Each Friday I tell them about some Canadian author, and read selections from his works; the class are all interested, and their knowledge of our own writers far out-does that of many adults. I hear that they are educating their friends and relatives on the subject, too, also that they are persuading their parents to buy books by Canadians. My greatest difficulty is in getting information about our authors—their birthplaces, their careers, etc. On Fridays, the children expect me to tell them such things about the writer to be studied—and I regret to say, 'Who's Who' frequently omits the names of Canadian authors, though those of business men are usually given. Couldn't the Authors Association point out to the editors of the volume that there are people who are as much interested in authors as in cattle kings, for instance?

"Rev. R. G. Macbeth, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, and Bliss Carman were kind enough to visit my class and speak to the children, who were charmed and not a little awed by such honors. The presence of Bliss Carman nearly overwhelmed them. Several authors, including Peter McArthur, Mrs. Mackay and Sir Gilbert Parker, have presented their photographs to the class. I had these framed, and the kiddies swell with pride as they look at the wall where they hang."

Onota Watanna has Written a New Book

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

"JUST to think," said John Murray Gibbon, president of the Canadian Authors' Association, on his famous Authors Association organization trip last year, "that in the Foothills of the Rockies, buried on an Alberta ranch, we discovered one of our greatest Canadian authors, one that has had the distinction of having the largest sale of any of us—Mrs. Francis F. Reeve, better known to the world as 'Onota Watanna'."

Yes, she was caught right in the act of giving to the world another novel, her new novel and her sixteenth novel, "Sunny San," which is considered her greatest, and which will be published by Doran Co., of New York, in April, and by the Hutchinsons, London, England. We met her in Calgary—Arthur Stringer, a former friend, John Murray Gibbon, and a number of local friends. We then proceeded to her ranch home, some forty miles west of Calgary. En route she told us of her new book, "Sunny San," which she had written in a month, 80,000 words.

"It sounds impossible," said Arthur Stringer. "It can't be up to the standard of your others."

The face on Onota Watanna fell, but she replied: "All my books have been done in short periods. The words simply flowed from my pen. I couldn't give it up. I couldn't rest. I simply had to write and write until it was finished. You must hear it and tell me frankly—brutally frankly—if I've come back again, for I've not written a line since I've been here."

Afterwards we gathered in the living room of her ranch home—that room so typically vivid of the personality of Onota Watanna herself, a room strangely incongruous with the usual living room of a western ranch. The floor was carpeted with Oriental rugs; the walls decorated with oil paintings of her father, autograph-photographs of famous people — Jean Webster, John Emerson, Anita Loos, Louise Dutton, Margaret Illington—and lined half-way up with books, authors' copies of Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, Nellie McClung, Sergeant Kendall, etc.

She began to read—"Madam Many Smiles was dead. The star of the house of a Thousand Joys had fluttered out into the land of Shadows." In a minute all were attention. The beautifully modulated voice of the author-reader suddenly transported us far-away from the rugged foothill country to the cherry-blossom land of Japan.

She read on and on—all the best parts, briefly connecting the more detailed parts, completing the whole story.

Arthur Stringer was the first to speak. "I didn't think it could be done. You've written your best book. Its pictorial possibilities are tremendous."

ONOTA WATANNA
Whose Sixteenth Novel, "Sunny San," has just been published.

John Murray Gibbon was equally enthusiastic—enthusiastic because he had made the discovery of a Canadian author of the first degree, enthusiastic because he had enjoyed the rare treat of having a charming book read to him.

Mrs. Reeve is the daughter of the late Edward and Grace Eaton, formerly of Macclesfield, England.

Prior to coming to Montreal, about fifty years ago, Mr. Eaton and his brother Isaac were two of the best known and wealthiest Englishmen in China and Japan, whither they were despatched by their father to establish connections with the great Eaton Silk Manufacturing Co., controlled by the Eatons. Mr. Edward Eaton, the father of Mrs. Reeve, was the intimate friend and associate of General Gordon. He came to America towards the end of the civil war, but lost the greater part of his fortune in Wall Street. He then came to Canada, where he resided continuously up to the time of his death, his paintings being well known to Canadians, many of them being bought by the late Lord Strathcona and some by the Duke of Argyle. Mrs. Reeve is one of fourteen children—she was in fact the seventh child.

She began to write at an early age and when only fifteen years old her first story, an ambitious two-part serial entitled "A Poor Devil," was accepted and published in the Montreal Canadian Metropolitan Magazine.

At the age of seventeen, though she had never been outside of Montreal, she accepted a position to go to Jamaica, West Indies, to report the debates of the Legislative Council. She remained in Jamaica for the full term of the session, and returned with a letter from her employer, which stated that young as she was, she had "reported the debates with credit to herself and the newspaper."

She then took up her residence in Chicago, and within a short time her stories began to appear in the leading American magazines, and attracted considerable attention. Her first short story appeared in Frank Leslie's Monthly. Others followed in the Ladies' Home Journal, Saturday Evening Post, Metropolitan, Cosmopolitan, Century, Scribner, Munsey, and in fact in nearly all the American magazines, also in the London Strand, Idler and Sovereign.

While her stories were running in the American magazines, her first novel made its appearance, being published by Rand McNally & Company. It was called "Miss Nume of Japan." The following year found her in New York City, and the manuscript of her "Japanese Nightingale," in the hands

of the old publishing house of Harper & Brothers. The story was immediately accepted, and in a review that appeared in the North American Review, William Dean Howells, the dean of American letters, hailed the appearance of this young author as "a star of the first magnitude in the literary heavens."

The success of "The Japanese Nightingale" was instantaneous. It ran through one edition after another, having a sale of over two hundred thousand, was translated into French, German, Swedish, Italian, Spanish, and Japanese, and was produced as a play in America, England and France. Margaret Illington made her debut as a star in "The Japanese Nightingale." Marie Tempest acquired the rights for England, while the Comtesse de Fitte de Soney made the translation into French. Fanny Ward later appeared in the motion picture version, and now, over eighteen years after the publication of this novel, Madame Tamaki Miura, the Japanese Prima Donna, famous for her Madame Butterfly, protege of Adeline Patti, and a pupil of our own Madame Albani, is to appear in an operatic version of this story, which she has recently acquired.

Following the publication of "A Japanese Nightingale," the following novels by Onota Watanna were published:

The Wooing of Wistaria.
The Heart of Hyacinth.
Tama.
The Honorable Miss Moonlight.
A Japanese Blossom.
Daughters of Nuja.
The Love of Azalea.
Miss Spring Morning.
The Diary of Delia.
Me.
Marion.
Lend Me Your Title.
Other People's Troubles.

Mrs. Reeve, intensely Canadian, wearied of writing merely Japanese stories; but as she explained, her father and uncle had lived so long in the Far East, and she, as a child, had heard so many stories at home of her parent's sojourn there, that the country appealed to her imagination. She was unprepared for the success that attended her first stories, and found herself, so she said, in a position where her publishers wished her to continue writing of the same subject—Japan. To prove, however, that she was capable of other work besides Japanese romances, she wrote "The Diary of Delia," the supposed journal of an Irish cook. This she submitted anonymously to no less than four magazines, using the pseudonym of Winnifred Mooney. She was stunned, however, when all four magazines promptly accepted this rollicking tale, and it appeared some years ago as a serial in the Saturday Evening Post. Much to her disappointment, however, the Post, who had meanwhile discovered that she was the author, put her better-known pseudonym above the story. She was still advised by her publishers to "stick to her last," as her stories of Japan continued to have a large sale.

In the spring of 1915 an anonymous serial entitled "Me" appeared in the staid pages of the old Century Magazine, and, while shocking the sensibilities of many of the old subscribers, it increased that magazine's circulation considerably. This story was sponsored by the late Jean Webster, the close, intimate friend of Onota Watanna, and herself author of "Daddy Long Legs," who wrote the introduction to "Me," vouching for the accuracy of the tale. The book publication of "Me" followed soon after, and for a year or more not even her publishers knew that the author of "A Japanese Nightingale" was the author and heroine of "Me." Then the New York Times, in a page review of the novel, which had created considerable controversy in the Chicago and New York press, by a process of deduction scientifically fixed the authorship upon Onota Watanna.

Soon after this the Hearsts contracted with the author to write solely for their publications for a term of years. Also, about this time, the Chicago Tribune offered a prize of $10,000 for the best synopsis for a scenario for a motion picture serial play, to follow their "Million Dollar Mystery" and "Diamond from the Sky." Onota Watanna was awarded this prize, and for a considerable period she worked for these producers. Meanwhile her novel "Marion," written in collaboration with her sister, Mrs. Karl Bosse, ran serially in Hearst's Magazine, and later was published as a book. This story was the journal of an artist's model, and was based upon the life of her sister.

Mrs. Reeve colloborated upon several plays with John Emerson, then director for Charles Frohman, and since famous for his motion picture scenarios with his wife, Anita Loos, for the Talmadge sisters. Two of the plays done by Mrs. Reeve and Emerson, "Tama" and "The Road to Honor" were accepted for production by Marie Dore and by Tyrone Power, who has recently stated he purposes a production of "The Road to Honor" at an early date.

Mrs. Reeve has been twice married: first to B. W. Babcock, of New York City, a theatrical manager, and second to Francis F. Reeve, formerly secretary-treasurer and one of the owners of the Red Star Towing and Transportation Company of New York City, and for the past five years president of the Pleasant Range Stock Farms, Limited, of Alberta, a cattle ranching corporation, of which Mrs. Reeve is secretary and one of the three owners.

In the early years of her first marriage, when she was pressed to turn out stories as fast as she could write them, and while her vogue was at its height, she liked to jest that she turned out "A book and a baby a year," but her youngest son's tragic death—he was dropped by a nurse, and after several months died from the effects of a trepanning operation—cast a shadow upon her life, and for seven years she ceased to write at all. To get away from the seat of her trouble, and as she was in great need of a mental rest, the Reeves' came out to Alberta, and engaged in the cattle-ranching "game." One of their ranches, "Bow View," on the Bow River, midway between Calgary and Banff, is one of the most remarkably beautiful places in this province. Here the Reeves' have entertained numerous friends en route to Banff, and here many of the visiting English editors, a few years, intent on being shown the beautiful parts of this country, stopped to see something of ranch life and pronounced it the ideal place and life. During the period of her residence in Alberta, Mrs.

Reeve found little time for writing, but she has declared that the urge to write never left her, though she suffered from a sensitive fear that she had lost her ability to express herself by pen.

About a year ago she broke away from the claims of the ranch, where, with the exception of a winter in New York City, she had lived continuously for the past five years, and came to Calgary, shut herself into a room and wrote her novel, "Sunny-san." This novel had the distinction of being almost simultaneously accepted both in New York and London, whither the manuscript had been taken by Mrs. Nellie McClung, who generously proffered to act as agent for her fellow-author. Within the last month a large film company of Hollywood has acquired the motion picture rights to the story, and a contract has also been made for the stage production of this novel. Willard Mack, author of "Tiger Rose," made a contract with Mrs. Reeve to dramatize the story, and his version will probably be the one produced by the managers who have acquired the dramatic rights.

Since writing "Sunny-san," Mrs. Reeve has been busy writing stories of this country, which will no doubt be published at an early date. Two of her scenarios concerning ranch life in Alberta are in the hands of film companies, and the D. W. Griffith Company wrote to her to the effect that her play, "Cattle," was the best manuscript that had come into their office in many a day.

Mrs. Reeve is at present a resident of Calgary, but purposes to return to the ranch at Morley some time in the early summer. She is the mother of three children, who for the past four years have been resident students at Mount Royal College, Calgary.

One of Mrs. Reeves' sisters was the late Miss Edith Eaton, whose exquisite fairy and child stories of China, which appeared over the pseudonym of Sui Sin Far, were pronounced by discriminating critics to be classics. Some of these stories are included in American and Canadian school readers. After her death, the Chinese citizens of Montreal paid her the honor of erecting a special monument above her grave in Mount Royal Cemetery, testifying to their appreciation of her work in translating the poetry and beauty of Chinese child life. Another sister, widow of the late Walter Blackburn Harte, English essayist and poet, concerning whom Walter Pater makes mention as one of England's literary geniuses, is now a lawyer in Chicago. Mrs. Reeve's eldest brother was the late Edward C. Eaton, of Montreal, formerly vice-president and general manager of Frothingham & Workman, and one time Canada's champion revolver shot.

Mrs. Reeve, though the author of numerous stories of Japan, insists upon being considered purely Canadian. Seven of her nephews served in the late war, one of them, Lieutenant Eaton, an aviator, giving his life in the service of his country. During the war years, but before America entered, the Reeves came to Alberta, to do what they claimed was "their bit" —that "bit" being every inch of crop that their grain farm could produce. Since the war the Reeve outfit have employed only veterans.

It may be noted that Mrs. Reeve's New York publisher, George H. Doran, is a Canadian; Willard Mack, who is to do the dramatization of her novel, is Canadian; Tyrone Power, who is to star in one of her plays, has long been a resident of Canada, though born in England, and Madame Tamaki Miura, who will produce the operatic version of her "Japanese Nightingale," though Japanese by birth, was educated by the Canadian prima donna, Madam Albani. She has requested that the illustrator of her novel shall also be Canadian. Mrs. Reeve is the vice-chairman of the Calgary branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

Concerning James De Mille

Editor Canadian Bookman:

Sir: Apart altogether from the kind references to my work, Mr. Douglas's enthusiastic appreciation of Professor James De Mille in the January Bookman is particularly gratifying to me. Canadian literature still suffers from geography. The Maritime Provinces are cut off from the rest of Canada, and one half of the Dominion does not know how the other half lives—and what it has written. The general ignorance of De Mille, which Mr. Douglas deplores, is quite comprehensible. It augurs well for the coming solidarity of Canadian letters that the extreme West should take such a vivid interest in a writer of the extreme East.

Mr. Douglas draws freely on my article, "James De Mille, the Writer and the Man," in The Canadian Magazine of some years ago, and suggests that I had "unusual sources of information." It may interest your readers to know what those "sources" were.

When I came to Halifax in 1889, De Mille had been dead only nine years. Mrs. De Mille was living with some of her family at 72, South Park St., a near neighbor.

Ever since I read, "Cord and Creese," as a boy, in a fever of excitement, I had been deeply interested in the author. It doubled my interest to learn that those who knew him intimately were living near me. I procured an introduction to Mrs. De Mille, a woman of marked character and decided charm, who very kindly supplied me with many details of her husband's life, allowed me to examine his MS. books, etc., and gave me the addresses of friends and relatives who could give me further information. With these I corresponded, as also with his publishers, and I have still the letters received at that time. Wherever it was possible, I interviewed those who remembered him, his colleagues at Dalhousie, for instance, and took notes of their conversation. All this material I have still by me. My intention at the time was to draw up a brief memoir of a man, with every title to admiration; but some members of the family objected to the idea, so I dropped it, and the Canadian Magazine article (for which I received eight dollars) was the sole result of my studies—a torso.

Only one member of De Mille's family survives him, A. B. De Mille who followed Charles G. D. Roberts as Professor of English in King's College, and who now holds a similar position in Milton Academy,

Milton, Massachusetts. He has written, "A History of Nineteenth Century Literature."

Mr. Douglas suggests that if De Mille had gone to some literary centre, as Haliburton migrated to London,, he would have been better known. It is a fact that he had strong inducements to remove from Halifax to New York, but after due consideration he dismissed them. He lived and died in Halifax.

In regard to De Mille's posthumous poem, "Behind The Veil," the edition is not quite exhausted. T. C. Allen & Co., (No. 5 Grenville St., Halifax,) have still about fifty copies. Our representative libraries should certainly possess this remarkable work. It will be among the "Rarissima" of Canadian literature.

The memory of De Mille is not likely to die in the college he served so well. Mr. W. H. Dennis of The Halifax Herald has just established prizes to the value of $600 annually for English essays and poems submitted by registered students of Dalhousie College. The prize poem is to bear the name of Joseph Howe, and the prize essay the name of James De Mille. These magnificent prizes should serve a double purpose, of stimulating young aspirants to literary fame, and keeping green the memory of the dead.

Halifax, N.S., Jan. 2, 1922.

ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN.

Prof. Archibald MacMechan,
Halifax, N.S.:

Dear Sir: I have your favor of the 16th instant to hand yesterday, asking for my recollections of the late Prof. James De Mille of Dalhousie University. I cheerfully respond to your request though I feel that I must be only one of a great many who held this eminent and very lovable man in high regard.

I was acquainted with Prof. De Mille before I became a student at Dalhousie. His family and ours were quite intimate. I can recall a children's party at his home, where he was the presiding genius, playing tricks on the boys and throwing himself with youthful spirit and energy into the Charades and games with which he amused his young guests. Add to this the knowledge that he was at that very time writing boys' books, which we read with thrilling interest—the B.O.W.C., The Boys of Grand Prè, and others of that series. So when I saw him in the classroom for the first time I was immediately sensible of the presence of a real, live author. Yet this was soon forgotten in the larger knowledge that I had in him a true friend—of itself no mean asset in the stock-in-trade of a timid boy. I am quite sure that all who know him can bear testimony that this friendliness was his attitude towards every student every one, whether dull or bright. He was a born teacher, having the faculty of being able to impart knowledge. He never made you feel he was a superior personage; he was there not merely to instruct but to encourage and help.

He was a fine sample of a gentleman, without either affectation or stiffness. His manner was very attractive, his mind always alert, his voice clear and melodious, his speech fluent, his language choice. I noticed this latter quality more particularly when I came to listen to his lectures on History; but the lectures on Rhetoric and Elocution in my Freshman year left a lasting impression on my mind, and I am ready at any time to pay this humble tribute to one I greatly revered, by acknowledging my indebtedness to him for directing and cultivating, at this impressionable age, a taste for good literature and throwing around the subject a glamour and a fascination, which the passing of many years seems only to have enhanced.

His sun went down at high noon. To our way of thinking he was taken at a time when he could least be spared. I have never forgotten the sadness which settled down like a pall on those of us who followed his remains to the cemetery one dismal day over forty years ago.

I do not know that I can say anything more. I feel how far from adequate is this contribution to the memory of one whom I liked to call my good friend. I hope it may in some way prove satisfactory.

Yours faithfully,
JAS. N. SHANNON.

Toronto, Dec. 23, 1921.

AMONG AUTHORS AND BOOKS

W. Everard Edmonds, of Edmonton, has published a pamphlet entitled "The National Resources Question," containing a plea for the completion of Alberta's status as a province by the grant of the control of her own land. He points out that with a new Government in Alberta and in Ottawa the time is opportune to consider the question upon its merits.

The Calgary Branch of the C. A. A. had a Moving Picture Meeting recently, at which Dr. Kerby and Mrs. Reeve were among the speakers. Mr. J. F. Price, who is a member of the association and a leading movie manager in Calgary, discussed the question of censorship, which appears to operate rather vigorously in some of the Western provinces. For example, a film of the bathing pool at Banff was prohibited in Saskatchewan because of the bathing suits which Alberta tolerates in real life at the delightful resort.

The Committee of the C. A. A. to which was awarded the task of reporting on the question of securing a standard version of "O Canada" in English, has already been made acquainted with some thirty different versions, four or five of which have at various times been accepted by patriotic or other societies.

J. C. Sutherland, Inspector-General of the Protestant Schools of Quebec, is publishing, through the firm of Renouf, Montreal, a volume entitled 'The Province of Quebec: Geographical and Social Studies." It is intended for the general reader, although it should be of great value to teachers and High School pupils. It is the first work of the kind dealing with any Canadian province on the lines of modern geographical thought.

The following officers have been elected by the Winnipeg Branch of the C. A. A.: Hon. Patron, Dr. C. W. Gordon; Hon. President, Canon Gill; President, W. T. Allison; First Vice, Hopkins Moorehouse; Second Vice, Miss Carolyn Cornell; Secretary, W. A. Deacon; Treasurer, John MacLean; Archivist, Dr. John Maclean; Entertainment Committee, D. B. MacRae. Additional members of the Executive: Mrs. Cohen, Arthur L. Phelps, H. G. Wade, Miss Kennethe Haig and W. E. Ingersoll.

Mrs. Eva Jacobs, a member of the Calgary branch of the C. A. A., is engaged upon a novel and a play dealing with life in the ranch country. She has been writing short stories and articles for American and Canadian magazines for a number of years, with steadily increasing success, and manages to maintain her literary work although living on a farm at De Winton and looking after the affairs of a family containing several small children.

The March "Canadian Magazine" contains the text of the prize-winning play in the recent competition held by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto. It is entitled "Crows," is by Betti Primrose Sandiford, of Toronto, and is an extremely interesting and, we should judge, theatrically effective piece of work. The theme is the clash between a blind old Canadian farmer, born in England, but intensely attached to his Canadian home, and his daughter-in-law, a hard and unsympathetic English woman who married the son while he was in England as a soldier. The woman, one fears, is a correct type of a rather class of the brides brought back to Canada by Canadian soldiers, though there are, of course, innumerable exceptions and the portrait may cause some controversy.

An important event in Toronto literary history was the recital which was given recently at Hart House Theatre of published and unpublished lyrics by Wilson MacDonald. These were read by the author himself, Bertram Forsyth, director of the theatre; Vincent Massey and Professor Pelham Edgar. Readers of The Canadian Bookman are familiar with the high quality of Mr. MacDonald's work, and the expressions of opinion from competent judges who attended this recital make it very evident that it is time he issued another volume of verse. A writer in Toronto Saturday Night, signing himself "B. M. G.," speaks of this poet as "a new elemental force in poetry, perhaps the first since Whitman." MacDonald's latest effort is "The Song of the Undertow," a realistic narrative of the author's experiences on a cattle boat.

Spring in Canada

By EILEEN BURTON THOMPSON

THE spirit of Canada's northern Spring has never become embodied in words. It is too fierce, too remote and isolated from human experience to be caught by the gentle nets of traditional form which have sometimes been spread for its capture. And the men, like rangers and surveyors, who know it intimately, as part of their lives, have so far been those without the power of song. Paint has come nearer to it. One man, Thompson, has shown the breaking up of winter in the northern wilds, stark and bared of human feeling, but he is one of very few, with brush or pen, who can see the advance of this season with neither French nor English memories.

Through Western Europe Spring is a gracious and familiar goddess, keened and welcomed for hundreds of years. Every flower of her suite enfolds a poem. Lovers greet her as their own appointed deity. In her halting progress from Greece to Donegal, she finds generation after generation worshipping her in the words their fathers sang. Her very buds are memories. The last dread war already haunts the English "bird among the rain-wet lilac," and no one in that land can stand upon a knoll of daffodils who hears not through their trumpets voices of his race.

But when one of us, born in Canada, yet children of an older world's inheritance, stands beside a northern lake, where, still in April, bits of ice break restlessly against the shore, what share has he in its flux? All around him the woods and open spaces are shaking off Winter's control. The boles of trees are black and wet, the snow deeply honeycombed. But although his whole body feels the excitement of the quivering light falling on the branches and knows the forest is being disrobed of her white clothing to lie bared beneath new life, he has not any words to frame a ritual that will draw these forces to himself and make him a partaker in this non-humanized world.

It is true that Indian legends may be unearthed from under many trees or beds of streams—they hang like a fringe across some falls—but they are not an unconscious possession from our childhood and must be translated for us later from an unknown tongue. Where generations of fisherfolk and settlers have made the Atlantic border their own, certain songs have become interwoven with the seasons, and there is a human tradition over the farms. In Acadian apple orchards, the rosy light on the bark in March, promise of the redder fruit is quick with the whisperings of byegone childhoods. Quebec links its story to Indian lore, and the old stone houses of that province, with their sloping roofs, make the air familiar with the courtships of successive springs and the feast days of an ancient Church. But these are only patches on the edge of untamed lands. From east to west we have stamped the country with the material marks of our civilization, cities and towns and railways, but the drama of the seasons is still uncircled by our thought.

Does not every Winter return the land to savagery? The winds and rains which come each year to break the bonds of frost find the earth the same as when Glooskap first lured Summer north to redeem it from its primal trance, and they waken it to the same sudden and unsung life. Even the last war, that gave the Canadian people history, has left no requiem in our wind. In Flanders fields the poppies sing forever of our dead, but the blue hepatica uncurls from beneath Ontario snows with no association beyond its own blossom and hue.

Winter is broken in Canada when before a starless dawn is first heard the murmur of rain on a pool, or under the moon of bright nights, comes the sound of a stream, formed by the melting snows, flowing through the dark. The patches of water which have glistened on the crusted surface of the snow for many moons are but transitory effects of the sun's hotter rays; it is when night surrenders that winter's hold is loosed. There is the smell of wet bark and dripping pine needles, a new noise in the pond of booming and cracking ice, a movement through the trees of air that is easily breathed.

Although succeeding days bring storms and return of snow, the winds beat the flakes away from the bushes and the new, white drifts are pitted with holes and smeared by the rains and sun. Down the hills swollen rivulets tumble with their burden of thawed ice. Swathes of pale green and yellow water, which for some time, have been appearing on the tops of the still frozen lakes, widen and ripple, and dark, open spaces near the shore show that the currents of inrushing brooks are cutting channels in the solid pack. When the larger rivers overflow they form bays, and groves of low-lying trees stand with their roots immersed. The whole country is under slush and water, except on the hardwood slopes and heights where the sun dries up last year's leaves, steaming and aromatic. These are the days of the passage of winter, not yet the coming of Spring.

Yet the sunsets seem very near. The warm, soft pinks and blues rest long against the smooth beech boles and on the ice-freed bays, the colors are no longer, as in Winter, distant spirit flames of green and amber, but pulsing like the hues of opening flowers, belonging as much to the earth-ways as to the heavenly paths. Noon skies are a full and almost blinding blue, and the frail ice-clouds drift away before great, unfrozen peaks, softly piled along the horizon. There is still not a sign of growth. The only promise of its coming is down the hollows where the willow's brilliant yellow stems and dogwood's red shine in the black pools, and high and sweet as any bird of Spring, the note of the yellow-throated frog begins the chorus of the marsh.

Then the colors which were of the sunset float about the tops of trees. The maples have an aura of red, the poplars green, and at the end of the white, black-knotted branches of the birch, the twigs flush to the dark

pink of a rose. Sap flows, now fast, now slow, marking more plainly the stripes of the moose-woods and deepening the gold of the yellow birch. Over every clump of forest keeps hovering a glow of purple or pink. April's trill of running water is echoed in the burble of the song-sparrow, and the red-winged blackbirds chatter and sing in turn.

All at once Spring descends. Already at the ragged edge of the retreating snow, the mauve and blue and white petals of the hepatica have pushed up from their nests of dead leaves, and the arbutus, most exotic in its exciting fragrance of all the early flowers, has lured the first bees to old stumps and roots of trees. But these are only forerunners of a procession of bloom. Suddenly the brown leaf-mould of the woods is covered with sharp, tiny spikes, half yellow, half green; then hosts of fawn lilies spring with startled grace from their speckled beds and stare down sunny slopes on yellow violets; in the damper haunts squirrel-corn and spring beauties sway delicately on their stems, and the jacks-in-the-pulpit rise like crabs from the black marsh mud. A mist of buds falls on the earth, and through the quickening thicket, moist and fresh with nascent growth, quivering under the sun-haze, and alive to its tiniest twig, comes a sound that carries with it the very throb of the wakened woods, the beating of the partridge's drum. It is life that is being poured through the forest, hushed in the buds, riotous in the streams; life, fierce and tremulous, stirring from the roots and enfolding every tree till the shadbush breaks into feathery bloom, and the sap mounts to the highest oak. It flutters with the maple seeds and hangs the catkin's tassels on the elms. So fast the flowers come and go that only a few days sees them in their prime: petals of bloodroots fall beside clusters of blue violets, droves of white trilliums turn to pink in dying, and in the mountain woods painted trilliums open and drop almost within a week.

After a night's rain, the brown earth disappears beneath a growth of filmy green, meadow-rue like columbine, uncurling fronds of ferns, interspersed with maple saplings, flaming like the Autumn. And with each hour of changing verdure there swings on the air fresh songs of birds, from the dawn praise of the song-sparrow to the night wail of the whip-poor-will, through a whole gamut of returning migrants, singly at first and tentatively, then in small chorus, till the whole forest quivers with their answering notes. The wild duck calls again on the lakes.

There is still a little snow hidden between rocks when the starry buds begin to burst. The pink of sticky, half-opened leaves turns to green, and a veil of minute foliage hangs from tree to tree, broken by masses of plum and cherry blossoms, pink and white and odorously sweet. Near the ground the underbrush grows dense and very tangled, and soon a swarm of buzzing insects rise from the long grasses and mount guard over the woods. In the green depths an orchid blooms; the excitement of Spring melts to Summer in the melody of the hermit thrush.

Before such a rush of spontaneous growth, it were foolish to recite "a pretty ring time." Autumn is the mating season for most of the forest creatures: only the birds and insects seek each other in the quick days of Spring. Romance and sentiment are not an inseparable quality of the northern April and May, and there is no association of young lovers in the unnurtured woods, white with both snow and trilliums in the one month. It is sheer physical life which meets us, new and earthy, surging through each wild vein of earth and sky. It intensifies our every sense, sight and smell and hearing, but brings no made image of thought to our brain. Like a flame of creation it passes before our eyes, burns memory from our souls, and leaves us rapt and dumb.

Perhaps this is the reason literature has failed to catch the northern Spring. In spite of our birth we remain strangers to it and onlookers; like the early discoverers, we are still shaken with wonder at a force which turns ice-piled river beds to rapid streams, and, in a night, brings the amazement of flowers. And having no song bequeathed to us, to voice our awe, we go silently when we enter the woods, and find content in little things. We fish and build camp fires. It may be that through their smoke, better than through any incantation of words, we find for ourselves the spirit of Spring.

Good Talking Points

THE owner of a bookstore in a Massachusetts city is a firm believer in good advertising, but realizes that most business men need assistance if they look after their own publicity work. He realizes that a lot of people can furnish good material even though they know little or nothing about advertising.

Every three months this business man offers a half-dozen prizes of money and books totaling in all about $15 to his customers for the best statement regarding the books they like that are written by the leading writers. The works to be covered are limited to those of ten writers whose books form the bulk of the fiction sales in his store.

From the friendly critics who are in most part strong admirers of the authors, the business man secures some fine advertising material which he uses in advertising his goods for the next three months. Each contestant tells of the good points he has noticed and all these put together make some very strong arguments for the reading of the author's works.

When a new book by one of the ten authors is announced, the book dealer has some fresh selling point to unload and few are the readers who can resist the various attractions that they are assured may be found in all the works of these authors.

While the dealer himself could list perhaps a dozen features of a book that appeals to him, the contestants can name as many as fifty between them, and all these set forward at regular intervals in his advertising seem bound to attract the readers that hesitate about buying.—T. F. Moriarty in "System."

Where to Buy Books

SOME FOOD FOR THOUGHT

WHY should anybody anywhere have to wonder where to buy books? Isn't it about time for the bookstores to more convincingly impress their existence on the public?

As one of a series of regular contributions to the Associated Newspapers, the following by a Canadian writer, H. Addington Bruce, appeared under the title of "Where to Buy Books."

"In common with all writers who have occasion from time to time to refer to or quote from current literature, the question is repeatedly put to me, 'Where can I buy such-and-such a book?" The fact that such a question has to be put is evidence, not so much of a singular lack of knowledge on the part of the questioner, as of failure by publishers and book dealers properly to instruct the general public as regards places where books may be sought.

To-day, to be sure, this is made the subject of not a little educative campaigning by both publishers and book dealers.

But it is campaigning which should have been undertaken long ago. It would have meant a far larger book-reading and book-studying public to-day. And everybody to-day, without having to ask questions, would go to book stores to buy books just as everybody, without having to ask questions, goes to grocery stores to buy clothes.

Unfortunately, it is true, most villages and even many towns of considerable size are without book stores. But in these villages and towns there frequently is some general store where books are for sale.

Occasional advertising to the effect that books are to be bought in these stores, and that orders will be taken for books not in stock, would soon familiarize the local public with the fact that book-buying may be done as readily as the buying of hats or shoes.

Similarly, in all large cities there not only are book stores, there also are book sections in nearly all the principal department stores. Systematic effort to inform the public that these stores carry books as well as general merchandise might advantageously be made through newspaper advertising; perhaps also by cards sent to customers, notices printed on monthly bills, etc.

But now suppose that one lives where there are neither book stores nor department stores?

In that case the best way to buy a book is to order it direct from its publisher. And if its publisher's name and address are unknown? Then, indeed, a letter of inquiry addressed to some one likely to be able to give the desired information will have to be written—unless that information can be obtained in the nearest public library, as should be the case.

Most decidedly, however, dwellers in cities and large towns should never feel obliged to ask, "Where can I buy this book that I want to buy?" They should know that any book store or book-carrying department store has it or can procure it for them.

And some day, it is to be hoped, such knowledge will be made universal, to the mutual benefit of those who have books to sell and those who desire to possess books."

Lucretia Lombard.

Another story of love and sacrifice in keeping with the same author's previous fine novels, is "Lucretia Lombard," by Kathleen Norris, in which a dramatic culmination of forces both human and those of furious nature aflame, lead to a climax that for tensity ranks with the very best work she has done. The background of this new novel is a little town between Boston and New York.

It is a story which booksellers can get behind with enthusiasm in the full assurance that it will strongly appeal to all who enjoy well-told tales of this type.

New Medium for Stories.

A rather unusual medium for presenting a story with a purpose is that adopted by Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe," at the request of the Toronto Humane Society, through the instrumentality of Warwick Bros. and Rutter. The latter firm, in its series of Imperial school practice book covers, has one with a picture of a large dog and a boy, the dog bearing a "for sale" tag. The story in connection with this picture is printed on the back cover, and is a delightful little story in which the faithful dog is the means of bringing reward to its young master.

A Real Humorist.

A good idea in promoting sales of Harry Leon Wilson's new humorous story, "Merton of the Movies," was suggested by one bookseller who expressed his intention of putting in a Wilson window featuring the new book of course, but showing also his previous books, thus putting to work the "plus system" in bookselling. Harry Leon Wilson in "Bunker Bean," "Ruggles of Red Gap," and his later books, earned a tribute from the late William Dean Howells who described him as "one of our greatest humorists," and this opinion is widely held. It was he strengthened by the genuine humor that characterizes "Merton of the Movies," relating the experiences of a small town general store clerk who goes movie-mad.

The Sieve.

Although concerned primarily with U.S. immigration, the similar conditions applying to Canada make "The Sieve, or Revelations of the Man Mill," a book of significant interest to Canadian students of politics and sociology. The author is Feri Felix Weiss and the publishers are The Page Co., Boston.

For thirteen years Mr. Weiss served as U. S. Immigration and Chinese Inspector at the port of Boston, and during the war as special agent of the Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice. He is widely known as a lecturer, linguist and authority on immigration and in his timely revelations of "the man mill' he gives his readers au authentic glimpse of the real facts and secret forces behind the immigration problem.

Charlie Chaplin's Book

A HUMAN INTEREST DOCUMENT

AN interesting event in the book trade this season was the appearance of a book of such merchandising potentialities as Charlie Chaplin's "My Trip Abroad." It is significant that the movements of this "King of the Movies," even off the screen, command such universal attention that when Charlie was across the briny, the cables had to be pressed into service so that the newspapers on this side might be enabled to promptly satisfy the voracious appetite of his North American public with long accounts of what their idol was doing over there; all of which serves to indicate the selling possibilities of this book, which is a fast-moving narrative of the screen comedian's trip to England and the continent, where he was mobbed and cheered everywhere, overwhelmed by demonstration and invitation, being literally swept off his feet. Interest is added by the fact that there are descriptions of week-ends with such celebrities as H. G. Wells and Sir James Barrie.

Like Charlie Chaplin himself there is a great fund of human interest in this book. The illustrations are most engaging in their unvarying devotion to cheerful associations and appeals to the risibilities of the reader.

A natural inquisitiveness as to Charlie Chaplin's birthplace and something about the surroundings of his childhood are afforded in the chapter devoted to "The Haunts of My Childhood," in Kensington, London.

The accounts of interviews with celebrities in London, Paris and Berlin, and the incidental expression of his own views and opinions of people and world affairs, provide most readable side-lights on the real Charlie Chaplin and as such are genuinely interesting not only to his devotees, whose name is legion, but also to other people who must at least give place in their minds to the niche in the hall of fame which Charlie Chaplin has attained.

Charlie Loves Dogs.

Carlyle R. Robinson has recently interviewed Charlie Chaplin at Hollywood and is authority for the report that the comedian has a penchant for walking the Canadian Rockies.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised to find Charlie hard at work on a book about Canada about this time next year. He has become greatly interested in literary work because of the success of his initial effort, "My Trip Abroad," and all his spare time is being given over to the pen.

Charlie told me that he intended doing a picture in Canada before very long. In fact he would have planted himself somewhere among the Rockies years ago and turned his attention to a big outdoor story, had he been doing a different character of work. He explained that there was not much chance for a comedian, limited to a two-reel subject, to go ahead with a big project and that is what held him back.

But the days of two-reel comedies for Chaplin are near to an end. One more picture of the short length and then he will be an independent producer to go ahead and do as he desires. That is the day that will find Charlie walking all over the Canadian Rockies.

Within the next three months Chaplin will have fulfilled his contract with the distributing organization that now have the call on his work. Then he will abandon the short subject field for ever. No, he is not going to stop producing comedy, but he is going to make a different character of comedy. Sort of mix it up with pathos and maybe tragedy. Something along the lines of what he did in his great picture, "The Kid."

Canadian Book Trade's Golden Era

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER, IF BOOKSELLERS DO THEIR PART"

PRESIDENT HUGH S. Eayrs, of The Macmillan Co., of Canada, is authority for the statement that in 1917 the number of Canadian works published was 26, in 1918 43, in 1919 70, in 1920 about 200, and in 1921 about 400. This represents remarkable growth.

The market for any Canadian book circulated in Canada alone is very limited. An edition of 20,000 or 30,000 is regarded as being very successful, while best sellers in the United States may go to a million or more copies. The Canadian Authors' Week, held last November, stirred up latent interest in book writing, especially fiction work, and the addresses of various authors to clubs and social organizations were most stimulating. The offer of a special prize of $2,500 for the best book of fiction by a Canadian author, dealing, preferably, with a Canadian topic, has set many of the members of the Canadian Authors Association to work. The standard of Canadian literary production is relatively good, but irrespective of successful production of works that will class with the best writings of English or United States authors, is the development of the

spirit of competition, keen criticism and literary taste in Canada.

How Booksellers Are Affected.

Booksellers have good reason to take heart as to the prospects of better conditions in the retail book trade as indicated by the statistics given in the foregoing, together with the remarkable increase in interest and demand for books by Canadians or about Canada that has been awakened in the public by the active national propaganda of the Canadian Authors Association and of the Associated Canadian Publishers, especially in the practical lift for booksellers represented by the elaborately planned and widely advertised Canadian Authors' Week, Children's Book Week and such subsequent events as Religious Book Week, held this month.

If all the retail booksellers in Canada would only realize to the full the agencies that are at work in their behalf the golden era of bookselling in this country would in truth be "just around the corner"—Providence helps those who help themselves.

Mr. Edelstein's "Canadian Lyrics"

MR. Hyman Edelstein has issued a second edition of his volume of "Canadian Lyrics and Other Poems," the first edition of which has been referred to several times in these columns. The new volume contains several fresh poems. Mr. Edelstein is an exceptionally interesting figure in the now rather numerous group of Canadian versifiers. Indeed, his presence in that group, and the extent to which he feels at home there, is a striking indication of what may be expected of Canadian literature in the way of cosmopolitanism when the racial mixture now in progress in almost all parts of our country develops its full effects. For Mr. Edelstein is not a Jew engaged in the writing of literature for Gentiles, and accommodating his facile pen to their requirements. Nearly half of his work is directed straight to his co-religionists in Canada, and it is not a little remarkable that he should be able to make these verses produce an effect upon the minds of those who know little of the essence of Judaism.

In addition to the preface to the first edition, written by Prof. J. A. Dale, the present volume includes a foreword by Dr. W. D. Lighthall; so that Mr. Edelstein can boast of entering the lists adorned with the tokens of sympathy and approval bestowed by representatives of the best English culture and the best Canadian culture in this country. The little volume is issued by the Belles-Lettres Publishers, Montreal.

POPULAR WITH AUTHORS

British Columbia is surely getting its share of publicity in novels these days. Two or three of the Spring Lists of Canadian Publishers have more than casual reference to our Pacific province. One of these, Bertrand W. Sinclair's "Hidden Places," is set practically in entirety in Vancouver and among the forests of Northern British Columbia. This, following the same author's "Poor Man's Rock," of two years ago, should be incidentally making the scenic possibilities as well as the industrial conditions of British Columbia, pretty well known.

Announcement

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

OF LONDON AND NEW YORK

take great pleasure in announcing that on

MAY 1st

they will

OPEN A CANADIAN BRANCH

at

210 VICTORIA STREET - - TORONTO

A Complete Stock of their publications will be kept on hand at all times and every effort will be made to have the requirements of the Trade satisfactorily met.

Spoon River Muddies

By EDWARD SAPIR

OF the excessive badness of Edgar Lee Masters' new volume of poems, "The Open Sea" (Macmillan, Toronto) there can be no doubt. There may be a few appraisers who mistake a big programme for a great conception, an awkward and breathless awareness of things for vitality, and an unleashed rush of words for the flow of fire, and who, so confounding crude intention with the rapid and exquisite deliberateness of art at work, find it no grotesque thing to speak of poetry here. One hopes such readers are few. One hopes it for the sake of the American Poetic Renaissance, now so well understood to be.

Mr. Masters never claimed to be a nice chiseler, but the headstones of Spoon River were hacked out with an economy and with a ferocity that fairly entitled them to be classified as a new kind of sculpture. We were even willing to call them poems if we might in this way gain aesthetic carte blanche to give ourselves a lugubrious holiday. Somehow it seemed a healthful and invigorating thing to do to take a day off for a visit to Mr. Masters' cemetery, sprawl on our bellies, and peer into the inscriptions of its headstones. Having sensed in an unwonted synthesis the chuckling delight of overhearing kitchen gossip and the more aristocratic pleasure of watching the anatomist demonstrate on the human carcass, we found ourselves entertained and purged. We vaguely remembered our Aristotle and crowned Mr. Masters poet laureate.

Mr. Masters had every reason to infer that he had achieved a notable volume. And he immediately set about the practically inevitable business of following up his achievement with a series of undistinguished collecting, packed with all manner of juvenilities, screaming with a rhetoric sadly unhumorous, displaying in ever clearer outlines the spirit of a man at once stridently in revolt and not deeply dissatisfied with the imitations of his soul and of his environment. His incisiveness did not go lost at once, but with each volume Mr. Masters seemed to be progressively losing himself in a slough, out of earshot of the cleaner-cut, alerter poetry which is quietly raising its voice in America. The word ceased to interest him, the rush of feeling seemed sufficient warrant in itself for what expression it momentarily shaped itself into. All the while Mr. Masters was forgetting the cruel truth that banality comports well with the red-hottest feeling. Had he had the incredible restraint to leave the "Spoon River Anthology" without a successor, Mr. Masters would now be fresh in our memories, as the author of the lone "Shropshire Lad" still is. As it is, the later Masters is almost forcing us to forget our early, spontaneous acceptance of his bitter gift. He insists on becoming "vieux jeu."

It is well nigh a pity to have to quote from "The Open Sea," yet such harsh criticism as we have ventured needs justification. There is in this book sheer, dead ugliness of phrase, as in:

> The Queen and Antony
> Had joined the Inimitable Livers, now they joined
> The Diers Together,

or:

> He's fifty-six, and knows the human breed,
> Sees man as body hiding a canal
> For passing food along, a little brain
> That watches, loves, attends the said canal.

There are yard-lengths of inferior journalistic prose cut up into line lengths of "blank verse." Let one passage suffice:

> Few years are left in which he may achieve
> His democratic ideas, for he sought
> No gain in power, but chance to do his work,
> Fulfill his genius. Well, he takes the Senate
> And breaks its aristocracy, then frees
> The groaning debtors; reduces the congestion
> Of stifled Italy, founds colonies,
> Helps agriculture, executes the laws,
> Crime skulks before him, luxury he checks.
> The franchise is enlarged, he codifies
> The Roman laws, and founds a money system;
> Collects a library, and takes a census;
> Reforms the calendar, and thus bestrode
> The world with work accomplished.

Had not Mr. Masters bethought himself of the hoary privilege of inversion ("luxury he checks"), we should not have guessed that this was indeed poetry. The lifelessness of many of the lines is appalling, for example:

> I step from my door to a step, and from that right into the street,

or:

> So he brought the disciples to John and the two of them led
> To the cell where he sat, and John to the two of them said,

or:

> I'm surprised.
> I know more mathematics than they do,
> And more of everything. I thought an officer
> Was educated. Well, I am surprised.

And so are we. Mr. Masters is almost too good to be true when he waxes indignant. It is downright malice to quote from "A Republic," which the author himself, one hopes, regrets having failed to throw into the wastebasket immediately after composition (possibly Mr. Masters does not know that this is a favorite pastime with nearly all his fellow-poets), yet it is hard to resist the last two lines:

> A giantess growing huger, duller of mind
> Her gland pituitary being lost.

and all because the wretched republic voted dry.

Like Shakespeare, Mr. Masters does not mince in matters of historical appropriateness. At the Mermaid Tavern they talk of the "working class" of Caesar's day and do not hesitate to use the psychological jargon of our time ("reaction"); Marat is referred to as a "nihilist." Such anachronisms are due to the carelessness of ignorance or genius. Were the literary workmanship of the book not so fantastically below all thinkable aesthetic standards, it might have been of some interest to consider Mr. Masters' historical themes—the conception of Brutus-Charlotte Corday-Booth (mistaken tyrannicide) vs. Caesar-Marat-Lincoln (saviour of the people) or the modernizations of New Testament episodes. But it is useless to discuss the conceptions or philosophy of a book which can hardly be said to exist. An unembodied conception is, in art, no conception at all.

(Continued on page 140)

Marjorie Pickthall's First Novel a Story Of Exceptional Power

"The Bridge," a story of the Great Lakes: by M. L. C. Pickthall. Messrs Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto.

It is rarely that expectation in regard to a first novel is realised. Either it has been raised too high or else it has taken the wrong direction. The previous literary achievement of Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall has not been of such a nature as to give any real index to her ability to write a novel of distinction. Yet, on so high a literary plane has her verse ridden, and of such imaginative beauty has her dramatic achievement been woven, that there was at least ground to anticipate she would accomplish something removed from the routine, distinct and apart from the conventional, characterized by some outstanding quality.

"The Bridge" is her first novel, and for a first novel, of greater distinction you will have to go back more years than you may care to count. I say without hesitation that it is the best first novel from the pen of any author in Canada that it has been my good fortune to read. It is marked by literary qualities of unusually high standard. It is instinct with imagination. It is colored by poetic conception and poetic vision, and it literally radiates atmosphere. But there is in no direction any obvious effort. Over all lies the illusion of spontaneity. Moreover, the whole book is inspired by a passionate sincerity, and contains studies in character, sentiment, and emotion that are rich in suggestion and in dramatic force

* * *

Miss Pickthall has been fortunate in her choice of theme,—or rather happy in her origination of a theme, for it bears the stamp of originality. A builder of bridges, Maclear, has attempted to save on a contract by shortening the foundations of the centre span. The bridge collapses. His brother is among the dead. His sister-in-law pays him a visit and asks for the truth, which he tells her. Half-distraught by the terror of the thing he has brought about, he seeks to end all by drowning, but is saved by a pickpocket. He seeks surcease from sorrow in a lonely island up the lake, but even here his sin is with him. In a storm he crosses the island and on the farther side he meets a woman to whom he runs in almost childlike terror for comfort.

The dawning of love between these two is depicted by Miss Pickthall with an artistry, a delicacy, and an intuition that command admiration. In the girl's love the man feels he is regaining his old grip. He can face the world again. So, when his partner comes with the news that the expected inquiry into the disaster has been quashed, but that he—the partner—wishes to leave the firm, Maclear believes he can get along alone, so confident does he feel in the strength and inspiration of this new and wonderful love.

But tragedy is close at hand,—a tragedy that affects the vivid imagination of the girl-wife, Sombra, to the extent of impelling her to believe she is unworthy of Maclear and that she can help him by leaving him. How the man, put to the test again, stands by patiently, endures, and comes through great tribulation to a realization of his burden and the courage to face it in humility, is told by Miss Pickthall with a dramatic strength and a vividness, yet with the exercise of an admirable reserve, that make the climax memorable indeed.

* * *

There are few characters, Maclear, the bridge-builder; Moira, his sister-in-law; Raynham, his loyal partner; Sombra, and Salvator her brother, and the old blind man, Mait,—the latter a tragedy in himself. But with this handful Miss Pickthall juggles the playthings of Fate until the whole world of their creation seems upset and all their dreams crashed into nothingness. The triumph of love, the strength of love, the sustaining power of love, the sacrificial qualities of love—these are the variations of a theme around which she weaves such a glamour of romance as stays with us long after the printed page has been set aside.

* * *

There is no lack of certainty in her characterizations. They are authoritative, clear, vivid, and emotionally strong. In Sombra, the girl, we have a heroine, whose character fascinates from the first, and whose innate purity of mind and soul we are made to feel is a very beautiful, very sacred thing. The gradual emancipation of Maclear from the bonds of a moral cowardice that held him thrall is finely revealed. So is the tragedy that clouds the mind of the old man Mait, and so is the splendid single-minded devotion of the boy, Salvator.

In scenic coloring, the tale is beautiful. Nothing is overdone. Miss Pickthall can get very close to nature, and she possesses also the rare faculty of taking her audience with her and admitting them into her intimacy. There is beauty, tragedy, drama, romance, and the loveliness of life in this tale. Here and there a simile may be slightly overdrawn, but that is a very minor fault. In all essentials it is more than strong.

I do not believe I am indulging in too great optimism when I venture to express the belief that this book will prove but the forerunner of a series of notable Canadian novels from Miss Pickthall's gifted pen. It is a book not a few experienced novelists who have won fame would be proud to have written. Those of us who have watched Miss Pickthall's work develop are proud and glad that she has written it. S.M.P.

S. MORGAN POWELL
—in The Montreal Star

Never before has a Canadian Novel attracted such world-wide attention as "THE BRIDGE"

This is what Canada's outstanding reviewer thinks of it

HODDER & STOUGHTON
LIMITED
Publishers TORONTO

Only Stevenson could have written its equal Kate Curlew

By Christine Orr

"Kate Curlew" the wonderful new novel by Christine Orr, author of "The Glorious Thing" $1.75, Hodder and Stoughton.

"PUNCH" SAYS:

"Whenever in future I see a new book by Miss Christine Orr, I intend to get possession of it at once, by fair or other means, for 'Kate Curlew' is a treasure . . . as fresh and keen and invigorating to read about as are the windy northern days which Miss Orr has so good a gift for describing. . . . I certainly had not expected to meet with a modern novel quite of its peculiar quality, and now I shall hope for more."

A REMARKABLE REVIEW

"It is impossible not to think of Stevenson while reading Christine Orr's glorious novel, 'Kate Curlew.' Only Stevenson could have written its equal, and even he could not have bettered some bits in it where the pathos is as beautiful as muirland in the gathering mirk. I have spun out my reading of it, absorbing slowly the amazing beauty of the thing. . . . What both attracted me and almost dazed me with the surprise and delight of it was the discovery at the very outset that here was a writer of the Stevenson order. Would that Henley had been alive and running the 'Scots Observer.' What a review he would have given of 'Kate Curlew' with its caller genius."—"Dundee Advertiser."

JOHN BUCHAN'S OPINION:
Author of "Greenmantle," etc.

"Will you allow me to say how greatly I admire 'Kate Curlew'? . . . The whole conception is admirable, and the drama works out naturally and inevitably from the characters. . . . You can tell a story, too, and the narrative moves with the proper briskness. But you have also got something which few modern novelists possess—a really fine style. . . . Your Scots is the true, classic, metropolitan thing, and your English is a delight. You have a gift of reproducing the nuances of weather and scenery and interweaving them with your drama. . . . I would like, as a fellow-craftsman, to congratulate you most sincerely upon a beautiful and distinguished book."

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE "EDINBURGH VENING NEWS"

"Miss Christine Orr is entitled to many congratulations on her powerful new novel, 'Kate Curlew.' . . . This is a book which should have a wide appeal . . . to all who like their romances strengthened by rude adventure and pulsating life."—"Edinburgh Evening News."

A TRIBUTE FROM O. DOUGLAS
Author of "The Setons," "Penny plain," etc.

"I have just finished reading 'Kate Curlew.' It has impressed me immensely. I am amazed at the writing in it, the beauty of the language, the color, the style. . . . I love the description of a June in Scotland. Miss Eupham Veitch is a great creation. . . . In fact everything that Miss Eupham says is delicious. Kate Curlew herself is charming. There is so much life and color and charm about her. I should think the book will be a very great success, and I take off my hat to Christine Orr."

ANNIE S. SWAN IN THE "BRITISH WEEKLY"

"The love story is most sweet and winsome, and the brave struggle which Kate waged against her love for her sister's plighted lover is skilfully and beautifully done."

THE "SCOTSMAN" SPEAKS OF:

"The truth and force and vividness of coloring with which Miss Orr conveys to her pages the scenery and atmosphere of the Pentland country, and the traits and speech of the dwellers, gentle and simple, in and around it a century ago."

THE "GLASGOW HERALD" SAYS

"Eupham Veitch is a delightful presentation of the old Scots maiden lady."

The Great White Borzoi

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

ONE of the most interesting early-year announcements of 1922 is that the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, is handling in Canada the publications of Alfred A. Knopf. There could not be a happier combination. Borzoi publications are now in ideal hands in Canada.

The success of Alfred A. Knopf, a success which, in the six and a half years which have elapsed since the foundation of the Borzoi Press, has placed him among the first publishers of the world, has not been an accident. It is a success founded on sound business principles, excellent taste, and an almost demoniac enthusiasm. Furthermore, it is a success founded on the working-out of a novel idea, novel, at least, in the publishing business. From the very beginning, Knopf has sought co-operation from his authors, urging them not only to talk about their own books, but also about the works of other writers. Thus, his establishment has grown to have a patriarchal aspect, and has even assumed a social air. His authors are his friends; they are each other's friends. Not only does he accept suggestions from any of these, he actually solicits them. The result is that he has been able in an incredibly brief period to put his business on a basis almost unheard of, even in these days of mushroom growths. And the Borzoi is no mushroom!

He began modestly enough in one room with one stenographer. His sole asset at this period, so far as I have been able to gather, was the promise of a novel from Joseph Hergesheimer, who had published his first two still-born books with Knopf's former employer, Mitchell Kennerley. Almost immediately, his business warranted a considerable expansion, and now scarcely any six months passes by without the addition of further rooms and clerks.

From the beginning he has been interested in foreign translations, especially from the Russian, a literature in which the trademark of his firm, the Borzoi, betrays his special interest. This interest has grown and has spread to cover the important literatures of all Europe. He has also succeeded in surrounding himself with as promising a group of young Americans as can be found under any publisher's banner. Indeed, at least two of his authors would be included in any list, however short, of the most distinguished contemporary American writers of fiction.

The events of his career are simple and undramatic. He was born September 12, 1892. He was graduated from the Mackenzie School in 1908. He took an A.B. degree at Columbia in 1912, and

Mr. Alfred Knopf

then went to Europe. Returning, he was employed by Doubleday, Page & Company from the fall of 1912 to March, 1914, and from March, 1914, to May, 1915, he was employed by Mitchell Kennerley. He married Blanche Wolf in 1916. The Borzoi was founded in the summer of 1915, and the first book was issued September, 1915.

In appearance I have always thought that Knopf resembled a Persian Prince. He certainly does not look American. He has a fondness for color which is indicated by his love for fine bindings. His publications, indeed, in their decorative aspects, have revolutionized book-making in America and have made of it something of an art. They have inspired other publishers to imitations, flattering even when they have not been entirely successful. Knopf is direct, clear-sighted, enthusiastic, almost brutally frank, even with his best friends, and scrupulously honest. He has few friends outside his list of authors and few interests outside his work. His one entirely extraneous interest lies in music, and he rarely misses an important concert or recital.

ADDRESS OF CANADIAN POET.

A correspondent asks us for the address of the poet whose name or pen-name is "Alix Thorn," and whose obviously Canadian lines entitled "Daughter of the Land" appeared not long ago in the New York Sun. If any reader can give us the information we shall be grateful. The lines in question are as follows:

I knew Cape Breton's fir-clad slopes
When but a little maid;
I sailed her waters deep and clear
Wide-eyed and unafraid;
I climbed her upland meadows oft
For glimpse of circling sea,
And oh, her flush of sunset still
Is on the cheek of me.

Nor can a wanderer forget
Though swift the years roll by;
I tell my children wondrous tales
Of mountains, sand and sky.
Some day we'll find the land I love—
How strange this thing should be—
Cape Breton's sunset flush that glows
Upon the cheek of me.

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Mr. R. S. Melvin, who has had experience with the educational book department of the Macmillan Co., and subsequently with McClelland & Stewart, is now associated with Mr. T. F. Pike in the newly established Canadian branch of Longmans, Green & Co., located at 210 Victoria St., Toronto. Mr. Melvin is well known to the booksellers, especially throughout Ontario, and is a well-posted bookman.

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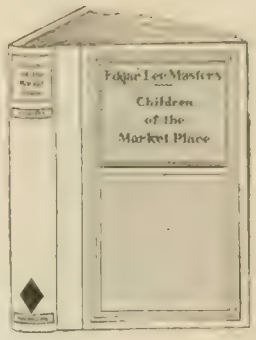

"This remarkable book is above everything else a study of Lincoln and Douglas, and as such it is not only able and fascinating, but strangely timely . . . A picture humanly attractive and far-reachingly instructive."
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The Scarlet Tanager.
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The Lady of the Barge.

Archibald Marshall.
The Eldest Son.

Wm. De Morgan.
Alice for Short.
It Never Can Happen Again.

Frank Norris.
The Pit.
The Octopus.

Alfred Ollivant.
The Gentleman.

Morley Roberts.
Salt of the Sea.

J. J. Bell.
Wee MacGreegor.

E. Sommerville and Martin Ross.
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Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.
The Real Charlotte.
The Silver Fox.

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John Verney.
Blinds Down.
John Charity.
Waters of Jordan.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
Helbeck of Bannisdale.
Marcella.
Sir George Tressady.

Stanley Weyman.
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Sophia.

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Constitution of the C.A.A.

Article 1.

Name.—The name of this Corporation shall be the Canadian Authors' Association. It shall have an official seal which shall bear the name of the Association, and the date of its organization. Its principal office shall be located at Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg. Each of these cities to be the location of such office for a period of three years. It shall continue until dissolved as hereinafter provided.

Article 2.

Objects.—The objects of the Association are:

1.—To act for the mutual benefit and protection of the interests of Canadian Authors and for the maintenance of high ideals and practice in the literary profession.

2.—To procure adequate copyright legislation.

3. To assist in protecting the literary property of its members, and to disseminate information as to the business rights and interests of its members as authors.

4. To promote the general professional interests of all creators of copyrightable literary material.

5.—To encourage cordial relationship among the members and with Authors of other Nations.

Article 3.

Membership.

Section 1.—The membership shall comprise three classes, viz.:—

1.—Regular Members.
2.—Associate Members.
3.—Life Members.

Any writer, dramatist or scenario writer, or other creator of copyrightable literary material or recognized position in his or her profession as author may be admitted at the discretion of the Executive Committee as a regular member.

Other writers, publishers, booksellers, etc., who may have sympathy with the objects of the Association, but who are not considered by the Executive Committee as qualified for full membership, may be admitted, at the discretion of the Executive Committee, as Associate Members, who shall receive the published reports of the Association and have the privilege of attending its General Meetings, but shall not have a vote.

The Council may appoint a Membership Committee, the duties of which shall be to investigate the qualifications of applicants and to report upon the same to the Executive Committee.

The Council may at its discretion elect any author of other than Canadian nationality to Honorary Membership.

Article 4.

Government.

Section 1.—The General Management, direction and control of the affairs, funds and property of the Association, and the determination of the relations of members to the Association and of the Association to its members, and of its members as such to each other, except as they are controlled or limited by the Constitution and By-laws, shall be vested in a Council which shall consist of (40) forty members, each of whom shall be a member in good standing of the Association.

Section 2.—The Officers shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, each of which shall represent an authorized branch centre of the Association, the total number of such Vice-Presidents not to exceed twelve, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall each be ex-officio members of the Council.

Section 3.—The term of each officer shall be one year or until his or her successor is elected and qualifies. Officers shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Association.

The Council shall be elected at the Annual Meeting of the Association; each member in good standing and not in arrears of dues, present in person or by proxy, shall be entitled to cast one vote for each candidate, and a majority of votes so cast shall be necessary for a choice.

Section 4.—The Council shall have the power to delegate all or any of its duties or powers to an Executive Committee consisting of not less than seven (7) members of the Council. The Executive Committee shall hold office for one year or until its successors shall be elected and qualified.

French-Canadian Section.

The French-speaking members of the Association shall be entitled to form a French-Canadian Section of this Association, the members of which may adopt separate By-laws which shall, however, be consistent with the Constitution and By-laws of the Canadian Authors' Association, and be approved by the Council of the Association. The Chief Officer of this Section shall be President de Section of the Canadian Authors' Association, and shall be Ex-officio Member of the Council of the Association. This Section shall provide a proportion of the members of the Council, the proportion to be determined by the Executive Committee as nearly as possible, according to the numerical relation of the regular membership of such Section to the total regular membership of the Association. The members of the Council representing such Section shall be elected by the members of that Section. Members of such Section shall be admitted as regular members of the Canadian Authors' Association, if a Membership Committee appointed by such Section recommend such applicants for regular membership in the Canadian Authors' Association.

Section 6.—The Council may in its discretion from time to time authorize the organization or admission of further Sections.

Article 5.

Meetings.

Section 1.—The annual meetings of the Canadian Authors' Association shall be held once a year at such place in the Dominion of Canada and at such time as the Council may designate. Notice of the time and place of meeting, together with full information as to any business to be voted upon at the meeting shall be mailed to each member of the Association at least thirty days prior to the date of said meeting.

Section 2.—At all meetings of the Association the presiding officer shall appoint three (3) persons present in person to act as inspectors and tellers for the meeting, whose duty it shall be to canvass all votes cast at such meeting.

Section 3.—Special meetings of the Association shall be called by the Secretary at the direction of the Council or upon the written request of any five (5) members of the Council, or of any twenty-five (25) members of the Association.

Section 4.—The Council shall have power to authorize voting by mail or proxy, and on all measures of capital importance voting by mail shall be permitted. A mail vote shall invariably be taken on such matters as changes in the Constitution, change in membership dues or membership requirements, and any other matters which the Council deems of sufficient importance to submit to the membership at large.

Article 6.

By-laws.

Section 1.—Subject to the provisions of the Constitution, the Council may make, alter or amend the By-laws, by a two-thirds vote of members present. All amendments shall be submitted in writing at least thirty (30) days before their being acted upon, and notice shall have been given to the members of the Council of such proposed amendments and of the date on which action will be taken thereon.

Article 7.

Notices.

Section 1.—Each member of the Association shall furnish to the Secretary of his Section an address to which notices may be sent. If no such address is furnished, the principal office of the Association shall be deemed to be the address to which notices may be sent. Service same personally or by mailing the same enclosed in a post paid wrapper to the member at the address so given by him. If he has furnished no address then notice shall be served upon him by posting said notice in a conspicuous place in the principal office of the Association.

Article 8.

Dissolution.

By resolution adopted by the Council, and ratified by a three-fourths vote of members present at a special meeting called for the purpose, this Corporation may be dissolved with due regard to the dissolution of a corporation. Upon dissolution, the Council shall have full power to dispose of the property of the Corporation and over the division thereof.

Article 9.

Amendments.

Section 1.—This Constitution may be amended by a vote of three-fourths of the members of the Association, voting in person, by mail or by proxy, at any regular or special meeting called for that purpose. No proposition to amend the Constitution shall be acted upon at any meeting unless

it shall have been authorized by resolution of the Council, or shall have been presented in writing to the Secretary, signed by at least twenty-five (25) members, and notice embodying the purport of the proposed amendment shall have been sent to each member of the Association with the call for such meeting, which notice shall be sent at least thirty (30) days prior to the date of the proposed meeting.

Section 2.—The Secretary shall inform the Council as to any amendment proposed by members, as above provided for, and the Council shall give due consideration thereto, within thirty (30) days, and report its opinion to the membership with the call for the meeting at which action is to be taken thereon.

PROVISIONAL BY-LAWS.

Article 1.
Meetings.

Section 1.—At all meetings of the Association at least thirty (30) members shall be present in person to constitute a quorum.

Section 2.—If no quorum should be present the presiding Officer shall adjourn the meeting to a day and hour fixed by him not later than two months distant. Any meeting held upon the adjourned date shall have the same effect as if held on the date originally set.

Section 3.—Members absent from the appointed place of meeting on the date of the annual meeting may vote at the said meeting upon all questions, motions or resolutions previously announced in the call for said meeting by delivering to the Secretary of the Association on or before 6 p.m. on the day preceding said meeting by mail, a written or printed ballot setting forth the vote of the member and signed personally by the member voting. The Council shall determine the form of voting by proxy, and the meeting or meetings at which voting by proxy may be allowed.

Article 2.
Council.

Section 1.—Seven (7) members of the Council present in person shall constitute a quorum at meetings of the Council.

Section 2.—The Council may at any meeting remove the Secretary and Treasurer by a two-thirds vote.

Section 3.—Should any vacancy occur either among officers or on the Council, the Council shall have the power to choose temporary officers or Councilmen to act until the next annual meeting of the Association.

Article 3.
Officers.

Section 1.—The President shall be the first executive officer of the Association, and shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of its Council, and shall perform such duties as from time to time the Council may determine.

Section 2.—A Vice-President shall perform the duties of the President in his absence. The Vice-Presidents shall be responsible for the organization of members of the Canadian Authors' Association in the district tributary to their own particular branch centres.

Section 3.—The Secretary shall keep a true record of all proceedings, and shall perform such other duties as may be directed by the Council. He shall also be custodian of the official seal of the Association.

Section 4.—The Treasurer shall receive all monies of the Association and all monies collected by it on behalf of its members, and shall deposit the same as shall be directed by the Council, and shall dispose of the funds of the Association as said Council shall direct. The Treasurer shall keep accurate accounts and submit monthly statements thereof to the Council, and shall also prepare and submit at the annual meeting, and whenever so requested by the Council a complete financial statement. He shall furnish such bond at the expense of the Association as the Council shall require.

Article 4.
Contracts.

No agreement, contract or obligation involving the payment of money, or the credit or liability of the Association, or any of its Sections, shall be made, and no printed matter or printed statement of any kind shall be issued by or on behalf of the Association unless the same be authorized or directed by the Executive Committee.

Article 5.
Discipline.

Section 1.—Any member who shall be in any wise indebted to the Association, or any member who shall be guilty of any act, omission or conduct which is prejudicial to the welfare of the Association, or any member who shall fail to observe any of the requirements of the Constitution, By-laws, or any lawful order of the Council, or of any Committee or of any Officer of the Association, in the discretion of the Council, may be either censured, suspended, expelled from membership, asked to resign, or his membership may be otherwise terminated, or he may be fined or otherwise punished.

Section 2.—In case the Council shall act only upon charges preferred in writing, and after a hearing, at which the accused may be present, and of which he shall have at least thirty (30) days' notice sent to him by registered mail at the address furnished by him.

Section 3.—From any resolution of the Council inflicting any penalty on a member or affecting his membership, said member may appeal to the Association. The accused member shall have at least thirty (30) days' notice sent him by registered mail of the time and place of the meeting at which the appeal is to be considered and may be heard. No member may take any action to review the action of the Council until after an appeal to the Association is taken and decided. Pending an appeal the accused member shall have none of the privileges of membership.

Article 6.
Membership Dues, Etc.

Section 1.—All members shall sign the Constitution and By-laws of the Association either in person or by agent, proxy or attorney as the Council may by resolution provide.

Section 2.—Members in good standing may resign. In the event of the termination of any membership by resignation, expulsion or any other cause, the rights of the member in and to any property or assets of the Association shall cease.

Section 3.—The reinstatement of any member who has resigned or been expelled is left to the discretion of the Council.

Section 4.—The annual dues of the Association shall be $5, and shall be paid on the first day of April of each year. Members who shall fail to make payment within thirty (30) days thereafter shall cease to be in good standing, and, furthermore, shall be notified of such failure by the secretary. If within fifteen (15) days after said notice is mailed said dues shall remain unpaid, the Council shall have power to take such action as it may deem proper, and until such action is taken all rights of the member are suspended.

Section 5.—The dues of persons elected to Associate Membership in the Association on or before March 31st, 1921, shall be $3 per fiscal year. Associate Members shall have no vote in the affairs of the Association.

Section 6.—Any person elected to membership in the Association shall pay his dues within thirty (30) days thereafter, otherwise his election shall be void.

Section 7.—A regular member may become a life member upon the payment of ($100) one hundred dollars. Such payment shall exempt the life member from any further dues and assessments.

Article 7.
Affiliations.

Section 1.—The Council may at its discretion arrange for affiliation with independent existing literary organizations, both in Canada and other countries.

Article 8.
Committees.

Section 1.—The Council shall determine all matters relating to its committees and appoint all members thereof. Members of Committees need not be members of the Council. Nothing in the Constitution or By-laws shall be construed to limit the right of the Association as a whole to vote the appointment of a committee for specific purposes at general meetings of the Association.

Article 9.
Bureaus and Departments.

Section 1.—The Association, in the discretion of the Council, may establish and maintain at such place or places determined upon by the Council, such Bureaus and Departments for the advancement of the business interests of the members of the Association as said Council may consider desirable.

Section 2.—The Council may also, from time to time, publish or cause to be published such advertising or other publicity matter which will be helpful to the members as it deems advisable.

Section 3.—The Council may establish or authorize the establishment of an arbitration board or boards for the settlement of any disputes arising between members and persons with whom they may have business relations affecting the publication of their works. Requests for and submissions to arbitration must be handed to the Secretary of the Association in writ-

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ing, and the parties to the arbitration must agree in writing to abide by the findings of the Arbitration Board.

Article 10.

Surplus.

Section 1.—In case that at the end of any fiscal year there should be a cash surplus in the Association's treasury the Council may at its discretion remit a portion of annual membership dues, or it may divide said surplus to the extension of the work of the Association or to any loan, benefit, insurance, or contingency fund that the Association may establish.

Article 11.

Order of Business.

Section 1.—The order of business at the annual meeting shall be:

1. Reading and Correction of Minutes.
2. Reports of Officers.
3. Reports of Committees.
4. Appointment of tellers.
5. Voting.
6. General business.

Article 12.

Rules of Order.

Section 1.—The rules of order shall be governed by the latest edition of Bourinot's Canadian Parliamentary Procedure.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION AND VERSE.

Beer, Thomas, "The Fair Rewards." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. As a realistic account of high theatrical life in the dawn of the twentieth century in New York, this is probably a meritorious work. It aims somewhat higher in trying to pick the career of an incurable sentimentalist and the evils to which that disposition exposes its possessor and those around him. The hero, a great New York producer, sentimentalizes acutely over a niece whom he has adopted, allows her to bully him into putting on a rotten play for a friend of hers and finally exposes him to unlimited blackmail by compromising herself with the play's leading man. And all the while we feel that the girl would never have been such an unmitigated rotter but for the requirements of Mr. Beer's thesis. To the devil with theses.

Binns, Ottwell, "The Lady of the North Star." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. North-West Mounted Police stuff by the author of "A Mating in the Wilds," who is, so the publishers tell us, "a Lancashire man, minister of the oldest Presbyterian chapels in his native county, and uses his leisure time in literary work." So far as we know, there is no statute in Lancashire against his doing so.

Bjorkman, Edwin, "The Soul of a Child." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. This is a remarkably clever work for a first novel. It is a study of the psychological development of a sensitive boy, the only son of two lower-middle-class residents of Stockholm from the age of five to fifteen. One of the most interesting things about it is the very small amount of particularly Swedish elements in the book. Mr. Bjorkman is enough of an artist to get down to the essentials of child life, which are much the same for a given type of child in any part of the civilized world.

Bruun, Lanrids, "Van Zanten's Happy Days." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. That the sexual habits of the various races of the tropics, including pre-marital promiscuity and the divorce of all barren wives, are probably profoundly "moral" in relation to the economic and political status of the said races, we have very little doubt. But it does not follow that they constitute a proper subject for fiction. However, one cannot but admit the beauty of the author's portrait of Ali, the South Sea girl-wife, the embodiment of a sane and healthy animalism in which a vigorous individuality blends imperceptibly into a self-immolating maternity based on the desire to perpetuate the personality of the self and of the loved one combined.

Corthell, Roland, "On the Sidewalk." Cornhill, Boston, $1.25. A collection of pleasant and moderately discerning little essays on things seen by the city pedestrian—a little like Logan Pearsall Smith, but not quite so ripened, so to speak. Mr. Corthell likes cats and horses and corner policemen and almost everythinig he sees, and makes us share the liking, or at least understand it.

Coupernus, Louis, "The Hidden Force." Tr. by Teixeira de Mattos. McClelland, Toronto. This story of modern Java belongs to the middle period of the literary activity of the author of "Small Souls," being written about 1900. It depicts in a very impressive manner the hounding of a Dutch district Governor and his exotic and very loose-living wife by the magic powers exerted by offended Javanese aristocrats. The suggestion of the horror of being at the mercy of utterly incomprehensible forces is very well achieved.

Davey, Norman, "The Pilgrim of a Smile." McClelland, Toronto, $2. A vivacious series of short stories purporting to be studies in the irony of things. The method is a trifle reminiscent of Barbusse's "L'Enfer," but the note is very different. The human beings into whose souls Barbusse's hero looked were noble characters whom Destiny was maltreating; those whom little Matthew Sumner was permitted by the Sphinx to see in their nakedness were worms upon whom Destiny would scarcely deign to trample for fear of giving them too dignified a death. However, some of them are interesting worms.

de la Mare, Walter, "The Veil and Other Poems." Constable, London; Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. Sixty or seventy new examples of the eerie music of this least modern of modern English poets. Nearly all are replete with his characteristic sense of the utter detachment and loneliness of the individual, the meaningless quality of the common contacts of life, the oppression of mystery and the imminence of death, with the sense of beauty as man's sole eye into the infinite.

Fleuron, Svend, "Kitttens: A Family Chronicle." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. The lives, for a few early months thereof, of the family of Grey Puss, who after several disappointments due to wholesale drowning, had determined to bring up her progeny where mankind could not get at them. The tale is very cleverly told without a touch of sentimentalizing, by one who is clearly a very acute observer of animal life, and there is a fine preface by the notable cat lover, Carl Van Vechten. Translated into American by David Pritchard, who speaks of "this dog, who, like she, had once been in favor," etc. We must ask Mr. Mencken about "like she."

Gale, Zona, "The Secret Way." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. Miss Gale is an extremely industrious, sincere and inquiring artist, who has tried many different modes of expression. Conventional verse does not seem to suit her, and one feels through most of this volume that one is reading the experiments of a student, and that Miss Gale would probably not have put them before the public if her publishers, having in mind her recent successful novel and play, become urgent for another Ms. Some of the "Prose Notes"—many would call them free verse—are much more satisfactory.

Gunnarsson, Gunnar, "Guest the One-Eyed." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. Iceland appears to contain a fairly large number of peculiarly unpleasant persons, whose unpleasantness rises to sublime heights when they are priests of the national church. This novel was written in Danish, in which language it may serve some purpose if the works of Sir Hall Caine are not accessible in it. There seems no valid reason for doing it into English.

Hamsun, Knut, "Wanderers." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. This latest-translated of the works of the author of "Growth of the Soil" exhibits all his amazing power of depicting life

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Spoon River Muddies.

(Continued from page 132)

One piece should perhaps be excepted from the general condemnation. "Charlotte Corday," while hardly a poem, is good rhetoric moulded into an excellent dramatic scene.

The saddest, the most chastening, thought that "The Open Sea" suggests is that of the essential rawness and primitiveness of a culture in which poetry of this type can be allowed to come to flower. Mr. Masters himself cannot bear the entire blame. A decidedly "extraverted" type of personality, he could not find within his own soul the subtlety of apprehension that his cultural environment so signally failed to encourage. "Spoon River Anthology" showed clearly enough that there is a distinctive bite to Mr. Masters' spirit. His artistic failure is, to a disconcerting degree, the measure of the formlessness and aridity of our American culture of to-day. This is not the whole story, of course, but it is an important share of it.

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as seen through the very eyes and mind of his characters. It is a novel not to be missed by any serious observer of current serious fiction. But the leading character in this book, unlike the hero of "Growth," does not do much living on his own account (in the period covered), and the content of the story is mainly the disintegration of an ill-fated marriage in the persons of the master and mistress of the estate on which the hero works. A common enough tale, let to high tragedy by nothing but the passionate sympathy of the man who sees it, just as a faithful and high-minded servant might have seen it, and sets it down amid the details of the day's wood-cutting or harvesting or flirting with the maids.

Jenness, Burt Franklin, "Sea Lanes." Cornhill, Boston, $1.75. Sailormen will quite possibly like this volume of unambitious and technically correct verses, but it will be the author's sailoring that wins then, and not his literary art.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila, "Green Apple Harvest." McClelland, Toronto. A remarkable study of life in the household of a Sussex small farmer, probably quite realistic in details of custom and language. Its main interest is the depiction of one of the sons, at first a gay dog with a leaning for drink and women, and later a preacher of the most extreme form of Calvinism. The psychological processes at work in such a character are suggested with much skill. The author of "Tamarisk Town" is taking a high place among serious and studious English novelists.

MacConnell, Sarah Warder, "One." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. We conceive this to be thoroughly immoral, as immoral as a book can never be except when its author is unaware of its immorality. It depicts the married life of a man who was constantly engaged in amours with other women, and who, when his wife revolted and gave signs of not caring, applied himself to winning her back by assuring her that his philandering was all due to his love of her and the fact that he could not entirely understand and dominate her. "You won't accept it," he tells her, "but each woman was a sort of way to you." And he seems perfectly satisfied. And the wife seems not to mind anything but the scandal and the damage to her self-conceit. And one closes the book thinking it very rough on their baby that he did not die of pneumonia, as was expected when these mutual revelations were brought to pass.

Norris, Kathleen, "Lucretia Lombard." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. We had much less trouble in reading this than with "Sisters," or "Mother," or "The Beloved Woman." The author is improving her technique with experience. The novel-eater will probably find this book good diet. But there is still much to dissatisfy the critical reader. Lucretia wins her Stephen thanks to the sudden death of his young wife and her old husband, but she does not win the reader's faith or ungrudging admiration, and we rather believe her guilty of subconscious murder. And the ouija-board's predictions, uncannily saving her life in the great forest fire, and wholly unexplained—it is thrilling, but is it legitimate novelistic art?

Parrish, Randall, "The Case and the Girl." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. It must be very exciting to be a beautiful Southern heiress, and to have a twin sister whom nobody knows anything about except one's wicked uncle, and whom the wicked uncle decides to pass off for the real thing, and who is so like one that she deceives even one's lover, and who—besides, there are seventeen desperate fist-fights, and a yacht is scuttled in mid-Lake Michigan with hero and heroine on board.

Phillpotts, Eden, "Pan and the Twins." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. A most graciously charming fancy concerning an early Christian and his brother, an adherent of Pan, in which the goat-footed god is himself a participant. Mr. Phillpotts is severe upon the tyrannical dogmatism which characterized Christianity about the time when it became the dominant creed of the Empire, and puts into Pan's mouth many beautiful expressions of tolerance and humanity. "A soul should not rust out, but wear out on the business of other souls. Take to heaven a soul polished by well-doing, not one mouldy with storage."

Poole, Ernest, "Beggar's Gold." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. Mr. Poole belongs to that class of American novelists which bids for the interest of readers who feel that there must be some profound significance underneath the rather shallow facts of American life, and that it is not revealed by any of the orthodox religious explanations, but who have not the intellectual capacity to formulate, or even to accept when formulated, a philosophical explanation. The school is a very large one, strongly socialistic in general tendencies and extraordinarily vague and inconclusive on those more subtle problems which Socialism cannot solve. This is the tale of a New York school-teacher and his wife who want to go to China, but never get there, apparently because they lack the necessary recklessness and decision. We, too, should like to go to China and cannot, but we do not feel that those facts alone qualify us to be the hero of a 234-page novel.

Robinson, F. A., "Mastered Men." McClelland, Toronto. A series of episodes in the lifework of a home missionary in British Columbia, told with a good deal of art and a due regard for the reader's demand for sentiment and action. All the episodes are concerned with that strange phychological event known as "conversion," and the magnetic power of the missionary, due to his courage and his intense faith, is well depicted.

Terhune, Albert Payson, "Black Gold." McClelland, Toronto, $1.75. This is a very lively fight-and-adventure novel laid in modern times and in Northern California, an interesting part of the United States about which the attentive reader will learn many useful facts. He will not learn much else of serious value, but what of that? As Mr. Terhune says, "Ben-Hur" is read by fifty times as many people as Anatole France. Incidentally, we believe "Black Gold" breaks all records for the number of murderous assaults per hundred pages of reading matter.

Tremaine, Herbert, "The Tribal God." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. A study in family life in a very selfish and acquisitive English business family, by an English author not yet well known over here, but with several good books to his (or, we incline to believe, her) credit in England. The family is cleverly drawn, though one sees most of its members in the mass rather than as individuals, but the portrait of the senile Lady Cassher with her cynical tyranny is an astonishing picture of human ugliness.

Tyndall, W. J., "De Lucky Garcon and Other French-Canadian Poems." W. J. Tyndall, Ottawa, $1.75. After Dr. Drummond had succeeded in reducing the broken English of the Quebec habitant to a very picturesque "dialect," it ceased to be at all difficult to write charming and amusing poems narrating little episodes of habitant life and character, and the supply has been more or less continuous. We are bound to say that Mr. Tyndall's are as good as anybody's and his habitant talk is so genuine, so filled with French words and idioms, that we wonder if the monolingual reader will be able to "compraw." Those who know the habitant at all well will enjoy the book greatly.

Watts, Mary S., "The House of Rimmon." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. The career of an American writer, showing how he succumbed to the temptation to write for "popular" success. The subject has been treated rather frequently of late, and the author of "From Father to Son" is given to working up an immense amount of detail about people who do not greatly stir us either with their personalities or other problems. We do not object to a novelist dealing with ordinary people but we do want them made to appear as extraordinary as they are capable of appearing.

Robinson, Eliot H., "Smiling Pass," a sequel to "Smiles, a Rose of the Cumberlands." Those who read the first story of the delightful heroine whose bright courage won for her the affectionate appelation, "Smiles," will welcome her return in this sequel, which demonstrates that marriage is not the end-all of romance. As the centre of this new drama, she is more virile, more stirring than in her childhood. The life-threads of several conflicting characters are closely interwoven with her own.

Marjorie's House Party, Alice E. Allen. The Page Co., Boston, $1.50. This is the fifth volume in this author's "Marjorie-Joe" series, a most pleasing series of juvenile stories. Alice E. Allen knows how to entertain children and this latest of the series is not one whit behind the four that preceded it either in the charm of the story or the fine appearance of the book itself, which is handsomely illustrated and has a most attractive decorative cover.

NON-FICTION

Chamberlain, J. F., "How We Are Clothed", Macmillan, Toronto.—One of the Home and World Series," this book is intended to convey to the young mind a knowledge of the diverse sources of our wearing apparel and the many varieties of it worn in

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Clarkin, Lucy Gertrude, "Way O'Dreams", Dillon & Coyle, Charlottetown, P.E.I.—A notable delicacy and freshness of expression, and a profound earnestness of feeling, lend interest to these unpretentious verses, most of them written in the effort to give voice to the loftiest religious emotions of a deeply Catholic heart. We could wish for this little book a very wide circulation, not among Catholics alone, but also among all Canadians who are susceptible to the influence of a sincere religious expression.

Crichton, John, "A Vista", A. T Clapman, Montreal.—A very uneven collection of verse, for the most part showing signs of youth and initiativeness, but here and there fully justifying the claim of the preface-writer, Sir Andrew Macphail, that "the manner is free and fresh; there is a knowledge of the inner meaning of words and a sense of their sanctity." The signature is obviously a pen-name, and some considerations (including a lively interest in, and knowledge of, flowers) suggest it may be that of a woman. But Sir Andrew has not discovered another Pickthall.

Eagle, Edward E., "The Hope of the Future", Cornhill, Boston, $2.00.—An effort to promote a "Union of Hearts among the English-speaking peoples of the world." Mr. Eagle is an American and wants to explain the British and the Overseas British to his fellow-Americans. It is a very laudable object, and is supported by special prefaces contributed by six Prime Ministers. One wishes that Mr. Eagle's printers could have spelt Mr. Meighen's name correctly in at least one place. Their unanimous incorrectness rather suggests that the fault is the author's; perhaps he has not an Eagle eye for orthography.

Garland, Hamlin, "A Daughter of the Middle Border", Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50.—This continues the very interesting study of the life of the author's family in pioneer Wisconsin, "which was begun in "A Son of the Middle Border." The atmosphere, no longer that of the prairie schooner and Civil War period, is less romantic, but the present volume is even more important than its predecessor to those who wish to study the growth of that portentous thing, the present mentality of the inland United States—a thing in which all serious Canadians should be interested.

Hamilton, Lord Frederic, "Here There and Everywhere", Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, $4.00.—Decidedly the reminiscence book of the season for breeziness, variety and subject, and the personal attractiveness of the narrator. It wanders from the Himalayas to the West Indies, from the Argentine to the London police force, and from Capetown to Hong Kong, always in the style which made the author's earlier book, "The Days Before Yesterday," so incomparably charming. It is dedicated to Gerald Rutherford, M.C., of Winnipeg.

The Canadian Almanac, edited by Arnold W. Thomas. The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, $3.50. This national directory is a most useful volume, presenting as it does annually revised data of national interest, including the customs tariff, alphabetically arranged; post-offices and railway stations; newspapers and magazines published in Canada; Dominion and Provincial officials; religious denominations and missionary societies; legal and judicial information; townships, cities, towns and villages; police magistrates in Ontario; law lists of all the provinces; educational institutions, and a fund of other Canadian data, making up an 8vo-volume of 480 pages.

Killingsworth, J. Alexander, "Roses and Thorns", J. A. Killingsworth, St. Thomas, Ont.—A collection of domestic verse, largely of the sentimental order, made up in an attractive brochure decorated by R. R. Osgoode. Mr. Killingsworth is at his best in his poems in child dialect, which are natural and humorous. Several other poems would make good lyrics for popular songs.

Leacock, Stephen, "Nonsense Novels", new edition with eight coloured plates and many decorations by John Kettelwell; Lane, London, 10s. 6d.; Gundy, Toronto.—To those who express a doubt whether the exquisite foolings of Professor Leacock can ever become classic, we shall henceforth reply with this volume. We have known all these "novels" for years; yet we read them now, in their magnificently lavish typography and with these most accomplished illustrations, and we get a new joy out of them, and they seem perfectly at home in their de-luxe surroundings. Ephemeral literature does not do that, it merely makes one think of the wickedness of wasting paper. The Nonsense Novels are a classic, now at last classically presented.

Lefevre, L. A., "A Garden by the Sea", Arthur L. Humphreys, London, England.—This typographically beautiful little volume contains some seventy poems, many of them sonnets and few of more than one hundred lines, by an English lady resident in British Columbia. They are unpretentious and workmanlike examples of a method and subject-matter not very modern; Summer and Winter appear as rival lovers of April; gold sky gives place to grey and gold tresses lie beneath the grey stone; the budding of spring is "the vague uplifting" of the soul to find its God. It is all very neat and very polished—and very derivative. Once or twice the writer's intellect shakes off these traditional guides and we get a really novel and poetical thought, as in "Imprisoned," where the figure of a panic-stricken throng struggling madly in a crowded building typifies mankind "within the gloomy walls of doubt," while Faith spreads the prison its Universe of stars.

Mahon, Major-General R. H., "Life of General James Murray," Murray, London, 21 shillings.—This study, written by a descendant, of the first British Governor-General of Canada, who was one of the Brigadiers under Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, devotes a good deal of space to an effort to diminish Wolfe's credit for that operation. This is a subject which must be left to the military specialists; but the account of Murray's later life and of the great services rendered to Canada by his broad-mindedness and justice is good reading for any Canadian. Original and hitherto unpublished documents are freely employed.

Omond, T. S., "English Metrists", Oxford Press, Toronto.—This historical sketch of English prosodical criticism from Elizabeth to the present day is extremely complete and very just in its valuations. Professor Omond regards Gunmere's "Handbook of Poetics" as the best and safest "textbook of prosody" yet available. We appear to be approaching an intelligible science of metre comparable with that of harmony in music, and such books as "English Metrists" help immeasurably towards that end.

Successful Authorship.—Shaw Correspondence Schools, Toronto. This is an elaborately gotten up handbook introducing the aspiring writer to a practical course in story writing and story selling. The author of the course is J. Albert Mallon, who also directs the department of story writing for the Shaw school. There is also an advisory board comprising Dr. James L. Hughes, Prof. David R. Keys, M.A., E. A. Hardy, B.A., D. Paed.; Prof. George A. Jones, B.A., L. M. Montgomery, Nellie L. McClung, Arthur Stringer, Mary M. Murphy, Jean Graham, Newton MacTavish, M.A., J. V. McKenzie, M.A., Hugh S. Eayrs, Prof. T. Allison and Hopkins Moorhouse, a feature of the brochure being an insert presenting helf-tones of all these members of the advisory board. There is a most interesting article on "The Field for Writers and the Demand for Stories." Other articles tell of "The Monetary Reward," "The Field for Special Writing," "The Future of Canadian Literature," besides many appreciative messages regarding the course from prominent English, American and Canadian authors. In addition to this there is, of course, a comprehensive presentation of what the course may reasonably be expected to do for those who take advantage of it, including a thorough synopsis of the twenty-five lessons which it comprises.

For the encouragement of those who have the urge to write but are in doubt as to their ability it is made clear that advanced education is not essential to successful authorship, the cases of Mark Twain, Owen Kildare, Morgan Robertson, and Joseph Conrad being cited as representing authors who had not even a public school education, yet achieved outstanding success. Emphasis, however, is laid on the need for training. As to the best age for authorship, it is pointed out that some of Rudyard Kipling's best work was done before he was twenty-one, while George Eliot did not even begin to write until well past forty, thus demonstrating that there is no "best age" for authorship. The book is a most interesting one, not only for aspiring writers, but also for the initiated. Anybody interested may obtain a copy by writing to the Shaw Correspondence Schools, 46 Bloor street west, Toronto.

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Corrections in C.A.A. January List

The January number of the Canadian Bookman was produced under great mechanical difficulties, the results of which made themselves chiefly visible in an excessive number of misprints in the list of new regular members of the Canadian Authors' Association. The following are the correct names and addresses for the members in question:—

248 Abbott, Dr. Maude E., McGill University, Montreal.
251 Archibald, Miss R. M., P.O. Box 351, Wolfville, N.S.
252 Ashton, H., 1885 11th Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C.
253 Atherton, Dr. W. H., 51 Common St., Montreal.
255 Ayscough, Mrs. Francis, 6 Pekin Road, Shanghai, China.
258 Bayfield, Mrs. A. C., P.O. Box 441, Victoria, B.C.
260 Bemister, Margaret, 204 Nassau St., Winnipeg.
261 Bothwell, Austin, 2904 Hill Ave., Regina, Sask.
265 Buckley, A. H., University Club, Ottawa.
266 Burnett, Frank, Sr., 4th Ave. and Blanca St., Vancouver.
270 Carmichael, A., 1932 St. Anne St., Victoria.
273 Cautley, Mrs. Mabel McLean, 10023 106th St., Edmonton.
277 Clement, R. I., R.R. 1, Ryley, Alta.
286 Crowe, Mrs. Leslie, Box 41, Souris, Man.
293 Duthie, J. D., 287 Spence St., Winnipeg.
295 Ebbs-Canovan, H. W., 521 Linden Ave., Victoria.
296 Edwards, J. Plimsoll, 78 Seymour St., Halifax.
298 Ferres, James, 131 Stanley St., Montreal.
306 Girard, Rodolph, 363 Daly Ave., Ottawa.
308 Gordon, Alfred, 68 Hillcrest Ave., Montreal West.
311 Grindley, F. H., Gardenvale, Que.
312 Gurd, Norman, 431 North Christina St., Sarnia, Ont.
321 Hodgins, Norris, Macdonald College, Que.
333 Kerry, Miss Esther W., 300 Pine Ave. West, Montreal.
334 Killingsworth, J. A., 21 Myrtle St., St. Thomas.
337 Lauriston, Victor, 35 Stanley Ave., Chatham, Ont.
338 Lizars, Kathleen M., 152 Bloor St. W., Toronto.
340 Love, John L., 3 Webb Ave., Toronto.
345 MacPhie, Rev. John P., M.A., Monrovia, California.
358 Milner, Miss L. D., 136 Slater St., Ottawa.
376 Pimm, Mrs. Ella, 9 St. Matthew St., Montreal.
379 Reaman, Dr. G. E., Y.M.C.A., College St., Toronto.
414 Weaver, Findlay I., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.
415 Wetherell, J. E., 60 Hillcrest Drive, Toronto.
416 Wetherell, Mrs. J. E., 60 Hillcrest Drive, Toronto.

Russell, H. J., "Russell Shorthand," H. J. Russell, Winnipeg.—A phonetic, joined-vowel, one-position system of shorthand in three lessons. The system appears to be easy to acquire, and well suited for self-instruction, which is an important point in its favor. The author is a member of the Canadian Authors' Association, and his system is becoming popular in Western Canada.

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Effective Last Half of 1921-22.

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431 Checkland, Sydney T., Ottawa Citizen.
432 Coats, R. H., 176 Manor Ave., Ottawa.
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434 Devine, Rev. E. J., 1075 Rachel St., Montreal.
435 d'Ornano, Louis P. M. S., 125 Cartier St., Ottawa.
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457 Nursey, Walter R., P.O. Box 733, Toronto.
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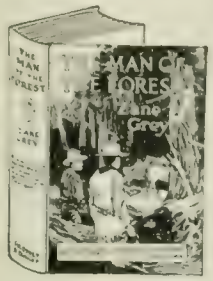

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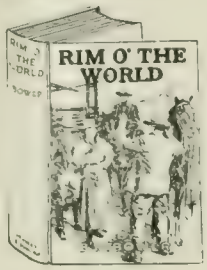

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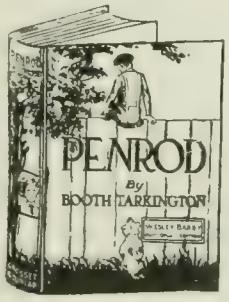

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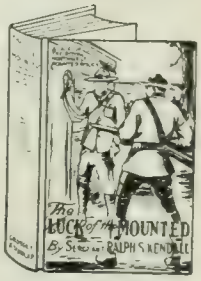

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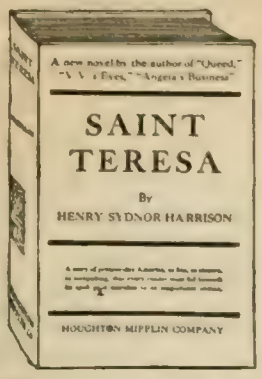

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The Annual Meeting

THE proceedings of the annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association will be duly recorded in the next issue of The Canadian Bookman. For the present issue we must content ourselves with recording that the meeting was an exttremely enthusiastic one, and brought together a large number of professional and amateur writers and friends of literature from parts of Canada as widely separated as Vancouver and Nova Scotia; that steps were taken for the amendment of the constitution so as to include artists and illustrators and musical composers in the membership; that the report of the Copyright Committee urging vital amendments in the Copyright Act, 1921, and the immediate proclamation of the Act as amended was unanimously endorsed by the meeting, and was thereupon duly conveyed to the Minister of Trade and Commerce by a most imposing delegation, which was joined by many senators and members of the House of Commons; and finally that a resolution was adopted, on motion of Mr. J. Vernon McKenzie, calling for an import duty on magazines imported into Canada, assessed upon the volume of advertising matter contained in each copy of such magazines.

Mr. McKenzie's resolution was to the effect that "Whereas, the Canadian market is now flooded with magazines, chiefly from the United States, which do not inculcate Canadian sentiment and nationality; and Whereas, the large amount of advertising matter in many of these magazines is detrimental to Canadian industry; and Whereas, this condition prevents the foundation of Canadian magazines, the growth of those which now exist, and thus restricts the market in Canada to the detriment of the interests of Canadian writers; Be it Resolved, that the Canadian Authors Association go on record in favor of a duty to be levied on the advertising matter in magazines imported into Canada; and this meeting directs that copies of this resolution be sent to the Secretary of the Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association, to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, and to the Minister of Finance."

This resolution, which was adopted without dissenting voice, was discussed at considerable length, and the principle involved appeared to receive the emphatic endorsation of every member present at the meeting. In reply to a question as to whether it would militate against the importation of periodicals from Great Britain and other parts of the British Empire, it was pointed out that, while it would establish a slight preference in favor of the domestic Canadian product, it would give the British periodicals a decided advantage over ninety-nine per cent. of the American periodicals which are now flooding the Canadian market, for the reason that the proportion of advertising to reading matter is immensely higher in the American publications. This proposal for a tax upon the advertising matter contained in imported magazines has received the endorsation of the Association of Canadian Clubs and other important public bodies, and in view of the Government's present need for revenue there seems to be good reason to expect that it may shortly be adopted. At any rate, it is an object for the attainment of which the Canadian Authors Association may very well work with a conviction that in so doing it will be advancing the interests of Canadian literature.

Another Book Week

THE proceedings of the annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association made it evident that there was an overwhelming majority of opinion in the membership in favor of the repetition of the propaganda effort which was so productive last year under the title of "Canadian Authors Week," but which this year will be more simply designated as "Canadian Book Week." That this method of propaganda was the object of a certain amount of criticism on the part of some elements within and without the Association is doubtless known to all our readers. The attitude of those who deprecate the repetition of the effort was most ably and at the same time courteously voiced by Professor Pelham Edgar, but a large number of those present were evidently convinced that they had seen substantial benefits conferred on the Canadian author as a result of the "Week" of 1921 and that those benefits could again be obtained by a similar effort in 1922.

The two arguments which have been most insistently urged against the Week are, first, that it is "undignified"; and, second, that it is a demand upon the Canadian public to read bad Canadian literature as much as good. As regards the first charge, it does not seem as if there can be anything undignified in the mere act of asking attention for Canadian books, so that the lack of dignity, if any, must be in the manner in which the act is performed. We have found it practically impossible to get any of the critics of the Week to put their finger on any specific act or series of acts performed by the Association or its members in connection with the Week which can be described as undignified, unless we are willing to admit (which we are not) that the very conjunction of the Association with the organization of the Canadian publishers is undignified. In this connection it seems somewhat signifi-

cant that President J. M. Gibbon, who was the originator of the Week and in every respect its most active organizer, was called to the membership of the Royal Society of Canada at its very first meeting after the holding of the Week, a fact which suggests that that very dignified body must have regarded the promotion of a Canadian Authors Week as entirely compatible with the correct behavior of a Canadian author.

As regards the charge of indiscriminateness, we cannot too earnestly repeat that it is not and cannot be the function of the Canadian Authors Association to instruct the Canadian public in discriminating between good and less good Canadian literature. The Association is not an Academy, and has neither the power nor the facilities nor the desire to pass judgment on the literary merits of any Canadian writer, be he in or out of its membership. Throughout its propaganda last year it laid constant emphasis on the need for good judgment by the Canadian public in the selection of Canadian books; but the formation of that judgment is not one of the Association's functions. It cannot collect an annual fee from Brown, Jones and Robinson, all three Canadian authors, for the purpose of telling the public that Jones is a better literary artist than Brown, but not so good a one as Robinson. In this connection there is, we fancy, a certain amount of misunderstanding of the words "of recognized position in his or her profession as author" which occur in the definition of membership. The idea that this means only such persons as the Executive, or the body of writers already admitted to membership, would by a majority vote attest as being "good" writers is surely a complete mistake. The Association is not a private literary club; it is an organization which aims to represent the interests, and so far as possible to include the persons, of the whole body of writers engaged in practising the profession of letters. It is for the critics, the public and posterity to decide which of them are "good" authors and which are not.

There will therefore be another Week, early in November, in which the public will again be reminded that it owes to its Canadian writers (good and bad alike) the duty of informing itself as to the merits of their work and supporting such portions of it as appear to be worthy of support. It is the unanimous opinion of those who have been in a position to estimate the purely commercial results of last year's Week that it led to a pronounced increase in the demand for the works of best literary quality and little if any stimulus to the sales of the poorer books of the season. With every succeeding year we shall be dealing with a public ever better informed and better qualified to judge the wares presented before it, and the danger that it will be stampeded by Canadian Book Week into buying a poor book merely because it is Canadian will be less and less. And anyhow, who is to say that the man who buys even a poor Canadian book would not have been worse off if he had bought an equally poor American one or a jazz record for his phonograph or a pair of seats for some wildly impossible movie melodrama?

A Word to the Reader

IN our last issue we attributed to Professor A. MacMechan, of Halifax, a somewhat pertinent epigram dealing with the unwillingness of Canadians to read one another's books. Professor MacMechan immediately wrote to us in "horror and contrition," disclaiming the epigram and ascribing its authorship to a lady of his own Province, whom he describes as "the wittiest woman in Canada." But before we had a chance to attach the new signature to it (how fortunate that we did not convert this magazine into a weekly while we were at it!) the distinguished author of the Nova Scotia Chap-Books sent us a disclaimer, just as emphatic as his own, from the lady in question, so that we are now completely in the dark as to the epigram's paternity. Readers are invited to send in their claims, or those of their friends.

In our last issue we made Mr. Alfred Gordon say, in a comparison of the novel with poetry, that the former "has its own difficulties and problems, especially for the imaginative mind, which is naturally supposed to be intellectual." What Mr. Gordon actually wrote was "which is naturally opposed to the intellectual." These are the things which convince authors and editors alike that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds.

We trust that Mr. R. E. Gosnell, of Ottawa, will receive a widespread response to his request for co-operation in his task of preparing the biography of the late Hon. David Mills. The destruction by fire of the deceased statesman's correspondence leaves a blank which can only be filled with the aid of those who possess letters written by or to him in the period of his political activity.

TWO ROUNDELS.

(In Memoriam Marjorie Pickthall).

Song sang not here thro' any sweeter lute
Lays lovelier of life, more silvery clear;
Beauty more faultless in its flower and fruit,
Song sang not here.

Song, whose light wanes not, nor whose leaves wax sere,
Held not a spirit in its high pursuit,
To its own soul more dedicate and dear.

O lyric soul, now all untimely mute,
Singer acclaimed of all our sweetest, peer;
Songs that pierced deeper to the spirit's root,
Song sang not here.

* * *

True voice of song, the bright, diviner bays,
That bind the muse's brow, shall bind more strong
Thy name to time's remembrance in thy lays,
True voice of song.

Romance that lured thy genius to the throng
That crowd her fair and profitable ways,
Won thee not wholly, tho' she woo'd thee long.

The time-enduring meed of all men's praise,
That hope of fame man cannot quench or wrong,
Crowns thee the deathless singer of our days,
True voice of song.

—J. C. M. DUNCAN, in Montreal Star.

Marjorie Pickthall as Artist

By ALFRED GORDON

FRIENDS of Miss Pickthall, when they knew that I had had a little correspondence with her, told me that in all probability I knew her better than they did, so reticent was she in conversation. There is possibly some truth in this, though I think these friends were not intimate; and I do not presume that Miss Pickthall revealed herself as much as, let alone more than, to any of her intimate friends. However, it is natural for a writer to find freer expression in writing than in speech, and Miss Pickthall's letters to me are of peculiar interest, for they are largely devoted to literature, so that they throw considerable light upon her artistic personality, and this, in any first-rate poet (and first-rate she was), is always vital. It is, indeed, so vital that although I have some diffidence in extracting from them so soon after her death, yet it seems preferable to do so when they are most likely to command attention, even though some of that attention savors of the vulgar curiosity shown by many whenever a figure of public importance passes away.

* * * * *

Miss Pickthall's letters to me commenced with a reply to a note I sent her when, in "The University Magazine," she printed "The Little Fauns to Proserpine," a poem which commanded a personal tribute, which I would have paid earlier to poems of equal excellence, but that I did not know of them, not having come to Canada before they were published. It never needed more than one of her best poems to lead any lover of poetry to hail her as a genius, and it did not require the copies of "Fame" and "St. Yves' Poor," which she kindly sent me, when I asked to see more of her work, to convince me of the fact.

At that time, the Spring of 1912, I was about to print "Ennoia" in the same pages, and I sent Miss Pickthall a copy; while later I sent her a manuscript copy of my poems as they were then, few of them being included in my actual first volume, published in 1915. It was in her criticism of the manuscript collection that she declared her own poetic faith. The collection drew from Miss Pickthall the round assertion: "It is only fair to warn you that I disagree with almost every article of your poetic creed"! though I ought to say that the letter from which these words are taken has also one or two compliments which I felt were all the more sincere because of the candid expression of her disagreement. I say this not in defence of myself, but merely to prevent anyone from having the impression that Miss Pickthall was in the least ungracious. Indeed, her graciousness has made it difficult for me to quote from her letters, since it is of her, and not myself, I wish to write; and from the letter fulfilling the above warning I have deleted all reference to certain poems she praised and excepted from her criticism, which is here given:

"If I have hesitated over the criticism of your poems, it has been more as a result of what you told me in one of your letters as to your aims and opinions than anything else—I felt after that I could not justly criticize your work, because your views were so opposed to my own. For instance, you hold the form of a poem of supreme importance; I believe in the supremacy of thought. You told me some of the poets that you particularly admire; I hold it a pity to follow any lesser light than that of the stars. . . . Do you not think that in laying down such rigid rules, in following so closely certain forms of verse, you are fettering yourself a little too much? Are you not in danger, in some of your more serious pieces, of overweighting your thought in a heavy mechanism of verse?"

Even more positive was a judgment passed in a letter dated May, 1921, acknowledging my "Canadian Bookman" articles on scansion, which, she said, "leave me more firmly rooted than ever in my opinion that it is a fatal mistake for any writer of English verse to form a rigid scheme of construction and melody. If Lanier, for instance, had written less consciously, he would have been the greater poet," and it is interesting to note that in a letter nearly nine years earlier, gently referring to her first criticism, she wrote: "It seemed to me that I detected in your work a certain idealization of rule and mechanism—the same that ruined so much of Sidney Lanier's work."

It is, of course, possible to reply that Milton, Swinburne and Tennyson are notable examples illustrating that systematic prosody is not opposed to inspired creation; but it is not now my purpose to do more than present Miss Pickthall's own very strong conviction, which yet again was expressed in a humorous request that I should forgive her criticism "as you have wrung from me the humiliating confession that I forgot all about Iambics and Spondees at the same time I forgot irregular verbs and 'If a railway train travelling a distance of 349 m. at the rate of 49.305 m. per hour,' etc., etc."

It is, however, I think, fair to say that Miss Pickthall, like most people, was not especially fond of that which she was not especially well able to do. Thus, her son-

TO MARJORIE PICKTHALL.

The day you died, that April yesterday,
I was alone in sunny meadow places
When, turning a dark clump of wintry leaves,
I caught a glimpse of exquisite fresh faces
Renewing Earth.

Then, thinking of another April day,
When you and I found bloom beneath the snow,
I sent you happy thoughts across the world
Not dreaming it the hour you were to go—
But yesterday.

Yet O, Not Lost, how many a year shall turn,
And youth and age, lonely for some bright way,
Shall sudden feel you on the face of Earth
And push back death and pluck you like the may—
Immortal Song.

Katherine Hale.

nets are not remarkable, and, in a letter dated April, 1912, she wrote: "I have given up attempting sonnets. I find that trying to rhyme them is ruinous to the temper." The sonnet was always for her an "exotic form" as she agreed with me in describing it, and its rigidity repelled her, though she could appreciate the success of others in it. She was ever more a "born singer" than a "craftsman."

Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that Miss Pickthall, like Tennyson (who certainly held that a poet should be in some sort a seer, yet concluded "after all, it is not so much what we say, as how we say it, that matters"), was more concerned with form than she thought she was. It was, I think, the terminology of technique, and not technique itself, that affronted her. Almost all the judgments passed in her letters to me have to do with the "music" and not the "message" of the poem. Thus, in telling me that the third chapter of Ecclesiastes is the best key to the mysteries of "A Saxon Epitaph" (I was not certain that she meant, as I thought, and as she confirmed, that the "earth" that builds on the earth is man), she continued: "The first verse is a genuine Saxon fragment; I was fascinated by the austere, almost classical, melody." Thus, in criticizing my "Evening Prayer," she wrote: "I do not feel that I can very justly judge this poem, for the reason that it is written in a metre which, when only rhyming in alternate lines, I can never read with full pleasure; it always gives, to my mind, a suggestion of heaviness to the lines. Nor can I follow your dissection of it without a great deal of study, for I always have to refer to a book before I'm quite sure what a Pyrrhic or a hypermetric should be—which is a very sad confession to be forced to make. Judging by ear alone, I should say 'Mars the aloofness of my listless air' was quite a good line; and that 'Of those who kneel here as they trustfully pray' was not. You will notice that in all the specimens which you give of these irregularities, only one comes at the end of the line, and that is all sliding vowels that scarcely count. I don't like to meddle with the masters; but take my own line that you quote, 'The last, still, exquisite vision of your sleep'—and compare it with, say, 'The last, still vision of your exquisite sleep.' Don't you see how that extra syllable kicks in the end of the line?" Thus, she was kind enough to speak of the "restraint, sympathy and melody" of "The Little Church," but said nothing of the "content" of the poem, though in this instance the "thought" is far more important than the "form," which is identical with Swinburne's "Before a Crucifix." There is a reference to Masefield, at the time of "The Widow in the Bye Street": "I agree with you entirely over Masefield's early work. Much of his later verse scarcely falls into the realm of poetry at all." (Since then I have formed a much more complicated estimate of Masefield's work.) She greatly admired Duncan Campbell Scott's "Night Burial in the Forest," mentioning it twice in her letters to me, the second time in a passage of high praise: "D. C. Scott seems to me to have done some of the best Canadian poetry—purely and naturally so—that ever has been done; such things as his 'Half-Breed Girl' and 'Night Burial in the Forest' will one day stand very high, I am sure; but his work is too quiet to win full recognition now." The first time Mr. Scott was not so fortunate, but as I have not spared myself I cannot spare him: "Fancy the man writing this ('The Beggar and the Angel') who also wrote 'Night Burial in the Forest'! It is almost incredible, and a Warning to all Poets." The humorous capitals are very characteristic, and were my reason for being so cruel as to quote the passage, and I ought to say that he would not have received this castigation except for my instigation! All these judgments show a very strong preference for purely lyric work, and lyric work, moreover, possessed of a certain lightness and easiness of melody. This I could show better, did I feel at liberty to quote in full her judgments of my own work. Perhaps I may just say that she liked "Magic" very much, and that her first choices out of my "Vimy Ridge" collection were "Roses" and "The Poet."

* * * * *

Possibly the most interesting letters Miss Pickthall wrote to me are the last two, dealing largely with her poetic-drama, "The Wood Carver's Wife": "I simply cannot understand why Dorette's part should be considered the most important. Her qualities are 'all on the surface,' as it were, and if they require a certain passion in the acting, they do not require depth or reserve. Jean's part is, of course, the chief one. To me, it overshadows the others. I can hardly bear to think they (The Community Players, Montreal) made that suave little brute, Shagonas, into a sugary child. . . . Did they? You perceived, of course, the cruelty behind his brief speeches; and it was such an important note in the play that I am sorry, especially, if it was lost. He should have been about sixteen years old," and again, "I had not thought it possible to give the part of Dorette such prominence. And to prettify Shagonas—O dear!" The letters from which these extracts are taken were in reply to copies of "The Critic" (now defunct) containing my review of the performance and an article on her poetry, chiefly devoted to "The Wood Carver's Wife." I am more proud of that article than of anything else I have ever done, for these letters show that it presents the play as she would have presented it herself.

* * * * *

Taken all together, her letters to me show that, despite the contrary impression some people might gain from reading her poetry, she was not in the least afraid to speak a very decided mind when sure of her audience. Whereas many would expect to find her shrinking back fragilely, she is full of spirit and fire, though no one could take a stand more gracefully. For example, there was a Mr. Jones, to whom Sir Andrew (then Doctor) Macphail entrusted the reviewing of her first collection of verse. It was an atrocious review, giving all too scant praise to at least twenty-one of the forty-three poems it contained, and taking her to task for a handful of somewhat "literary" poems like "In the Gardens of Shushan." I wrote in high dudgeon to Miss Pickthall, and she replied: "I must also thank you for your remarks about Mr. Jones' article. Being the object of the critique, I naturally hesitated to express my own opinion that he did not

know a very great deal about poetry, but now you have said as much, I can be allowed to agree with you." Showing the same spirit, is the consolation she offered me over some rejected work, telling me that her "Armorel" was rejected of editors eighteen times before it appeared in "The University Magazine." Arthur Symons told George Moore that when a manuscript was returned to him he never doubted the editor to be a fool, and that he could not understand George Moore's lack of belief in his own work side by side with unflagging perseverance. I do not think Miss Pickthall lacked belief in her work, but her respect for editors, and her perseverance, as attested by the fortune of "Armorel," were remarkable.

All who have read "Wiltshire" know that Miss Pickthall had a keen sense of humor, apparent in some of the extracts already given, but especially priceless is the following: "My two young cousins express their disapproval of my poetry with the utmost frankness. The only verses with which I have pleased them began with the immortal lines:

"Nine little Suffolk pigs squeaking at the gate,
A man came with a poke, and then there were eight."

Her love of flowers and color appears over and over again, as in her first letter from London: "My one overpowering impression is grayness and flowers. O, the flower-sellers at Picadilly Circus — wallflowers, narcissus, daffydowndillies, Richmond roses, and violets—'Only a penny a bunch, lidy, only a penny a bunch, fresh vi'lets'."

Though in no sense a musician, she was fond of music, and, from St. Leonards-on-Sea, she wrote: "No, I hadn't the opportunity of hearing 'Parsifal' before leaving London, but it was being very much talked about. I do not think I enjoy music in Wagnerian doses, which is perhaps a sad confession to be forced to make. . . . I wonder if you are as fond of Russian music as I am?"

* * * * *

These letters attest that Canada lost not only a great poet in Miss Pickthall, but also an entirely charming woman; and because it may prevent a legend growing up, of a very different Miss Pickthall, who, it might be imagined, whispered rather than spoke, instead of the vivacious writer of "that suave little brute, Shagonas," the publication of these extracts, even so soon after her death, may be perhaps the best tribute than can be offered by a fellow-craftsman who has a doubtful niche where she has surely an enduring shrine.

The Dawn of Marjorie Pickthall's Genius

By ALBERT R. HASSARD

INASMUCH as Marjorie Pickthall, whose untimely death took place in April, apparently did not entertain the customary feminine prejudice against permitting the public to know her age, it may not be regarded as ungallant to say that my first meeting with that unique Canadian literary genius took place just about nineteen years ago. Miss Pickthall was at that time living at 169 Markham Street, in the city of Toronto, a locality then inhabited quite exclusively by our own Canadian people, but now wholly in the hands of the new races from southern Europe who have come to make so much of this country their own. Marjorie Pickthall was then very young, as well as very precocious, and gave unmistakable promise of the many titles to fame which, since those years she so eminently attained. She had been winning a number of distinctions, all of course in literary realms, and prizes for verse of a characteristically exalted order had come to her through contests in which she had been faced by skilful, and in many instances, veteran competitors. Shy, retiring, reserved, without any of the vulgar qualities which might have given her peculiar access to editorial favor, as she appeared in those opening years of her juvenile ambitions, it consequently follows that it was entirely her marked and commanding abilities which bore her rapidly forward in the realm of literature where at the time of her much lamented and premature demise she occupied a foremost and conspicuous position.

Before me lie some of the memorials of those pioneer days of Miss Pickthall's journalistic achievements. They bring her back to memory, if indeed my recollection needed any spur whatever, as she was in the days when she was beginning to create a stir in literary circles both inside and outside of Toronto. Among the memorials are sundry clippings from the newspapers of those far-off days—verses, short stories, brief essays, and some letters from her pen. In addition to these is a number of letters to the writer, all treating energetically and precisely of matters of literary concern. I also observe a cut from a contemporary newspaper, but in that cut I have never been able to see much of a resemblance to her actual and well cut features as they presented themselves to me as she sat and discussed maturely many literary questions in the parlor of her Markham Street residence in Toronto.

A most marked quality which in those days Miss Pickthall presented, at least in my estimation, was the absolute possession which literature seemed to have taken of her mind. All around her were books. She appeared to have read, studied, and to have formed exceedingly definite opinions on them all. She displayed no indication that anything else was capable of making any impression whatever upon her. Her conversation abundantly confirmed this impression, society, sports, and kindred matters being entirely outside of her realm. She did not appear to desire to impose her opinions on one until questioned in regard to them, but when that time came her method was one of the most unique that ever occurred in my personal experience and meeting with literary persons. Whenever Miss Pickthall was asked a question, instead of entering upon a lengthy explanation of the various aspects which it suggested, and the incidental problems which it called to mind, as so many other persons would have

been tempted to do, she would pause a moment as if to obtain a full appreciation of all that the question actually meant, and then in language concise, choice and weighty, she would give answer, the whole answer and nothing but the answer to the inquiry. In that connection I give expression for the first time to a thought which every conversation I had with Miss Pickthall ever suggested. When a subject was presented for her consideration, she listened attentively to what was expressed, then she sat silent for a time, during which it might be said that she was busily engaged in conveying the subject back into some inner mental sanctuary where it might be thoroughly analyzed, after which her words came forth as briefly, carefully, definitely and in a single sentence usually, she would voice her mature judgment upon the issue. That outstanding feature of Miss Pickthall's method of participating in a conversation remains, indelibly written upon my recollection.

In the year 1904, a festival of some historical importance took place in the city of Toronto. During a long succession of years prior to that date there had taken place a steady emigration of Canadian citizens to many parts of the world, notably, of course, to the great American republic bordering our Dominion. Many of these wayfarers of course had gone thither from Toronto. Someone conceived the notion of inviting these pilgrims to return, and to celebrate the return by a festival such as would have been worthy of the golden days when illustrious exiles were returning to the City of the Violet Crown, or the thronging thoroughfares which stretched across the Seven Imperial Hills. The Board of Trade, in the case of the Toronto homecomers, offered three prizes in the sums of $100, $50 and $25, for the three best poems on the sentiments which such a return from alien homes might suggest. Nearly two hundred poems were offered in competition. The judges were men well qualified to pass upon the contributions, if indeed any judges may be regarded as fitted for such a task. In the present case they were the late Professor Clark of Trinity University, Professor Maurice Hutton of Toronto University, Professor W. S. McKay of McMaster College, and Professor Pelham Edgar. The three prize winners were two veteran authors, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Miss Helen M. Merrill, while the competitor who ranked third in the contest was Miss Marjorie Pickthall. Each competitor wrote on "The Home Comers." The third and the last stanzas of the twenty year old girl's successful effort in that competition are freighted with both poetic beauty and literary promise. Miss Pickthall, in these stanzas, says:—

How many, wandering long in devious ways,
Have stood 'neath alien skies at set of sun,
When the hot labor of the day was done,
And pierced with longing eyes the northward haze?
Thinking they saw the well-remembered place,
The old brown house, beneath familiar stars,
Green maple trees without the orchard bars,
And by the open door, the mother's face?

Then welcome them as well befits their worth—
These kindred wanderers come from far and near;
Let the days pass in lengthening rounds of cheer;
While tranquil skies shine softly on the earth.
Let the deep circling woods, the fruitful plain,
Show all their treasures to the passing hours,
And the rich land put forth her fairest flowers,
When the Queen City greets her sons again.

Miss Pickthall's work during this early epoch was extensive and varied. In a letter to the writer, dated May 20, 1904, she says: "A serial story of mine ran in 'East and West' during the early part of the year, as well as other shorter contributions which have appeared at various times. Next month the American magazine, 'Short Stories,' publishes a prize winning poem of mine, and more of my prose work may appear later in the year." In this same letter Miss Pickthall's great desire for knowledge manifests itself "My reading, lately," she says, "has been anything but systematic. But shortly I expect to go in for a course of Norse, Irish and American folklore. Dr. Bain (the ever helpful and encouraging librarian of the Toronto Public Library at that time), has been kind enough to put my name on his private list . . . folklore has always been very much to my taste."

Just now, when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's spectacular entrance into the new and disputable realm of spiritualism has awakened so much interest in both himself and his leading characters, it is interesting to hear Miss Pickthall's opinion, formed many years ago, of that illustrious imaginary detective Sherlock Holmes, whose fame is possibly as wide as that of literature itself:—

Some time ago I had occasion to state that I considered Sherlock Holmes one of the most superficial and extravagant characters in modern fiction, and I have seen no cause for changing my mind since then. As briefly as possible I suppose I had better give my reasons for this unorthodox opinion.

First, the interest of the Sherlock Holmes stories depends, not on the figure of the great detective, but on the exciting plots and incidents surrounding him. For, could any novelist, even Conan Doyle, create a story of vivid interest concerning the character alone of Sherlock Holmes? Is he not merely the inartistic pivot on which turns a fine melange of crime, plot and hairbreadth escape?

Second, he is not true to life. He is a polished-up version of the detective of melodrama.

Third, from a literary standpoint of view, I think exaggeration savors of bad taste. And Holmes is all exaggeration.

Fourth, his famous system of seeing a button and therefrom building up a crime is distinctly weak, in spite of the fact that much of his fame is derived from it. His inferences, or whatever they are, are respectable logic as far as they go, but the falsity of the idea consists in the fact that two or three other trains of evidence, also logically true could be built up from that button. Therefore, a man of common sense would not trust to any one of them. But then S. Holmes has no common sense—nothing but inference.

Fifth, the most conclusive to a reader with a sense of humor, he is all to easily parodied.

A list of Miss Pickthall's favorite books as given by her in the year 1903 is worthy of more than a passing consideration. In an article entitled "A Book-Lover's Confessions," published in a Toronto newspaper in that year, she says:—

I am usually orthodox in my tastes. "Vanity Fair," "David Copperfield," "Henry Esmond," "Pickwick Papers," "Toilers of the Sea," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Cranford," Keat's Poems, "Paradise Lost," and the two greatest poems in existence, the Song of Songs, and the Book of Job, together with "The White Company," and "The Jungle Books," are, I suppose, my favorites, and need no further mention. White's "Eighteen Christian Centuries" and Ingram's "Flora Symbolica" are two pets of mine also, and while they are less widely known than the others, require no apology. But how

am I to excuse the violent affection I once felt for "Marlitt's Second Wife"? . . . It was a foolish story turning on the marriage of a Count with a girl whom he did not know well, and did not love. After a while her plainness turns to beauty, and her husband falls in love with her. There was also an interesting female villain. To this day I cannot explain my infatuation for that book. Perhaps it was owing to that primitive sense of and love for poetic justice, which is found in most juvenile minds, and which makes Cinderella so popular. But I do not know.

But it is as a poet chiefly that Miss Marjorie Pickthall will more than likely be longest remembered by the countless multitudes who now mourn so genuinely her sore and early slipping from earth away, at the bidding of the inevitable voice which comes at last to all. And some of her poetry of eighteen years ago is as dainty and as exquisite as any of which Canada is wont to justly and proudly boast. This, from the "Death of April," has all the beauty and richness of imagery of Bliss Carman, or that wondrous but now vanished singer of our country, William Wilfrid Campbell:—

Tread softly summer, for sweet April lies
With hair outstretched upon the daisied sod;
The life is fading from her wild blue eyes,
And scarce the grass has lifted where she trod.

Speak softly now, nor with thy summer smile,
Vex thou the soul of fair, departing Spring,
For her the changing world must weep awhile,
Ere yet thy gifts shall gladden everything.

Lay not thy costlier blooms upon her bier,
As low she lies beside the murmuring rills,
But pluck the first frail windflower growing here,
With bracken fronds and store of daffodils.

Hark how the ringdoves mourn among the trees,
For her who erstwhile led their crooning lay,
And throstle voices, borne upon the breeze,
Have called for April since the dawn of day.

* * * * *

Tread softly, Summer, with thy balmier air,
Thy golden sun and gently falling rain,
Thy flowers may bloom and all thy days be fair,
But April—April will not wake again.

With this, also a prize winning production, "The Song of the Pixies," concludes these recollections of Miss Marjorie Pickthall, as she was and wrote in the early years of the present century, when her genius was swiftly developing and her soaring wings were beating their certain ascent towards the fame which afterwards became so surely and pronouncedly hers. The song has the touch of art mingled with its lyrical beauty, and except for the maturity which of course marks the progress of all writers as the developing and crowning years go hastening by, and consequently became her portion in her after years' productions, is as sweet and rich in imagery as anything which has fallen from her pen. Here are some of its stanzas:—

Oh, leave your lakelets and sedge-mantled reaches;
The mermaids are calling, O hasten with me,
And play on the slopes of the broad yellow beaches,
Down by the sea.

Down in the dingles the dew drops are twining,
Pearls on the cobwebs that hang from the flowers;
Moves now the wind with its tremulous shining,
Fall they in show'rs.

See where the moonbeams, with soft, silver whiteness,
Ripple the cornfields that lie 'neath the hill;
Changing and shifting from shadow to brightness—
Never once still!

Haste! let us haste by the low-sweeping willows,
Down to the slopes of the tide-wrinkled sand,
Mermaids are waiting a-rock on the billows,
Hand clasp'd in hand.

Come! for too swiftly will hasten the dawning,
Come! for the yellow moon dips to the lea,
Come ye and play, till the flush of the morning,
Down by the sea!

Canadian Writers Excel in This Sphere

Their Output is in Great Demand

RATHER an interesting light on the criticism of Canadian literary production, came along the other day from a new source. The writer picked up a recently established Sunday School periodical for young people, published by one of the denominations in Nashville, Tennessee, and saw the names of three Canadian writers—not ex-residents, but people who are living and working in Canada now. The first page and main story, for instance, of the publication, was under the name of a Toronto writer. Another one had quite apparently been submitted from Ottawa, and a special article on an interesting feature of Canadian life, surprisingly, was from the typewriter of another Toronto writer.

On making inquiries at one of the larger denominational publishing houses it was found that this was not an incidental case. Perhaps a dozen or more Canadian writers are supplying stories, verse, articles on special phases of religious education, to a score or more of United States publications as well as to similar periodicals in Canada. One writer who sells a large percentage of his output in the United States, notes that he has no difficulty in disposing of anything he sends over, even to the very best publications. This is rather remarkable in the light of the fact that the same articles have been more than once rejected as unsuitable for publication. The matter has gone so far that several of the editors of these publications across the line are writing almost regularly to writers here to supply this sort of material, requesting more of it.

The writer above suggested one or two reasons for this rather interesting situation. In the first place he observes that we seem to be somewhat ahead in Canada of the United States' methods of religious education. He suggests further that with the plethora of popular magazines covering almost every fictional feature, there is apparently a stronger appeal to United States writers to produce fiction for the purely commercial journals than for these others of a more specialized religious type.

The Man who made the Wild Goose Tame

By VICTOR LAURISTON

IT'S a difficult task to define in words so unusual a personality as Jack Miner. To realize the man who made the wild goose tame you must hear him speak. Then, by turns, he makes you laugh with his droll humor and impresses you with his tremendous sincerity. He grips your attention without seeming to try. He is too keenly interested in his message to feel concerned, either about his audience or about himself.

That, at least, is the vivid first impression he left with me, the first time I heard him speak, several years ago.

Since then the story of Jack Miner has been told and re-told till it is familiar to most Canadians. But now that Jack Miner's unique personality has taken lasting shape in a book, "Jack Miner and the Birds," shortly to be issued by McClelland & Stewart, the story will bear re-telling.

Jack Miner of to-day is a big, upstanding man of 56—an out-of-doors man, essentially, with the out-of-doors habits of hard working and clear thinking. As a boy he came to Essex County, Ontario. The "snarl of us ten children," as he aptly described the Miner family, got little education, and went to work early. "A dollar bill looked like a horse blanket" in those days; so Jack and a favorite brother hunted for the market. They became wizards of the gun.

Meanwhile, Jack grew up, raised a family, and sent them in due course to the backwoods Sunday School. They induced their father to attend. He could neither read nor write. His little folks taught him. He in turn taught Sunday School, quit shooting for the market—and then came those marvelous activities that have made Jack Miner known throughout America.

The wild geese and wild ducks had known him as an enemy. Now came the thought: "Surely they would know a friend if they had one!" So Jack Miner set himself to make friends with the wild things.

"Birds are wild because they have to be, and men are wild because they want to be," is a characteristic bit of Miner philosophy.

Jack's campaign of pacification was infinitely patient. First, a bird or two ventured upon his ponds, and nibbled his tempting corncobs. Next season there came a larger company. So bird interest grew from year to year. Now, in March and April every year the wild geese congregate by hundreds and thousands. The good word has gone forth to the far distances of North Carolina, Saskatchewan and Hudson's Bay that this one spot in America is dedicated to the wild goose. And the geese understand.

"Silly old goose" is a misnomer, according to Miner. "The intelligent Canada goose is the most godly principled creature in the world to-day." And Jack, out of his wealth of experience, tells innumerable stories to illustrate the love, heroism and loyalty of these splendid birds.

It took four years to induce the birds to call. Eight birds constituted the first visitors. Last year Jack Miner's feathered friends required 1,600 bushels of corn for their menu at this half-way house betwixt North Carolina and Hudson's Bay.

The same birds come back. Jack Miner has proved that. Among the thousands of birds that gather every spring at the famous goose pond near Kingsville are many wearing aluminum "anklets," with which Jack has decorated them in previous years. Many such anklets have been returned to Jack Miner from points as far apart as the Gulf of Mexico and Baffin's Bay. As for the ducks, he has tags returned from 23 different states and provinces, the farthest south from Guydan, Louisiana, and the span of territory east and west stretches from Long Island, N.Y., to Englefeld, Sask. Four million square miles of territory—yet, year after year, the birds come back to this same spot.

They **know.**

It's an interesting sight to watch Jack Miner strolling through a flock of six hundred or more wild geese, the shyest birds alive. He talks to them in their own language—he has mastered several words in the goose vocabulary—and bosses them about as though they were a flock of barnyard ducks. The birds seem to know that they are safe from the hunter and that, backing up Jack Miner's efforts, the Dominion Government has made this spot a sanctuary for them.

There is another story told by a man who motored down to Kingsville once with Jack Miner. Away off against the sky hovered a flock of wild geese. "Stop," commanded Miner, suddenly. "That's one of my birds." He gave a peculiar call; and the distant bird came volplaning down in answer.

That is how intimately Jack Miner knows the birds, and how intimately the birds know Jack Miner.

Years before Jack Miner ever thought of putting his story on paper he was widely known as a lecturer. He has told his story of the birds before all sorts of audiences except uninterested or indifferent ones. No audience, hearing Jack Miner, can long remain in that state of mind.

He has addressed the Camp Fire Club of America at Delmonico's, New York; the American Game Protective Association in the ball room of the Waldorf Astoria; also the New York State Commission of Conservation at Albany, and the Geographical Society and the Lake Shore Country Club at Chicago. He has addressed the Commission of Conservation at Ottawa; has twice spoken at Massey Hall, Toronto; and has addressed numerous audiences in Ontario. Last winter he went back to address an audience at his native town of Dover Center, Ohio, and was met by the mayor and the Dover Center band. That, perhaps, was the triumph he prized the most.

Throughout the touring season, the old tile yard near Kingsville is a great centre of attraction to motorists. It has seen scores of cars, hundreds of visitors, in a single day. They came from far and wide. Henry Ford, Ty Cobb, Sir William Mulock, Hon. E. C. Drury—men great in the most varied fields of endeavor, find in Jack Miner and his work a common theme of interest.

"Farmer and Drain Tile Merchant," is the modest fashion in which Jack Miner's letter-heads style him. There was a time when

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the fate of the tile-yard hung in the balance, and the future looked black for the drain tile merchant. That, however, is a story apart from Jack and his birds, and must be left for another time.

Just now the tile-yard is a subsidiary matter. How very subsidiary may be judged from a characteristic incident. One year some barn swallows nested in the tile-house. They ventured nearer and nearer to the workers—and ultimately Jack Miner stopped work. It interfered with the birds nesting, he explained. And, of course, the birds were paramount.

Miner believes in getting near to nature. Nature, as typified by primeval forest, was long ago swept away from the Kingsville countryside. But at intervals betwixt his studies of the wild goose, the wild duck, the barn swallow, and the rest of them, he has planted thousands of trees. Years ago he planted a grove of maples. To-day they surround a Robinson Crusoe bungalow where, isolated as on a desert isle, he can carry on his work undisturbed.

"Jack Miner is to-day one of the most interesting men in all Canada," is the verdict of Arthur Stringer, after visiting him. "Not only because of the marvellous work he is doing as a naturalist and a protector of bird life, but also because of his own unique and vital personality. A tile yard is one of the homeliest things the human mind can conceive. But Jack Miner, in his wild bird sanctuary, has taken an old tile yard and turned it into a Garden of Eden. He has had the genius to make a mud-hole into a Little Bit of Heaven—and heaven not only to the human eye, but to most of the migratory birds of the North American continent."

Greenland, W. Kingscote.—"Cameos from Camps," with foreword by Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E., London; National Free Church Council. This is an interesting little volume in which the author reveals dramatic experiences in his capacity as a chaplain touring, for three and a half years, British camps at home and in France, in which as the author himself puts it, he had "more spiritual interviews, more snatches of moral adventure and twice ten thousand peeps into the noble and wayword heart of man than in all the previous years of my ministry."

Masefield, John, "King Cole", Macmillan, Toronto, $1.50.—A review of this new and in many ways surprising output of Masefield's genius will appear in our next number. It is a very fresh and beautiful story, told with great wealth of expression in typical Masefield pentameter.

Moonlight and Common Day

THE title poem of the volume "Moonlight and Common Day," appeared a year or two ago in the "Canadian Bookman," and was the first contribution that Louise Morey Bowman had made to this magazine. About the same time, other examples of the work of this Toronto writer, some of them carefully metrical and even rhymed, others in free-verse forms with a quite definite musical rhythm, were beginning to attract attention in the Chicago "Poetry," the "University Magazine," and other media. Thirty-seven of these pieces are now brought together in a very shapely volume by the Macmillan Company of Canada (Toronto, $1.50), which will give Mrs. Bowman an assured status among the more modern poetic voices of Canada.

Mrs. Bowman differs from the majority of the free verse writers in that her work is strengthened rather than the opposite by being brought together. This is doubtless because she has not made free-verse synonymous with facility, and puts as much care into an unrhymed dramatic monologue of twenty lines as an old-fashioned poet would put into the production of a sonnet. The result is that each of these little poems has a solid content of thought, sufficiently important to justify the workmanship, and a polish and inevitability of form that matches with the thought. In truth, one hardly notices, as one turns the pages, when one has passed from a piece of work in rigid metre and rhyme to another piece of work whose rigidity is merely that of perfect adaptation to the idea. Mrs. Bowman does not write free-verse because she cannot rhyme, as is very amply proven by such work as "The Wealthy Shepherd" or "The Poet." There is nothing experimental about these poems, and one feels that Mrs. Bowman must have done her experimenting in private, and cast into her waste-basket a large amount of material that did not satisfy her fastidious taste, a practice which might still be followed with advantage by Mr. Sandburg and even Miss Amy Lowell.

There is a very great variety of ideas in this little volume, most of them expressed with flame-like intensity and clearness. Nearly all of them are unquestionably new and personal. It is refreshing, for example, to have "Spring" personified as an old man burning up the refuse of winter, for the idea is both new and suggestive. The famous poem, "And Forbid Them Not," depicting the flight through the lines of the allied armies of the ghosts of dreams that the Prussians had murdered is one of the most penetrating commentaries on Germany's spiritual collapse that has ever been written. "Dinner of Herbs" is a novel and strangely effective restatement of the truth that it is not the recollections of pleasure but those of sorrow that the memory most tenderly cherishes. The whole book is deeply refreshing and stimulating. We hesitate to predict that it will become popular with those who are not poets, but it will certainly be recognized and appreciated by those who are.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS PUBLICATIONS.

Constable & Company, Ltd., London, publishers to the League of Nations, have issued a subject index to all the League's issues so far. The list arranges alphabetically the principal subjects with which the League has since its establishment been concerned, and supplies a brief reference to the various League documents having bearing on this subject. The list is not exhaustive, but should be practicable for libraries and students. A large part of these publications will, of course, be serials, as assemblies and committees register their own resolutions, and each successive assembly passes on to the Council and its committees, for the coming year tasks for their investigation and study.

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There is little left to be said of this outstandingly successful book save that we shall continue to feature it both this season and next, and are going on with the publicity backing which marked its publication. "The Bridge" is leading the fiction lists in Great Britain, and we expect it will soon be in the lead here in Canada also. As the last work and masterpiece of the late Miss Marjorie Pickthall, it is receiving the great public appreciation which true merit invariably brings forth.

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Wireless Course. By Gernsbach, Lescarboura and Secor. Experimenter Pub. Co., $1.75.

Wireless Experimenter's Manual. By Elmer E. Bucher. Wireless Press, $2.25.

Wireless Telegraphist's Pocket Book of Notes, Formulae and Calculations, The. By J. A. Fleming. Longmans, $3.

Wireless Telegraphy. By W. H. Marchant. Isaac Pitman & Sons, $2.25.

Wireless Telegraphy. By C. H. Sewall. Van Nostrand, $2.

Wireless Telegraphy. By J. Zenneck. McGraw-Hill, $5.

Wireless Telegraphy and Hertzian Waves. By S. R. Bottone. Pitman, $1.25.

Wireless Telegraphy and Telephone, First Principles, Present Practice and Testing. By H. M. Wodsett. Wireless Press, $3.50.

Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony. By W. H. Eccles. Wireless Press, $7.

Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony. By L. B. Turner. Cambridge University Press, $7.

Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony Popularly Explained. By W. W. Massie and C. R. Underhill. Van Nostrand, $1.

Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony Simply Explained. By Alfred P. Morgan. Norman W. Henley, $1.50.

Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony Without Wires. By Charles R. Gibson. Lippincott, $1.25.

Wireless Telegraphy with Special Reference to the Quenched-Spark System. By Bernard Leggett. E. P. Dutton & Co., $12.

Wireless Transmission of Photographs. By M. J. Martin. Wireless Press, $2.

Editor's Note.—We are indebted to the Publishers' Weekly, of New York, for the use of this comprehensive list.

New Members of the C.A.A.

Regular.

496 Dean, Mrs. Mary Morgan, 90 Avenue Road, Toronto.
497 Edmonds, Mrs. Adelaide, 382 Hand St., Sandwich, Ont.
498 Graham, Miss H. Isabel, Seaforth, Ont.
499 MacLeod, W. A., Commissioner of Publications, Regina.
500 McElhinney, Dr. M. G., 252 Lisgar St., Ottawa.
501 McGillicuddy, Owen E., 4 Algonquin Ave., Toronto.
502 McMillan, Kenneth, 11 Shorncliffe Ave., Toronto.
503 Munday, Albert H., 37 Fernwood Park Ave., Toronto.
504 Palmer, G. A., 2850 Garnet St., Regina.
505 Perry, Mrs. Anne A., 8 Walker Ave., Toronto.
506 Pringle, Mrs. C. E. S., 86 Yorkville Ave., Toronto.
507 Salverson, Mrs. Laura G., 2242 Broder St., Regina.
508 Sheldon-Williams, Miss C. E., 2702 Victoria Ave., Regina.
509 Broder, Mrs. Annie Glen, 305 5th Ave. East, Calgary.
510 Browne, Belmore, Banff, Alberta.
511 Kerby, Mrs. G. W., 1125 7th Ave. West, Calgary.
512 Lavack, Miss Anita G., 4162 Sherbrooke St., Westmount, Que.
513 MacKinnon, Mrs. Murdoch, 2051 Cornwall St., Regina.
514 McCalla, W. C., 61 White Block, Edmonton South.
515 Williams, John M., 326 Underwood Block, Calgary.
516 Woods, J. H., The Herald, Calgary.
517 Newhall, Mrs. E. P., 827 3rd Ave. West, Calgary.
518 Tucker, Rev. W. Bowman, Montreal City Mission.
519 Hopkins, J. Castell, 2 College St., Toronto.
520 Beauchesne, Arthur, K.C., House of Commons, Ottawa.
521 Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, The Roxborough, Ottawa.
522 Rt. Hon. Sir Geo. Foster, 125 Somerset St., Ottawa.
523 Morris, Mrs. A. E., 48 Westmount Bvd., Montreal.
524 Smillie, Miss E. Arma, "Quintacera," Rockliffe Park, Ottawa.
525 Smith, J. Harry, C. P. R. Press Bureau, Windsor Station, Montreal.
526 Ballantyne, Mrs. Gladys G., 732 Fort St., Victoria, B.C.
527 Martin, Hon. Mr. Justice, Court of Appeal, Victoria.
528 Simpson - Hayes, Mrs. Kate, Metchosin, B.C.

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199 Becker, Mrs. W. H., 15 Winnett Ave., Toronto.
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The work of one who has given his entire life to the study of man, animal, plant and food. Mr. McCann gathers facts, proofs, contradictions, and flings them into sorry heaps with a breathlessness characteristic of the public prosecutor. He does not criticize the prevailing conception of evolution as expressed in the monkey-man theory; he tears it to pieces. Not content with scourging the self-esteemed educators who keep the simian fancy boiling in a cauldron of anemic erudition, he demonstrates how no part of the dogma preached by these eminent anti-dogmatists fits into any other part. 29 illustrations. **Price, $3.00**

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203 Dixon, Rev. R. F., The Rectory, Wolfville, N.S.
204 Jamieson, Mrs. R. R., 1211 17th Ave. West, Calgary.
205 Langford, Mrs. Fred., 304 Superior Ave., Calgary.
206 Maddock, Miss A. G., 10023 115th St., Edmonton.
207 Price, Alfred, 423 St. Mark St., Montreal.
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213 Maclaine, Hugh C., 20½ Richmond Square, Montreal.
214 Montizambert, Miss E., Ladies' Empire Club, 69 Grosvenor St., London, Eng.
215 Roberts, Mrs. Lilas W., Box 471, Ottawa.
216 Perrigard, Hal Ross, 269 Old Orchard Ave., N. D. G., Montreal.
217 Putnam, H. L., 152 St. James St., Montreal.
218 Pearson, Miss Ora F., The Aberdeen, McClure St., Victoria.

A New View of Language

By JAIME DE ANGULO

THERE was a time when grammar was a dull, arid subject, a matter of paradigms, declensions and conjugations to be committed to memory; in those days any inquiry into what may seem strange in a language was met by the dictum: "Sic voluere patres," our ancestors willed it thus! Those were the days when philology suggested to the mind archaeology, learned men in spectacles, discussions about musty manuscripts. Then came the newer school of psychologists; they discovered that there was an intimate bond between language and thought; some even said that we cannot think without words.

At the same time a much greater number of languages became known; this was the outcome of the study by anthropologists of exotic and primitive peoples, and thus we learned that the Indians, the Negroes, the Papuans, far from using crude languages, made up of a few words, possess grammars of extraordinary complexity.

The problem thus widened, became deeper; we became aware that not only there were other languages besides Greek and Latin, but that the whole Indo-Germanic group was merely one group by the side of a dozen more as widely distributed.

But let anyone try to write down the grammar of a hitherto unrecorded language, and immediately he will be struck by the fact that he cannot use the terms to which he was accustomed when he studied grammar in school, those categories of pronouns, adverbs, adjectives, etc., the so-called parts of speech. He begins then to realize that they do not fit the language he wants to treat, and he commences to see that the problem is a deeper one, that it is connected with logic; that there must be a definite method of handling this subject; but in vain does he ransack the libraries, for there he will find nothing.

That is why the book on "Language," by E. Sapir, is an epoch-making contribution. He is the first man who has attempted to strike at the roots of speech, at the psychological basis of linguistic expression. The book will be a delight to all professional linguists who have long felt that the old classifications into agglutinative, inflective and isolating languages was a hopeless jumble. Sapir makes a searching analysis of what we mean by these terms and shows that we are mixing material forms and conceptual patterns. The essential distinction between these two is the essence of his system of classification, a system which will probably arouse wonder and incredulity at first, but is bound to prevail in the end; this basic distinction is a conception too philosophical, too abstract, to be grasped at first flush by the majority of students. The two chapters on grammatical concepts and grammatical processes are sure to start a battle in professional circles, but I feel convinced that they will go down in the history of linguistics as the corner-stones of what may be recognized some day as Sapir's theory of form in language.

But if these two chapters are rather technical and meant for professional linguists, the rest of the book is written for the general public. It is always a delight and a wonder to come across a serious work written with style, vivacity, what the French call verve. One is caught at every page by a daring turn of phrase, a quaint expression, whereby an entirely new thought is presented to one in a manner that makes one sit up and then smile and then look away into the distance and wonder.

This style, and the skill in showing us language as an intensely alive phenomenon, are the qualities that will probably make this book popular with the literary public at large; what man, for instance, with any sense of literature could read the chapter on "Language as a Historical Product" (what the author so happily calls "drift" in language) without delight!

But the greatest merit of the work is probably to have conceived language as Art, as the result of that instinctive desire or urge in collectivities as well as individuals, in peoples as well as in persons, to express the integration of life's energies, the thoughts and viewpoints and philosophies-in-use, the whole that goes to make up the psychic sphere of life, the libido, I was going to say, to express all this in definite patterns (they may be musical, they may be plastic, they may be, as in this case, linguistic). This, indeed, is a deep philosophical concept of the first magnitude.

It is much to be hoped that Mr. Sapir will eventually develop this thesis to the full.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD.

An author who has rapidly come to the fore as a producer of ready-selling novels is F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose latest offering is "The Beautiful and Damned," published by the Copp-Clark Co. It is a story in which that floating class which throngs the restaurants, cabarets, and hotels of the great cities are put in the spotlight for the reader. These are largely people of wealth recently accumulated, adrift on a sea of luxury without rudders of responsibility or anchorage of home life. It is a satire on this aspect of present-day social conditions. Fitzgerald's previous novels, "This Side of Paradise" and "Flappers and Philosophers," also bear the imprint of the same publishers.

In Memory of Marjorie Pickthall

I.

Cometh the night? Not yet, not yet,
Caught in the young day's fiery net,
The morning star on heaven's blue hill
Thrones its diminished splendor still.
To greet the wild embrace of light
In the hushed wood the violet shy
Opens one azure-shadowed eye;
All things refute that dreadful cry,
"Cometh the night."

II.

Cometh the night ere blaze of noon?
Dear God, it is too soon, too soon.
The moon's pale plumes are never spread
O'er that dark road down which the dead
Regretful wing unpitied flight.
Silent the singer but the song
Remains for men to cherish long;
Words of immortal beauty, strong
As God who ruleth night.

III.

Laus Deo, earth, though old,
Still hath graces manifold;
At youthful May's white breasts each year
Nursling buds of life appear,
Fathered by uncompassionate night.
God formeth certain souls to bring
Beauty to men, who grossly cling,
Wormlike, to earth; Laus Deo, sing
All ye who love the light.

IV.

Cometh the night and welcome too,
Perchance, to one who never drew
Delight from day's too bold regard.
Feet which the thorns of life have scarred
Are not unthankful for surcease
Of wandering in futile quest
Of beauty, fleet and unpossessed,
Save for a moment: night is best.
Night and peace.

—CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

How can we say, while by her grave we stand,
"Here lies the poet!" when full well we know
No grave could ever hold a soul so grand
Or bind her winged spirit down so low!

What once with mortal eyes we saw, lies here—
The rose, once glowing, now so crushed and sere,
The lamp that held the flame of living fire,
The strings but not the hand that woke the lyre.

Why should we mourn?—the immortal hand unseen
Sweeps to new triumphs in a realm unknown;
The fire burns on in splendor, full, serene,
And the eternal essence of the rose
Floats, haunting sweet, o'er lands beyond our own.

—FLORENCE B. FINK.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER READING

Each of the four novels listed has a feature of special interest which will assure your liking. Any one will suit for a trip, or for hammock or beach diversion.

The Hidden Places

By Bertrand W. Sinclair

Set in the wilds of Northern British Columbia, with a few scenes in Vancouver, and with a plot very much out of the ordinary, this story of the love of a soldier with a deformed face for a blind woman who loves him just as faithfully in turn, and the working out of their problems, comes wth a rugged virility and intensity which insures interest anywhere.

$2.00

Shepherds of the Wilds

By Edison Marshall

Marshall knows and writes of the wild places and the ways of the wild creatures. This story will appeal particularly to lovers of animal life and of the great out-of-doors. It is a clean, strong novel.

$1.75

The Isle of Seven Moons

By Robert Gordon Anderson

Here is a really good sea-pirate Treasure-Island yarn with some real people of the modern day who go in quest of treasure and adventure, finding both, but are ultimately satisfied in love and happiness.

$1.75

Jane Journeys On

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

A human story with most delightfully persuasive humor, written around the theme of the village girl who comes to the city, makes good at her job, and finds fun, hard work, and romance a-plenty in her new life.

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THE RYERSON PRESS, Publishers, Toronto

Among Authors and Bookmen

THERE will shortly appear from a Montreal press two volumes containing the best of the literary articles of the late Jules Fournier, together with a considerable number of his political writings which have still a present-day application. The collection will contain, moreover, two hitherto unpublished studies, one on the well-known work of Lovigny de Montigny, "La Lingue Francaiseau Canada" and the other on the subject of Nationalism. As most of our readers are aware, the late Mr. Fournier was one of the most stimulating and provocative of the younger French-Canadian writers of his day, and we have no doubt that these volumes will fan to fresh life the flames of many lively controversies. That they will be good writing and interesting reading, goes without saying.

Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott, who was most unfortunately prevented by illness from attending the annual meeting of the C.A.A. in Ottawa, was sufficiently recovered to deliver the Presidential address of the Royal Society of Canada on May 17, in the presence of His Excellency, Lord Byng. Dr. Scott argued that too often Canadian poetry and literature were regarded as a special and peculiar brand, whereas poetry was poetry and literature literature wherever it was produced. "Canadian literature must be judged by established standards," declared Dr. Scott, "and cannot escape criticism by special pleading. A critic may accompany his blame or praise by describing the difficulties of the Canadian literary life, but that cannot be allowed to prejudice our claim to be members of the general guild. We must insist upon it. If there be criticism by our countrymen, all that we ask is that it be informed and able criticism, and that it, too, should be judged by universal standards." Continuing, Dr. Scott said that while he did not wish to separate Canadian literature from the main body of literature written in English, yet "we may lay claim to the possession of something unique in Canadian literature, that may be distinguished to even casual perception by a peculiar blend of courage and discouragement."

The Province of Quebec, partly no doubt owing to its remarkably favorable financial situation, has of late distinguished itself by the encouragement which it has extended to art and literature. Since most of this encouragement has been under the direct guidance of the Hon. Athanase David, it was extremely appropriate that Mr. David should, on May 13, have been honored by a banquet in Montreal at which a large number of literary and artistic workers of both sexes testified their appreciation of his work. The occasion was graced by the presence of the Minister's father, Hon. L. O. David, author of many important historical and biographical works. In his speech the Provincial Secretary said he felt that thanks should not be addressed to him, but rather to the awakening of the French mentality of the people of the province in their desire for the better things of life. After all, he said, the legislator was but the reflex of the people, and laws reflected their mentality and their aspirations, and in enacting such laws as had given pleasure to the elite he saw before him, the Legislature had merely translated the desire of a people, and given precise direction of a state of mind more or less manifest and general.

The Montreal Branch of the C.A.A. has been exceptionally active since its annual meeting a few days before the Ottawa gathering. This is perhaps due in part to the enthusiasm of a new and energetic executive committee. A most interesting event was an even-

W. H. BLAKE
Author of "In a Fishing Country"

ing at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel at which Miss E. Montizambert, author of "Unnoticed London," and a resident of Paris for a good many years past, spoke on the present position and feeling of the French people. Her address made a very deep impression. The rest of the evening was devoted to the reading by Mr. Hyman Edelstein of some of his own poems, and to the reading and criticism of the opening chapter of a new novel by an author whose name was not stated but who was declared to be a member of the Montreal Branch. At somewhat short notice the branch, in conjunction with the Community Players of Montreal, organized a luncheon for Mr. Carroll Colby Aikins of Naramata, B.C., dramatist and Little Theatre manager, who gave a brief account of the theatre and school of production which he carries on on the top floor of his fruit farm in Naramata, and which was described a few days later by the well-known producer, Mr. Maurice Brown, as one of the most important centres of dramatic activity on this continent.

The marriage took place on May 18, at Montreal, of Miss Mary Aikins, sister of Mr. C. C. Aikins of Naramata, B.C., to Mr. Warwick Chipman, author of the charming book of verses entitled, "The Amber Valley," a member of the Copyright Committee of the Canadian Authors Association, and one of the leading authorities on Copyright in this country.

Amendments to the Constitution which were voted upon at the annual meeting of the C.A.A. have no effect except as an expression of opinion, since the Constitution cannot be amended without thirty days' clear notice of the precise terms of the amendment. It was felt, however, that if an opportunity were given for discussion at the annual meeting, it would be much easier for the members to arrive at an intelligent conclusion when the questions are legally put before them. The most important change is that which, if ratified by the mail vote of the members, will enlarge the membership to include the creators of two other forms of copyrightable material, viz., musical composition and pictorial designs.

At the annual meeting of the Calgary Branch the following officers and executive were elected for the ensuing year: Dr. G. W. Kerby, president; Mrs. Francis B. Reeve, vice-president; John W. Hugill; Hon. secretary-treasurer; Mrs. J. F. Price, Mrs. B. L. Stavert, Messrs. C. A. Hayden, R. J. Deachman, M. D. Geddes, S. C. Reat, J. H. Woods, W. F. W. Lent.

The Winnipeg Branch, at its annual meeting, elected a new secretary and a new treasurer, viz., Mr. William Arthur Deacon and Mr. John MacLean.

The annual report of the Toronto Public Library, which, by the way, records the astonishing total of 1,651,439 volumes issued for home reading during the year 1921, makes a graifying reference to the C.A.A. After describing the immensely valuable part taken by the public libraries of Canada in the work of Canadian Book Week (in which the Toronto Public Library was the chief leader and inspirer), the report continues: "The success was beyond expectation. The Canadian Authors Association has already a membership of 800, and has promoted the first real revival of interest in the intellectual products of Canada."

The most important change in the officers of the Canadian Authors Association for its second year is the retirement of Prof. W. S. Wallace from the treasurership, owing to great pressure of work in his own library at Toronto University, and the election of Dr. G. R. Lomer, librarian, McGill University Library, Montreal. It was found during the past year that the work of the secretary and the treasurer was somewhat increased by having the two offices in different cities, and this year all the chief executive officers will be in Montreal. If the Constitution is amended, in accordance with the recommendation of the annual meeting, the head office will leave Montreal at

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the end of the present fiscal year, and presumably the executive officers will be seleced from whatever city becomes the seat of the association's activity.

The office of the Canadian Authors Association is now, and will be until the next annual meeting, at 70 McGill College Avenue, Montreal, and may be reached by telephoning Uptown 8017. The secretary's residence address is 701 Shuter Street, telephone Plateau 5320. The treasurer, Dr. G. R. Lomer, may be addressed at McGill University Library.

A new addition to the regular membership of the association, since the annual meeting in Ottawa, is the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, author of "The Secret of Heroism" and "Industry and Humanity."

Mr. Arthur S. Bourinot writes: At a time when Louis Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine" is receiving so much praise and publicity, it is interesting to note that an eminent French critic finds considerable space in a recent number of "La Petite Illustration" to devote to a truly French-Canadian writer, viz., Jules Tremblay. M. Alberic Cahuet, in an article concerning "La Nouvelle Conte" gives a discriminating and deserved criticism of M. Tremblay's short stories. Thinking that it will be of interest to the Canadian Bookman, and feeling that Canadians should be made aware of M. Tremblay's recognition in France, I venture to enclose a short excerpt from the article in question.

M. Cahuet's article, for which we are indebted to Mr. Bourinot, begins with a reference to the interest now felt by French readers in everything relating to the Maria Chapdelaine country, and goes on to play a compliment to M. Tremblay's past achievements in literature. In the present volume ("Trouées dans les Novales," Imprimerie Beauregard, Ottawa), says M. Cahuet, "we follow with curiosity the adventure of Father Patentane who, coming straight from Beaucaire with the relics of St. Girard of Provence, undertakes to establish a church in a tiny village of pioneers. Some of the other tales reveal to us a Canadian spiritual tradition very closely resembling that which prevails in our own ancient provinces. Moreover, M. Tremblay is acquainted with the 'regionalist' movement in France, at any rate in the form which it took some fifteen years ago in the time of the Provencal 'Felibrige.' As for the language of these Canadian tales, it contains certain expressions doubtless habitual enough in M. Tremblay's neighborhood ('le verdissement notoire de la soutane,' 'les filles belles d'accortise,' 'un moulinement de baton,') from which it derives a flavor which, if at times a little heavy, is not unpleasing when these gaucheries of expressions are mitigated and as it were carried off in the vigorous sweep of the narrative."

The "Canadian Bookman" welcomes to the ranks of periodical publishers, Messrs. Albert E. Uren and Duncan Armbrest, both of whom are authors and members of the Canadian Authors Association.

They have taken over the "Furniture Journal of Canada," of which Mr. Uren has been editor for about ten years. Mr. Armbrest, since returning from overseas, has been in charge of the Canadian Press Clipping Service of the MacLean Publishing Co.

The late Hon. David Mills, once familiarly known as the "Sage of Bothwell," is at last to have a biographer. Before his death Mr. Mills requested the late Archibald Blue, then Dominion Statistician, who had been a lifelong friend, to undertake this work, and for that purpose handed him a great mass of correspondence. Unfortunately, Mr. Blue did not live long enough even to begin his task, and unfortunately, too, the correspondence, which was a mine of intimate political history, was destroyed by fire. Now, Mr. R. E. Gosnell, Ottawa, formerly of British Columbia, at the request of relatives of the deceased statesman, will undertake the biography. Mr. Gosnell's family and that of David Mills were neighbors at Palmyra, Kent County, on the shores of Lake Erie, and Mr. Mills used to devote some of his spare time to teaching Mr. Gosnell Latin. In later life Mr. Gosnell was contemporaneous with Mr. Mills as an editor, and naturally therefore is familiar with both his personal and political history. He is, however, very much handicapped by the lack of the correspondence which was destroyed by fire, and would be very glad of anything in the way of letters or reminiscent material of any kind in the possession of readers of The Canadian Bookman.

DELEGATE WARMLY WELCOMED.

Mr. Clinton F. Brown, of the Foster Brown Co.'s bookstore, Montreal, attended the convention of the American Booksellers' Association at Washington, as fraternal delegate from the Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association.

The presence of a delegate from Canada occasioned much enthusiasm and was a factor in the selection of Detroit as a scene of next year's convention, the hope being expressed that this would bring a goodly delegation from Canada, especially from Western Ontario.

This should lead to closer co-operation than ever between the two associations.

NEW WELLS NOVEL.

An important Macmillan issue this week is H. G. Wells new novel, "Secret Places of the Heart," with the author at his most engaging and his most chimerical. The book explores the heart of Sir Richmond, a type of clear-sighted, keen-witted, intensely egotistical Englishman. The story teems with Mr. Wells' amazing generalities thrown off with his own irresistible buoyancy. A young American girl companions Sir Richmond in his progression from ideas of purely personal pleasure to a concept of himself as an instrument in the onward march of civilization. A book full of true Wellsian gusto.

MARJORY PICKTHALL'S COLLECTED POEMS.

It will be of interest to Canadian poetry lovers to learn that in pursuance of an arrangement made some months ago with the author, Messrs. McClelland and Stewart, Limited, Toronto, will, in the near future, publish a volume of "The Collected Poems of Marjorie Pickthall," including her earlier verse and all recent work not hitherto published.

Ward, Major J. E.—"The Wayfarer," Macmillan's, Toronto. Like a refreshing breeze in the evening of a hot day or the shade of some cool cloister in which to rest the weary heart and brain, so comes this beautiful little volume of prose poetry from the pen of a gifted Canadian writer. In these days of materialistic tendencies such a book as this dealing largely with things spiritual, the building up of heart character, and the sanctifying of the commonplace happenings of everyday life, should make a great appeal to the thoughtful reader. It is safe to predict that before long it will be an acknowledged classic becoming more and more popular on acquaintance as times goes on.

Blake, W. H.—"In a Fishing Country," Macmillan, Toronto. A book for lovers of the out-of-doors, with some delightful peeps at a few of his fishing experiences in the old Murray Bay district. Running through the narrative is a quaint vein of humor interpreted with many philosophic reflections of weather-lore. Mr. Blake has established a public of his own alike as author of "Brown Waters," and the translation of "Maria Chapdelaine."

MAN SIZE.

William McLeod Raine's newest novel, "Man Size," published by Thomas Allen, is a story of the early days of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police along the Montana border. Its action will stir the blood of the most blazé novel-reader.

The Canadian northland is a new departure for Mr. Raine, but he proves himself as compelling a narrator of heroes in fur and on snowshoes as in chaps and on cayuses. For sheer joy of adventure, for indomitable courage and nerves of steel, "Man Size" lives up to its title.

LISTS RECEIVED.

From A. & C. Black, of London, comes a spring announcement list, including new titles in the Artist's Sketch Book Series, Black's Watercolour Series, and Black's Educational Series. In the Peeps at History Series a new title is "The British Dominions Beyond the Seas."

"Belles Lettres and First Editions," a list of forty pages from Bowes & Bowes, 1 Trinity Square, Cambridge, England. The Bowes shop is located at a spot that for more than 300 years has been a centre for book-lovers. This list presents a veritable wealth of good things to whet the appetite of the book collector.

Vol IV. New Series TORONTO, JUNE, 1922 No. 7

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

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Marjorie Pickthall's Prose.
Poetry of the Common Day.
Bliss Carman's Later Poems.
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A Page of Poetry.
Composers of Song Lyrics.
Guide to the Month's New Books.
What a Bookstore Ought To Be.
Why Kill the Goose?
Unnoticed London.
Reviews of New Books.

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A Page of Poetry

FRAGMENTS OF BEAUTY.

(Thoughts on the Passing of Marjorie L. C. Pickthall).

I.

Flash of leaves in the gale,
Whistle from dewy blast,
Gleam of a crowded sail
Gone past.

II.

Breath of the lonely way,
Flame of the inner strife
Kissing the common clay
To life.

III.

Sand and mist and leaves!
Voice of the rose and dune,
Gold of the harvest sheaves,
The wild bird's rune.

IV.

Step 'mid the pathless trees,
Face of a haunting sheen,
Brush of a wing on the breeze,
I ween.

V.

Songs from the hidden deep,—
Tenderness of the breast,
Eyes of beauty asleep
In her West.

DAVID HOWARTH.

TO A LOMBARDY POPLAR.

YOU, Poplar Tree, so stately fair,
Your spire a-quiver in the air,
I praise you, for I love to see
Your grand, yet quiet dignity.
Your rich dark green stands out to view
Against the far hills' faint clear blue
So vividly, you seem to say,
"I am more tangible than they."
And so you are; I've but to go
A few short paces and I know
I then can feel your rugged style,
Or stroke your cool, smooth leaves that smile
So calmly in the sunshine warm,
As though Earth knew no blight nor harm.
Perhaps I'd sit me in the glade
Enchanted by your magic shade,
And then I'd dream of things long gone,
When Time and Tide were at their dawn;
When hearts were, Poplar, more like you,
More simply fair and grandly true.
I'd also dream that Time might yet
Disclose a day when Toil and Fret
Should lose their power to shrivel men,
And Love and Peace bear rule again.
It's coming, Poplar, late or soon,
Earth yet shall see that blessed noon;
For God hath sworn, "I'll purge thy dross,"
And sealed it with His signet-cross.
My eye of hope then spies a ray,
A herald of the coming day,
When man shall be what God designed,
A noble form with noble mind.
You're honest, Poplar, through and through.
Why should a man be less than you?

DONALD A. FRASER.

CHIAROSCURO.

I.

Transitions.

1.

FLAME of leaves,
Flame of sky,
The clustered wild cranberries glow like coals.

2.

The breath of the sleeping earth
Murmurs among drowsy pines—
Is stilled—
The earth lies wrapped in a cold, white shroud of moonlight.

3.

A low wind calls down to me,
Sweet with night,
And my arms are lifted
To the beauty of a far, white star.

II.

The Pool.

A pool lies dim, untroubled, in a land
Of silence, guarded by tall pines.
Its banks are set with reeds that drooping stand,
Heads bowed over their own reflected lines
In the black water, and at night the grace
Of starlight mirrors in that silent place.

III.

The Lake.

After a mile of willow-scrub and grass
Suddenly, the lake.
Slow breezes pass,
Set the reeds dancing, break
The mirrored surface into flashing light,
And rise with swifter wing along the height
Of distant hills. The autumn afternoon
Fades, and the clear, cold night drives down. A loon
Pierces the quiet. Then a whirr of wings—
The dusk is living. Hesitant wild things
Grow bold and stir among the reeds.
Across a narrow neck of marshy land
A mallard whistles, downward glides, and feeds . . . . .
The sounds grow fainter, dim to a murmur, die.
The reeds beyond the sand
Fade to a velvet dark, and strangely, silently,
The world has vanished, leaving in her solitude
Only the lake, a woman nude
And beautiful with starlight. . . .

KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

SONNET.

WHEN from the barren skies there fall no showers,
When on the caking mud the last wave's lapt
And dried, when the high hills no longer capt
With snow, refresh no lowland flowers,
How shall we face the terror of those hours?
Shall we, whose boast is reason, still be apt
To learn unreasoning fear, while all the rapt
Attention of the Universe is ours?

Or will those watchers see mankind at last
Stand, in the blaze of Earth's consuming heat
The masters of the highest things that are,
The age-long struggle to achievement past?
And afterwards will God in His high seat
Weep for the beauty of a vanished star?

HARRY GREEN.

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

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COMPOSERS OF SONG LYRICS.

WE have lately been receiving a rather constant supply of letters from individuals who have written what they conceive to be verses suitable for setting to music for popular songs, and want to know the best method for disposing of them. The majority of these correspondents are so profoundly convinced of the high value of their compositions, and of the frightful risk which they run of having them purloined, that they scarcely ever enclose a copy for our information and delight, and we are therefore not in a position to express an opinion as to the prevailing level of Canadian achievement in this form of literature. But we have a strong suspicion that the great majority of such enquirers are destined never to reap any great amount of fortune, or even of fame, as a result of their efforts.

We have therefore little hesitation in directing the attention of Canadian writers of popular song lyrics to a recent article by Fred Mierisch, in Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, which gives a great deal of inside information about the business of publishing popular songs. His article is chiefly concerned with the publisher who undertakes to provide the music and to print the resultant song upon receipt of the sum of $50 or more from the ambitious author in payment for 500 copies. The system provides quite a profitable business to the publisher without the necessity for selling any copies to the public, since the song can be composed, engraved and printed for approximately $25. The author naturally supposes that when once his song is on the market its intrinsic merit will inevitably bring it an overwhelming success. He does not know that the mere printing of a piano-and-voice edition does not even start the song in the race for popularity. "Popular songs can only be stated for success by theatrical performers and orchestras," and these are much too busy to be bothered with the making of their own orchestrations when they can obtain from any legitimate publisher, without charge, an orchestrated version of any song in his list. Mr. Mierisch concludes his article with these sad words: "I can remember just three individuals that succeeded in lading their songs by mail with legitimate publishers, and the sum total of their royalties was $32."

THE FREE PRESS BOOK SECTION.

THE Manitoba Free Press ontinues to publish "on the last Saturday of every month," its "Literary and Book-Review Section," which is far too important and characteristic to be a mere appendage of a local daily (we use the word local in no disparaging sense, but merely to mark the fact that the Daily Free Press, while of profound interest to anybody between Port Arthur and the Rockies, cannot expect to engage the attention of many readers outside of that area). The issue of May 27 contains as its chief feature a very important article by John W. Dafoe, which is much more than a mere review of Professor Skelton's "Laurier." Dealing with the comment made in Ontario at the time of the late statesman's accession to the leadership of the Liberal party, that "Laurier will never make a leader: he has not enough of the devil in him," Mr. Dafoe says: "The Ontario mind was under the sway of that singular misconception, so common to Britishers, that a Frenchman by temperament is gay, romantic, inconsequent, with few reserves of will and perseverance. Whereas the good French mind is about the coolest, clearest, least emotional instrument of the kind that there is. The courtesy, grace, charm, literary and artistic ability that go with it are merely accessories; they are the feathers on the arrow that help it to its flight from the twanging bow-cord to the bull's-eye. Laurier's mind was typically French with something also Italianate about it, an inheritance perhaps from the long-dead Savoyard ancestor who brought the name to this continent."

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

SOMETHING will certainly have to be done about the London Times' Literary Supplement, in the way of calling its attention to the fact that there is a portion of North America known as Canada, which belongs to the British Empire, and for many reasons cannot properly be designated as "American." We should have supposed that the Canadian localism of "Miriam of Queen's" would have been sufficiently obvious even to a reviewer in England. But here is what the Lit. Supp. has to say about Lilian Vaux MacKinnon's novel: "The career of an American college girl suitable for the reading of other American college girls—at Kingston, 'the old limestone city, that sweet city with its dreaming spires.'" Something, we repeat, must certainly be done about it.

Bliss Carman's "Later Poems"

By JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

THIRTY-FOUR years after an American editor first published "Low Tide on Grand Pre," a firm of Canadian publishers had the courage to issue on their own account for the Canadian public a volume of Bliss Carman's poetry. Among the orders these publishers received was one telegram from Winnipeg asking for five hundred copies. The edition in question was brought out last November, and after six months a second edition has been called for, showing that one Canadian prophet at least has at length been honored in his own country.

Those of us who heard Bliss Carman in any of his recent readings will be particularly glad to possess these "Later Poems," for the volume contains most of the poems he used in his public programmes such as "Vestigia," "A Remembrance," "The Ships of Yule," "The Ships of St. John," "Trees," and "White Iris." They are identified in our memories with a tall figure and busy head and a voice not very strong but full of music and a pleasant cadence. They remind us that to the poet himself poetry is something to be spoken and not merely something for the eyes to read. The quality given to them by Bliss Carman's own voice was something like the mute on a violin.

In a volume of critical essays entitled "The Friendship of Art," Bliss Carman once emphasized the part that speech culture plays in literature, showing how much of the beauty of poetry is due to the beauty of sound in the spoken word. Literature, he says, is dependent on writing or printing "only as a means for its preservation. All its essential qualities, like music, are perceived only when it is reproduced as modified sound." In the case of Bliss Carman's poems, this is peculiarly true. Their magic becomes twice as magical when they are sympathetically spoken.

It may be that the lack of appreciation of our Canadian poets has been due to these poets depending too much on the written word. They have appealed to the public only through the eye, whereas their proper appeal is rather through the ear. The eye has been corrupted by the daily newspaper, accustoming us to skim through a hundred subjects in ten minutes. This may explain why Bliss Carman himself has recaptured the appreciation of his own country by the personal recitations of his own poems. If he had remained for ever in New Canaan, leaving us to read about him in occasional reviews, would we have bought two thousand copies of this latest selection of his poems in six months, more than we ever bought in Canada of all his previous books in sixteen years?

Another essay in "The Friendship of Art" deals with the Man Behind the Book, and urges that the task of the critic should be to discover the personality expressed in the work of art, music or literature reviewed. "In short," says Bliss Carman, "the object of criticism is to know the man, just as his object as an artist was to make himself known." With such an approach to these "Later Poems," one finds the reading doubly fascinating. For the character revealed in these poems is sincerity personified, combined with a deep feeling for nature, a love and intimate knowledge of flowers both of the garden and of the forest.

The bluebird in the orchard
Is lyrical for her,
The starling with his meadow pipe
Sets all the woods astir,
The hooded white spring-beauties
Are curtsying in the breeze,
The blue hepaticas are out
Under the chestnut trees.

There is a confidence in the goodness of the world, a kindness for his fellowmen, a serene happiness in living:

Where is Heaven? Is it not
Just a friendly garden plot,
Walled with stone and roofed with sun
Where the days pass one by one?

Very sweet to the poet is the remembrance of his native country:

For spreading her old enchantment
Of tender ineffable wonder
Summer is there in the Northland!
How should my heart not know?

The poet responds to the rhythm of the seasons from Spring to December. Here is his hymn to April:

Now the lengthening twilights hold
Tints of lavender and gold,
And the marshy places ring
With the pipers of the spring.

Now the solitary star
Lays a path on meadow streams,
And I know it is not far
To the open door of dreams.

Lord of April, in my hour
May the dogwood be in flower,
And the angel through the dome
Of spring twilight lead me home.

"The real book," says Bliss Carman in the volume of essays already referred to, "has vitality, it convinces and moves and entrances us by its indubitable veracity. Its maker was not concerned to produce an effect, but to free his mind and give vent to his feeling. Inevitably the result of his effort bears the stamp of his own personality. The book is the living image of the man."

Bliss Carman had practised what he preached. No book written by any Canadian author could more truly be said to be the living image of the man than this.

Of all the lines in the two hundred pages, I think I like those best which are to be found in the second half of the poem entitled "Dust of the Street":

Scatter my ashes in the street
Where avenue and crossway meet.

I beg you of your charity,
No granite and cement for me.

To needlessly perpetuate
An unimportant name and date.

Others may wish to lay them down
On some fair hillside far from town,

Where slim white birches wave and gleam
Beside a shadowy woodland stream,

Or in luxurious beds of fern,
But I would have my dust return

To the one place it loved the best
In days when it was happiest.

One Man in His Time.

In Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "One Man in His Time," booksellers have a book which they may enthusiastically put before their customers. It is the story of a governor of Virginia, who finds himself projected into a society where blood and breeding are paramount. His vivacious daughter, Patty, feels her lack of background and resents it keenly. Miss Glasgow's characters stand out clearly against the society of Virginia she knows so well. The novel starts out with an evident sureness of purpose, is replete with a delightful quality of description and finishes in a logical way. The plot is well-knit and a bit of mystery adds zest to the tale.

Magnificent Prose of Marjorie Pickthall

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

"IN Canada," wrote Marjorie Pickthall to me shortly before her death in April, "I find I am regarded as a writer of verse only, although I do not quite know why." Surely among the acclaiming appreciators of her genius there must be many, though they have neglected to celebrate it, who have followed the growth of that inspired prose of hers. Its earliest full blossom appeared in 1915 in the first novel, "Little Hearts," and the last (though who shall say it would have been the fullest?) but a few weeks before her death, "The Bridge." That last was a story of Canada—she had grown hungry for home, written it, and returned to "fulfill an old dream" in the few months which were her last in life. Before and in between the two full blooms, the books, flowered the brilliant, poignant pieces of short fiction which have won her fame both on this continent and in England, as an almost separate literary entity, under the masculine signature, "M. L. C. Pickthall." I have finished reading the last of them in the June "Everybody's," "The Men Who Climbed," and I should like to commend it to all who have not been told or who have not realized that Marjorie Pickthall was the mistress of one of the rarest gifts of prose expression it has been this country's good fortune to witness, much less to claim.

It is simply that Canadians have not yet fully learned of that powerful turn of her talent. It has not been called sufficiently to their attention. The fact, however, that the last book (which she lived to see, may we all be grateful, reaching the zenith which it has since attained), is now leading the fiction lists in Great Britain, and is creating more comment throughout the English-speaking world than any Canadian novel has heretofore so much as approached, is proof that it has not lacked recognition. The fact also that the three or four Canadian editions are now almost completely exhausted, is further proof that there has been recognition in Canada too, of that last work and, as many say, masterpiece.

But it would be better to forget all that in the writing itself, wherein it is possible to see humanity with new strength and clarity, and also heaven. In her prose writing Marjorie Pickthall assumed a new touch. *It is not the touch with which she has approached any of her poems.* It is here, in my opinion, that Canadian critics have fallen short in the classification of her work. Comparison of any sort is a poor basis for judgment, and it has been singularly inadequate between the two forms of this writer's expression. It is absurd to say that Marjorie Pickthall's prose is not enriched her innate poesy; it is, as Haendel's oratorios were vivified by his dalliance with the opera; but it is a greater absurdity and a slight upon another power equally great and stronger in its simplicity, to call it a *product* of her poesy. Her prose is narrative drama, decorated by a hand made light with exquisite practice. Her poetry is a lyric manifestation of grace and sentiment—and her mastery of the one (the poetry) has tremendously aided in the perfection and enlargement of the other (the prose).

When I come to express, as I so often have occasion, just what quality or quantity fills the two novels (and the stories as well) I am continually brought up upon a muteness of utter insufficiency. What to say? The best I can usually manage is, "Read them." It is splendid advice but literary cowardice. Perhaps this time I shall write it, although I have my doubts.

The first quality, and that too is quantity, is understanding—a most unfailing understanding; the second is a magnetic power, as of a foreknowledge of all circumstance big and little, a closeness with destiny; the third is beauty—beauty of conception, beauty of phrase, beauty of sadness and nature; and the fourth is a finely-chased but most satisfying humorousness—as though at times the page were written under a constant smile.

I do not know if I have said it. If I can add anything at all in the declaration that I have never "felt" so keenly and so near any other but two books (and those two "The Golden Age" and "The Story of a South African Farm"—I might make it three and add "Mr. Britling"), accept it for the testimony of one who must perforce read much, and consequently remembers as little as possible.

For those who have not made the discovery of Miss Pickthall's novels, let me proclaim them. "Little Hearts" is a story of England in the old days—the time of Prince Charles, and there are silks and powdered hair *about* it—but *in* it—just a handful of "little hearts" in poverty, in the pathetic brave philosophy of poverty, in good and ill adventure and in loss of what little they have found to lose—but finally one heart in triumph. Out of the book I take one quotation which is part of an entry in young Mr. Sampson's "Philosophy Book": "Without winter there is no spring; there is no resurrection that is not purchased by death." You will never forget "Little Hearts."

Of "The Bridge," there is much to say for Canadians. One of the things which must be said, is that it leads in the vanguard of truly great literary production which our country may give the world. It is the story of a man who was lost in cowardice of mind, but found himself in sacrifice and self-knowledge. Laid in the magnificence of the Great Lakes, it is filled with the spells of love, romance and good battle that must be present in any book that is to be truly sufficient. The scenes of storm, on the water, the sand, and in the hearts of its characters make it an epic. If there runs close towards its close a sorrowful theme of unfulfilled seeking, it is justified in the beauty of the ending of all suspense. If one might speak at length of mysticism, one could dwell longer on "The Bridge," and its significance spiritually. It has already been mentioned from the pulpit, and I hope it may bring its message to the many who may not hear any message from the pulpit. I wonder as I read this last published work of that great and knowing woman who has died, whether she can have more to say of God since she has seen Him.

What's in a Name?

By LUCY AM ("Luke Allan")

SOME have fame thrust upon them, like the indigent artist who, on the way to an auction sales room with an armful of pictures, slipped and upset a policeman.

The fact that the English public had taken to a story of a Canadian writer to the extent of a couple of score of thousands did not unduly thrill me—I confess that acceptance in my own country of one-tenth of the number might have puffed me up to unseemly proportions—but when a clipping from the Glasgow Herald reached my hands I began to pull down my vest.

The clipping:

"Glasgow's claim to literary fame will be enhanced next month by the publication by Messrs. ——— of another novel with a strong Glasgow interest. . . . The authoress, Miss Blank, is a Glasgow lady, but here she drops her nom de plume and appears on the title page as 'Luke Allan,' a happy combination of two of her real names. Miss Blank will be best remembered by Glasgow people as the authoress of two plays produced by the Repertory Company, etc."

I had no objection to being known as an authoress, or as capable of writing a Scotch story, and only a Bernard Shaw could betray a convincing indignation at the fame that bursts from two produced plays (even by a repertory company) and a name interwoven easily by a great city's newspaper with that city's "claim to literary fame." And here was an authoress who had already "written a good deal" to her undying distinction in Glasgow sacrificing it all at one stroke of the pen in order to do me the honor of assuming a manufactured penname that had already paid my rent and board bills!

I gave my vest another tug. My plans for the coming year had included only Paris, Venice, and India. I added Japan, with Christmas in Canada.

Next day a magazine editor friend casually mentioned across the lunch table at the Savage Club that he had carefully set aside for leisurely perusal a manuscript of mine highly recommended by a literary agent as the work of "a coming author."

That was different. After the Glasgow Herald I bridled at the futurity of it. Also, when I have attained sufficient of this world's goods not to deplore another receiving a substantial check intended for me, my friends can put me in an asylum without preliminaries.

I got busy.

First, I joined the British Society of Authors, acknowledging to the secretary the meanness of the proceeding. He quite agreed with me, adding weight to his opinion by dwelling on the uncertainty of the executive taking action on behalf of one who sought their wing only in time of panic At the same time he tendered good advice, with permission to call again if my own exertions failed.

Three letters I wrote, fervid ones: (1) To my publisher; (2) to the literary agent who was offering Miss Blank's stories over my name; (3) to her publisher.

Sequel: My pride died so dead that mortification set in.

Both Miss Blank's publisher and her literary agent assured me solemnly that they had never before heard of another "Luke Allan!" They rubbed it in. Miss Blank, they positively asserted, had never before heard of another "Luke Allan!!!"

Of course, both apologized profusely, and the publisher demonstrated his contrition by printing new covers and jackets for the sinning story, which was just ready for the market.

The inadequacy of apologies has come home to me. Mudie's Lending Library places Miss Blank's book (appearing under the name of another member of the "Allan" family) second in the list of its library demand for November.

I will probably be content with a hectic week in Margate in 1922.

TRIBUTE TO CANADIAN AUTHOR.

A tribute to the Canadian artist-author, Arthur Heming, was paid to him recently in a letter addressed to him in care of his publishers, from the National American Indian Memorial Association, of which Rodman Wanamaker is president and founder, Joseph H. Choate, Jr., vice-president, Joseph K. Dixon, secretary and J. P. Morgan & Co., treasurer. The letter which is from the secretary, Joseph K. Dixon, is as follows:

"The first impulse after reading your 'Drama of the Forests' is to begin with the title page and follow you again amid the wild wonders of the Northland. Rhetoric is simply vain in any attempt to describe you and your work.

"We hear much about the 'flowers of speech'; every page here is crowded with the 'fruits of speech'; three hundred and twenty-six pages of rapture, instruction and inspiration.

"My heart would be weighted with a great debt if I did not express my gratitude and appreciation for your valorous truth-telling concerning the naked splendor, spirit and character of the Indian.

"After years of study and exploration of the Indian on his home ground your vgorous verification of my own conviction and experience gives added joy to your story, and I feel sure will also give added furtherance to my efforts to emancipate this sadly oppressed race of people."

Way of Revelation.

One of the most strikingly realistic novels of the year is Wilfrid Ewart's "Way of Revelation," published by Goodchild. It is a story of the war years, 1914-1918, and of the effect of war upon character. Of this book Sir Philip Gibbs has said: "No more truthful and vivid picture of life between 1914 and 1919 has been written in English."

It created a sensation in London and now bids fair to cause a similar stir on this side of the Atlantic.

The Fighting Starkleys.

Captain Theodore Goodridge Roberts, in "The Fighting Starkleys," published by the Page Co., tells a stirring tale of the north woods in which are contrasted a strong and a weak character in Young Starkley and Hammond, developing a plot that is replete in dramatic situations. It is a more pretentious work than "Comrades of the Trail" and "The Red Feathers,' 'and should find an even larger public than did those well-told stories.

Why Kill the Goose?

By Frederick D. Hartman

ARE Publishers and Bookdealers killing their goose that lays the golden eggs? It is the opinion of the writer that this question may well be asked. The goose in this case is the Art of Reading. What is the effect on the development of this art of the present policies of publishers and dealers? When one looks at the enormous lists of new books announced in every issue of various literary journals, the answer must seem to be that surely in all these titles there is enough material to keep the reading public going. And indeed there is—too much material. The volume of books printed has been increasing at an enormous rate and one entirely out of proportion with the increase in the size of the reading public. Is there then not going to be a danger of so flooding this all too small group with books that many will become discouraged and give up buying and reading as well through sheer inability to select just those titles which would prove appealing and prove a satisfactory purchase?

The chief means available at present for publishers and dealers to approach the reading public is through their advertising and publicity material. It is through this same medium that the reading public is to be increased—if this is to occur. Does the advertising and publicity of the publishers and bookdealers accomplish all that might be expected along this line?

The original justification for the establishment of a business was to render a way possible for an individual to supply his needs. Along with the development of more individual needs and the specialization of labor came the various types and methods of barter and exchange. Soon came the necessity for a means of informing individuals where various types of merchandise to supply their needs could be procured—and from this grew one of the first types of advertising, namely, the simple announcement that certain commodities or services could be procured at such and such a place. Frequently this took the form of crude drawings, sketches, models, etc. With the increased growth of business there appeared places where not only needs could be supplied, but also wants—(that is, commodities not absolutely essential). Then as advertising began to be a business power working in a large way, there developed from the process of supplying wants and needs, that of **creating** wants and needs. To the skilful use of this power many businesses of the present day actually owe their existence and it has consciously and otherwise become the principle that successful advertising of any commodity should show the existence of a need and desire for this commodity in every individual. There are many instances where this policy has been of real practical value, and doubtless in every case some apparent results are produced, but it is the conviction of the writer that in the case of the distribution of books this will produce and is now producing a reactionary and detrimental effect on the business.

For the most successful distribution of books it is necessary that all books shall be presented to the public that they may make their selections intelligently. What are the facilities which are available to the average person

This is an attractive display of popular books, but how about the man or woman influenced by it to go inside the store—is the book salesman sufficiently posted to be able to intelligently answer questions which the customer may ask about any of the books shown in the window?

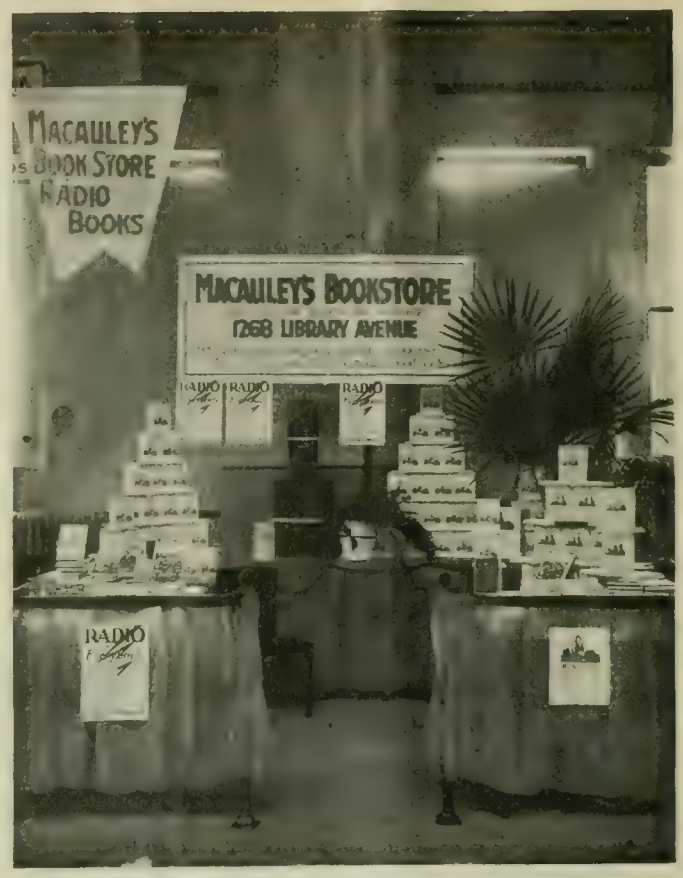
for making an intelligent selection of books? The first to come to one's mind is the literary column in the current journals. But these do not seem to me to carry the publicity value so generally ascribed to them—for the reason that the people who read these literary reviews and criticisms are those who already have developed in themselves the habit and desire to read. The average person of the non-reading public (which is where publishers and dealers must now make their appeal) does not read literary reviews and if he did would not find them particularly interesting or instructive. Many technical terms are used which convey meaning only to those with considerable reading experience. The use of literary criticisms or extracts from them as the basis for publishers' and dealers' publicity is not likely to increase their clientele of patrons. The enormously increasing number of books published and offered to their established clientele is in some cases going to discourage and possibly even kill their desire for reading. This situation is almost one where the patrons are buying all they possibly can read and more, and increased business must come from undeveloped readers.

The magazine and newspaper advertising of books has developed too much along the lines of publicity used to promote the distribution of general merchandise. Imagine our representative from the non-reading public who decides to make a trial at buying and reading a book. He refers to the advertisements to discover what he should buy—and as he turns the pages he sees dozens of titles of "best" books and so far as the slogans and descriptive phrases mean anything to him they point out his need for that very book. Here, for example, is a small list of examples of such material offered by various publishers to assist prospective buyers to make intelligent selections. They are taken quite at random from current magazines:

"Stories one never forgets."

"Here is young love as it was when the morning stars sang together."

"Dramatic, heart-gripping—as the reader feels that its end is right and inevitable."



TWO RADIO BOOK WINDOWS

Displays in New York Stores Showing How Booksellers There are Bidding for "Wireless" Business.

"The book of the year, a classic masterpiece. Over 40,000 sold in America." Etc., etc.

The space available and practicable to use in magazines and newspapers is not large enough to permit a very detailed description of the book and about the best use which can be made of the space is to make announcements of new publications. But this does not accomplish much toward developing new readers.

So our man next turns to the retail bookshop and will only too probably find that the clerk can say little more to him than—"This is one of the best sellers"—or "An excellent book—we're selling lots of them," etc. To be sure there are many notable exceptions to this rule and in any case it is very difficult for one to know a good book from a bad one, particularly before having read it. What proves to be a good book for one person in a certain mood may be a bad one for him in a different mood. The present policy of book advertising and publicity is based upon the supposition that there is a "standardization of public taste."

It is asked then what can be done by the publishers and dealers in their publicity methods to increase the size of the reading public. It seems to me that this must be done through the personal medium, namely, the book-clerk. We hear on all sides criticisms of the average book-clerk—based upon his more or less apparent lack of knowledge concerning the merchandise which he handles. And yet what do the publishers and dealers do to remedy this situation? Very little, it seems to me. One can not expect the book clerks to read every book in the stock. What I propose might well be done with advantage is that the publishers send a letter about every two weeks directly to the clerks, announcing a few new publications and giving in simple, non-technical terms, a brief abstract of each of these publications. Care would have to be taken to guard against sending too much material—but a brief abstract would prove very useful. In a short time the clerks would have an accurate knowledge of the general contents of many publications and could then impart this to their patrons who would very soon realize and appreciate this assistance and come to depend more and more upon the bookshop for information about books. At present, when the average clerk very strongly recommends a certain title to a prospective purchaser the effect is to scare the purchaser away, who feels that an attempt is being made to unload something on him. But this feeling would be rapidly overcome if the clerk were able to give some accurate description of the actual contents of the book, instead of merely generalities.

Some modification of the proposed scheme would, I feel confident, result in the strengthening of the bookshop's hold on its clientele and, secondarily of course, increase it—and for the publishers the effect would be equally salutary.

Here is a display of books by Gene Stratton Porter. The salespeople in the bookshop should be able to supplement the influence of this display by imparting expert knowledge about this author and all her books.

NOW A BENEDICT.

The marriage on June 15th of Mr. Leslie A. Gemmel, the senior salesman of the Musson Book Company and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton of Canada, was celebrated at Grace Church-on-the-Hill. The bride was Miss Annie Morris Murray, also of Toronto. Mr. Gemmel is one of the pioneers of the wholesale book trade in Canada. Twenty-eight years ago he joined Mr. Musson in the founding of his company, and has been one of the pillars of the business since that time. His many friends and associates wish him the greatest happiness that can come to a man who deserves it.

What a Bookstore Ought to Be

By WILLIAM J. McNULTY

KEEPING abreast of the times in books is the policy of E. G. Nelson & Co., of St. John, N.B., proprietors of one of the oldest and leading bookstores in the Maritime Provinces. This store has been conducted for sixty years continuously, first by the late E. G. Nelson and during the past twenty years by J. E. Secord, as the chief member of the firm and manager of the store.

E. G. Nelson first started a bookstore at the corner of King and Charlotte Streets, St. John, facing King Square. At that time he had an adopted son, to whom he was related. This son was John Young, a young man. One afternoon as Young was passing by the Courtenay Bay waterfront, near the cotton mill, he saw a boy struggling in the water. He leaped in despite the heavy sea, and tried to save the boy, whose name was Mundee. However, owing to delay in getting out a boat, and after a rope that had been secured had broken in its very rottenness, Young raised his hand aloft out of the water and still clinging to the boy, went under the water. Both drowned in the view of thousands who had been attracted to the scene.

This was a hard blow to Mr. Nelson. When the monument that now rests in King Square, attesting to the heroism of John Young, was proposed for the section of the square facing Nelson's bookstore, Mr. Nelson demurred. It would stand as a perpetual reminder, he said, of his loss. So the monument was placed in another section, where it would not be visible from the store.

However, the death of his adopted son proved such a shock to Mr. Nelson that he died, broken hearted, in two years.

The Nelson bookstore was removed ten years ago to King Street. The motto of the store has been to give Canadian authors and publishers the right of way in window display. There are two commodious windows, one of which is always devoted to the display of books entirely.

The books of Rev. H. A. Cody, who lives in St. John, where he is pastor of St. James' Anglican Church, are pushed strongly. The Rev. Mr. Cody specializes on novels depicting life in the Yukon territory, but his last two novels have been stories of New Brunswick. The books of Miss L. M. Montgomery, of Anne of Green Gables fame, and who formerly lived in Prince Edward Island, are also pushed strongly by the Nelson Company.

For two weeks following the publishing of a Cody or a Montgomery novel, one of the windows is devoted solely to the display of the book. Not another book is shown in the window until the book has been adjudged sufficiently displayed.

Mr. Secord and his feminine employees have become known as book experts to many of St. John's reading public. They have conducted a clinic on books and stories in magazines, and customers who are in doubt usually seek the advice of the personnel of the store before buying. The manager and his employees familiarize themselves with the current output of books and of the articles and stories in the leading magazines.

The windows of the Nelson Company are very attractive at all times. One of the windows is devoted to the display of stationery, pencils, pens, check protectors, blotting pads, ink wells and such. Inside the store glass show cases are installed in a crescent.

Shelves on the walls carry thousands of books. It is estimated that books on all subjects can be purchased in the Nelson store. Scientific treatises are prominently displayed.

Above all, the motto of the Nelson store is to have each and every employee a lover of books and to keep pace with the new books and yet not forget the old books. Nelson's is not a mere bookstore. It is where one can find the news and criticism of the newest books. The success of the store has been becoming more evident each year, and instead of losing trade when the company removed from a very choice location to one farther from the beaten track, business has become better.

To sell books one should know books and love them, and be able to give patrons the benefit of expert advice. The Nelson store admirably lives up to that ideal.

A NEW CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The first number of a Canadian all-story magazine will be isued early in the Autumn. The new publcation will be entitled "The Quill," and will be edited by J. A. Mallory and R. W. Magee.

The need for a magazine devoted exclusively to the publication of the best Canadian fiction by Canadian writers has long been felt, but the postal law which excludes from entry to the mails as second-class matter any publication which does not contain a large proportion of news, or articles on current topics, has presented an insurmountable obstacle to many who have contemplated such a periodical. The publishers of "The Quill," however, have decided to go ahead in spite of the serious handicap of being compelled to pay full rates of postage on each copy of the magazine.

The new magazine will be standard magazine size and each number will contain several short stories, the object being to present the very best obtainable in this country. The editors are now in the market for first-class short stories. They place no restraining policies or limitations on authors—except that stories must be Canadian in setting. Stories may run from 1,000 to 5,000 words in length and preference will be given to those of 3,000 words or under. Payment will be made promptly on acceptance and at rates detedmined more by the stories' merits than by their length.

The publishers say that an author's name or fame will have absolutely no weight in the office of "The Quill." The editors want good stories and the new and unknown writer will be just as welcome as the one with an established reputation.

The publication office is 46 Bloor Street West, Toronto.

Morse, Katharine, "A Gate of Cedar." Macmillan, Toronto. Some of these poems have attracted attention in the Century Magazine under the pen-name of "Anne Arrabin." They are the work of a woman of strong and deep-rooted culture and large spirit, whose personality appears in the thought—very varied and authoritative and yet reasonaby original—rather than in the expression, which is merely tasteful versifying. "Truant" is a statement of womanly friendship for another woman which we shall not easily forget.

Unnoticed London

IT has always been our profound conviction that the peculiar richness of flavor of an old-world metropolis is far more likely to be savored to the full by an observer from a newer country than by those who have been brought up from childhood in the midst of its traditions and its picturesqueness. The question, we admit, is open to debate. Old towns are in some respects like old wine. Some of their peculiar qualities can perhaps only be discerned by a palate trained for many years in their degustation. But even in the case of wines, there is something to be said for the first fine, if not precisely careless, rapture of the drinker from the Middle States, brought up on grape-juice and raspberry vinegar with perhaps an occasional dash of boot-leg whiskey in criminal moments, when introduced to the fruit of the grape of the Rhine Valley upon its native slopes. For ourselves we would vastly rather experience the joys of such a liberated Kansan or Wisconsinite than the more epicurean delights of the trained "bon vivant" whose wine must be of a certain precise temperature and served in a certain ritual manner if it is to afford any satisfaction to his critical soul.

Not that every Wisconsinite is qualified to appreciate hock or Moselle, nor every Canadian visitor to England to chant the beauties of "Unnoticed London" as Miss Montizambert has done in the delightful little volume which has just issued from the press of J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. ($1.25). One must have the makings of a palate, and one must have felt, even in one's new-world home, the yearning for something riper, more full-bodied, than the grape-juice which aptly typifies so much of the unfermented life of this youthful continent. Some people are fortunate enough to inherit a taste for vintages, and need only a little opportunity to cultivate it. Miss Montizambert certainly inherited a taste for ripe old literary backgrounds; and it is possible that in Quebec and Montreal she found just enough to stimulate that taste and, as the hymn so neatly puts it, "not too much to long for more." At any rate she removed herself some years ago to the capitals of Europe, not by any means to Canada's unmitigated detriment; for she has acted in Paris and London as a kind of literary ambassador and has enabled many thousands of Canadians to understand the life of those capitals much better than they could otherwise have done. She has now undertaken a new service which we think will be of great value not only to Canadians but to a great number of English people. She has recorded in a neat little volume of some two hundred pages, every one of which contains its own separate and individual charm, the reactions produced in her fresh, yet cultivated, Canadian mind by fifty or sixty of the lesser known ancient buildings of London—or perhaps one should not say buildings, but rather the whole scenes of visible and invisible beauty, of present-day physical surroundings and of historic glamor of associations, of which these buildings are the centres. To revert to our alcoholic metaphor, the difference between a guide-book and Miss Montizambert's "Unnoticed London" is precisely the difference between the wine-card in a restaurant and the effect produced by the wines themselves when perfectly served by an ideal host at a superbly managed dinner-party. Many who perhaps will never see Chelsea Hospital or All Hallows Barking or St. Bartholomew's the Great, can taste in these pages no dim reflection but a very lively embodiment of the flavor of those ancient sites and walls and inscriptions.

Taste is a very personal thing, and Miss Montizambert's palate is an exquisitely sensitive one. We hold it greatly to her honor that she has never seen the Tower of London and never proposes to. The Tower of London is one of those vulgar wines which show in very large type on the wine-card but are never ordered by the delicately minded. The time of the author, and the space in the book, that might have been wasted on the instruments of torture and other uninspiring relics in this old prison, are much better employed in evoking, by means of exhaustive quotation and inexhaustible reference, the atmosphere that clings about such places as Cheyne Walk, Tattersall's, the "Physic Garden," the Charterhouse, and those inexpressibly lovely spots, the parks of London, —Battersea and Kew and St. James's.

This is not a book to review. It is not even a book to recommend to everybody indiscriminately, for there are persons who are total abstainers—whether by principle or by lack of desire—in respect to old places as in respect to old wines. But it is a book to be loved and to be kept on the most accessible shelf, and to be entered in the list of the books that one must positively read again immediately before one's next trip across the Atlantic. And it is also exactly the kind of book for a book-lover to give to his friend; for we conceive that the person who would not like this book could not possibly be a real friend to a book-lover.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Beresford, J. D., "The Prisoners of Hartling." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.00. A slight but clever novel depicting the lives of a family group (extending to several generations) domiciled in an English country-house and kept by their lack of means and enterprise completely under the thumb of the head of the house, a self-willed old millionaire. The horrors of dependence have seldom been more tellingly displayed.

Cade, Coulson, "The Cornish Penny." McClelland, Toronto, $2.00. One of these extremely leisurely tales of life in an aristocratic English family at its country seat—this time in Cornwall. The introduction of a super-criminal artist—a sort of mixture of Oscar Wilde and Raffles—lends a mild interest to the second half.

Comstock, Harriet T., "At the Cross-Roads." Gundy, Toronto, 1.90. The combination of a Pollyanna view of the world, a "spirit of outdoors," and a lively interest in some of the problems of sex should be a good recipe for popularity in an American novelist.

Crawford, Jack, "I Walked in Arden." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.00. A young man, even of American birth, if brought up in England and suddenly pitched into a manufacturing plant in the Eastern States is pretty sure to provide material for comedy. The adventures of this one, in a town which is as much like Cleveland, Ohio, as towns need to be, are extremely amusing, and are depicted with a thorough knowledge of the externals and some of the inner essentials of life in that sort of milieu. An honest and appealing love-story leads up to a conclusion in which the tragedy of tuberculosis, that rather over-worked literary motive, is handled with a new beauty. A very moving book.

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ASSOCIATION DES AUTEURS CANADIENS.

Statuts de la Section Française.

I. Constitution.

Cette section française, fondée le premier de mai, 1921, fait partie de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens, et elle est soumise à sa constitution et a ses règlements mais régie pour ses affaires internes par les présents statuts.

II. Composition.

Elle comprend tous les membres de langue française de l'association des auteurs canadiens qui, bien qu'ils puissent relever directement de l'association générale ou d'une de ses succursales, auront été admis a faire partie de cette section aux termes de ses statuts.

III. Attributions.

Elle jouit d'une autonomie complète et exclusive dans l'administration de ses affaires ainsi que dans la direction des interêts de la littèrature canadienne-française. Elle coopère avec l'association des auteurs Canadiens dans les questions d'interêt général. Elle a nottament pour but la défense morale et matérielle des interêts généraux des auteurs canadiens français. Parmis ces auteurs sont compris non seulement les écrivains mais aussi les artistes.

IV. Succursales.

Elle peut créer des succursales et groupes de langue française, qui relèvent d'elle a l'instar des succursales de l'association générale, dans les centres où elle compte au moins cinq membres réguliers. Le présidents de ces succursales ou groupes son *ex officio* vice-présidents adjoints de cette section.

V. Administration.

L'administration de ses affaires est confiée à un conseil composé d'un président, d'un premier et d'un second vice-présidents, d'un secrétaire, d'un trésorier, de cinq conseillers et de trois délégués pour chaque succursale ou groupe, au nombre desquels se trouve ex-officio le président de telle succursale ou groupe qui est vice-président adjoint de cette section.

Les cinq premiers officiers de ce conseil enforment le *comité exécutif* réuni des pouvoirs qui lui sont attribués par les statuts ou qui lui sont déiégués par resolution du conseil.

Le *comité d'admission* établi pour cette section par le constitution de l'association général se compose des membres du comité exécutif.

Le conseil peut en outre constitués, par résolution, tous autres comités, qu'il juge necessaire à l'administration des affaires a et en nommer les titulaires parmi les membres réguliers de cette section.

VI. Admission.

Les candidats à l'admission dans cette section doivent présenter une demande par écrit établissant leurs titres à en faire partie. Avis des candidatures est transmis par le secretaire à tous les membres de la section qui peuvent lui adresser leurs objections motivées par ecrit contre toute candidature dans les dix jours qui suivent l'envoi de cet avis. Ce délai expiré, le comité d'admission se prononce sur les candidatures après avoir pris connaissance des objections.

L'admission régulière d'un membre emporte son adhésion a la constitution et aux règlements de l'association des Auteurs Canadiens et aux statuts de cette section, ainsi qu'a tous amendements qui pourront être apportés a l'avenir aux uns et aux autres.

La radiation d'un membre de cette section peut être prononcée par un vote des deux tiers des members de cette section, sur recommendation du conseil à cet effet les abstentionistes sont comptes comme appuyant cette recommendation du conseil.

VII. Assemblées.

Les assemblées sont convoquées par le président, par les comités, par le conseil ou par les membres, suivant le cas, a défaut les uns des autres dans l'ordre indiqué ci-dessus, et si l'avis de convocation n'est pas émis par le président, il doit réunir le nombre de membres voulu pour délibérer dans l'assemblée ainsi convoquée. Une assemblée générale sera tenue le premier samedi de chaque mois.

L'assemblée peut délibérer valablement si elle réunit, suivant le cas, un quart des membres de la section, un tiers des membres du conseil, ou la majorité des membres du comité convoqué. Pour cette fin, ceux qui ont donné leur consentement par écrit pour chaque cas, sont comptés comme présents.

VIII. Siège Social.

Jusqu'à l'adoption d'un lien permanent, le siège social de cette section est fixe au domicile du secrétaire, a l'adresse indiquée par lui. Les réunions peuvent cependant se tenir a tout autre endroit choisi par le président et indiqué dans l'avis de convocation.

L'adresse officielle des membres est celle qu'ils font inscrire dans le registre du secrétariat et à défaut d'indication, celle qui se trouve a l'almanach des adresses.

IX. Contributions.

Le trésorier de cette section perçoit, a titre de représentant du trésorier de l'association générale, la contribution annuelle payable par les membres de cette section, dont il verse les deux cinquièmes à l'association générale pour ses frais d'administration et pour abonnement à l'organe officiel, les autres trois cinquièmes restent acquis a cette section pour l'administration de ses affaires.

Dans le cas des membres de cette section qui font en même temps partie d'une succursale bilingue relevant directement de l'association générale, cette section verse en outre à telle succursale locale un dollar pour chaque membre faisant partie de cette section et ce dollar tient lieu de toute contribution due par eux a leur succursale locale; cette section reçoit ensuite de l'association générale un remboursement de cinquante sous pour chaque membre de succursale dont elle a ainsi acquitté la contribution.

X. Exercise.

L'exercise financier se termine le 31 décembre, et l'assemblée annuelle se tient le deuxieme samedi de janvier pour le présentation des rapports, l'élection du conseil et l'expedition générale des affaires.

XI. Interpretation.

Les questions qui ne sont pas touchées par les présents statuts sont regiés par la constitution et par les règlements de l'association générale.

XII. Amendements.

Le statuts de cette section ne peuvent être révoqués ou amendes que par ses membres reguliers, et en la manière préscrite pour amender la constitution de l'association générale; ces modifications sont soumises à la même approbation que les statuts originaires.

Guide to the Month's New Books

Reference for Librarians and Booksellers

THOMAS ALLEN.

Rustle of Silk—Cosmo Hamilton, $1.90.

Indelible—Elliot H. Paul, $1.75.

Bennett Malin—Elsie Singmaster, $2.00.

Copper Streak Trail—Eugene M. Rhodes, $1.75.

Adrienne Toner—Anne Douglas Sedgwick, $2.00.

Romance of Fiddlers Green—Clara E. Sears, $1.75.

Seizer of Eagles—J. W. Schultz, $1.75.

She Blows—Wm. J. Hopkins, $2.50.

How to Sell at Retail—W. W. Charters, $3.00.

THE COPP CLARK CO.

The Highland Host—Arthur Fetterless, $1.75.

The Unspeakable Gentleman—J. P. Marquand, $2.00.

All the Way by Water—Elizabeth Stancy Payne, $2.00.

Then Came Molly—Harriet V. C. Ogden, $2.00.

S. B. GUNDY.

Fiction.

Gentle Julia—Booth Tarkington, $1.90.

In Favor of the King—Hawthorne Daniel, $1.90.

Merton of the Movies—Harry Leon Wilson, $1.90.

The Pharisees—M. Morgan Gibbon, $1.90.

One Man in His Time—Ellen Glasgow, $2.00.

Frank of Freedom Hill—Samuel Derieux, $1.90.

The Conquest—Eva Emery Dye, $2.00.

Q. E. D.—Lee Thayer, $1.90.

At the Crossroads—Harriet T. Comstock, $1.90.

The Outcast—Selma Lagerlof, $2.00.

The Hidden Road—Wadsworth Camp, $1.90.

One Woman—Alfred Ollivant, $1.90.

Lucretia Lombard—Kathleen Norris, $1.90.

Non-Fiction.

Red Dusk and the Morrow—Sir Paul Dukes, $4.00.

O. Henry Memorial Award, Prize Stories, 1921, $2.00.

The Amateur's Book of the Dahlia—Mrs. Chas. H. Stout, $3.50.

The Country Life Book of Building and Decorating—Reginald T. Townsend, $3.50.

The Value of Good Manners—Margaret Emerson Bailey, $1.90.

The Advertising Year Book, 1921-22—Noble T. Praigg, $2.25.

A Survey—Max Beerbohm, $4.50.

Great Adventure in Washington—Mark Sullivan, $3.00.

The Fire Bird—Gene Stratton-Porter, $1.90.

Sonnets to a Red Haired Lady—Don Marquis, $1.90.

Watched by Wild Animals—Enos A. Mills, $3.00.

First Million the Hardest—A. B. Farquhar, $4.00.

Second Person Singular—Alice Meynell, $2.00.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, LTD.

Fiction.

Souls for Sale—Rupert Hughes.

The Vehement Flame—Margaret Deland.

Mortimer's Gold—Harold Horn.

Angel of Terror—Edgar Wallace.

Rory O'Moore—A. G. Hales.

Non-Fiction.

Indian Legends of Vancouver Island—Alfred Carmichael.

Chalk Talks—G. W. Bengough.

Home Making Simplified—Bertha Streeter.

Poultry—A. W. Richardson.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

The Balance—William Dana Orcutt, $2.00.

Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance, 1921—C. K. Howard-Bury, D.S.O., $7.50.

A Dictionary of Applied Chemistry—Sir Edward Thorpe, $20.00.

Analysis of Non-Ferrous Alloys—Fred Ibbotson, $4.00.

British History in the Nineteenth Century—George Macaulay Trevelyan, $3.75.

English Prisons Today—Stephen Hobhous M.A. and A. Fenner Brockway, $8.50.

English Prisons Under Local Government—Sidney and Beatrice Webb, preface by G. Bernard Shaw, $5.00.

Golf From Two Sides—Roger and Joyce Wethered, $3.50.

Life of William Morris—J. W. Mackail, $3.50.

The Truisms of Statecraft—Bruce Smith, K.C., $2.60.

Organized Produce Markets—John George Smith, M.A., $4.00.

Cookery—Mary Duke Gordon, $2.00.

Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders—Arthur Staplyton Barnes, $4.00.

Spirit of Saint Jane Frances De Chantal—The Sisters of the Visitation, $7.00.

Finding a Soul—E. E. Everest, $1.50.

Miracles in St. John's Gospel—T. W. Gilbert, 90c.

Storm and Sunshine in South Africa—A. Theodore Wirgman, $2.60.

Comfort of the Catholic Faith—Frank M. Clendenin, $1.50.

Vitamins and the Choice of Food—Violet G. Plimmer, $2.50.

Some Physico-Chemical Themes—Alfred W. Stewart, $7.00.

Science in the Service of Man: Electricity—S. G. Starling, A.R.C.Sc., $3.50.

Modern Practice in Heat Engines—Telford Petrie, $5.00.

THE MACMILLAN CO.

Fiction.

[illegible] Tales for Children—Hilaire Belloc, $1.65.

Through the Shadows—Cyril Alington, $1.75.

Secret Places of the Heart—H. G. Wells, $1.75.

Non-Fiction.

Religion, Second Course—Roderick MacEacher, 35c.

The Reconstruction of Religion—Chas. A. Ellwood, $2.50.

Peacemakers—Ida M. Tarbell, $1.80.

Landmarks in History of East Christian Kirsopp Lake, $1.40.

Contemporary American Novelists—Carl Van Doren, $1.65.

The Art of the Moving Picture—Vachell Lindsay, $2.00.

Japanese American Relations—Ishii Takaomi, 1.65.

The Story of Job—Rev. Minor Devine, $2.50.

Theory of Mind as Pure Act—Giovanni Gentile, $4.25.

A History of Labor—Gilbert Stone, $5.00.

The New Idealism—May Sinclair, $3.50.

Christian Work as a Vocation—Various writers, edited by Sneath, $1.10.

Modernism in Religion—Rev. J. McB. Sterritt, $1.65.

Pattern Making—Agnes K. Hanna, $1.65.

Obstetric Nursing—Van Blarcom, $3.50.

Modern Christian Callings—Various Authors.

Juvenile.

Bat and Ball—A. H. Gem Readers, 10c.

The Magic Garden—"How and Why" Series, 22c.

Fairy Stories from Japan—B.S.R. Series, $1.14.

Fairy Stories from Serbia—B.S.R. Series, 14c.

Working of the World—"How and Why" Series, 25c.

McCLELLAND AND STEWART.

Fiction.

Blower of Bubbles—Arthur Beverley Baxter (new edition) $1.50.

Dancers in the Dark—Dorothy Speare, $1.75.

The Deaves Affair—Hulbert Footner, $1.75.

Eyes of Love—Corra Harris, $1.75.

The Flaming Jewel—Robert W. Chambers, $1.75.

The First Person Singular—Wm. Rose Benet, $1.75.

Mothers-in-Law — Baroness von Hutten, $1.75.

Nene—Ernest Perochon, $1.75.

Sundry Accounts—Irvin Cobb, $2.00.

The Sin of M. Petrpont—Richard Connell, $1.75.

Three Men and a Maid—P. G. Wodehouse, $1.75.

Tarrant of the Tin Spout—Henri Oyen, $1.75.

The Vanishing of Betty Varian—Carolyn Wells, $1.75.

Van Loan Memorial Edition: Fore, Old Man Curry, Score by Innings, Taking the Count, Buck Parvin—The set, $10.00.

Hoax—Anonymous, $1.75.

Jiminy—Gilbert W. Gabriel, $1.75.

Abbe Pierre—Jay William Hudson, $2.00.

Tell England—Ernest Raymond, $1.75.

The Love Chase—Felix Grendon, $1.75.

Non-Fiction.

Tomorrow We Diet—Nina Wilcox Putnam, $1.00.

The Czecho-Slovaks in America—Kenneth D. Miller, $1.00.

The Russians in America—Paul Fox, $1.00.

Joining in Public Discussion—Alfred Dwight Sheffield, $1.25.

Prime Ministers and Presidents—Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, $2.50.

The Love Match—Arnold Bennett, $1.50.

Marooned in Moscow—Marguerite E. Harrison, $3.00.

Tramping With a Poet in the Rockies—Stephen Graham, 2.00.

Points of the Compass—Lavern Churchill, $1.50.

It Is To Laugh—Edna Geister, $1.25.

The Laurentians—T. Morris Longstreth, $3.50.

The Complete Amateur Radio Book—Maurice T. Grainger; cloth, $1.00; paper, 50c.

Later English Poems—Edited by J. E. Wetherell, $1.50.

Punch's Lloyd George, $1.50.

Juvenile.

Blacky the Crow—Thornton W. Burgess, $2.00.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS.

The British Nature Book—S. N. Sedgwick, $3.75.

Sketching in Water Colours for Amateurs—James Steuart, 1.00.

Greenmantle, Prester John, John Burnet of Barns—John Buchan, leather, $1.75; cloth, $1.25.

THE RYERSON PRESS.

Fiction.

The Hidden Places—Bertrand W. Sinclair, $2.00.

The Shepherds of the Wild—Edison Marshall, $1.75.

Big Peter—Archibald Marshall, $2.00.

The Purple Pearl—Anthony Pryde, $2.00.

Silver Cross—Mary Johnston, $2.00.

The Heritage of the Hills—Arthur P. Hankins, $1.75.

Moon Rock—Arthur J. Rees, $2.00.

Man in Gray, The—Thomas Dixon, $2.00.

Isle of Seven Moons—Robert Gordon Anderson, $1.75.

Green Sea Island—Victor Bridges, $1.90.

Cross Currents—Katharine H. Taylor, $1.75.

Slimtonian Socker—Everett MacDonald, $1.75.

Non-Fiction.

Indoor Games and Amusements—Ruth Blakely, $1.25.

It Can Be Done (Poems of Inspiration)—Compiled by Joseph Morris, $1.75.

White Magic—John Le Breton, $1.00.

Outlines of Science (4 Vols.)—Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, per volume, $4.50; per set, $18.00.

The Story of Mankind—Hendrik VanLoon, $5.50.

Europe, Whither Bound?—Stephen Graham, $2.00.

Mirrors of Downing Street—Gentleman with the Duster, $3.00.

Glass of Fashion—Gentleman with the Duster, $3.00.

Mirrors of Washington—Anonymous, $3.00.

Book Solomon on Travellers

From "THE BOOKFELLOW"

VERILY I say unto thee: for the greatest worms that crawl upon the earth I commend thee to the worms that sell conglomerations of words for their masters, who build busily and name BOOKS the result of their labor.

2. For I who know these worms from A to Z, have learnt their ways, and I give thee warning that one worm with his hat in his hand who entereth thine office is of more danger to thee than if thou hadst committed each and every one of the Seven Deadly Sins.

3. For if thou listenest to his voice, which he pitcheth in a humble strain whilst he is upon thy door mat, thou wilt surely be undone and loaded with much merchandise of doubtful quality, and thy profit will be as nothing.

4. Therefore I give thee warning that though thy curse (doubly damned be he that selleth to me and also to my customer) be uttered with a voice like unto the rending of a mountain, it will avail thee nothing, for the worm that hitteth thee to leg with a mighty swipe will dodge the comeback and crawl with fearsome wrigglings back into thy confidence, and even though thou dose thyself with many tablets, he remaineth with thee always.

5. Beware, I say unto thee, of the worm who whispereth in thy ear and telleth thee how many copies thine opponent hath ordered. Verily, he telleth falsely. If thou orderest not, he telleth thine opponent that thy order hath been colossal. If thy opponent taketh the bait and ordereth, he returneth to thee with thine opponent's order in his hands, thus bearing witness of his truthfulness.

6. Watch thine order-book even as a cat watcheth a mouse; for there lie many pitfalls dug by the wily worm.

7. Fail not to compare thine order with thine invoice; for if thou so neglecteth thou wilt find many strange volumes upon thy shelves that will remain with thee for many years like unto the many monuments in a cemetery.

8. When thou enterest a room where he keepeth his samples, keep thine eyes upon his note-book which opens greedily at thy entrance. Steel thine heart and shut thine ears to the worm's pleading to give him thine order on the spot. If thou neglectest this advice thy path wilt surely be choked with dead.

9. Kneel not in prayer with him who showeth thee samples, for when thou conjointly prayest for the Lord to bless thy transactions he addeth another under his breath for thy undoing; for such is the way of the worm who prayeth fervently for mercies to come, which is verily two for himself and one for thee.

10. Take thou heed and refuse to listen when he readeth aloud to thee of the greatness of his wares. He will bore thee unto death reciting the latest epistles of his master of whom he speaketh in a voice full of reverence and awe. He will tell thee what The Great High Priest sayeth about his own works, and thou canst not but marvel at his exceeding modesty.

11. He toteth thee with many painful pauses along the aisles of his temple, and although thine hand fumbleth with thy watch chain, and thine ear noteth the many chimes of the Post Office clock, thou must follow painfully behind thy tormentor, and thine ears will be assailed many times with one phrase which gives thee great weariness, for even when thou hast not opened thy lips he will repeat his formula: "HOW MANY DIDST THOU SAY?"

12. If thou shouldst deal in the works of the Lord, verily thou wilt have a lively time, for many worms dabble in the Word of God in many bindings and colors, and the number rangeth to many thousands to which thou must give thy attention. Thus thy journey through his temple is not unlike the Pilgrim's Way to Mecca, where he prostrateth himself in the sand and measureth the distance, even as by the length of his own carcase.

13. When thou hast got weary from his many babblings, he will perchance offer thee a cigar. Take it not, for he keepeth brands of which he bringeth two for a shilling and he keepeth the tenpenny one for himself.

14. If thou art thirsty, and he inviteth thee to afternoon tea, shun his invitation even as the devil would shun holy water, for if thou goest to the tea shop with him thou wilt find that he hath put a fly in thine ointment. For when the time cometh to part up he findeth that he hath left his purse behind, and forgetteth to repay thee, even as easily as thou forgettest to give thine assistant a rise.

Bennett, Arnold, "Mr. Prohack." McClelland, Toronto, $1.75. While this is easily the most attention-holding novel that we have read this month, it leaves us with mixed and uncertain feelings. Its quality of entertainingness seems to be purchased at a certain sacrifice of sincerity. It is a study of a conscientious and middle-aged civil servant of high position who suddenly, by a lucky turn of speculation, becomes immensely rich. We doubt whether easily-gotten riches (or any riches, for that matter) are quite as pleasant as Mr. Bennett paints them. But the book is acutely readable.

"The Friendly Arctic"

By D. M. Le Bourdais.

IN this, his second book dealing with those regions which he has so peculiarly made his own, Vilhjalmur Stefansson writes with the assurance of a master. Not that his first book, "My Life With the Eskimo," bore the marks of the amateur, for aside from his standing as a learned anthropologist and daring explorer his writings alone might well have earned him fame; but when his first book was written, Stefansson had merely confirmed and extended what Dr. John Rae, David Hanbury and others had in a measure done before him. It was while in command of the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-18 that Stefansson proved conclusively that not only could one "live off the country," upon the mainland and along the Arctic Coast—as had been demonstrated by his previous trip—but that seals were plentiful hundreds of miles from land upon the floes of Beaufort Sea; and, furthermore, that white men could become sufficiently expert in the methods of hunting them to secure thereby an ample supply of food and fuel. By so doing he has made possible once for all the eventual exploration of whatever area of the polar regions still remains untrodden by the foot of man just as definitely as the first flight of Orville Wright in 1903 presaged the ultimate triumph of an Atlantic flight.

The testimony of whalers, explorers and scientific observers had been practically unanimous in the view that the seas surrounding the Pole were devoid of life. Sir Clements Markham, himself a distinguished polar explorer, in his "Life of Sir Leopold McClintock," refers to this region as the "polar ocean without life." Even Eskimos were quite convinced that animal life ceased after one had progressed a certain distance from land. But Stefansson believed that there was as much life in the seas immediately surrounding the Pole itself as was to be found along the shore leads on the Alaska coast. He knew that even in the coldest weather in winter time the ice of the polar seas is not one continuous sheet, but consists of large fields varying in size, continually changing position, dividing and subdividing, under the action of the winds and ocean currents, thus leaving leads of open water at frequent intervals; and he felt certain that seals would be found wherever there was open water.

How Stefansson proved his hypothesis, staking even life itself upon the soundness of his deductions; how new lands were discovered to add to the area of the Dominion; how his greatest obstacles were not the "terrors" of the Arctic winter, but rather his subordinates' lack of faith in his theories, leading more than once to open disregard of instructions; and, finally, how the beauty, the charm, yes, even the friendliness—if properly understood and appreciated—of this great Arctic land have been impressed upon him, is graphically told in "The Friendly Arctic."

As in "My Life With the Eskimo," there is much interesting information concerning the life and habits of the Eskimos secured at first hand as is Stefansson's way. There is also a great deal of information regarding the fauna and flora and climatic conditions of those large, though little known, islands which form part of the Dominion of Canada within the Arctic Circle, all of which is further enhanced by a profusion of excellent photographs. As usual Stefansson devotes considerable attention to the exploding of popular myths regarding the North. This will be displeasing to many who prefer romance even at the sacrifice of reality. The motion picture and the comparative ease of modern travel have reduced many regions previously surrounded by a halo of romance (which is in reality but the faint light of truth shining dimly through the fogs of ignorance) to the merely commonplace. There did seem to be some reason, however, to hope that the Arctic would be left free as a realm in which the romancers might indulge themselves without stint. But Stefansson has destroyed even that hope.

In spite of the loss of the Karluk shortly after the expedition reached the Arctic seas; in spite of the opposition and non-co-operation of some of his officers and men; in spite of the weight of opinion against him, Stefansson set out from Martin Point, on the north coast of Alaska, in March, 1914, northwards over the ice of Beaufort Sea with two companions and six dogs. They took with them only 30 days' provisions. They were on the ice 96 days; and during that time they travelled over 500 miles as shown by the map (but over 700 miles when the ice-drift is considered), landing on the west coast of Banks Island without having missed a meal or having suffered from lack of fuel. Everywhere they found seals in sufficient numbers to supply themselves in comfort. To many, accustomed to the standards of city life, eating seal meat exclusively three or four times a day, and living in snow houses heated by burning blubber, and built upon the moving ice of polar seas, will appear to be anything but comfortable. But everything is comparative—there is no standard of comfort, like the imperial gallon, for instance—and each person is entitled to his own conception of what comprises that state of being described as "comfortable." But one thing seems certain: Stefansson is indulging in no mock heroics when he insists that such a life constitutes no hardship for him, a view which was shared by his companions.

This first ice trip was succeeded by others farther north in the years following, when new lands were discovered and much geographical and scientific data accumulated.

So satisfied were they whom Stefansson had left behind on the coast of Alaska in March, 1914, that he would inevitably pay for his temerity with his life, that they did not hesitate to report his death. Thus it came about that for over a year the world believed him to have expiated his foolhardiness in death.

He and his companions were, however, quite comfortable in a well-stocked camp on Banks Island when towards the close of navigation in the year 1915 a trading ship made its appearance. Stefansson walked across a point of land to the small harbor in which the vessel had dropped anchor. A boat put out from the

ship containing the captain and a number of others whom Stefansson recognized as they drew near. He could hear them discussing his probable identity. Some one apparently seemed to recognize him, but the argument was settled by Captain Lane, who asserted: "Don't you think it. The fishes ate *him* long ago!" Stefansson had hard work persuading his "rescuers" that he was not starving for anything but news and that his companions were also quite well and comfortable.

If the reader is inclined to feel disappointed because the book contains no thrilling account of man's conflict with the "relentless and implacable forces of nature," that failure may be supplied by the clash of human prejudices, passions—and perhaps ambitions—that forms the thread upon which are strung the principal incidents and major climaxes of those five years.

One such incident reads like a chapter out of a Jack London novel: Stefansson had ordered Captain Gonzales, master of the "Polar Bear," a vessel belonging to the expedition, to be at a certain point in August of 1918 for the purpose of bringing him and the other members of his party out to Nome. Either believing that Stefansson was dead or fearing the consequences of a previous disregarding of orders, Captain Gonzales, however, sailed away for Nome several days before Stefansson's arrival at the rendezvous, leaving (so far as he was concerned), Stefansson and his party marooned there for another season. But the "Challenger," a trading vessel, came along within a few days and Stefansson made arrangements with the owner as a result of which he and his party were soon also upon the high seas bound for Nome. Now for the climax! The "Polar Bear" had had many days head start, and the "Challenger" had little expectation of overtaking her; but one day, quite unexpectedly, the "Polar Bear" loomed up through a heavy fog right in the "Challenger's" path, her captain naturally unaware of the nature of the latter's passenger list. Captain Gonzales was invited to a meeting with Stefansson aboard the "Challenger"—and here the author draws a veil over what happened next. But if Jack London had had the telling one could easily imagine the fist fight that would have ensued on the "Challenger's" deck. Stefansson, however, merely states that Captain Gonzales left the service of the expedition at Cape Bathurst—the first point of call.

Canada has been referred to as a land having length without breadth. Stefansson, by his writings and lecturings, is endeavoring to show the Canadian people that the breadth is there too if they but rid themselves of the misconceptions of the past. Aside from the absorbing interest of the narrative, a reading of "The Friendly Arctic" will more than repay Canadians in the greater knowledge which they will acquire of a not unimportant portion of the country in which they live.

Recommended for Holiday Reading

You may take any one or all of the four books listed on a holiday trip—or use them on the verandah—with the assurance of splendid company.

Silver Cross

By Mary Johnston

Here is a story set where those other delightful romances of Mary Johnston have been—back in the 16th century in a market town in England. Fairies, friars, princes and ladies walk into the story in a most charming way and hold the interest all through a colorful series of events. **$2.00**

Chanting Wheels

By Hubbary Hutchinson

An out-of-the-ordinary novel this, introducing a musician and poet into the atmosphere of a modern factory, and having him transform the sordid and worn-out workmen into happy, light-hearted chaps. A tragedy and a love-story with some very healthy teaching as to our treatment of the foreign element, makes up a splendid story. **$2.00**

The Hidden Places

By Bertrand Sinclair

Here is a story set in the wilds of British Columbia which breathes the spirit of the forests and rivers and tells at the same time an unusual yarn of a wounded soldier who marries an interesting wife; how they work out their destinies amid unusual conditions provides a healthy, interest-holding tale. **$2.00**

The Moon Rock

By Arthur J. Rees

One of those ingenious mystery-detective stories—just the kind of thing for summer—with an out-of-the-ordinary plot and tenseness enough all through to keep one from going to sleep any conditions. **$2.00**

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

NON-FICTION.

Addams, Jane, "Peace and Bread in Time of War." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. A bzief history of the efforts for peace made by a small group of women in the United States during the European War, with an autobiographical account of Miss Addams' own motives in taking part in those efforts. It is a book which needed to be written, and the work has been done coolly, honestly and dispassionately.

"Chapbook, A.", Vancouver, B.C. A collection of verse by six undergraduates and one graduate of the University of B.C. There is a rather high level of technical accomplishment, but, as is natural in the work of youth, a lack of strong personal statement. We must decline to prophesy concerning any of the writers, but the "Threescore and Ten" of Geoffrey Coope will register his name in our memory.

Drake, Durant, "America Faces the Future." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.75. Well-balanced, if not very profound, essays on the spiritual, social and political problems of the Republic, addressed to the college student and recent graduate, by Vassar's Professor of Philosophy. Dr. Drake's protest against recent suppressions of free speech and intolerance of novel thought should do good. A valuable feature is the list of "suggested readings" appended to each chapter.

Foran, Ethel Ursula, "Poems." Librairie Beauchemin, Montreal. A privately printed collection subtitled "A Few Blossoms from the Garden of My Dreams." A preface by the author informs us that they are the product of juvenile years and are selected for publication because "they afforded myself the greatest amount of pleasure. They might be more artistic, but they could not recall more forcibly those happy days and scenes in which they were written." If Miss Foran retains this charming modesty while she broadens her artistic experience, she may take a worthy place in our Irish-Canadian minstrelsy.

High, Stanley, "China's Place in the Sun." Macmillan, Toronto. A concise account for American readers of the present condition of China.

Keller, Helen Rex, "Reader's Digest of Books." Macmillan, Toronto, $5.50. A book of 920 pages, giving a brief account, with plot where needed, of the contents of probably 2,000 volumes, evidently selected as being those about which an intelligent reader on this continent is most likely to inquire. All classes of work and all periods are included. Hippocrates rubs shoulders with Hobbes and J. A. Hobson, and Leacock with Edward Lear and William Lecky. We conceive that it should be highly useful to the librarian who wants to act as literary mentor to the library patrons.

Longstrett, T. Morris, "The Laurentians." McClelland, Toronto, $3.50. A book on our own Canadian Mountains, by one of America's best-known travel writers, the author of "The Adirondacks." The "Maria Chapdelaine" vogue will give it an even wider popularity than it would have obtained in any event. Review later.

Marquis, Don, "Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90.

Rev. J. E. Ward.

Rev. J. E. Ward, gifted author of "The Wayfarer," is a Canadian although his degree was taken at Oxford. He also entered the Anglican ministry in the Old Land, and served with distinction during the Great War as a chaplain in the British Expeditionary Force with the rank of major. His friends at St. Simon's, Toronto, as well as those in ontreal, where he mas senior military chaplain for some time and likewise in charge of Trinity Church and the Cathedral, will be interested in hearing of his entrance into the field of Canadian literature.

The device of narrating certain historic love-affairs in rhymed Broadway slang is not new nor particularly effective, and is employed to fill up the major part of this volume. The Sonnets, which occupy the rest, are thirty-six in number, and are in much more characteristic vein—more like a Marquis, so to speak. They are addressed to Suzanne, and each warns her against some fault or error which drew down upon one of the poet's previous wives the severe but merited penalty of death.

O'Hagan, Thomas, "Collected Poems." McClelland, Toronto, $2. The Irish Muse in this Dominion belongs frankly to the older generation, to the spirit of Moore rather than to that of Yeats. One of her most productive, and in some branches most distinguished, workers in Canada is Dr. O'Hagan, whose final selection from the output of a lifetime is here presented in a scant 180 pages. Many will be glad to have in convenient form the various Elegies, Commemorative Poems and Patriotic Odes which comprise the bulk of the volume, and which bear the imprint of a noble and affectionate personality and a genuine love of the older forms of versification.

Roy, James A., "Christ in the Strand and Other Poems." Jackson Press, Kingston, Ont. Ballads and narrative poems with a strong tendency to seek in religion (though not in creeds) the answer to the problems of the universe. Review later.

Tarbell, Ida M., "Peacemakers." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.80. Miss Tarbell's reflections while attending the Washington Conference. Its best sentence relates to the Paris Conference, but applies to all such events: "One of the banes of the Paris Peace Conference was that there were so many men and women on the field under contract to write, to produce so many words every day or every week."

Van Doren, Carl, "Contemporary American Novelists, 1900-1920." Discriminating valuation by a cool judge. Review later.

Van Dyke, Henry, "The Spirit of America." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.25. Lectures, delivered in English at the University of Paris, and subsequently published in French, but not until now in English. The present passion for introspection on the part of Americans is doubtless the reason for its appearance in the language of the nation with which it deals. Its literary style is charming; its critical descernment not very profound.

Wetherell, J. E. (Ed.), "Later English Poems." McClelland, Toronto, $1.50. An extremely interesting and discerning selection, covering 1901 to 1922. Perhaps, as it is a Canadian selection, it is not surprising that poems of vigor and action are better represented than those of subtlety and introspection. The editor has managed to avoid the most universally known specimens of each writer (his Ralph Hodgson is not "The Bull") and hence the collection will have for most readers a decided air of freshness.

FICTION.

Alington, Cyril, "Through the Shadows." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. Despite its title, this is a rapid-fire farce story of great vivacity and "go," dealing with English country-house aristocrats (well drawn to type) and based on a complex plot of mutual impressions. Once the reader gets into it the fun is irresistible and uproarious to the very end.

Belloc, Hilaire, "The Jews." Gundy, Toronto, $3. This is a very able attack upon what Mr. Belloc calls the nineteenth century liberal attitude towards the Jew, which attitude he declares to be based upon "the fiction" that there is no such thing as a separate Jewish nationality. Actually, he maintains, the Jew, while more readily acquiring the externals of other races than anybody else, is in essential character more tenacious of his nationality than a Frenchman or an Eskimo, and far more than a German or an Englishman. The solution of the Jewish problem is, therefore, "a full recognition of Jewish nationality." The book is one to be read by serious thinkers on both sides, and while many will dissent from its conclusions few will deny its author's honesty or his literary skill.

Burt, Katharine Newlin, "Q." Allen, Toronto, $2.00. A much better if less sensational book than "The Branding Iron." The career of the uneducated but determined (and innately well-bred) cowboy who gets into such a strange mixture of love and revenge and old hatreds and rivalries among the aristocrats of an old Eastern city is deftly, if very sentimentally, told. Fortunately Miss Burt knows that her villains are bad, and doesn't use them very much.

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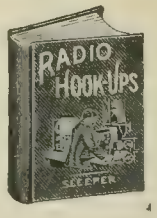

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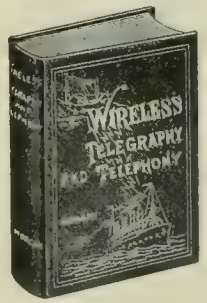

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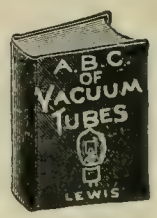

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Canadian Authors Association

Minutes of the Annual Meeting

The second Annual Meeting of the Canadian Authors Association was held in the Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa, on April 28th and 29th, 1922.

The President, J. M. Gibbon, took the chair at 10 a.m. on April 28th. The minutes of the previous Annual Meeting were taken as read.

The President called for nominations for the standing committees of the Annual Meeting, and the following were nominated and declared elected:—

Committee on Resolutions: R. J. C. Stead, Pelham Edgar, Joseph Dumais.

Committee on Nominations: R. J. C. Stead, Dr. G. W. Kerby, Miss J. G. Sime, Mr. Justice F. W. Howay, Pelham Edgar, W. T. Allison, Austin Bothwell, Louvigny de Montigny, L. J. Burpee and J. Castell Hopkins.

Committee on Amendments to the Constitution: J. M. Gibbon, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, Louvigny de Montigny, W. T. Allison, Mr. Justice F. W. Howay and W. S. Wallace.

Committee on the Annual Banquet: Mrs. Ethel Penman Hope, Mrs. Marian Osborne, Lloyd Roberts, J. V. McKenzie and B. K. Sandwell.

Tellers: W. A. Deacon, R. A. Hood, Jules Tremblay.

Mr. Lloyd Roberts requested immediate consideration for the following resolution, seconded by Mrs. Madge Macbeth: "That this Association ask the Government to show its interest in Canadian literature by establishing a scholarship, to be awarded annually to the Canadian author domiciled in Canada, for the most significant work published or produced during the previous year."

On representations from the Chair, that the time of the morning session was urgently required for the discussion of the report of the Copyright Committee, the mover and seconder withdrew their resolution and replaced it by the following: "That a committee consisting of the mover, Mr. L. J. Burpee and Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, be appointed to draft a resolution requesting the Canadian Government to establish literary scholarships, said committee to report at the Saturday morning session." This was carried unanimously.

The report of the Special Committee on Copyright, which has been issued in pamphlet form, was then read, copies having been already distributed to the members in attendance. There was a brief discussion, first as to the desirability of postponing action until the members had had a longer time to familiarize themselves with the report, in reply to which it was shown that the attitude of the Association on the copyright question had been fully debated at the previous meeting and that the Committee then appointed had been given full power to represent and act for the Association on this matter, that the Committee's report was the result of very mature consideration, and that it was highly desirable that it should be endorsed by the meeting before the hour (of twelve noon on that same day) when it was to be presented to the Minister of Trade and Commerce. There was also some discussion as to whether the copyright privilege could not be employed as a means of preventing authors or other owners of copyrights from selling or granting the Canadian serial rights to periodicals published in the United States, and an amendment was suggested, looking to that end, but was withdrawn. The report was then passed unanimously, and the meeting immediately adjourned for the purpose of proceeding in a body to the office of the Minister of Trade and Commerce. Here the members were joined by a number of Senators and Members of the House of Commons, among them Hon. Messrs. Dandurand, Beique and Bostock, and other prominent Ottawa citizens. The views of the Association were briefly stated to the Minister by President Gibbon, and in his reply Hon. Mr. Robb said that it would be impossible for Parliament to deal with the matter at the session then in progress, but he could give positive assurance that the Act would be amended at the following session.

The afternoon session of the opening day was devoted almost wholly to hearing reports from the various branches, some of which were presented in verbal form only. Those which were presented in writing will be found elsewhere in this issue.

CANADIAN BOOK WEEK

The President read a communication from A. T. Chapman, President of the Canadian Stationers and Booksellers' Association, under date of April 24th, as follows: "The Executive of the Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association in session in Toronto to-day, discussed the question of the best time for holding Canadian Book Week, and after viewing it from all angles came to the conclusion that from Saturday, October 28th to Saturday, November 4th, would be the most suitable time. Thus the Week will not be contiguous to Children's Book Week, which this year, will fall in the week beginning November 12th, as chosen by the U. S. Committee. Owing to the practical helps that come to us from the U. S. Committee, it is necessary for us to observe Children's Week on the same dates. We hope that the suggested dates for Canadian Book Week will meet with the support of your association at the Ottawa meeting, and we take this occasion to assure you of our desire to co-operate fully with you to make this year's Canadian Book Week an even greater success than last year."

The President asked for a discussion upon the question of the holding of another Canadian Authors' Week during autumn of the current year. He stated that he had enquired from a number of the best informed persons in the Canadian book trade, who had without exception, expressed the opinion that the Canadian Authors' Week of 1921 had had the effect of materially stimulating the demand for the better and more artistic of the works by Canadian authors then on the market, and had made very little if any difference to the sale of the poorer works.

A lengthy discussion followed, led by Prof. Pelham Edgar, who expressed the view that it would be difficult to secure again, from the members of the Toronto branch at least, the same measure of co-operation as had been afforded in 1921. A large number of other members, however, expressed the view that the Canadian Authors' Week of 1921 had been productive of great benefits both to Canadian literature and to the better Canadian authors, and that the opportunity of co-operating with the publishers and the retail trade in the organization of Canadian Book Week from October 28th to November 4th should on no account be neglected. The discussion closed without a formal resolution.

THE ENGLISH "O CANADA"

At the Saturday morning session, Prof. Pelham Edgar brought in an interim report of the special committee on the selection and establishment of a standard English version of "O Canada." This report was a verbal one, and stated that the Committee had examined a large number of poems, and had not arrived at any final conclusion. It was felt that due consideration should be given to the extent of the actual use of those versions which have already been adopted in various parts of the country. The committee desired to be continued, and was likely to exercise its power to add to its numbers. A further statement concerning the work of the committee was presented by Mrs. Florence Randal Livesay.

It was moved by Dr. G. W. Kerby, seconded by Prof. Edgar, and carried unanimously, that the committee be continued for one year, and be requested to take into its consideration any new material, conforming to the requirements of a patriotic song to be sung to the music of "O Canada," which might be presented for its attention during that period.

It was moved by Mr. Joseph Dumais, seconded by Mr. Edmond Montet, and after discussion, carried, that: Be it

resolved, that in order to bring about closer relationship and better understanding between the widely scattered members of the great fraternity of thinking people in Canada, the Executive Committee be instructed to consider the project of selecting the best French work and the best English work published by a Canadian author in each year, procuring the translation of such English work into French and of such French work into English, and arranging for the publication of these translations, accompanied by an energetic and wide-spread advertising effort in this country and the United States, and elsewhere as thought desirable; the selection of these works to be made in each case by a specially appointed committee. (As originally proposed, this resolution included a clause requiring the Authors Association to pay the expenses of such publication and advertising, but this clause was withdrawn by the mover and seconder upon the representation that the funds of the society would not be adequate for the purpose).

TARIFF ON MAGAZINES

It was moved by Mr. J. Vernon McKenzie, seconded by Mr. B. K. Sandwell, and after discussion, carried unanimously, that: Whereas the Canadian market is now flooded with magazines, chiefly from the United States, which do not inculcate Canadian sentiment and nationality; and Whereas the large amount of advertising matter in many of these magazines is detrimental to Canadian industry; and Whereas this condition prevents the foundation of Canadian magazines, and the growth of those which now exist, and thus restricts the market in Canada to the detriment of the interests of Canadian writers: be it Resolved, that the Canadian Authors' Association goes on record in favor of a duty to be levied on the advertising matter in magazines imported into Canada; and this meeting directs that copies of this resolution be sent to the Secretary of the Canadian National Periodicals and Newspaper Association, to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, and to the Minister of Finance.

GOVERNMENT AID TO LITERATURE

It was moved by Mr. Lloyd Roberts, seconded by Mrs. Madge Macbeth, and after discussion carried on division (with Mr. R. E. Gosnell recording his dissent): Whereas it is the purpose of this Association to stimulate the production and improvement of Canadian literature; to encourage and support those struggling for literary recognition; to bring Canadian literature to the attention of other countries; and to awake a more dynamic pride in the creation of a national literature among our own people. And Whereas scholarships and prizes, notably those awarded by Nobel, the French and English Governments and Academies, and the Province of Quebec, have proved of inestimable value in raising the standard in all the arts. And Whereas it is recognized that the course of creative art has too often been seriously handicapped or utterly destroyed through indifference and lack of vision in the nation which gave it birth. And Whereas this country of Canada has now attained the status of a nation within the Empire, with all a nation's pride in its own ideals and accomplishments. Therefore be it Resolved that this Association urge upon the Dominion Government the establishment of a National Scholarship in Literature, to be awarded annually to a Canadian author, domiciled in Canada, for the most significant work, in either French or English, published or produced in any country during the preceding year; That this Scholarship consist of a sum not less than Five Thousand Dollars per annum; and that it be awarded on the recommendation of a Board of three members approved by this Association.

It was moved by Mr. L. J. Burpee, seconded by Mr. Lloyd Roberts, and negatived on division: That the proportion of the annual fees allotted to the local branches is inadequate to meet their reasonable needs, and that the Treasurer of the Association be instructed to remit to the branches, out of fees received on and after April 1st, 1922, Two Dollars for each regular member and One Dollar for each associate member.

It was moved by Mr. R. J. C. Stead for the Resolutions Committee, and seconded by Dr. Kerby, and carried unanimously, that: Be it Resolved that editors of magazines be memorialized with a view to their paying for literary work of members of this Association upon acceptance and not upon publication. (This resolution was forwarded to the annual meeting by the Calgary Branch).

It was moved by Mr. R. J. C. Stead, for the Resolutions Committee, seconded by Mr. B. K. Sandwell, and after discussion withdrawn: That the time is now ripe for the preparation and publication of a Canadian Dictionary of National Biography, covering the whole period from the time of the early explorers to the present day; That such a work might well be produced under the auspices of the Canadian Authors Association; And that the Executive be instructed to consider this matter, to secure if possible a director or directors of the whole work, to obtain the services of collaborators qualified to prepare the subject matter of the various biographies, to determine the general plan and scope of the work, and to make arrangements for its publication. (Both mover and seconder desire to go on record that they were bringing in the resolution for the purpose merely of obtaining discussion, and in the absence of its originator, the Rev. Dr. Abbott-Smith, of Montreal. The Resolutions Committee was unable to report this resolution favourably, on the ground that the proposed undertaking was too large a one for the Association in its present stage).

It was moved by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, seconded by Prof. Pelham Edgar, and carried unanimously, That: Be it Resolved that this Association recommends to the Executive Committee that it make an appropriation of Two Hundred Dollars for the purpose of publishing a portion of the CANADIAN BOOKMAN during the present fiscal year in the French language.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL BULLETIN

It was moved by Mr. Justice Howay, seconded by Prof. W. S. Wallace, and carried unanimously that: Be it Resolved that the Executive Committee be instructed to arrange for the preparation and publication of a periodical Bibliographical Bulletin, giving the titles of all new books or reprints of Canadian character, the names of the author and publisher, the price of the work, and when possible a brief synopsis of its contents. That the editorial compilation of this bulletin be performed in the case of English works under the direction of the Executive Committee of the Association, and in the case of French works under the direction of the Executive Committee of the French Section. And that authors be invited to send two copies of all new volumes and reprints to the Secretary of the Association or the Secretary of the French Section as the case may be.

MEMORY OF MISS PICKTHALL

It was moved by Mr. Justice Howay, seconded by Prof. Pelham Edgar, and carried unanimously by a standing vote, that: Be it Resolved that this meeting desires to place on record its sense of the inestimable loss sustained by Canadian literature and by literature at large in the untimely death of Marjorie Pickthall. From the beginning of her career, Miss Pickthall revealed qualities that would have compelled attention in any land, and each year of her growth, was marked by an access of power. While she is mourned by every lover of beauty in this country of her adoption, we recognize the sacredness of private grief, and extend to the father who survives her, our deepest sympathy. (With this resolution was associated the beautiful poem by Katherine Hale, which appeared in the CANADIAN BOOKMAN of May, 1922).

It was moved by Mr. Edmond Montet, seconded by Mr. Joseph Dumais, and carried, that: Be it Resolved that the condolences of the Association be conveyed to the family of the late M. Adolphe Poisson, the Canadian poet.

It was moved by Mr. Joseph Dumais, seconded by Mr. Edmond Montet, and after discussion withdrawn, that: Be it Resolved that in order to help Canadian authors who have recently published or are about to publish literary works, in disposing speedily of at least the first thousand copies, a list be prepared of all public libraries, clubs and other institutions in Canada and in the United States where books and periodicals in French and English are purchased, and copies of this list be sent to the secretaries of the local branches of the Association.

AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION

The Committee on Amendments to the Constitution brought in their report. It was moved by W. T. Allison, seconded by Mr. Justice Howay, and carried, that the Executive be instructed to take a ballot of the Association in accordance with Article 5 Section 4 on the following proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-laws.

The amendments as reported were then voted on clause by clause as follows:

Amendment 1: That Article 1 of the Constitution be amended by changing the word "three" in line 10 to the word "two". And that the recommendation be made that the President, Secretary and Treasurer be all resident in the same city, so that the work of the Association may be carried on more expeditiously. Carried.

Amendment 2: That Article 3 of the Constitution be so modified by the Executive that affiliated guilds of musicians and artists may be organized. Carried.

Amendment 3: That at the end of Section 2 of Article 4 of the Constitution there be added the words:—"The Council also may at any time appoint an Honorary President, who shall be a person of eminence in the profession of letters, and who shall hold office until the next annual meeting of the Association; but the said Honorary President shall not continue to hold office after such annual meeting unless duly elected by the vote of the meeting." And that at a proper place in the Constitution there be inserted a clause that: "A branch shall consist of not less than five regular members. An affiliated club can be formed in any community where there are at least ten associate members." Carried.

Amendment 4: That Section 5 of Article 4 be amended by striking out the words from "If a membership committee" to the end of the Section, and substituting the words: "upon payment by the said Section, on their behalf, to the General Treasurer of the Association, of such part of the annual fee, for regular membership, as the Council may from time to time determine, and without any other payment or formality, and shall continue in such regular membership so long as such annual payment is duly made by the said Section within the period prescribed for the payment of annual fees. For all purposes of any general or special meeting of the Association, the members of such Section shall have all the rights and responsibilities of ordinary members, and notice of all such meetings shall be sent to them by the General Secretary in the same way as to ordinary members." Also that Section 2 of Article 4 be amended by adding after the word "represent" in the third line the words "and be elected by the regular members of." Carried.

Amendment 5: That Section 7 of Article 6 be amended by adding after the word "dollars" in line 3, the words "twenty per cent. of which will go to the branch." And that the following be added as Section 8: "upon the payment of a fee, the share of a branch, which shall be Two Dollars for a regular member, and One Dollar for an associate member, shall immediately be deducted by the local Treasurer before any remittance is made to the Central Treasurer." Withdrawn after discussion.

Amendment 6: That Section 4 of By-law 6 be amended by adding the word "local" after the word "the" in the eighth line. Carried.

NEW OFFICERS

The Committee on Nominations reported as follows: "Your committee beg to report that they have considered nominations for the election of officers and council of the Association. In conformity with a circular issued by the Central Executive, it was decided that the Vice-Presidents should, in each case be the Chairman of the local branches, an exception being made in the case of Vancouver, where the local branch had not received the circular at the time of its election. The committee proposes the following list of officers:—

Honorary President: Her Excellency the Baroness Byng of Vimy.

President: J. Murray Gibbon.

Vice-Presidents: Archibald MacMechan Halifax, N.S.; Miss J. G. Sime, Montreal; Victor Morin, President of the French Section; Robert J. C. Stead, Ottawa; Sir John Willison, Toronto; Dr. W. T. Allison, Winnipeg; Austin Bothwell, Regina; Dr. G. W. Kerby, Calgary; Mrs. Nellie McClung, Edmonton; Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Vancouver; R. Sheldon-Williams, Victoria.

Treasurer: Dr. G. R. Lomer, McGill University Library, Montreal.

Secretary: B. K. Sandwell, 70 McGill College Avenue, Montreal.

Council: Bliss Carman, Warwick Chipman, Mrs. J. W. Garvin, W. D. Lighthall, L. de Montigny, Dr. George H. Locke, Sir Andrew Macphail, Sir Robert Falconer, Basil King, Lady Foster, Mrs. Francis Reeve, W. S. Wallace, Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Dr. C. W. Gordon, Lloyd Roberts, Mr. Justice F. W. Howay, Prof. Pelham Edgar, J. Castell Hopkins, Mrs. Murdoch MacKinnon, Dr. D. C. Scott, Rev. H. A. Cody.

Mr. Stead moved that this report be adopted and that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the officers named therein. After a brief discussion, in the course of which two or three other names were proposed for the Council, but were immediately withdrawn, the resolution was carried unanimously and the new officers were declared elected.

The following members were registered as being in attendance:—

Allison, W. T., Winnipeg; Applegath, C. S., Toronto; Appleton, F. F., Toronto; Ashton, Mrs. Beatrice Embree, Ottawa; Arakie-Cohen, Mrs. Ruth, Winnipeg; Barbeau, C. M., Ottawa; Black, Mrs. George, Vancouver; Bothwell, Austin, Regina; Buck, Mrs. Annie L., Port Rowan; Buckley, Alfred, Ottawa; Burpee, Lawrence J., Ottawa; Caldwell, J. E., Ottawa; Call, Prof. F. O., Lennoxville; Cates, W. G., Ottawa; Catton, Mrs. Mary A., Ottawa; Checkland, Sydney T., Ottawa; Colquhoun, Miss Kate, Ottawa; Deacon, W. A., Winnipeg; De Lisle, Mlle. Marguerite, Montreal; de Montigny, Louvigny, Ottawa; de Soyres, Miss M. G., Montreal; Dumais, Prof. Joseph, Quebec; Eayrs, Hugh S., Toronto; Edelstein, Hyman, Montreal; Edgar, Prof. Pelham, Toronto; Foley, Miss Pearl, Toronto; Foster, Lady, Ottawa; Gibbon, J. M., Montreal; Gibson, Mrs. E. M. W., Ottawa; Gosnell, R. E., Ottawa; Hendrie, Miss L. M., Montreal; Higgins, Miss Alice, Ottawa; Hope, Mrs. John, Ottawa; Hood, Robert Allison, Vancouver; Hopkins, J. Castell, Toronto; Howay, Judge F. W., New Westminster; James, Fred., Ottawa; Joynes, Miss Agnes, Ottawa; Kennedy, H. A., Montreal; Kerby, Rev. G. W., Calgary; Ketchum, W. Q., Ottawa; Lauriston, Victor, Chatham; Lawler, James, Ottawa; Lipsett-Skinner, Mrs. G., Winnipeg; Livesay, Mrs. Florence R., Toronto; Macbeth, Mrs. Madge, Ottawa; MacDonald, Goodridge, Ottawa; MacMurchy, Miss Marjorie, Toronto; McKenzie, J. Vernon, Toronto; Mignault, Judge P. B., Ottawa; Montet, Edouard, Montreal; Moorhouse, Hopkins; Winnipeg; Osborne, Mrs. Marian, Ottawa; Phillips, George, Ottawa; Price, Mrs. Elizabeth B., Calgary; Reeve, Mrs. Francis, Calgary; Roberts, Lloyd, Ottawa; Sandwell, B. K., Montreal; Stead, R. J. C., Ottawa; Stewart, George, Toronto; Tremblay, Jules, Ottawa; Wallace, W. S., Toronto.

Reports of Branches

EDMONTON BRANCH

Secretary: Rev. W. Everard Edmonds

On April 26th, 1921, an organization meeting was held in the Macdonald Hotel, Edmonton, at a dinner given to Alberta writers, by the Edmonton Women's Press Club, Mr. J. Murray Gibbon being the guest of honor. After an address by Mr. Gibbon on the aims of the Canadian Authors' Association, it was moved by Mrs. Emily Murphy, and seconded by Dr. Kerby, that a branch of the C.A.A. be formed at Edmonton, in accordance with the provisions of the federal constitution.

The election of officers then took place, Mrs. Nellie McClung being chosen chairman of the Alberta Branch, with John D. Hunt as vice-chairman for Edmonton, and Rev. Dr. Kerby for Calgary. At a later date it was found advisable to constitute Calgary as a completely separate branch. Professor P. A. W. Wallace was secretary and Miss Edna Kells treasurer.

On May 28th, the Branch held a dinner at the Macdonald Hotel, in honor of J. Vernon McKenzie, editor of MacLean's Magazine.

On August 30th, a luncheon was held at the Board of Trade Rooms in co-operation with the Women's Canadian Club, to do honor to R. J. C. Stead.

The Branch took a very active part in promoting public interest in Canadian Book Week. A number of articles were prepared for the press, a list of Alberta authors was compiled by Mr. Jaffary, provincial librarian, and Mr. E. L. Hill, of the Edmonton Public Library, and excellent exhibits of the works of Canadian authors were shown at the University of Alberta and at the City Library. Public addresses were given during the week, perhaps the most outstanding being one on "Canadian Literature and Nationality," given by Dr. Broadus before the Edmonton Board of Trade, and that of Mr. E. A. Corbett to the members of the Rotary Club.

Canadian Book Week in Edmonton was preluded by a visit from Dr. Bliss Carman, and the Edmonton Branch was honored in having him as its guest at a dinner at the Macdonald Hotel on November 15th.

Beginning with the New Year, noon-day luncheons have been held on the last Saturday in each month.

At the first luncheon held in the Board of Trade rooms on January 28th, Rev. W. Everard Edmonds was elected Secretary in place of Professor P. A. W. Wallace, resigned, and the following were elected as members of the executive: C. R. Morrison, Mrs. E. L. Hill, and Mrs. Green-Ellis. The speaker was John D. Hunt who gave an interesting address on "The Natural Resources Question," and an honored guest was Mrs. Evah McKowan, of Kelowna.

On February 28, a similar luncheon was held in the Board of Trade rooms. This was "Poet's Day," and several original poems were read by the members present.

The third monthly luncheon was held on March 25, at the Macdonald Hotel, the guests of honor being Georges Bugnet, a French journalist, now a resident of Alberta, and Dr. E. K. Broadus, head of the English department of the University of Alberta, who gave an admirable address on "Forty Stubborn Scotchmen; A Study in Nation Building."

CALGARY BRANCH

Branch President: Dr. G. W. Kerby

The Calgary Branch was organized, during the first week of May, 1921, as a result of the visit of J. Murray Gibbon to the city.

A reception was held for Mr. Gibbon, at which he presented the aims, objects and purposes of the Canadian Authors Association. Speaking of Calgary, Mr. Gibbon referred to it as "the city of Romance," and stated that no city of its age in the Dominion could compare with it, in the number of writers who had been identified with its history.

It might be interesting to mention the names of some of them:—Isobel Patterson, Robert, J. C. Stead, C. W. Stokes, Frank Houghton, Hubert Footner, Willard Mack Sergeant Ralph S. Kendall, and Mrs. Francis Reeve.

Ralph Connor got his material for his "Sun-Dance Patrol" and other books when he was a minister at Banff, locating his stories in this vicinity.

A number of English writers have used Southern Alberta, particularly in connection with the story of the C.P.R. construction. Among them are Morley Roberts, who wrote "A Western Avernus" and Frederick Niven, who now lives in Nelson, B.C.

Captain Dean and General Steele, who lived many years in Calgary, have given us "The History of the North-West Mounted Police" and "Forty Years of My Life in Canada," while Dr. MacRae has written an interesting account of the earlier pioneers of Alberta. That prophet of the plains, Dr. John McDougal, has told the stories of the red man and the buffalo.

In Calgary and its environs, the author of "The Broken Trail" and other stories found his material. Here also, R. G. MacBeth gathered considerable of his "Policing of the Plains," and Constance Lynd wrote her "Margaret Halstead."

John Hugill (John Harker) received his inspiration for "The Ministrations of Martha," and Arthur Stringer (whose father and brother lived here for years) discovered his "Prairie Wife," "Prairie Mother" and "Prairie Child."

The above do not by any means exhaust the names. Poems of merit have been written by Elaine N. Catley and W. D. Geddes and others. But they will serve to show that Mr. Gibbon was not far astray, when he said "That no place of the age and size of Calgary, within the Empire, had a larger number of writers to its credit, or had furnished more inspiration, and material, for their writings."

Since the organization last May, five general meetings, have been held, and six or seven executive.

Officers elected at the organization meeting included:—President, Rev. G. W. Kerby, D.D.; Vice-President, Mrs. Francis Reeve; Treasurer, Miss Enid Griffis; Committee, C. A. Hayden; Mrs. J. Price, W. M. Davidson; S. C. Reat; Sergeant Ralph Kendall; P. J. Deachman; Mrs. J. L. Stavert, M. D. Geddes.

The Branch has entertained, or assisted in entertaining, R. J. C. Stead, Bliss Carman, Esther Kerry, Mrs. Evah McKowan, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Sir Philip Gibbs and others.

Original contributions at regular meetings have included: "Early Struggles of a Writer," by Mrs. Reeve; songs and music by Mrs. F. W. Lent and Miss Geneva Lent; songs and music by Dr. Rodgers; R.N.W.M.P. Christmas Story, by Ralph S. Kendall; poems by M. D. Geddes; "Friendship's Garden," by G. W. Kerby; poems by Esther Kerry, Enid Griffis and Mrs. Reginald Smith; "The Ministrations of Martha," by John Hugill; "Canadian Book Week," by A. Calhoun and Fred Osborne; "Power and Influence, and Possibilities of Visual Instruction, through the Movies," by G. W. Kerby; "The Scenario and How to Write One," by Mrs. Reeve; "Moving Picture Censorship," by J. Price.

At the annual meeting on April 8, 1922, the following were elected: President, Rev. G. W. Kerby; Vice-President, Mrs. F. Reeve; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Hugill, LL.D., K.C.; Executive, C. A. Hayden; Mrs. J. F. Price; S. C. Reat; R. J. Deachman; Mrs. J. L. Stavert; M. D. Geddes; J. H. Wood; W. F. Lent.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vice-Pres.: ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

In presenting my report as your Vice-President for British Columbia, I feel a certain diffidence, realizing that, in this first year, so much has been done for us by the general executive and by our untiring President, Mr. Gibbon, that our part has been largely that of accessory after the fact. We have, however, tried to do something of what was expected of us, and, although there are always difficulties at the beginnings of things, we may feel, I think, a pleasure in looking back and a confidence in looking forward.

The formation of the British Columbia section of this Association took place at a meeting, held in the Blue Room of the Hotel Vancouver, on Saturday evening, April 30, 1921. Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, Dominion President, and Mr. Arthur Stringer were present and explained very fully the aims and objects of the Association. The response was enthusiastic, and officers for the new section were elected before the meeting closed. The election resulted as follows:—Chairman, His Honour Judge Howay; Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Julia Henshaw; Secretary, Mr. Bertram Sinclair; Treasurer, Mr. R. A. Hood; Provincial Committee: (Vancouver) Dr. S. D. Scott, Mr. R. W. Douglas, Mr. John Nelson, Mr. Lionel Haweis, Prof. Thorlief Larsen, Dr. H. Ashton, Mr. Roy Brown, Mr. George Murray, Mr. R. S. Somerville, Mrs. E. Rebbick, Mrs. Lefevre, Rev. R. G. MacBeth. (Vernon) Mr. Robert Watson. (Fort Steele) Mr. Charle Mair. (Cranbrook) Mrs. Evah McKowan. (Victoria) Miss Marjorie Pickthall.

This executive committee has proved a most congenial one. Their chief difficulty has been a question of finance. I mention this, in case there may be other Branches with an equal facility for running up deficits and a like absence of expedients for reducing the same. Suggestions by which this regrettable tendency might be curbed would be valuable to us all; since, in an Association dependent on yearly fees for support, and with a pleasant amount of entertaining to do, the relationship of lions to liabilities is apt to be more than alliterative.

There have come, during the year, various suggestions regarding the possible expansion of the Association. An idea which has seemed especially popular is that of a bureau whose duty it would be to furnish authentic information to inquiring members in a prompt and businesslike manner. This, if it could be maintained without disproportionate expense, would be a great help to many of our members.

Another suggestion which may be of value, especially to the farther away Branches, is that headquarters should provide early news of intending visitors in whose coming Canadian Authors are especially interested. A few days' notice in advance would aid greatly in the arranging of adequate entertainment.

The need of the prompt and regular arrival of our Association organ, THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN, is felt by all our British Columbia membership. Widely separated branches need especially the steady keeping-in-touch which only an up-to-date exchange of views, comment and criticism can give. As the Association becomes more firmly established it is hoped that much may be done to enlarge the BOOKMAN'S usefulness. One member wishes to suggest that practical articles for the guidance of the more inexperienced author may be made a regular feature of the magazine. The series to end, presumably, when the author is sufficiently guided.

I have left the record of our year's activities in Vancouver to the report of the Branch Secretary, Mr. Bertram Sinclair. The only thing which will not naturally be dealt with there, is the formation of the Victoria members of this Section into a separate Branch under the name of "The Victoria and Island Branch." This was found to be advisable on account of the difficulty of arranging meetings with a boat trip intervening. At the formation of this new Branch Mrs. Julia Henshaw was present representing the British Columbia Section. The regular Branch officers were elected, but it was decided that, although the branches were separate, one Vice-President would suffice for both. In that capacity I have had the pleasure of visiting Victoria once, and found their membership most healthily alive.

The out-of-town members of the Provincial Executive have done good work all through the year, but especially during Book Week, when they were very active in awakening enthusiasm in their various sections.

In March of this year the first annual meeting of the Vancouver Branch was held; the elections resulting in a return to office of the old executive with the exception of a few changes made necessary by the withdrawal of the Victoria members and the submitting of the Rev. Mr. MacBeth as Chairman and Judge Howay as Vice-Chairman. The executive was given power to fill the vacancies on the general committee.

Since closing this report it has become my sad duty to reopen it to add the record of the sudden death on April 19th of Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. Miss Pickthall has been associated with the Victoria and Island Branch since its formation, representing the General Executive there, and in March of this year removing to Vancouver.

No words can soften the sorrow with which this heavy news has been heard by everyone who knew Miss Pickthall either personally or through her published work. The loss to Canadian literature which the cessation of her work will mean, cannot easily be over-estimated. What she has already given us was, I believe, but a foretaste of what she had to give. Always inspired with that fire which burns only in the few, she had trained her great gift by years of earnest work and pursued her art's perfection with a singleness of purpose possible only to those whose love of letters is a thing as vital as life itself. The true reward of the poet, the joy of seeing beauty form under the creative touch, had always been hers; and also the pleasure of an understanding recognition accorded by the discerning, but only during the last year had success in its more prosaic form brought her anything like an adequate return in material things. She had reached the point where editors looked eagerly for her work; the disappointment of returned manuscript was already a memory. More than all this she was filled with the desire and the impulse of creation—eager only to write and to write more and more. What that writing might have meant for Canada we can only guess, since death has placed a period with such tragic suddenness.

(Synopsis of work carried on by Vancouver Branch since November 1, by Mr. Bertrand W. Sinclair, Secretary):

Since November 4, several matters of interest have been dealt with. The Canadian Authors Association, in co-operation with publishers and booksellers all over Canada, arranged for what was called a Canadian Book Week, during which a concerted effort to display and make known by every possible means the work of Canadian writers of all sorts

of literature—to draw public attention to the fact that literature was being produced in Canada by Canadians. From November 21, to November 26, this campaign was carried on. From newspaper comment, and from the national secretary, we learn that a good deal was accomplished.

During this book week we had the good fortune to have in our midst, Canada's Poet Laureate, Bliss Carman, giving readings under the auspices of the Women's University Club. A committee appointed by your executive arranged a luncheon at the Hotel Vancouver in honor of Dr. Carman, which was a very delightful affair.

Then in January Mr. Charles Mair, the grand old man of Canadian letters, arrived in Vancouver on his way to the Antipodes. A luncheon was in process of being arranged, when Mr. Mair's health took a turn which did not permit it to be carried out. However, your committee drew up a letter expressing the appreciation of the local Branch of the C.A.A. for Mr. Mair's contributions to Canadian letters through the course of a long and adventurous life. This was signed by seven members of the executive and presented to Mr. Mair. Mr. Mair expressed a hope that when he returned from New Zealand he would be physically able to meet us publicly and perhaps give us an address.

Your committee has corresponded with the Minister of Education for British Columbia, also with the Secretary of a committee from the four Western provinces sitting at Regina, in regard to the work of representative Canadian authors being incorporated in the new school readers, which are being standardized for the western provinces. We are assured that due attention is being given this.

Apart from certain routine matters and correspondence this is about all that has been before your executive since we met in November last. The CANADIAN BOOKMAN, which is proclaimed as the official organ of the C.A.A. has the function of supplying us all with information concerning the work of the national organization. A fusion of the CANADIAN BOOKMAN with another journal recently took place. Perhaps that, and the upheaval of transferring editorial offices, disturbed the routine to such an extent as to preclude prominence being given to items concerning the work of the Association, in the last two numbers. This, we are led to hope, will be remedied in future.

VICTORIA AND ISLANDS BRANCH

MRS. DOROTHY M. BISHOP, Hon. Sec.

Owing to its great distance from the parent headquarters, and consequent postal delays—and owing also to the fact that most of its members are too busy to be able to arrange for a long journey and protracted absence from work, without more notice than was this year given them—the Victoria and Islands Branch is unable to send a delegate to attend the Convention and voice its views on the points raised on the agenda. It is therefore hoped that the Vancouver delegate will be so very kind as to represent us.

The Victoria and Islands Branch had its birth on June 18, 1921, at the house of Miss Marjorie Pickthall in Victoria.

Mrs. A. de B. Lugrin Shaw and Mrs. Dorothy M. Bishop had attended, by invitation, the initiatory meeting held in Vancouver the previous April, when Mr. Murray Gibbon introduced the Canadian Authors Association in the west; and it was entirely owing to the initiative and zeal of Mrs. Shaw that, with Miss Pickthall's help and support, our Branch was ultimately founded.

The original five members were Miss Pickthall, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Donald Fraser, Mr. C. C. Pemberton and Mr. J. Gordon Smith. Our membership includes women and men whose writings have been published in many different parts of the Empire; and while some are wholly engaged in literature, even the humblest is working sincerely towards a high goal.

We pride ourselves on taking the question of literary work very seriously, and our Branch Constitution is framed to maintain as high a standard as is possible in so young and immature an organization. As an instance of this fact, I would quote if I had time, a Resolution recently carried and embodied in the Branch By-laws in an endeavour to attain this end.

It should be understood that while our title is "Victoria and Islands," we have not yet been able, owing to lack of time

DR. O'HAGAN

Well-known Canadian poet, essayist and journalist. A volume of his "Collected Poems" was among the recent issues of McClelland & Stewart, Ltd.

and funds, to organize more than a very limited territory, with the result that many able writers residing in our district have not yet been even approached, except impersonally through the press, with an invitation to join. We know that within the next twelve months this omission will have been rectified, and our membership raised from its present figure of 37 to one really representative of the Islands' literary talent and energy.

Regular monthly meetings are held by this Branch, and executive meetings take place the previous week. The present executive consists of the following writers:—Chairman, R. Sheldon-Williams; Vice-Chairman, J. Gordon Smith; Treasurer, Donald A. Fraser; Secretary, Mrs. Dorothy M. Bishop; Committee: Mrs. Kate Simpson-Hayes, Mrs. A. de B. Lugrin Shaw, Mrs. G. Georgeson Ballantyne, Mr. C. C. Pemberton, Colonel C. Flick, Major F. V. Longstaff, Major L. Bullock-Webster, Miss Eugenie Perry, Mr. W. E. Walsh.

As regards present literary work, as a Branch we feel with the knight of long ago, "Let be my name until I make my name," and while many of our members have long lists of published work, including in several instances well-known books, to their credit, we prefer at the present stage of our career as an Association to announce merely that "we too have not been idle."

In regard to two points on which we are asked to vote, this Branch feels (1) in regard to the question of admission of illustrators and others, that it is **not** in favour of broadening our scope beyond that of a writers' association, and (2) in regard to the provincial vice-presidency, that it cannot imagine a better vice-president than Mrs. Isabel Eccleston McKay.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE C.A.A.

The following have been admitted to membership in the Canadian Authors Association since the last list was published:

Regular

529 Waller, Rev. G. C., Huron College, London, Ont.
530 Deprend, Jeffrey, 1131 Washington Blvd., Oak Park, Illinois.
531 Gautheron, Rene, University of Antigonish, N.S.
532 Munro, Prof. Henry F., Dalhousie University, Halifax.
533 Bullock-Webster, L., 2012 Runnymede Ave., Victoria, B.C.
534 Cosgrave, Lt.-Col. L. M., 345 Stewart St., Ottawa.
535 Cosgrave, Mrs. Beryl H., 345 Stewart St., Ottawa.
536 Hamilton, Col. C. F., Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa.
537 Black, Mrs. George, 644 Bute St., Vancouver.
538 Ward, Rev. J. E., University Club, Montreal.
539 Smythe, A. E., 22 Glen Road, Toronto.
540 White, Miss G. C. Mary, Canadian Farmer, Richmond St., Toronto.
541 Church, Miss Elizabeth, 85 Grand Boulevard, Montreal.
542 Harris, Mrs. Colin, 246 Riverside Drive, St. Lambert, Que.
543 Bugnet, Georges, Rich Valley P.O., Alberta.

Associate

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223 Maxwell, Mrs. J. S., 236 11th St., Brandon.
224 Whidden, Mrs. Howard P., 402 16th St., Brandon.
225 Cole, Mrs. Margaret E. E., Clarence Ont.
226 Atlee, Dr. Harold B., 139 Morris St., Halifax.
227 Linton, Dorothy C., 71 Coburg Road, Halifax.
228 MacGlashen, J. A., Dartmouth, N.S.
229 Meighen, Right Honourable Arthur, 21 Cooper St., Ottawa.
230 Tompkins, Rev. J. J., St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, N.S.
231 Smillie, Miss E. A., "Quintacera," Rockliffe Park, Ottawa.
232 Henderson, H. S., 869 Humboldt St., Victoria, B.C.
233 Dalziel, Miss M., 416 Fourth St., Brandon, Man.
234 Hill, Miss S. Louisa, 639 Lorne Ave., Brandon, Man.
235 Cuppage, Mrs. Edith M., "Daily World" Vancouver, B.C.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

By EDWARD SAPIR

THERE are poets whose authentic work emerges somewhat precariously from the interaction of subtly conflicting motives. The chances of a flaw appearing somewhere in the too delicate workshop of their spirit are so great that the one exquisite success must needs be anticipated by a run of half-successes or followed by a failure. Such a spirit is Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose eight volumes have now been assembled in a book of "Collected Poems" (Macmillan, Toronto, $3). One fancies, as he turns these pages, that a juster idea of Mr. Robinson's very individual artistry might have been conveyed in a smaller volume limited to his perfect and more nearly perfect poems—to "Merlin," all or very nearly all of "The Man against the Sky," the best lyrics of "The Children of the Night" and "The Town Down the River," "Isaac and Archibald" and possibly one or two other things from the "Captain Craig" volume ("Captain Craig" itself is interesting rather than satisfying), and little or nothing from his last three volumes (possibly "The Mill" and "Lazarus" might have been saved out of "The Three Taverns"). As it is, the inclusion of the inferior work blurs the picture that we must form of Mr. Robinson's poetry if we are to do it no more than justice. This poetry stands like a spare grove, each tree demanding a clearance for the contemplation of its gaunt and singular beauty. Our admiration for "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" must be oblivious of the John Browns and Pauls and Rembrandts that Mr. Robinson rather vainly puts in our road, nor must we allow an overdone "Tasker Norcross" to soften the sharp lines of some of the earlier studies of human futility, nor an "Avon's Harvest," dim in conception and awkward in execution, to dilute the eerie blend of irony and lyricism that seems to be the recipe for the really great poems of the book—"John Gorham," "Lisette and Eileen," "John Evereldown," "Richard Corey," and the rest.

To blurt out our case against the "Collected Poems," Mr. Robinson's poetic range is too limited for quite so large a volume. Aside from "Merlin," which has been received with an incredibly obtuse frigidity where a public truly alive to poetic values would at once have rubbed its eyes in glad amazement—aside from this most splendid of poems, Mr. Robinson's comment on life is too icy for bulk. Again, his interest in the color and detail of the human sense is too languid to save his work from a cumulative monotony. Mr. Robinson's art does not, in any deeply valid sense, reflect life. It is an error to make the parallel with Browning. It sets in nearly always where life has unravelled itself and is waiting for its tart, ironic epitaph.

Having said all this in preliminary disparagement, we have really said little that is pertinent. For when we look away from the unsuccessful pieces, weed out of our critical selves any lingering sentiments we may still possess on an artist's subject-matter, and ponder the smaller volume of achievement that lies scattered within the published volume, we realize clearly enough Mr. Robinson's position in contemporary American letters. Mr. Robinson is the one American poet that compels, rather than invites, consideration. We may like or dislike Mr. Masters or Miss Lowell, but we are not likely to feel in their work the presence of a spirit that annihilates us for the moment. They bludgeon and allure us into attention and we never cease to be aware of their neighborly gestures. We may like or dislike Mr. Robinson—we may both like and dislike him—but his accents are too authentic, his aloofness too certain, to give our spirits the choice of whether to attend or not. Mr. Robinson has neither program nor audience. He gives us the essence, singularly intense and cerebral, of his lonely, perhaps casual, experience of the world. We note instinctively how the cold matter of his thought is vouched for by its rhythmic expression and have no recourse but to conclude that in this man thought is not far from feeling, that what we behold is the genuinely artistic record of a rigorous personality. Mr. Robinson has not merely asked himself to think and feel thus and so; he has taken his sophisticated, bitter soul for granted and has shown how beauty may blossom in an artist's desert. There can be no more scientific demonstration of the futility of discussing art in terms of content than to look from Mr. Robinson's arid acre to Mr. Masters' tumultuous village or Miss Lowell's garden of magnificent paper flowers.

Need one hesitate to apply the term "beautiful" to this poetry? Does Mr. Robinson's desperate irony comport with "beauty"? I cannot see that an apology is required. Beauty is neither thing nor flavor; it is a relation, a strange accord between content and form. Mr. Robinson's forms fit his matter inexorably. If they seem at times a little luxuriant for their drab content, it is because this content is often but a superficies behind which one must feel back to the fuller emotion. This inferential art, with its pulsing silences, is probably the fruit of a Puritan reticence, overhauled and reinforced by a newer bitterness. At any rate, it is characteristic of Mr. Robinson's best poetry, as of all great poetry, that we believe its rhythms rather more than its letter-press.

Mr. Robinson has wrung strange values out of worn meters. Some of his ballad tunes and variations of ballad tunes seem to mock their own movement with a grim flippancy. In "Bokardo," for instance, the too insistent melody, wedded to an argumentative diction, give us a knowing kind of doggerel, at once sad and jaunty.

Well, Bokardo, here we are;
Make yourself at home.
Look around—you haven't far
To look—and why be dumb?
Not the place that used to be,
Not so many things to see;
But there's room for you and me.
And you—you've come.

In "The Clinging Vine" the nervous energy of the clipped lines freezes behind us as we read:

No more—I'll never bear it.
I'm going. I'm like ice.
My burden? You would share it?
Forbid the sacrifice!
Forget so quaint a notion,
And let no more be told;
For moon and stars and ocean
And you and I are cold.

Very complex in feeling is "John Evereldown." Its movement creates a sense of breathless mystery on which John's senile lewdness floats as hardly more than a suggestion or symbol. Almost equally complex is "John Gorham," perhaps the most perfect short poem in the book. In this lovers' quarrel the "story," as regularly in Mr. Robinson's work, is built up retrospectively by the leakage of a stray bit or two of narrative reference—information withdrawn as quickly as it is charily ventured. But it is neither inferential narrative nor even drama that makes the interest of the poem, rather the confrontation of John's caustic disillusionment with the girl's mingled coquetry, vexation and clinging womanliness. The drama is not so much psychological interplay and background as it is scaffolding inferred for the momentary display of states of mind. The technique of "John Gorham" is flawlessly precise. The syllables, rapid and retarding, carry a felicitous mingling of the colloquial and a not quite so colloquial flashing of images. If ever English rhythm succeeded in fusing wit and sentiment, it is in these lines, so familiar and so remote.

It seems to be customary to think of Mr. Robinson as a pessimistic dramatist who has chosen the lyric form because he could in this way best practise his arts of compression and inferential diagnosis. I believe that this opinion seriously misconceives the nature of Mr. Robinson's poetic impulse. Mr. Robinson's observation is far too static for the natural development of a dramatic interest. His methods of inference are only plausibly and in second degree a sophisticated technique; much more truly they are an evasion of the dramatic problem. A thoroughly vigorous dramatic awareness presupposes the ability to assimilate and project narrative, an ability that Mr. Robinson cannot well be credited with. The core of his poetic personality is lyric, and lyric alone. This is indicated, it seems to me, not only by the feeling that he so often transfers to his rhythms but by the very fact that he can get at the flow of life only as something hastily inferred from the vantage point of an irrevocable moment. Possibly the famous Shakespeare poem is somewhat to blame for the current view of Mr. Robinson's genius. Now, while it is obvious that "Ben Jonson entertains a man from Stratford" is an amazingly successful dramatic portrait, I think it is legitimate to say—at the risk, it may be, of appearing a little cross-grained—that this poem is somewhat of a "tour de force," that it does not adequately represent the deeper Robinson, and that there is an air of strain about much of it. It is exceedingly fortunate that we have the "Merlin," not only for its own sake but because it enables us to see the general poetic output of its creator in a just illumination. "Merlin" is a narrative poem, it is true, but it is a slow narrative. Its essential beauty lies in its lyric qualities. Here we have the imagery that Mr. Robinson had been wistfully reaching out for in all his previous work but which he had never quite allowed himself to seize, so habituated had his soul become to the denial of sense in the world of bitter reality.

Keener than any of Mr. Robinson's own ironies is the irony which doomed him, the unbeliever, to a Puritan and scurrilous asceticism. That part of him which was speech could not accept the pagan beauty of the world which the rhythms of his spirit so ardently desired. None knew better than Mr. Robinson himself what he was about when he lost himself in Arthurian romance. If the lyric impulse finds little growth in a world too blighted for anything but caustic blooms, it has the right to burrow into a subsoil of the fancy. Half of Mr. Robinson, the lyric poet, is in the rhythms of his poems of the denial of life, half in the passion and imagery of "Merlin." Mr. Robinson the psychologist is a somewhat unconvinced and sullen substitute for the undivided lyrist.

Chinese Verse and Free Verse

One of the most interesting works produced by a member of the Canadian Authors Association during the year, is the volume "Fir-Flower Tablets: Poems translated from the Chinese," in which the translation has been done by Mrs. Florence Ayscough, a native of Shanghai but the daughter of a Canadian father and an American mother, while the poetic form has been provided by Amy Lowell. In such a case, it is obviously difficult to determine the exact value of the share of each party in the collaboration; but Miss Lowell, who, as the better known of the two writers, might have possessed herself of most of the glory without even troubling to claim it, has been most frank in ascribing to Mrs. Ayscough, in her preface, a very large part of whatever success has been achieved in reproducing the atmosphere of the Chinese composition.

It has long been evident that there is a pronounced affinity between the modern free-verse school and the principles, or at least some of them, followed by oriental literary artists. The intense pre-occupation with a physical picture, or indeed with a physical effect produced upon any of the senses; the attempt to give to certain words a greatly heightened power of association; these are characteristic of much Chinese poetry and of nearly all of the output of Miss Lowell and her followers. It seems, in fact, as if the present-day interest in Chinese and Japanese poetry was largely made possible by the free-verse movement; for so long as regular metre and rhyme were regarded as indispensible parts of poetry, it was scarcely possible to include the Oriental literatures in that category at all. However that may be, there can be no doubt that this volume will very greatly stimulate the interest of English-speaking readers in the achievements of the Chinese poets of some twelve hundred years ago, whose method of verse construction is described by Mrs. Ayscough as being in many cases almost identical with that of "polyphonic prose." It is quite evident that there is a Chinese art in the arrangement of syllables and tones which may be made useful for the development of English poetry, and the more we learn of it, the greater will become our power of enlarging the range of our own literature. It would not be surprising if the spoken word of Chinese traditional poetry (for it must not be forgotten that this poetry is most emphatically produced for the purpose of being read aloud) may eventually exert almost as great an influence on our modern verse as the art of Chinese and Japanese painters and designers has in the last fifty years exerted on our own pictorial arts.—(Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston).

A Book on Spiritual Life

There has never before been a time when such strong criticisms of the public reading taste have been so frequent. On all sides we have our attention directed to the only too evident materialism of the age, and the helter skelter rush of present day life. The predominance of materialistic tendencies to the exclusion of appreciation for things spiritual is largely due to the lack of suitable books presenting explanations of the seeming unreality of spiritual life. When such a book appears, it ought to be given a phenomenal welcome. Such a book is "The Wayfarer," by the Rev. G. E. Ward (Macmillan, Toronto). The author has a great facility for expression and a most practical style for presenting a discussion of this type The narrative running through the whole book forms an attractive frame around which to weave his discourse.

The following extracts from the book will give some idea of the beauty of thought and language which characterizes it:

The little white blooms which are the forerunners of summer tell me that, in the dull days, when life's breezes are far from genial, when out of the cloudy sky little light of hope seems to find its way, 'twere better that we raise a face of gladdening welcome to fellow man than await the warm ray of man's sun gladness to cheer our own heart.

* * * *

To use and not abuse, to win beauty out of error, from failure to gain a life stability, even to build up spirit strength from a body's crippling, so one weaves a future from the past and weaving makes both past and future one calm present whole.

* * * *

The wild roses are fully abloom; they win the love that the wild unkempt ones of the race do always find is theirs even beneath a human self-complacency. It is the wild briar that gives strong durance to the budded plant. And it may be, that, in a nation's culture the wanderers from the path of stern formality may have their place not less than those their seeming betters.

* * * *

To many, God is a great Being, far away in the heavens, overruling a wonder world in His great might—the God of storm and sun—fringed clouds, transcendent in His glory. To how many is He that which He teaches us He is—at once the God of heart and river, the all-loving Father of family—fold and field and stream, all-powerful but all-wise, both transcendent and immanent.

* * * *

The spider builds little but cobwebs, but they are not cobwebs for the spider. It is only men that call them cobwebs. The worthy spider's way is to make such weaving, and he does no other building than God intended he should do. Can man say always so of his own earthly plans?

* * * *

It is not always in the broad light of the glorious noontide sun that God unfolds the inner secrets of His spirit life to human kind. The wealth of golden colour woven by nature for the royal robe of the King of Kings, the welling harmony of joyous song, the full free breath of heaven's air, wafted in gentle waves across the upland's new mown hay, all minister to Him, and, in their ministry tell of His love and life. But His own sweet voice is ever more like the silver cadence of the rippling brook under the midnight sky, still—small—speaking in accents calm and clear, in the quiet watches of the heart's lone night, tenderly intimate in the darkness of sorrow.

* * * *

Instruments we are, capable of bearing the cooling waters of God's Holy Spirit in rills of living influence out into the broadening fields of a great world's work: capable of being imbued, at once, with his purity and His wondrous power to purify the circles in which we move.

* * * *

The harvest gladness is the gladness of attainment, and there is no attainment without struggle or without pain. . . . To strive on into the sunlight of the Divine Love until, at last, over the fields of life, there is the golden harvest joy of character attained; such was the springtime hope of the Reaper when He cast the fertile seed of His holy, all-pure Spirit within the new-turned furrow of our souls.

* * * *

And there as they (Naomi and Rut)h trod highway or footpath, they were unconsciously working out the plan of the God of Bethlehem. They were on the path of duty, and in the evening they found rest. May it not be too with us that the influence of a chance acquaintance, the clinging to a humble tie, the daily following of duty as one sees it, may be God's appointed use for life in influence upon the ages to come.

* * * *

Feelings I have which maybe come with the heritage of one He calls in some sense "Son." The glad spirit of love beneath His roof does lead me to know the paths that do best suit my own soul's health, that I may grow, and in the growing, come more near to His maturity. Were His All-wise love not able thus to lead our errant pupil hearts, worthy He could never be the name of Father.

* * * *

The stars speak to one another, and to man, of the inner heart content of the Life Eternal. The whole of my small countryside seems to have laid its head upon the Maker's breast, and there closed its eyes in rest. The heavens are so full of thought,—full as the broad earth and infinitely more "Infinite,"—each star a noble thought of God passing upon its own appointed way above my head.

Books Received

Hughes, Rupert, "Souls For Sale." Musson, Toronto, $2. This is Mr. Hughes' report on the moral and social condition of the movie industry. We know nothing about Hollywood ourselves, but we know a lot about the life of minister's families in the evangelical denominations in the Eastern States, and we hope Mr. Hughes' picture of the movie people is more accurate than that of the surroundings from which the heroine emerged. But even if "Souls for Sale" is not a very important social document it is an exciting tale with lots of action—of a slightly sex-y character.

Johnston, Sir Harry, "The Veneerings." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. To be able to remember that 1907 was a wet summer in England, that afternoon tea was just "coming in" in 1867, and that the cultivation of cinchona bark began in the fifties is an interesting and useful accomplishment but we doubt if it adds much in the making of a good novel. This is really not a novel but a chronology. There is a date mentioned on every page.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila, "Joanna Godden." McClelland, Toronto, $2. Joanna inherits a large Sussex farm and decides to manage it and all her other affairs, herself. In most of them she is successful, but in affairs of the heart she ends in disaster. The leisurely reader will delight in the portrait of the farmer's daughter, with her pride in the land and in her own mastery over it, the description of the Sussex country and the sketches of simple-minded children of the soil.

Nicolson, Harold, "Sweet Waters." Allen, Toronto, $2. There is so much varying matter in this highly condensed and exquisitely written novel that it is very hard to review. Mr. Nicolson is the author of a biography of Paul Verlaine, and is a critic of fine penetration. His novel is a critic's novel, but it is seldom that we see so high an achievement of atmosphere, individual psychology and dramatic event in one tale. The scene is Constantinople during the first Balkan War, and the characters are Greeks, and half-Greeks and Turks and British diplomats. There is a background of oriental cruelty and horror.

Raine, William MacLeod, "Man-Size." Allen, Toronto, $2. A "Mountie" story with a good movie plot. Mr. Raine knows more about the R.N.W.M.P. than most of those who purvey this type of fiction; but—do commissioned officers of that force invite their constables to lunch with them when in the headquarters city?

Raymond, Ernest, "Tell England." McClelland, Toronto, $1.75. We do not know why this book, on the lives and untimely ends of three British public-school boys who were just in time to become subalterns in the Great War, should leave an unpleasant taste in our mouth; but it does. Perhaps it is because we are convinced that any one of the three would have been most frightfully annoyed at being depicted in this undeniably sentimental manner. Some people, however, will undoubtedly say that this is a modern "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

Catalogue of Books Pertaining to Literature and the Fine Arts sent free on request.

GEORGE KIRK

1894 *Charles Road, Cleveland, O.*

Booksellers and Radio

Starts New Trade

RADIO

Interviewed by the New York representative of this journal as to means by which retailers may link up with Radio popularity, one of the leading publishers of Radio books pointed out that nothing in years had gained the interest and attention of the entire world in so short a time as the Radio Phone, yet only in its infancy. The new electrical science interests young and old, who are installing the necessary apparatus in their homes and forming radio clubs for evening amusements and social functions.

Those who have a scientific turn of mind do not have so much difficulty in installing the necessary outfits but there are very few who have a real working knowledge of radio and it is here that the booksellers and stationers can work to profitable advantage, for they have the benefit of much free advertising in this link-up Morning and evening papers, from coast to coast, are devoting columns daily to this new and engaging field. One metropolitan daily has even gone so far as to form a radio club among its readers, an example that will undoubtedly be followed by newspapers all over America.

Never has a live retailer of books had a better opportunity for profit making sales by featuring in windows, on counters, and in advertising in their local papers the various books now being published in regard to the radio phone. Those who have but little knowledge are eager to learn, and no time should be lost in cashing in on their desires.

In the advertising pages of this and other recent issues of "The Canadian Bookman" are published the advertisements of different publishers setting forth popular books on Radio, explaining such things as how to build and operate a Radio set, principles of vacuum tubes, radio hook-ups and how to put Radio to profitable commercial use.

There is no question but that the bookseller to-day has an extraordinary opportunity to broaden out his business by actively cooperating with the Radio movement that has to so great a degree captured the interest of the whole world.

Even though the books sold on the strength of Radio interest are restricted in their contents to subject matter strictly pertaining to the technical aspect of Radio operation, the trade must not overlook the fact that in attracting Radio enthusiasts to the bookstores, they are paving the way for sales of other books as well, not to mention the trade in other goods—stationery for instance—that the new customers will bring.

Starts New Trade

Is there a "Doubting Thomas" who questions the assertion that the Radio hobby creates new customers for books? If so, he hasn't tested the case at all! Let him make a real effort by really featuring Radio books and he will be surprised at the proportion of new faces that will appear among the customers coming to his store and the gratifying proportion of them who will continue to come for other goods, **and for regular copies of Radio periodicals, if he is sufficiently wide-awake to book the subscriptions of these Radio "fans" for magazines to be called for at the store.**

NEW RADIO BOOKS

Several new titles in Radio books are included in the latest descriptive list, issued by the Norman W. Henley Co., of New York, represented in Canada by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., of Toronto. The very latest book is M. B. Steeper's "Radio Experimentor's Handbook," which the author has based on the assumption that in these days when the Radio Set is almost as prominent in the homes as the phonograph, there is need for a book which tells in a concise and clear way the "Why" of Radio—What makes it work—How to build simple transmitters and receivers.

Throughout the preparation of this book, one purpose was kept in mind—Answer the Practical Questions of the "Novice," of the "Beginner," and the more advanced "Student," and help in the selection of construction of simple apparatus for the transmission and reception of radio telegraph and telephone signals.

In the chapters on radio receivers the simplest crystal, the simple audion, and the regenerative types are described in quite some detail. The question of antennas, both for transmitting and receiving, are taken up, besides many other helpful suggestions which will be of aid to the experimenter.

Radio

The publishers of "Radio—How to Make and Use It," sold about 2,500 copies of this book in two weeks. The latest "wrinkle" of the Radio is "listening in" on the 7.30 broadcast programme for the famous Bubble Books, a number of which have just been made use of as a bedtime story feature in Toronto by the "Star." Miss Annie Elizabeth Wilson, of the firm of Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, who publish the books in Canada, has been reading them to the invisible hosts of little listeners. It is an interesting fact that Miss Wilson was working side by side with Mr. Mayhew when the Bubble Books were being conceived, and made. At present "The Sandman Stories" by the same publisher, are being read to the kiddies via the "waves."

The Best Selling Books

Latest Returns

1. "Way of Revelation"—Ewart.
2. "An Ordeal of Honour"—Pryde.
3. "Mr. Proback"—Bennett.
4. "The Vehement Flame"—Deland.
5. "Secret Places of the Heart"—Wells.
6. "My Discovery of England"—Leacock.

BEST SELLERS IN THE U.S.

(From Baker & Taylor's Bulletin for July)

FICTION

1. The Vehement Flame, by Margaret Deland. (June 1, 1922). $2.00 net.
2. Gentle Julia, by Booth Tarkington. (April 28, 1922). $1.75 net.
3. The Sheik, by E. M. Hull. (Feb. 26, 1921). $1.90 net.
4. Simon Called Peter, by Robert Keable. (Dec. 31, 1921). $2.00 net.
5. The Covered Wagon, by Emerson Hough. (May 26, 1922). $2.00 net.
6. Man and Maid, by Elinor Glyn. (May 29, 1922). $2.00 net.
7. One Man in His Time, by Ellen Glasgow. (May 26, 1922). $2.00 net.
8. If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (Aug. 12, 1921). $2.00 net.
9. The City of Fire, by Grace Livingston Hill. (May 15, 1922). $2.00 net.
10. The Beautiful and Damned, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Mar. 3, 1922). $2.00 net.

NON-FICTION

1. Diet & Health, by Dr. Lulu Hunt Peters. (Aug. 21, 1918). $1.00 net.
2. The Story of Mankind, by Hendrik Van Loon. (Nov. 19, 1921). $5.00 net.
3. The Outline of History, by H. G. Wells. (Sept. 15, 1921). $5.00 net.
4. Books and Characters, by Lytton Strachey. (June 15, 1922). $3.50 net.
5. Outwitting Our Nerves, by Jackson and Salisbury. (May 25, 1921). $2.50 net.
6. The Mind in the Making, by James H. Robinson. (Nov. 17, 1921). $2.50 net.
7. Outline of Science, Vol. I., by J. Arthur Thomson. (May 12, 1922). $3.75 net.
8. Memoirs of the Ex-Crown Prince of Germany. (May 12, 1922). $5.00 net.
9. Public Opinion, by Walter Lippman. (Mar. 23, 1922). $2.75 net.
10. A Parody Outline of History, by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Nov. 30, 1921). $1.50.

Selling Aids for the Book Trade

Books and Methods

ABOUT MARIA CHAPDELAINE

Maria Chapdelaine is described by "The International Interpreter" as "Nationalism, merging into internationalism; it reveals essential life in lonely Canada to France, England, and America."

The book is now in its 397th French edition, and in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" René Bazin in an appreciative review speaks of its "perfection of art and truth."

There is in Canada an inclination to doubt the truth of the picture of Quebec rural life, broadcasted to the world in this book, with a conviction, that, notwithstanding its genuine artistic merit, it is too sombre in its delineation of Quebec habitant life. The fact remains, however, that this book has scored a notable success internationally, and that it has achieved a high place in the literature of Canada.

T. M. Longstreth, in his new travel book "The Laurentians," tells about a visit to the house of the heroine of "Maria Chapdelaine." Mr. Longstreth was up in Canada last year gathering material for his own book, and was surprised to learn that Maria was a real person, being now Maria Bedard of Peribonka. Maria was averse to talking about herself as the heroine of a novel, famous on two continents, but M. Bedard said:

"Louis Hemon spent the Winter with us, a silent man, and frail. I don't think our winter agreed with him. He said that he was after health, and wished to work in the fields. The work in the bush was too hard for him, so he worked with me here, and in the evenings wrote. We did not know that he was writing about us, until one day after he had gone, there came three copies of the book. I'm afraid they've all been taken. People will take things, you know."

$2,000 FOR BEST NOVEL

Harper & Brothers, publishers, announce that, in order to encourage young writers to write serious fiction, they have determined to hold a special competition for novels submitted to them for publication before March 1, 1923.

To the author of the best novel submitted in this competition, Harper & Brothers will award as a prize the sum of $2,000 in addition to the ordinary terms of royalty which will be arranged with the author. Any author shall be eligible for the prize who is an American citizen, and who has not published a novel in book form prior to the beginning of the war (August 1, 1914). No manuscript of less than 30,000 words shall be considered as a novel, and preference will be given to works of full novel length.

Japan

"The Foundations of Japan," by J W. Robertson Scott, (London: John Murray 24 s.) is a record of notes made during a journey of six thousand miles in the rural districts as a basis for a sounder knowledge of the Japanese people, in the course of five years' residence in Japan. It is neither pro-Japanese, nor anti-Japanese, and addresses itself to one of the chief barriers between East and West—a distrust of each other's morality and the illusion that the distrust is on one side only. The volume, with its exhaustive appendices and index comprises 446 pages, and has 85 illustrations.

A Ladder Library

The Macmillan Company is putting on the market a Juvenile Ladder Library. It is sent to the dealers in the form of a real stepladder made of attractive dark wood with the ages stencilled on the steps in white. There are five steps, taking boys and girls from "Ages 4–6" to "Ages 12–15."

DAVID STARR JORDAN

The autobiography of David Starr Jordan, under the title of "The Days of a Man," is announced by the World Book Co., for publication in the autumn. There will be a de luxe edition at $40 for the set of two volumes, and a popular edition at $15 a set.

WALL RACK

Designed for use where there is insufficient floor space to accommodate the larger floor racks.

Hints to parents on the selection of children's books, a list of juvenile publications classified according to the steps on this ladder, ladder bookmarks, and ladder book plates are being distributed widely. Not only dealers but libraries and schools have welcomed this innovation very heartily. The idea is being advocated for cities of having campaigns to put one of these ladder libraries in every school.

Baroness Orczy

Lovers of the unimitable romances from the pen of the creator of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" will welcome the announcement that another novel of the eighteenth century, "Nicolette" will be published this spring in Canada by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

STORE ARRANGEMENT

In the use of display racks for books, whether of the types shown in the accompanying illustrations, presented through the courtesy of Grosset & Dunlap, or of home construction to the bookseller's order, should be with the object of getting the maximum degree of prominence for the books. To that end these racks should occupy strategic positions, preferably near the front of the store, where attractively jacketted books will exercise their attraction on all beholders, both coming and going. Given that advantage every silent salesman will get in its work and keep stock moving.

A GROWING MARKET

Canada's registration of motor vehicles for 1921 shows an increase of more than 50,000 over the previous year, according to official figures issued by the highways branch of the Department of Railways and Canals. Last year there were 463,848 motor vehicles registered in the Dominion, as against 415,268 the previous year. In 1911, ten years previous, there were only 21,519 registrations.

Total revenues from registrations in 1921 were $7,669,493, practically all of which was expended by the different Provinces on highways improvements.

On the 1921 census of 8,782,422 persons in the Dominion, there was one motor vehicle for every 19 persons in Canada. In Ontario there were 206,517 vehicles and 2,935,153 persons.

The sales of motor vehicles in Canada thus far this year are said to have broken all records, and t is believed that when the returns are completed, it will reveal a ratio nearer one in ten, than the 1921 figures of one motor vehicle for every 19 persons in Canada.

For the bookseller, this should spell ever widening opportunity for sales of automobile books, and road maps.

Parallel New Testament

This fall Hodder & Stoughton will bring out a Parallel New Testament, giving the authorized version in a left hand column, and Moffatt's translation at the right. This modern English translation, running side by side with the literal version is a splendid innovation.

Hugins, Roland — "Grover Cleveland," Anchor-Lee Publishing Co., Washington, D.C. This is the first of the "Admirable American" series, and presents a condensed biography, historical review and life narrative of President Cleveland, with illuminating anecdotes. The tentative list of the numbers to follow in this series includes Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Andrew D. White, John Fiske, "O. Henry," and "Mark Twain."

"NATIONAL LIFE"

The current issue of "National Life" is a most interesting one, with a wealth of short stories, special articles of Canadian interest, besides over a dozen regular departments, including Art, and Literature. In addition, there is a detachable section for children.

The magazine is a worthy one, and deserves to be actively taken up by booksellers and newsdealers.

A Delightful Farce

It was of Dr. Arlington's humorous novel, "Through the Shadows," that this was written: "The laughable complications, the ludicrous situations, the puzzling perplexities, and the awkward ramifications" (that result from the confusion of identities) "make the entire story a delightful farce, attended by hair-raising escapes from premature and awkward exposure, and enriched by natural and amusing dialogue."

Mr. Prohack

Most booksellers have sold Arnold Bennett's books in goodly quantities, but "Mr. Prohack," Bennett's "novel of a poor rich man," will enable booksellers to enlist many additional enthusiasts for this noted author whose Canadian sales, though large, have by no means approached the total that should be realized.

Mr. Prohack had committed the unpardonable sin of poverty, not all at once, dramatically, but gradually, insidiously. Yet his wife, simple creature, loved him and his son and daughter thought him a good sort. Then he came into £100,000! But for that he might still be a normal Londoner, a valued man in the Treasury, and a welcome figure in his one remaining club.

Mr. Bennett's moral is: ,'Let al seedy husbands think twice before they allow a rich friend to die in a benevolent frame of mind."

AMERICA'S FOREMOST LIVING POET

Booksellers in their advertising could advantageously link up with a reference to Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Collected Poems," the fact that he has just received the Pulitzer prize for the best volume of verse published in 1921, and that Yale University has awarded him the degree of Doctor of Letters.

Professor William Lyon Phelps, in presenting Mr. Robinson, said: "In an age of self-advertising, where many prefer noteriety to obscurity, and would rather draw attention by any means than remain unknown, Mr. Robinson has invariably permitted his poems to speak for themselves. He is generally regarded to-day as America's foremost living poet."

Showing a row of six book racks in the store of Thomas B. Stapp, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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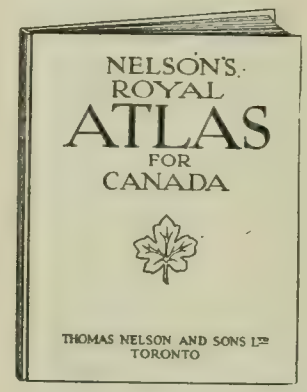

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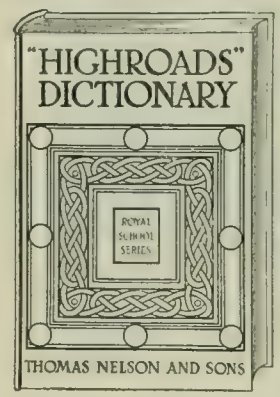

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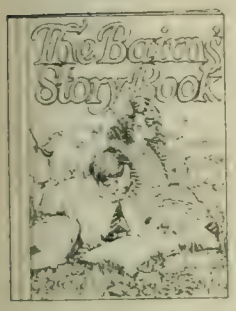

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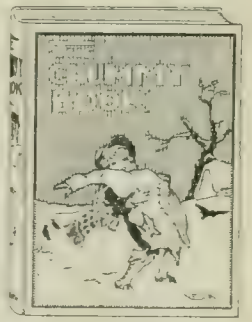

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New Issues

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Dole, Nathan Haskell, "Omar, the Tentmaker," Boston: The Page Co. This is a re-issue dedicated to "The Omar Khayyam Club of London," and all admirers of the poet-astronomer. It is an admirable volume, handsomely illustrated by Frank T. Small.

Mullins, Isla, "Uncle Mary," Boston: The Page Co. This is a new novel by the author of the "Blossom Shop" stories and like them, this is a tale of cheerfulness and sunshine, characteristics which are always sure of a ready circulation in book form once a writer has an audience such as this author's previous books have brought her.

Monroe, Will. S., "The Spell of Sicily," Boston: The Page Co. Here is another of the de luxe volumes in the deservedly popular "Spell" series. This account of the "Garden of the Mediterranean" essays to be complete and authoritative in the historical aspect, besides contributing to the delight of the reader by reason of the author's charming style. Professor Monroe's book had already been published in another edition, and under another title. In recognition of his able handling of the subject, the publishers decided that it was worthy of inclusion in the "Spell" series, which of course, necessitated the change in name to "The Spell of Sicily."

AESOP

Aesop's Fables as pictured in the movies, may not stick to the original text, nevertheless, from among the millions of people who see these pictures should come goodly numbers of sales of "Aesop's Fables" in book form, and the bookseller should keep this book in the public eye to help along sales.

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Poetry of the Common Day

ROBERT FROST

CANADA, we are told, is a poor market for poetry. "Oh, I never read poetry, I have not read a poem since my school days." This is an admission often heard, in town and country, and from educated as well as from uneducated men. Partly, at any rate, the reason seems to be, that the subjects and emotions treated in poetry are usually too remote from the life and experiences of the would-be readers to make their treatment in any form seem worth while to them. To Canadians of this way of thought, the poetry of Robert Frost and particularly his "Mountain Interval," may be commended as a revelation of the interest and pleasure poetry may have for all of us when the life of every day is portrayed by a master hand.

Mr. Frost is probably the foremost poet today on this side of the water. His works so far have been "A Boy's Will," published in 1914; "North of Boston," published 1915, and "Mountain Interval" in 1916, and just recently republished. It is this last little volume which will be found especially interesting to Canadians.

"Mountain Interval" is a collection of very brief, condensed poems which revive poignantly for those of us who are now facing the "home stretch" of life, happy and sad memories of a vanishing day in Canada's history. The simple and comparatively isolated life of Mr. Frost's mountain farmers of Vermont has many things in common with the Ontario we remember—with the Ontario before such modern contrivances as rural telephones, and motor cars whizzing along improved highways at a speed which calculates not on unpremeditated stops for friendly chats, had jacked up our township life to a higher plane of progress. Mr. Frost's seeing eye and sympathetic, artistic imagination has arrested from oblivion many of our characteristic, old time scenes and experiences, which, universal as their appeal is, when he points the way, were never clothed in words before. The following little stanza called "A Time to Talk," not only sketches a familiar picture but carries us back into the very atmosphere of quiet, unhurried work, and matter-of-course pleasure in an opportunity for human intercourse which used to pervade those days:

When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, What is it?
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

In passing, it is worthy of notice how greatly the metre of the last two lines adds to the charm. In the second last line we see the deliberate, heavy, tired walk of the man who left the hoe making his way to the wall over the ploughed ground. In the last short line he has reached the firmer edge of the field, is nearer his friend, and hastens both his step and his welcome.

A series of such old time roadside etchings might be culled from Mr. Frost's poems, and each would be recognized with the same gentle shock of mild surprise at finding such ordinary things were material for poetry, and made beautiful poetry without exaggeration or elaboration. So natural and unpremeditated do those kind of pictures occur one almost feels they come without selection or rejection on their author's part, and yet, if not in choosing the particular subject and the details to adorn it, where is the secret of such simple, unpretentious handling of the ordinary little things in everyday human life? Here are a few such pictures, lifted unfortunately out of their context for the sake of space:

There drove
A stranger to our yard, who looked the city,
Yet did in country fashion in that there
He sat and waited till he drew us out
A-buttoning coats to ask him who he was.

Meserve, belittled in the great skin coat he wore,
They (his horses) kept their heads and took their time to it.

We know who when they come to town
Bring berries under the waggon seat,
Or a basket of eggs between their feet.
A man with a swinging bag for a load
And half the bag wound round his hand.

It is hard to leave these drawings made out of doors, but we must hurry on and look at some of Mr. Frost's interiors. Unless the firelight brightens them there is often a shadow in the picture which no storm of wind or rain or snow brings to his open air canvas. "An Old Man's Winter Night" is one succession of such silhouettes.

All out of doors looked darkly in at him
Through the thin frost, almost in separate stars
That gathers on the pane in empty rooms.

What kept him from remembering what it was
That brought him to that creaking room was age.
He stood with barrels round him—at a loss
And having scared the cellar under him
In clomping there, he scared it once again
In clomping off.

Where now he sat . . . . . .
And slept. The log that shifted with a jolt
Once in the stove, disturbed him and he shifted,
And eased his heavy breathing, but still slept.

"The log that shifted with a jolt Once in the stove." What visions of large box-stoves, charged to the top with heavy maple blocks, when going to bed, and of the "jolts" which resounded through the quiet sleeping house as the blocks burned smaller and settled down, this line conjures up again for furnace-heated coal-bin owners today! The first lines recall, if not so romantic, quite as true a picture of the same old-fashioned heating system . . . "the thin frost, almost in separate stars, That gathers on the pane in empty rooms."

Some of Mr. Frost's happiest lines recall for us the sorrows and the joys of old wood stoves:

But Joe,
The stove. Before they go. Knock on the window.
Ask them to help you get it on its feet.
. . . . . Again
The house was full of tramping, and the dark,
Door-filling men burst in and seized the stove.
A cannon-mouth-like hole was in the wall
To which they set it true by eye; and then
Came up the jointed stove pipes in their hands,

So much too light and airy for their strength
It almost seemed to come ballooning up,
Slipping from clumsy clutches toward the ceiling.

When there was no more lantern in the kitchen
The fire got out through crannies in the stove
And danced in yellow wrigglers on the ceiling.

What appropriate and picturesque words, "dark door-filling men," "a cannon-mouth-like hole," and "wrigglers" can be when it is a poet who fits them into their context!

It is only the outsider or the man who "remembers long," who eulogizes this more isolated country life as a leisurely existence. Mr. Frost knows its inmost structure. His figures have their work for background always, and they live in their relation to it.

Brown lived at such a lofty farm
That everyone for miles could see
His lantern when he did his chores
In winter after half past three.

Once on the kind of day called "weather breeder,"
When the heat slowly hazes and the sun
By its own power seems to be undone,
I was half boring through, half climbing through
A swamp of cedar.

The buzz-saw snarled and rattled in the yard
And made dust and dropped stove length sticks of wood,
Sweet scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.

And Mr. Frost knows the exultation too of a hard, heroic work brought to a successful finish, just as he knows the wearisomeness and plodding monotony of repeating petty tasks day in and day out. Compare the following two quotations:

. . . here I stand and go the round
Of many plates with towels many times.

I was somewhere wondering
Where all my weariness had gone and why
I walked so light on air in heavy shoes . . . .

Mr. Frost's people are busy with work we understand, but it is in their attitude towards it and their other problems that we trace an even closer kinship. They are practical people just as Canadians are said to be practical. That is, while practical first, they have distinctly another side even if they rarely allow themselves to be carried away by sentiment. They appreciate it in its proper time and place. For example, the owner looking upon the beauty of his young fir trees which the city buyer would take for three cents each, thus soliloquizes:

I doubt if I was tempted for a moment
To sell them off their feet to go in cars
And leave the slope behind the house all bare,
Where the sun shines now no warmer than the moon,
I'd hate to have them know it if I was.
Yet more I'd hate to hold my trees except
As others hold theirs or refuse for them
Beyond the time of profitable growth
The trial by market everything must come to.

This is a strange blend of sentiment and business instinct, but absolutely understandable.

In like manner the aversion, almost detestation, and the impatience which our ordinary, reticent and provincial country people feel towards the dreamy, talkative, eccentric brother who in such surroundings very often finds outlet in some freak religion, is wonderfully portrayed in the woman's words in the drama "Snow." It is impossible to quote sufficient here to show how typical all three characters are. The downright prosaic woman with her irritated question, "What is he doing out a night like this? Why can't he stay at home?" And her more tolerant husband with his simple, obvious if not conciliatory reply, "He had to preach." And last of all their aberrant caller, the sort of man who "talks straight on all his life. From the last thing he said himself, stone deaf to anything any one else may say." We hear echoes of the usual sweeping verdicts in the woman's summary of Brother Meserve as a "pious scalawag" full of "sanctimonious conceit." Likewise we have seen many such opinions shaken and become more lenient with the fuller acquaintance of direct intercourse. But such feelings and characters belong to Vermont and belong to Canada because they are universal. Greater sympathy springs from greater knowledge and understanding.

In the same way the solicitude and following forgetfulness in this next case are recognized as true to our hurried workaday life. The nest had been uncovered by a reaper's cut and they spent not a little time and care to shelter the small birds in spite of the danger they ran of frightening away for good the mother bird:

We saw the risk we took in doing good,
But dared not spare to do the best we could
Though harm should come of it; so built the screen
You had begun, and gave them back their shade.
All this to prove we cared. Why is there then
No more to tell? We turned to other things.
I haven't any memory—have you?
Of ever coming to the place again
To see if the birds lived the first night through,
And so at last to learn to use their wings.

Another quotation may come in this class, although happily not of so universal application, yet only too well recognized as true in a country of such vast uninhabited stretches as ours is and has been, and where fanciful, timid people, with Celtic blood, have had to face the lonesomeness of lonely pioneering.

Always—I tell you this they learned—
Always at night when they returned
To the lonely house from far away
To lamps unlighted and fire gone gray,
They learned to rattle the lock and key
To give whatever might chance to be
Warning and time to be off in flight:
And preferring the out- to the in-door night,
They learned to leave the house-door wide
Until they had lit the lamp inside.

One thing at least our limited quotations must have shown Clearly, and that is the remarkable way Mr. Frost uses the real speech of working men and women. The conversations of his characters might be literally true, and yet there is a flavor, a choiceness, an artistic distinction about his selection and handling of the words, which, at its best, makes a new poetic idiom. Every line of the drama "Snow" bears this out, as does also a large part of another called "In the Home Stretch." However, a very good and shorter illustration is the little poem, "Pea Brush." It converts the every-day vocabulary of a farmer's wife into natural poetry:

I walked down alone Sunday after church
To the place where John has been cutting trees
To see for myself about the birch
He said I could have to bush my peas.
* * * * * * *
The frogs that were peeping a thousand shrill
Wherever the ground was low and wet,

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It will be observed that this issue is dated August, whereas it appears just one month following the June issue. The explanation is that it is preferable to have the journal appear at the beginning rather than at the end of the month. Subscribers will in all cases get the full twelve issues called for by a year's subscription.

Lord Curzon Cured Through Dr. Coué's Method of Auto-Suggestion

(Special Cable Dispatch)
London, July 9.—Marquis Curzon of Keilleston, Great Britain's Foreign Minister, who last week confounded his critics who predicted his withdrawal from the Government due to ill health by saying he would be back at work within ten days, was cured, after all other methods failed, by M. Coue, the French exponent of auto-suggestion.
Lord Curzon personally makes this interesting disclosure to-day.

—From the Philadelphia Ledger.

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The minute they heard my step went still
To watch me and see what I came to get.

Another poem is "Putting in the Seed." It begins in this homely way:

You come to fetch me from my work tonight,
When supper's on the table, and we'll see
If I can leave off burying the white
Soft petals fallen from the apple tree.
(Soft petals, yes, but not so barren quite,
Mingled with these, smooth bean and wrinkled pea).

But its ending soars to more ambitious heights that the language may more fittingly carry both its literal and figurative meaning:

How Love burns through the Putting in the Seed
On through the watching for that early birth
When, just as the soil tarnishes with weed,
The sturdy seedling with arched body comes
Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.

Sometimes this every day speech gives him a racy idiom very characteristic of his subject. How vividly this describes the cow notorious in every neighborhood: she "makes no more of a wall than an open gate."

We delight in Mr. Frost's etchings (shall we call them?) of the people, their words, their work and their mods are part and parcel of our own or our immediate ancestors', but, after all it is the few delicately cut lines of background we delight in most. The world around them is our very own. It has our creeks, our trees, our flowers, our weeds, and the wind and the rain and the ice and the snow which encompass it are ours too.

This picture of birches after an ice storm is well known. We have ourselves photographed it and delighted in it many times, but its glory always escaped us and was for one day only. Now Mr. Frost has vanquished this; it lives henceforth in days that have no ending:

Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As their stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells,
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen."

In another verse we find the exact word we have long wanted to describe a familiar wind: "The wind that caught against the house a moment." In Mr. Frost's apple orchard we see our "windfalls, spiked with stubble and worm-eaten"; in his cut meadow, our "steel-bright June grass and blackening heads of clover," while his upland pastures just as ours show

Where had spread
O'er night 'twixt mullein stalks a wheel of thread
And straining cables wet with silver dew.

And well we know too his Hyla brook:

By June run out of song and speed,
. . . . . .
Its bed is left a faded paper sheet
Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat—
A brook to none but who remember long.
This as it will be seen is other far
Than with brooks taken otherwise in song.
We love the things we love for what they are.

These last three lines sum up much of what we love in this little book of poems. In a very close and intimate way they touch our every day life, they are indeed "other far" than the materials "taken otherwhere in song." But they belong to us. They are our very own and "We love the things we love for what they are."

Among Authors and Bookmen

We feel it our duty to give warning to collectors that the Nova Scotia Chap-Books of Professor MacMechan may quite conceivably become rare. They are belles-lettres, the edition is small, and the format is such that a good portion of each issue will inevitably become lost in a few years. On the back cover of number 4, "The Memorial Tower," which has just been issued (the numbers have nothing to do, apparently, with the order of issuance), we note that numbers 1, 5 and 6 are already out of print, leaving only two numbers, 2 and 4, at present obtainable. The "Tower" is of course that which, erected by the Canadian Club of Halifax, is to stand as a perpetual reminder of the ancient leadership of Nova Scotia in the arts of self-government.

The "Chatham Daily News," commenting on the resolution of the C.A.A. annual meeting calling for government awards for the best literary efforts by Canadians, and noticng that its chief opponent was R. E. Gosnell, a former Chatham man, and a founder of the famous Macaulay Club of that city, remarks that "the authors were taking long chances when they called the Government's attention to their existence. We would not be surprised did some future budget provide an excise tax on Canadian literature."

A recent book which has received very high commendation in many quarters, and most deservedly so, is "By Star and Compass," by Professor W. S. Wallace, the former treasurer of the C.A.A., and the acting head of the Toronto University Library (Gundy, Toronto, $1.25). This collection of seventeen brief narratives of early explorers of Canada is written "for" the young reader, but not "down to" the young reader—a very vital difference, which is the real demarcation line between those "juvenile" books which the adult cannot read and those which he can. There has, as the Canadian Forum points out, been a remarkable development in the last few years of well-told tales of Canadian history for the rising generation; and our only regret is that they have thus far been so rigidly confined to the exploration period. The children and youths who can get their foundation ideas of our earlier history from such books as "By Star and Compass" and Dr. Locke's "When Canada Was New France" have a wonderful advantage over their predecessors. But parents who leave these books entirely to their progeny are making a great mistake.

The Canadian Forum has awarded its prize for the best ballad poem to Lionel Stevenson, a very promising young writer of Vancouver, for his "Wooden Wife," a legend of the Cowichan Indians. Students of the contemporary output will have noticed that much good work is being done, both in prose and verse to-day in the exploitation of the literary material provided by the folklore of the Canadian Indians, and that Vancouver is a notable centre of this activity.

The Edmonton Branch of the C.A.A. has elected the following officers for the current fiscal year: President, Rev. W. Everard Edmonds; Vice-President, Mrs. R. W. (Mabel McLean) Cautley; Secretary, Mrs. E. L. Hill; Treasurer, Miss Edna Kells; Committee: Mrs. Nellie McClung, Mrs. Judge Murphy, Mrs. Perren Baker, Miss S. Jean Walker, Mr. A. Balmer Watt, Professor E. K. Broadus and Professor Morden H. Long.

Dr. E. K. Broadus, of the University of Alberta has accepted an invitation from the University of California to lecture on English Literature during the session of the Summer School of the University. On this occasion the lectures are to be given at the Southern Branch of the Summer School, located at Los Angeles. On a previous occasion, Prof. Broadus lectured for the University o California Summer School at Berkeley, Cal., where the Northern Branch is now situated.

Mr. R. J. C. Stead was recently interviewed by the Manitoba Free Press, and gave some advance particulars of his forthcoming novel, "Neighbors." It deals with the great free land rush of 1905, and is being printed in Toronto, the plates being shipped to England for the British Edition. The publishers are Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. Stead thinks that the Canadian Civil Service is destined to be as liberally permeated with literature as the corresponding bodies in older countries such as England and France. He deduces this from an analysis of the Ottawa Branch of the C.A.A., of which he is president. After enumerating many distinguished civil servants who have written in the English tongue, Mr. Stead went on to express regret that the works of their French fellow-laborers

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were not more widely known among English-speaking Canadians. "Furthermore, many men and women in the civil service whose names are entirely unknown to the general public are authors of the highest standing in their special lines." As an example of this, he mentioned Dr. Edward Sapir, whose recent book on "Language" is regarded by experts as a most valuable contribution to the science.

Kemper H. Broadus published in the Canadian Forum three short poems which received the unusual distinction of being copied into Littell's Living Age. Another poem by the same young writer appeared in the May number of "Poetry."

"Janey Canuck" (Mrs. Murphy), known to all Edmonton as Magistrate Murphy, recently lectured to a large and appreciative audience in the First Baptist Church there, on the subject of her forthcoming book, "The Black Candle."

Canadian writers will await with the utmost interest the details concerning the two very important competitions which have just been announced by the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire. Mrs. R. W. Wood of Fernie, B.C., has offered $200 for the best short story by a Canadian writer, this to be awarded annually for ten years. Mrs. Preble McIntosh of Montreal has offered $100 for the same period for the best one-act play by a Canadian writer. Particulars of choice of subject, etc., will not be determined until the meeting of the National Chapter in September.

Mrs. John Hope of Ottawa will spend some time in the Yukon during this summer.

The Toronto Reference Library has a novel map, showing the location of the scenes of an immense number of popular and typical books written about events imaginary or otherwise in the Dominion, whether by Canadian writers or outsiders. A Toronto journalist expresses surprise at the number of these scenes located in and near Toronto, from which we gather that they must be truly numerous.

"The Raconteur", in the "Montreal Gazette," notes that Mr. Arthur Heming's book, "The Drama of the Forests," is very highly spoken of by old-country critics. The "Morning Post" critic speaks of him as "having by heart, and always at heart" the life of the vast forest in which transcontinental Canada is still not so much more than a trail Further, "he is one of the few artists, as his remarkable paintings in the Royal Ontario Museum prove, who comprehends the enforested landscape, and can show us, for example, the curiously decorative effect of snow-cumbered trees and undergrowth in the depth of winter." He has been thirty-three years accumulating his material, and says, in his Introduction, that he has "travelled twenty-three times through various parts of the vast northern woods, between Maine and Alaska, and covered thousands and thousands of miles by canoe, pack-train, snowshoes, bateau, dog-train, buckboard, timber-raft, prairie-schooner, lumber-wagon, and "alligator."

Competition for the post of National Anthem-Writer (in English) to the Canadian people becomes more and more keen. The special committee of the C.A.A. which has been working on the question of the desirability and possibility of securing one single and unanimously accepted English version of "O Canada" has been inundated, ever since the publicity given to its proceedings at the Ottawa convention, with the MSS of ambitious writers. And this month a distinguished member of the Association, Hon. Mr. Justice Archer Martin of the Court of Appeal, Victoria, B.C., secured the approval of the "Native Sons of Canada," through their Grand Council in session at Victoria, for his anthem, entitled "Canada, Our Canada," the music for which has not yet been provided. The CANADIAN BOOKMAN has been obliged, owing to their immense numbers, to refrain from printing any of the "O Canada" versions; but we feel at liberty to print Judge Martin's admirably brief stanzas as an example of what may be done by breaking loose from the limitations of a predetermined musical setting. Readers in the east should note that "St. Elias" is the mountain which forms the southwest corner between Yukon Territory, Canada, and Alaska, U.S.

Hail! stately country of our sires!
To thee we light the altar fires,
Ne'er to be quenched till life expires,
Canada, our Canada.

Chorus—Canada, we hail thee!
Whoever may assail thee,
Never shall we fail thee,
Canada, our Canada!

Each true son's heart glows with the flame
Of patriot pride to see thy name,
Writ large upon the roll of fame,
Canada, our Canada!

From East to St. Elias' towers,
The cry comes through th' awakened hours—
"Arise, assert thy manhood's powers,
Canada, our Canada!

"The time has come to take thy place,
Among the nations, face to face,
Equal at last with ev'ry race,"
Canada, our Canada!

Dr. Albert Watson, F.R.A.S.C., of Toronto, has presented the manuscript and final proofs of his "Sovereignty of Character," together with autographed copies of his complete writings, prose and verse, to the Logan Collection of Canadiana at Acadia University, N.S. This collection, which was given to Acadia by Dr. J. D. Logan, just prior to his sailing for overseas service in 1916, is unique in Canadian authors' manuscripts, both holograph and typed with the authors' autographs. In addition, the Logan collection at present contains one thousand volumes of Canadian poetry and prose, chiefly authors' autographed and presentation copies of first editions, dating from 1763, and fifteen hundred booklets, pamphlets, broadsheets, leaflets, and "curiosities" of Canadian literature. Dr. Logan, who is a well-known former newspaper man of Toronto and Montreal, is Lecturer on Canadian literature at Acadia. At its recent commencement, Acadia conferred on him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters (Litt. D.) "for distinction in journalism, for services to Canadian literature, and for distinguished services especially in promoting the study of Canadian literature."

Mr. Jules Tremblay has consented to address Muskoka Assembly (the Canadian Chautauqua) on French-Canadian Literature, a little later in the summer.

Dr. C. M. Barbeau is spending his holidays on the Gaspé Coast continuing his research work there.

Sir George and Lady Foster left for England and the continent about the first of July. They expect to re-visit the battlefields, make a brief sojourn in Berlin and go over the Saar district, then proceed to the Inter-Parliamentary Association at Vienna, next to witness the Passion Play, and later to make a stop in Warsaw.

Mrs. Madge Macbeth will spend the summer in the west, the greater part of it in Jasper Park with Agnes Laut. Two typewriters will do their utmost to disturb the majestic silence of the Rockies.

An Ottawa correspondent writes: "Miss Lillian Milner has just received a $500 prize awarded by 'Brain Power.' Ottawa Branch is surprised to know there is that amount of brain power included in the entire organization. Congrats, Miss Milner! Now is the time to take a Life Membership in the C.A.A."

While the late Miss Marjorie Pickthall was undoubtedly best known in Canada as a writer of verse, and will probably owe her enduring reputation mainly to that class of work, she had within the last ten years achieved remarkable success in the field of the short story, while her two novels, though too delicate in fabric to become popular with the great mass of novel readers, exhibit a wonderful mastery of sweet sounding and suggestive prose. Much of the best of her short stories were published in the Century, and are therefore the property of the firm which has issued "The Bridge" in the United States. It would seem as if a collection of these short stories would meet with a warm response from both the Canadian and the American public.

The Montreal branch of the C.A.A. was addressed on June 21 at the McGill Library by Mr. George Iles, who told of the plan which had been discussed between himself and the late Librarian of McGill, Mr. C. H. Gould, for the issue of an Imperial Series of one hundred volumes to be chosen from the past and present writers of the Overseas Dominions. The names which came most readily to their minds for the Canadian section were William McLennan and W. H. Drummond; and Mr. Gould was anxious that a selection should be made from the large number of sterling Canadian short stories contained in the files of the better American magazines. Mr. Iles suggested the appointment of a McGill University committee to plan and edit the Canadian volumes.

What we believe to be the first Canadian poem in honour of the radio has been written by Mrs. F. G. East, of Calgary, and appeared recently in a Calgary newspaper under the title of "The Winged Magic." The poem, which is a picturesque and eloquent description of the wonders achieved by the new method of transmission, concludes:

Its work has scarcely yet begun,
The future looms, unknown,
It brings a thought, by fancy spun,
Of warfare overthrown,
That world-wide peace for which we crave
Leap on, oh, singing radio wave.

During the visit of Their Excellencies, Baron Byng of Vimy, Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Byng to Brandon, the Brandon branch of the Canadian Authors Association had the privilege of presenting a special address of welcome, and a bouquet of peonies, grown in a Brandon garden, to Her Excellency. The presentation took place during the civic ceremony and was made on behalf of the members of the Association by Miss Katharine Kilgour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kilgour, of this city, and niece of the late John McCrae, author of "In Flanders Fields."

A Novel of Distinction

AMONG the women who are demonstrating that literature is a serious profession in which they are capable of proving their worth, Margaret Deland is easily in the front rank. Her exceptional knowledge of human nature; her subtle instinct; her innate delicacy; her wide vision, and her infallible sense of humor all combine to invest her with a gift very few living women novelists writing in English possess. Mrs. Deland is a novelist of experience. She has quite a considerable number of novels to her credit; and she succeeds in enlisting the attention of her readers from the very outset—not by any novelist's trick, but because she has a subject in which she is intensely interested and in which she is determined that her public shall be interested also.

* * *

Mrs. Deland is a painstaking artist. She permits no slovenly work to leave her, nor does she ever suggest the novelist who takes chance for a bedfellow and suggestion for a guide. She has definite ideas; she understands how to control emotional expression; and in all she does she is guided by a subtle sense of dramatic values, a fine appreciation of the possibilities of portraiture, and a certainty as to psychological analysis that lends her work at times tremendous power.

* * *

The theme is one that compels interest. A young and enthusiastic boy marries a woman on the verge of her fortieth year. He is nineteen. She is twenty years his elder. But passion sweeps them into the abyss, and neither realizes the impasse into which they have been intrigued until after the fatal step has been taken. Then the slow fire of jealousy creeps up and the woman's effort to deceive herself and the youth's effort to regain his first fine careless rapture combine to make a tragedy which is none the less pitiful because its apotheosis is slow of development.

* * *

This is not an original theme, but it is one that always holds a very vital interest for people who find time to think in their waking hours. Solomon, who, despite all his unwisdom, was really a man of discrimination and refined instincts—to say nothing of his aesthetic instincts—wrote of jealousy as a thing to be feared greatly. "Cruel as the grave," said the world's greatest lover of this most human quality. "Coals of fire." Solomon ought to be conceded every reasonable claim to expert knowledge in this connection. But after you have read "The Vehement Flame," you begin to realize that Solomon was, after all, a gentleman who expressed his thoughts in distinctly moderate phrase.

* * *

You will also realize that Mrs. Deland is perhaps America's greatest novelist—certainly America's frankest and most disinterested analyst of human emotions. She approaches her studies with the open mind of a woman who has long since discarded silly standards of morals. She makes you fully aware that she is no mere preacher. She stands for the most open and the most lucid criticism of human emotions. Moreover, she is unfailingly, pitilessly analytical—critically analytical, in all she writes.

* * *

The portrayal of character in this story is remarkable for its vividness, its intensity, and its singular lucidity. Mrs. Deland never leaves you in doubt for a moment as to her intent. She possesses a peculiar faculty of transparent expression. There can be no mistake as to her meaning. None in regard to her convictions could be entertained, for she makes them obvious. Maurice is a type. Any town could recognize him. Eleanor is the spirit of feminine jealousy of which Solomon wrote. Edith is a rather new character in modern fiction, but none the less interesting and attractive. The minor roles are all effectively defined.

* * *

But this sharp, authoritative drawing of characters is, after all, only one feature in a book that holds many elements of novelty, of picturesque detail, of analytical thought. Mrs. Deland possesses the peculiar faculty of looking right through the windows of the soul and of depicting the innermost workings of a woman's heart. We feel that she lets us share her knowledge rather because she wants to convince us than because she thinks we are not competent to do such analytical work ourselves.

* * *

"The Vehement Flame" is a big novel—a novel of distinction. It will be widely read and carefully read. It merits the attention of the student and the dilettante alike.

S. MORGAN-POWELL, in The Montreal Star.

A Great Achievement

THE VEHEMENT FLAME

By

Margaret Deland

HENRY VAN DYKE, in the New York Times: "The story of the married life of Maurice and Eleanor is told with fine sympathy, frankness and discretion. . . . Graphic without exaggeration, poignant without the overstrain of hysteria."

H. L. PANGBORN, in the New York Herald: "Beyond question, her finest book; which is saying a good deal. . . . It is primarily a study in jealousy. . . . To handle such a theme as that without ever over-accentuating it, without a single lapse into the commonplace of melodrama, is a great achievement."

THE VEHEMENT FLAME, Margaret Deland's new novel, was published less than one month ago. Immediately the critics recognized it as the outstanding book of fiction of the season. The nature of the story is highly controversial, and gives great opportunity for critical argument, but comment on the book has been remarkably uniform in praise of it. Critics who have disagreed violently as to the righteousness of the story's conclusion have been united in their tribute to its vitality and warmth and beauty. Records of the last two weeks place it on every list of best sellers. If you want to know the most discussed novel of the year, read "The Vehement Flame."

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THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

FRENCH SECTION

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LA SECTION FRANCAISE NOS ACTIVITES

Très souvent on nous demande ce qu'a accompli la section française de l'Association des Auteurs canadiens. La reponse est facile à formuler. Nous n'avons qu'à rappeler les manifestations organisées par notre section et qui contribuèrent à faire mieux connaitre et apprécier nos litterateurs. Notre association a fait plus, en ce sens, et dans un temps relativement court, que tout ce qui s'était organisé depuis plusieurs années. Le grand nombre de livres canadiens qui se sont vendus à la suite de nos manifestations attestent le succès de celles-ci.

A cela ne s'est pas borné le travail de la section. Songe-t-on à tous les efforts nécessaires pour fonder et organiser une société, surtout une société qui, comme la nôtre, doit, pour se faire accepter, imposer un ordre d'idèes tout à fait nouvelles dans notre pays? C'est cette besogne "d'aménagement" que plusieurs de nos membres ignorent, et avec eux le bon public, naturellement.

Il nous a paru utile de porter à la connaissance de l'un comme . . . . . des autres le récit de nos activités. Il a été fait d'une manière excellente, à l'assemblée générale du mois de février, par le président, M. Victor Morin. Nous ne pouvons mieux faire que de reproduire ce rapport.

Il ne couvre que les quelques mois du premier exercice, la période des "temps heroïques." Depuis sa rédaction, nous avons organisé plusieurs manifestations: "soirée des prosateurs," représentation de "l'Anglomanie," dîner Barbeau, etc., nous avons augmenté nos effectifs, affermi notre organisme; afin nous avons eu une vie intense. Cette vie, nous la ferons connaître dans un prochain article.

—P.-A. D.

RAPPORT DU PRESIDENT

En vous presentant le premier rapport des activités de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens, Section Française, qu'il me soit permis de vous faire observer que nous en sommes presqu'encore à la période de formation.

L'Association Générale s'est constituée il y a moins d'un an; sur son invitation, un groupe d'auteurs de langue française s'est réuni le premier mai dernier pour aviser àla fondation d'une section française. Vous connaissez les expressions divergentes d'opinion qui ont été exprimées par quelques uns des auteurs présents à cette réunion, mais finalement notre section a été constituée le 14 mai dernier; les statuts en ont été élaborés et soumis à l'association générale qui les a approuvés le 11 juin.

Pendant la période de la vacance d'été, il s'est naturellement fait peu de travail d'organisation, mais il convient de signaler, dès l'origine de l'association, la part active qu'elle a prise à la surveillance des intérêts de la propriété littéraire dans le projet de loi des droits d'auteur présenté devant le parlement fédéral. Dès ce moment, l'utilité d'une association comme la nôtre et l'influence de son organisation se sont clairement affirmées.

Avec la reprise des travaux à l'automne sont commencés les préparatifs d'organisation de la Semaine du Livre, destinée à faire mieux connaître au public les oeuvres littéraires canadiennes et en assurer une plus grande diffusion. Nos efforts se sont unis à ceux de l'association générale qui s'occupait plus spécialement des oeuvres d'auteurs de langue anglaise, mais qui nous a également apporté un précieux concours. Le succès de cette campagne qui a duré du vingt au vingt-six novembre inclusivement, a dépassé les espérances les plus optimistes, et de l'aveu général, il s'est vendu pendant cette Semaine du Livre un nombre plus considérable d'ouvrages canadiens qu'il ne s'était jamais vendu dans toute une année par le passé.

Pour clôturer le succès de cet évènement, nous avons invité les Auteurs Canadiens à se réunir autour des tables du club des journalistes, le samedi 26 novembre dernier; quelques invités de marque étaient présents, et nous avons passé plusieurs heures agréables à deviser de nos intérêts mutuels et à fraterniser. Cette assemblée sera saisie du projet que j'ai exprimé à cette occasion de réunir périodiquement les membres de notre association de cette manière, en suivant l'exemple autorisé de la société de gens de Lettre en France.

Encouragé par le succès de la Semaine du Livre, votre conseil a cru qu'un excellent moyen de propagande littéraire serait d'inviter le public à faire une connaissance plus intime avec les auteurs en préparant une série de soirées au cours desquelles les ouvriers de la pensée viendraient eux-mêmes faire connaître leurs oeuvres.

La première de ces soirées intitulée: "l'heure exquise" a eu lieu pour les poètes à la Salle Saint-Sulpice, le 20 décembre dernier. Le public a répondu avec empressement à notre invitation et le succès littéraire et financier en a été inespéré. Elle sera suivie d'autres soirées pour les prosateurs, pour les auteurs dramatiques et les compositeurs, et nous espérons que le succès n'en sera pas moins grand pour celles-ci que pour la première.

Notre conseil s'est efforcé de diriger les intérêts de l'association au meilleur de son jugement et n'a pas ménagé ses réunions et ses démarches pour y réussir. Il a cherché à étendre la sphère d'action de cette section française au dehors; un groupe d'auteurs de langue française à Ottawa nous a déjà manifesté son adhésion et nous croyons savoir que le groupe de Québec est également en bonne voie de s'organiser.

En présence des nombreux devoirs qui incombaient au secrétaire de notre section dans cette période active de formation, celui que vous aviez nommé à cette charge s'est vu dans la nécessité d'y renoncer par suite de nombreuses occupations, et nous y avons appelé M. Alfred Daviault.

(Signé) VICTOR MORIN, Le Président de la Section Française.

PRIX POUR LES AUTEURS CANADIENS

La Société des Gens de Lettres, qui a son siège à Paris et dont le président est M. Charles Le Goffic, fondera un prix de littérature pour les auteurs canadiens-français. Cette nouvelle qui ne manquera pas de réjouir tous nos hommes de lettres nous a été annoncée par M. Victor Morin, notaire, président de la section française de la Société des Auteurs Canadiens. M. Morin ajoute, dans sa lettre, qu'il a eu une entrevue avec M. Le Goffic à ce sujet et qu'il a reçu l'assurance de la fondation de ce prix. Les détails et les conditions pour l'obtention de cette récompense qui sera certainement enviée seront arrêtés au retour de M. Morin au Canada.

M. Morin, au commencement de juillet, était en Bretagne avec M. J.-B. Lagacé. En outre de visiter ce coin du pays de France "à la recherche de sites pittoresques et de "pardons bretons," M. Morin s'occupe du monument qu'il est question d'ériger à Louis Hémon et Maria Chapdelaine.

Le president de la section française sera de retour a Montreal vers le 1er aout.

—P.-A. D.

CHEZ NOS CONFRERES DE QUEBEC

C'est le 23 février dernier que s'est formée la sous-section française des Auteurs Canadiens a Québec. Elle compte aujourdhui près de quarante membres recrutés parmi les historiens, publicistes, romanciers, dramaturges, poètes et journalistes de la vieille cité et de la région.

Son Bureau de Direction se compose comme suit: Hon. Sénateur Thomas Chapais, président; Hon. Juge Adjutor Rivard, vice-président; MM. Alphonse Desilets, secrétaire; Georges Bellerive, trésorier; Damase Potvin, Avila Bédard, G. E. Marquis, Abbé Iv. Caron, directeurs.

La groupe québecois a délégué plusieurs de ses membres aux assemblées générales, à Ottawa et à Montréal, depuis son affiliation. Il s'occupe à faire du recrutement et ambitionne de réunir tous les écrivains de cette partie de la province dans le but de créer un mouvement décisif en faveur de la production des oeuvres littéraires canadiennes, et de leur diffusion au pays et à l'étranger.

Aux assemblées mensuelles du groupe, on étudie la production littéraire des membres locaux et de tous ceux de la section, par le moyen d'analyses bibliographiques des ouvrages récents et de ceux déjà en librairie depuis quelques années. Les écrivains de Québec connaissent les travaux et le mérits de chacun de leurs confrères.

Une semaine du livre se tiendra à Québec en même temps que celle de Montréal. Des conférences publiques, gratuites, seront faites tous les soirs durant cette semaine, dans les diverses salles de la ville, sur les ouvrages canadiens et les librairies comme les journaux feront une réclame exceptionelle et instante pour les oeuvres de chez nous.

On peut dire que la production littéraire abonde chez les auteurs de Québec. Plusieurs membres de cette sous-section sont éditeurs ou directeurs de revues périodiques et de quotidiens, et une dizaine d'ouvrages importants auront été publiés dans le cours de l'année, en histoire, questions économiques, art dramatique, roman, poésie et nouvelles.

On y fera prochainement une étude complète et approfondie du problème des droits d'auteurs. Quelques membres du groupe québecois contribuent à l'organisation d'un Conservatoire d'Art vocal et de Diction qui s'ouvrira à l'automne.

NOTES DE MONTREAL

Quelle place les impresarii, qui nous annoncent des troupes "parisiennes," font-ils, dans leurs programmes, aux dramaturges canadiens?

* * *

Ignoreront-ils, a l'instar de leurs devanciers, toute la production locale? Nous le craignons fort.

* * *

La section française de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens devra donc donner une suite à son projet de faire représenter des pièces canadiennes.

* * *

Elle annonce déjà la première d'une comédie de M. Henri Letondal, "La Meurtrissure." M. Letondal, chez qui les "Fantoches" ont révélé de grandes qualités d'observateur et d'écrivain à la plume élégante et ironique, donnera à la scène une oeuvre très forte.

* * *

Félicitons le comité de théâtre et inaugurons, pour cette première, une manière d'agir extraordinaire, quand il s'agit d'une pièce canadienne . . . . assistons a la représentation.

* * *

On annonce, pour la prochaine saison, la publication de plusieurs romans canadiens. Ce genre de littérature nous manque, presque complètement. Grâce à un éditeur audacieux, nous pourrons nous y essayer. —D.

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Editor of School Text Books, Ontario Department of Education, whose Anthology "Later English Poems, 1901-1922," has just been published by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd.

AN AMBITIOUS NEW MAGAZINE

The Periodical Press of Canada, a new Toronto corporation, are bringing out a new magazine. Here is an excerpt from the prospectus:

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The magazine is to have up to 160 pages in each issue. Single copies will be 35 cents and the annual subscription rate $4.00. The name has not yet been announced.

BINYON, THE POET

Laurence Binyon, whose volume of "Selected Poems" has just been published is in charge of Oriental prints and drawings at the British Museum, (the most important collection of its kind in Europe), and he writes: "Being poor, I had to choose between journalism and some such post, as I have at the Museum. I am glad I chose as I did, but I have never had any real leisure, or I should have produced far more. I now have a house in the Museum, which perhaps suggests a mummified existence, but is far from being so."

The fourth volume of the monumental Oxford edition of Erasmus's Letters, prepared by P. S. Allen and H. M. Allen, covers the years 1519 to 1521. It will be ready before long. The three previous volumes contained the correspondence from 1484 onwards.

The Kobzar of the Ukraine

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

Dr. A. J. Hunter came to the west many years ago as a medical missionary to the Russian colonies of Manitoba, and is now Superintendent of the hospital at Teulon. He has been preparing for some years, and has now brought out, "The Kobzar of the Ukraine, being Select Poems of Taras Shevchenko, done into English Verse with Biographical Fragments." The work has been a labor of love, inspired by Dr. Hunter's respect for our Ukrainian settlers. He is responsible for the entire production, the book even being printed under his own supervision at Winnipeg. The printing, the arrangement of the text, the illustrations and marginal decorations are all to be commended. The aim has been to give a Russian flavor to the volume, and this has been accomplished. The little cuts are quaint, distinctive and pleasing.

The dozen biographical fragments, occupying twenty-three pages, comprise the skeleton on which the book is built. Following each fragment are poems connected in some way with the part of the life just sketched. Personally, I found the biographical and other explanatory matter much more interesting than the poems themselves. For, to confess the truth at once, these verses do not stand very high as English poetry. Dr. Hunter need not take offence at this, as many an eminent man of letters has foundered on this very rock. Nothing seems to be quite so hard to do as to make a rhymed, metrical translation, which shall be at once a literal translation and a faithful reproduction of the music of the original. I am no judge of the accuracy of the translation, but as English verse, much of this is abominable. Shevchenko, we are told, insisted on a certain freedom in his meters. In the hands of his translator this becomes shocking license. To rhyme "gaze" with "eyes" should be a feat reserved for the Cockney, but a more painful "let-down" comes with the lines:

All peace and love
  it seemed like Eden.
Yet angels above
  their hearts might read in.

Sometimes the English is tortured as in:

From little bag the children's gifts
She takes. There's crosses and amulets.
For Irene is of beads a string,
And pictures too, and for Karpon
A nightingale to sweetly sing,
Toy horses and a wagon.

I pass over the split infinitive in the fifth line as a very little sin. But "For Irene is of beads a string," is a linguistic feat rare, I hope, in our literature. Yet many times in this book I came across such impossibilities. When the translation is into free verse the Doctor is much happier in his diction.

But the thing of interest is the life of the poet, of which there is this resumé on page 4:

Born 1811, February 26.
  24 years a serf.
  9 years a freeman.
  10 years a prisoner in Siberia.
  3½ years under police supervision.
Died 1861, February 26.

"We all sing in sadness. . . . . .
The Russian song is a melancholy plaint,"

wrote Pouchkine, foremost of Russia's poets. Indeed, from the facts of Shevchenko's career, we wonder that he had the heart to sing at all. Born a serf, growing to manhood in virtual slavery, educated out of charity because of his brilliance, graduating from the Imperial Academy of Arts at Petersburg, going back to his own country only to be seized, after a brief interval, and exiled to Siberia. What a life! His unfulfilled dream was to earn enough money to liberate his brothers and sisters from serfdom. His crime, of course, was some uncomplimentary reference to the Czar. Exile for this cause was the common fate of Russian literary men of the period. This is not strange since the very name of popular education drove Nicholas I. into a fury.

The poignant realization of "the people's sorrow" pervades this book. One forgets, finally, all the awkwardness of style, and becomes captivated with the story of the poet's tragedy. Dr. Hunter has a keen sense of dramatic values. After perusing W. Waliszewski's "History of Russian Literature" (Literatures of the World, edited by Edmund Gosse) I doubt whether Shevchenko occupies quite as prominent a place in Russian Literature as his Canadian admirer would have us believe, but "The Kobzar" is welcome, because it is an effort to bridge the racial separation between our Slavic citizens and the rest of us, and also because it reminds us that the nightmare of the present regime succeeds an era which was also full of horrors.

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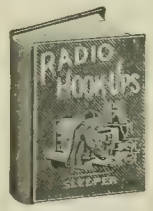

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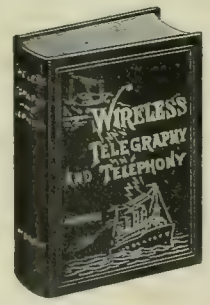

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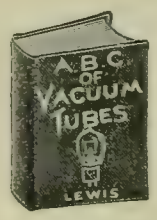

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THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

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"America" and "American"

WE have received, addressed to us at our residence in the city of Montreal, a subscription appeal issued by the London Spectator. It consists mainly of an excellent reproduction of an autograph letter of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor, expressing his confident belief that we, "like other American citizens of light and leading," need the news of Europe "distilled into an essence," and his assurance that we can get it so distilled in the pages of the Spectator. Now, we do not propose to be greatly aggrieved at Mr. Strachey's addressing us as an American citizen of light and leading. We assume that he obtained our name either from the subscription list of one of the more dignified American magazines which we purchase, or from the membership of one of the American associations for the advancement of something or other to which we belong, or even possibly from one of the more inclusive Who's Whos into which anybody who is indiscreet enough to publish printed matter is likely to be incorporated. Mr. Strachey's circulation department, we presume, jumped at the conclusion that anybody, or at least anybody with an address on the North American continent, who happened to be in this subscription list or membership list or Who's Who, must be an American citizen of light and leading—obviously a rash conclusion—or would like to be addressed as such—which is a more widely applicable theory, but still leaves us personally on the cold outside.

We pass over, therefore, Mr. Strachey's error as to our citizenship (and that of the numerous other Canadians who are doubtless on the same list). It is careless, but not unpardonable. But we do wish to take exception to the language employed in a printed leaflet which, doubtless for the further edification of American citizens of light and leading, is appended to the Strachey letter. This pamphlet aims to set forth what it terms "the attitude of the Spectator towards America"—meaning thereby, we regret to say, "the attitude of the Spectator towards the people (or the government) of the United States."

Now we have long entertained, and we take this opportunity to register, a profound objection to the use of the word "America" in the sense of "the United States." It is a misuse which is far less common on this continent than it is in England, and which indeed appears to us to have in it an element of contumely to the United States itself: for it is surely the right of any nation to be known, in the language which is its own means of communication, by the name which it has chosen to attach to itself, and "the United States" is certainly the official short title and the common designation of that nation among its own citizens. The persistence of "America" among educated Englishmen is probably due not to any intentional offensiveness (Englishmen are much more efficiently offensive when they do not intend to be than when they do), but to the habit of reading the speeches of British parliamentary orators of the American Revolutionary period, who naturally did not talk about "the United States," because their country was engaged in a conflict for the express purpose of denying that there was or ever could be any such nation.

May we pause here and indulge in a parenthesis, to the effect that while we object to the use of "America" in the sense of "the United States," we do not in the slightest degree share the objection maintained by some critics to the use of the adjective "American" in the sense of "belonging to or pertaining to the United States." Illogical, cries the reader? Perhaps; but necessity, which is the most potent force in the moulding of language, knows no logic, and it is necessity to which we appeal. There is an urgent and compelling need for an adjective possessing the meaning above defined, and no such adjective can possibly be manufactured by any process familiar to the English language out of the noun-phrase "United States." All the efforts to form one (Usonian, United Statesian, Usian and the like), have been strained and unnatural, contrary to the genius of the English language, foredoomed to failure. Usage, so nearly universal that the exceptions do not matter, has established "American" as the accepted word for this meaning, and we can see no use in combatting it. It is true that it takes away the adjective "American" from another use to which it more etymologically belongs, that namely of representing the concept "belonging to or pertaining to the hemisphere consisting of North and South America"; but here again, be it noted, there is hardly any demand for a word of that signification, and, consequently hardly any resistance to the transfer of "American" to the other and much more needed meaning. For the things and persons "belonging to and pertaining to North and South America" have scarcely a single common denominator, and hence never require to be talked about as a class. "American" history does not need to embrace the histories both of the United States and of the Argentine for there is scarcely a single point at which they touch more intimately than either of them touches the histories of sundry European and Asiastic lands; there is no common denominator. (The history of the United States does run with the history of Canada so closely that a common term to embrace both of them is desirable, but that

is still provided by the phrase "North American.") We do not, therefore, feel disposed to quarrel with the people of the United States for laying hands, in the extremity of their need, upon an adjective which was literally going begging; and we consider their action to have been endorsed by the common usage of good writers in other countries.

But there is no need for a similar purloining of the word "America" in the sense of the country or nation of the United States. That theft or borrowing, when performed by citizens of the Republic (which we are glad to say seldom is) is an evidence of arrogance and of disregard of the rights or the very existence of all the other nations and peoples of the hemisphere; when performed by the London Spectator and other outsiders it is evidence of ignorance or else of a debased desire to flatter the supposed arrogance fo the people of the United States. In conclusion, it is scarcely necessary to add that recognition of the adjective brings with it necessarily the recognition of the same adjective converted into a noun by omission of the word "man" or "citizen"; if we admit the phrase "an American man" as a proper description of a man belonging to the United States, we automatically admit "an American" in the same sense and for all the same reasons.

There is an "American Ambassador" in London; and there is (equally correctly, more officially, but perhaps less euphoniously, a "United States Ambassador" or an "Ambassador of the United States." But there is no "Ambassador of America." There is an "American literature," and in precisely the same sense a "literature of the United States"; but it does not include Canadian literature, if there is any Canadian literature, which we understand the Toronto Forum to deny. And if anybody ever had occasion to talk of a "literature of America," he would have to include not only that of Canada but that of Brazil and Patagonia.

We Canadians are undoubtedly more affected by this particular question than anybody else. We have no need for the term "American" as a description of ourselves under any conceivable circumstances. When we wish to talk about ourselves as denizens of a certain continent (as when a Frenchman would term himself a European), we say that we are "North Americans"; we never need to classify ourselves as belonging to a certain group of two continents as distinguished from all the others. It therefore requires no great generosity on our part to hand over the term "American" to the, in respect of a national adjective, destitute people of the United States. The South American people have, we believe, been equally self-denying, and lay no claim whatever to the word "Americano." But "America" is a different matter. It is a division of the earth, a geographical area, and we own a great deal of it, and propose to have the fact recognized.

BURNED FORESTS.

THE half-burned tree-trunks stretched like praying hands
Clutching the empty sky, and bare and black
As fallen pillars in old scourge-swept lands,
Great pines and spruces lay across my track.
Charred branches crumbled underneath my tread,
But from the silence of the empty plain,
Among white birches, burned and scarred and dead,
I heard the white-throat sing his song again.
And from the ashes drenched by summer showers
I saw uncurling fronds of brake pierce through,
The fire-weed holding up its purple flowers
Like torches in the dark, and then I knew,

Seeing burned forests touched with quickening breath,
That Life still follows on the trail of Death.

—F. O. Call.

BEAUTY IN THE HILLS.

THE lake lies calm and beautiful at eve;
The hills arise and cover up the sun;
Along the shores the shadows slowly wreathe
Obscuring distant islands one by one.
Four crows their homeward journey lazily make
Winging where pines stand sentinel on high;
Wraith of the hills, the new moon scans the lake,
And a star drops down the deep abyss of sky.

My love and I beneath the darting light
Of dancing constellations drift and dream
And all the wonders of the August night
So stir imagination, we do seem
To know the Master's mind that making, fills
With everlasting beauty, all the hills.

—Arthur S. Bourinot.

SPARROWS FLY HOME.

SILENT as comfort comes the winter snow,
Frosting grey houses in their quiet row,
Hushing all sound. And from my window high
I watched the wide impenetrable sky
Where soft the white flakes blow.

The little hungry Sparrows, fluffed of wing,
Flutter about and wait what I shall bring
(But I would rather you were in some need
O Treasured one—though I have birds to feed
Content with anything!)

Snow on the pane soon brings the dusk to me
Sparrows fly home. My hearth-fire dreams go free,
But in the crimson glow before my eyes
The snow-flakes fall; and little Sparrow-cries
Keep calling plaintively.

—Marjorie Weir.

A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

WHERE God awaits, at end of Time and Fate,
Some famed old questions will He have us try,
Ask us those things the learned prove us by—
Quizzical, bend down off His throne of State
And watch for slip of tongue, soul agitate?
Shout, in a tone of thunder, where apply
His rules Divine, and where we put awry
The Scheme and Process which He did create?

I think not so. I think I see Him lean
In piteous judgment zealous but to learn
Where I was kind, to what young children's song
I added music—quick to love my clean
Earth loves, quick to be smiling, to discern
Where I was resolute, true, glad, where strong.

—Arthur L. Phelps.

ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE.

THE lights were bright, and my eyes were tired,
And my soul was weary of laughter and song—
When out of the south there came a breath—
The notes of a wild bird smitten with death;
The red seas surged about me, and the long,
Long hills in the drifting moonlight lay:
The wind sobbed and the crimson waves
Beat my soul to dust with their spray.

By my side were Life and Death—
One form divinely fair—
And with my every breath
I stirred her hair:
Her dark hair that lay so lightly
On cheek and brow, though my heart guessed rightly,
Her eyes were the eyes of Death.

And I rode on, rode on;
The grass about my feet
Grasped and clasped with its fingers to stay my flight;
The path was gone
And fear at my heart was sweet,
And I knew that the wind and the sea together
Cried after me through the night.
("For she has died, has died so long ago,"
The violins sang softly, and I wept.)
Into silence with a measure slow,
The music crept.

—Goodridge MacDonald.

CON-NE-WAH-BAM.

(Portrait in the Royal Ontario Museum.)

CON-NE-WAH-BAM—"one who looks on stars"—
(Feel the singing wind from out the Western hills)
"The tip-end of a swan's wing is her fan,
With a handle of porcupine quills."
Here is an unfamiliar name, Paul Kane,
Painting in forty-seven, at Edmonton, I see.
That was when prairies were untamed,
And untamed this young Cree.

What an incantation in her name,
Magic as her dark face underneath the stars;
There is sword-like wind about it wrapped,
And echoes of old wars.

Con-ne-wah-bam,
When turtle shells were rattling,
And the drums beat for the dance
In the great hall of the Factor's house till dawn,
You sat without the door
Where the firelight on the floor
Caught the red of beads upon your moccasins.

At evening through the grassy plains the wind
Came shouting down the world to meet the dawn,
And with the wind the firelight rose and fell,
Answered with flame his shrill barbaric yell,
And died like whining fiddles at his feet.
And through it all the constant sound of drums.
Did your feet move to drums?

The men from near and far,
Crees and Mohawks,
And a Blackfoot Brave or two,
Made rhythm of a dance that moves like rhyme
To the rush of wind, and rattles swung in time—
To the constant, constant, constant beat of drums.

No Indian woman dances in the light,
Silent they sit together out of sight.
But to-night I think this Artist from the East,
Who had come to paint the natives hereabout,
Found a splendid flare of crimson on the feast
And moved near the open door
Where the firelight on the floor
Caught the red of beads upon your moccasins.

So it is, O Con-ne-wah-bam,
Who were wont to look on stars,
That you sit forever here
Like a wild lost note from far,
From the days of ancient war
And of towered stockade and guns
In the Edmonton of seventy years ago.

In your buckskin and your beads
(Feel the sudden wind from out the Western hills)
The tip-end of a swan's wing for your fan
With a handle of porcupine quills.

—Katherine Hale.

DISCOVERY.

I MUST go forth to see nations and men,
All they have ever thought and done—
To make their aspirations live again,
Feeling them every one.

To see the dim-arched aisles of Notre Dame,
Hallowed with centuries of prayer;
The Maid of Orleans' bright oriflamme,
And Dagobert's bronze chair.

Sinister strongholds perched beside the Rhine,
Haunted by sins of long ago;
The sculptured visions, tranquil and divine,
Of Michael Angelo.

And all the affluent heritage of Greece,
Recovered from the jealous Past:
Thus may my craving spirit purchase peace,
Knowing the Best at last.

And yet . . . I will turn thankfully from these—
Thralled with perfection as a charm—
To seek a lane through flowered hawthorne trees
Toward a Suffolk farm.

Or else to breast the wind on Cornish heights,
And linger where the houses climb
From some dark harbour, where the days and nights
Escape their shepherd, Time.

There not in monuments the Past is shrined,
Emotion not in Art expressed;
Yet the vast heritage of all mankind
Serenely is possessed.

Then the transcendent meaning I will learn
Of the illustrious things I saw,
In marble forms a vital truth discern,
In noble lives a law.

Artist and sage the Hidden World have shown—
For truth and beauty are its poles—
Yet it dwells not in poems or in stone,
But in men's hearts and souls.

—Lionel Stevenson.

AGE.

AFTER long years there is a day unknown
To strong achievement, held by closing walls
Of flesh to straightened paths; yet wider grown
To hope and vision. Quick to hear the calls
Of that deep loveliness and perfect power
Surrounding life, since many nearer things
Have faded, and the swiftly passing hour
Resounds already to approaching wings.
Thus cometh age: and as the dying rose
Breathes living fragrance, so in love expressed
And sympathy, departed beauty glows.
Peace with its stillness draws the soul to rest,
Serene and silent as great waters lie:
Deep looking unto deep, sky meeting sky.

—Minnie Hallowell Bowen.

TO WALTER ALLWARD.

FROM sea to sea the broad land harbours us—
The sons of generations that have spread
Around the world; and we, forth from the dead,
Are picked to build for our breed's over-plus
A shelter and a home 'neath Hesperus,
Who shines above and gives us lowlihead
To know what service is, so that we sped
Across the main to end War's incubus.
From age to age eternity is ours—
And having made a name we proudly send
Our Master in Stone to set our Pillar high
Among the nations on a hill of flowers
Where late was fire and blood, with Life awry
And Truth at stake—that men may comprehend.

—A. E. S. Smythe.

THE SHADOW.

BY my garden gate there is a tree,
It was always there since first I came;
And it casts its shadow endlessly,
Just the same—yet never quite the same.

Silhouetted—shapen like a Troll,
It clutches at the flow'r-beds and lawn;
Like some strange thing that never had a soul,
Or some lost day that never knew a dawn.

With ghostly reach it touches as I pass,
The rose I found before the dew had sped.
(What was that moved so swiftly in the grass?
Only a butterfly just wakened.)

Once from a nest there, one came by to rob,
And ever since its branches have been dumb.
(What was that sound that seemed so like a sob?
Only the echo of a muffled drum.)

Sometimes this shadow folds such friendly arms,
At other times its touch is chill as ice:
Haply it weaves a thousand spells and charms,
Again in fear—I walk about it thrice.

Shadows are just illusions, wise men say.
But often when I reach the garden wall
I turn around and go the other way,
Lest this strange shadow should across me fall.

—Blanche E. Holt Murison.

On Two Contemporary Sonnet Writers

By GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

THOUGH Rupert Brooke and John Masefield were contemporary, they represent widely separate movements in English poetry and were influenced by different philosophies. This is very clearly evidenced in the sonnet work of the two poets. Rupert Brooke plays with and discards many ideas, crying out against the passing of lovely things, the littleness of men and gods, and returning ever to an ecstatic Platonism. In a moment of vision he sees the immortality of the things he loves.

I saw the stillness and the light,
And you august, immortal, white,
Holy, and strange; and every glint
Posture and jest and thought and tint
Freed from the mask of transciency,
Triumphant in eternity,
Immote, immortal.

Perhaps he attained his crowning achievement in his sonnets. His fearless use of words that has been called Elizabethan, his dramatic sense, the experimental quality of his thought—all are invaluable in his sonnet work. He could be terse, and looking upon his idea from a new angle give the meaning of the whole fourteen lines in one swift, inevitable phrase, as in "The Hill." His sonnets are clear-cut and jewel-like, symmetrical, and each distinctly alone. Sometimes they present a picture, as in the opening lines of "The Goddess in the Wood":

In a flowered dell the Lady Venus stood,
Amazed with sorrow. Down the morning one
Far golden horn in the gold of trees and sun
Rang out; and held; and died. She thought the wood
Grew quieter. Wing, and leaf, and pool of light
Forgot to dance. Dumb lay the unfalling stream.

Even those that conform most closely to the conventional idea of the sonnet are inevitably individual. In these the thought may be the thought of the seventeenth century sonneteers, the form may be theirs also, but there is a turn of expression, a finishing touch that is Brooke's alone. Here and there is one which is a mere exhibition of skill, but which is so perfect in its craftsmanship that it must be read and re-read with wonder and delight. He can give us a realistic Hogarthian painting, as in "Dawn," or present as a dramatic simile an unforgettable picture as in the Fourth Sonnet from "1914."

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

It is to the five sonnets entitled "1914" that Rupert Brooke owed his first general recognition by the public. The recognition came late, for within a few months of the writing of these sonnets he had "laid the world away," but I think he knew the value of his work.

The South Sea sonnets are retrospective, and redolent with warm perfume, plangent music, and the breathing of "the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea." "One Day," "Hauntings," "Mutability," are of this type. The poet is not seeking new beauties, nor gazing with prophetic eye into the future. He is turning over old dreams, playing with memories. "One Day" is typical:

To-day I have been happy. All the day
I held the memory of you, and wove
Its laughter with the dancing light o' the spray,
And sowed the sky with tiny clouds of love,
And sent you following the white waves of seas,
And crowned your head with fancies nothing worth.

He seems already to have found that golden space of which he sings in "The Treasure":

Still may Time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face
And count, and touch, and turn them o'er.

But to turn to the sonnets of John Masefield is to enjoy a form of art that is very different. Judged by certain critical canons many of these are not sonnets at all, but only fourteen-line poems, or fourteen-line stanzas in a long poem. When Masefield rises to an ecstatic fire of thought, as he so often does, he is apt to forget the strict relation of octave and sestet, and the ebb-and-flow theory of sonnet construction. But he loves the rhyme formation of the English sonnet, and the noblest work that he has yet done is in this form. There are the mystical sonnets scattered through his various volumes of poems, all bound together by a unity of thought and purpose. All his work, dramatic and poetic, is made vital by two ideas—the triumph of the defeated, and the eternal power of Beauty—but here these ideas most evidently supply the life stream.

Men are made human by the mighty fall
The mighty passion led to. These remain.
The despot, at the last assaulted wall,
By long disaster is made man again.
The faithful fool who follows the torn flag,
The woman marching by the beaten man,
Make with their truth atonement for the brag.

Of course many of the sonnets are distinct in themselves, and stand out clearly from their companions, but as a rule they run together in pairs or sets of four or more.

The sonnets included in "Good Friday and Other Poems" form a lyrical hymn to Beauty that is unsurpassed in English poetry. I quote:

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,
Gone down full many a windy midnight lane,
Probed in old walls and felt along the floor,
Pressed in blind hope the lighted window pane.
But useless all, though sometimes, when the moon
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,
Along my body's alleys came a tune
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.
Then for an instant have felt at point
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be,
Whether some saint whose glory does anoint
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,
Or something that the things not understood
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

Masefield never lets words or forms stand in the way of the expression of his ideas, but his sonnets are always richly lyrical, and their movement is never ragged or inharmonious. He is always sincere, often ecstatic, and a lover of beautiful words. Beyond all this he is a mystic.

In "Animula" he uses the sonnet form to tell a tragic story, and

uses it nobly. Here the influence of the sea is felt, as it is, strangely enough, in few of his sonnets.

Together Rupert Brooke and John Masefield have revivified the sonnet. The form was supposed to have served its day some decades ago and become a mere piece of practice work for amateurs or an idle amusement for professional poets, but these two immortals breathed the breath of life into it and used it to express their most vital ideas and deepest thought.

HEAVEN.

I AM where there is always day
Continuing unclosed by night;
Where lovely pleasures lovely stay,
Where nothing flames nor fades away—
Possessed of feeling and of sight
I dwell in changeless warmth and light.
For aeons thus. Then touching me
And everything some wondrous leaven—
Around me dusk; then dark I see:
Then greys of dawn begin to be:
Then colours flame—the rainbow's seven,
'Neath which I wake to call earth Heaven!

J. P.

LIFE.

If they would lay me gently,
Gently far away,
Far from the fret of cloud bloom,
From those passion breaths in the grass,
I am done with daisies and summer.

But they will not lay me gently.
Their hands will be unsteady;
They will be sorry for me;
For sun and summer over,
For cloud bloom, passion breath,
Daisies and summer.
If they would lay me gently;
But they will not lay me gently.
So I cannot go.

Arthur L. Phelps.

The New Canada

By "SERANUS," Mrs. S. Frances Harrison

HAVING recently seen some gaily-coloured booklets issued by the National Railways, I come to the conclusion that our Lady of the Snows has disappeared and been supplanted by a more gorgeous sprite, all russet and red and golden, with tunic of royal blue and cap of brilliant green. Never have I seen in our Northland—and I know the region passing well—such hues and dyes of deepest Tyrian, such masses of emerald and amethyst, such glowing streaks and splashes of Arizona blend. 'This cannot be Canada, I exclaim—but lo!—the familiar contours are before me and the familiar names. I understand very well and perhaps the artists commissioned to do this thing understood too. The dark and upright pines, the gray rocks, the white water and the blue distance are no more. They were depressing. They looked and made one feel cold. They gave a wrong impression of things altogether primitive and yet scarcely picturesque, and strengthened the notion that Canada was in reality a land of snow and ice, bare of comforts and plunged all year in winter fastness. No doubt this in time would retard travel, would limit pursuit of pleasure. Not everyone enjoys an Ice Palace save to look at from the windows of an hotel. Not everyone cares to toboggan or skate or go skiing. Some people enjoy heat, warm colouring, picnics, bathing in fairly warm water, light and pretty clothing, Panama hats and hammocks.

The railway people are beginning to realize this and the new booklets or folders are the result. Chocolate canoes mirrored in saffron waters, scarlet-edged, trees limned against purple clouds, and orange kimonos adroitly displayed on the persons of fair maidens reclining on blue verandas are certainly a new departure and eminently attractive to the intending tourist. This is no land of chilly airs and grim desolation, but a gay, hospitable, lively and luxurious clime, rich in out-door life of almost tropical allure, with abundant opportunity for costuming and upholstering and furbishment and decorations all in the latest and most elaborate syle. Hence these wondrous efforts of pencil and brush, to be laid on as thickly as possible. Do we altogether like it? There is no doubt it is to be commended on other scores than that of simply attracting tourists. We do possess a genial summer climate. We do possess the same rich and often lurid sunsets, the same sumptuous autumn tints and golden glow of summer's ripening grain as other countries, although, as I have dared to suggest, not quite so feverish nor nightmarish as in certain folders that have come under my observation. But if we dismiss too fervently the natural beauties of our northern lakes and forests, the gleaming pure cascade, the clean gray shelf of rock, the heron's nest on the top of the tallest pine, the spaces and the silences, the virginal crystal of ice-bound twig and diamonded branch, the innocence and primeval chastity of the entire northern landscape we lose, to my mind, a very great deal.

I possess a large scrapbook, full to repletion of picture postcards from many quarters of the globe. One day a friend, looking at what is quite a unique collection in its way, passed over the Nile and the Pyramids, Shepherd's hotel at Cairo, scenes in Java and Japan, in Germany, Holland and Spain, an interesting sequence of cards from Utah and Arizona, another from the Mission country of California—and indicating the picture of a white and lacy fall backed by green pines, and faintly lit by a sky of delicate pink, pronounced it the most beautiful of all. It was a simple but faithful view of the fall of Bala, in Muskoka, a place familiar to all of us, denizens of Canada, and to many of other countries as well, nothing very portentous, very impressive or spectacular, but owning its own peculiar significance, interest and allurement. I could wish that our literary clubs would occasionally remember the verse of Charles Sangster, the most "Canadian" of our earliest singers and one whose delineation of our own typical scenery was very true and distinctive. Can one buy his poems now, I wonder? Two volumes were entitled, respectively, "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," and "Hesperides," and they contained a great many pen pictures of the seasons and of the general aspects of nature from the viewpoint of the genuine home-bred Cnaadian. In the index pages of my Birthday Book, issued in the year of grace 1887, I compared him, for patriotic talent and inspiration, to Octave Cremaize, at a far distant date the morning star of French-Canadian poetry, and consequently the fore-runner of Frechette. These remarks in re highly coloured folders make me think of artists and their difficulties, particularly the ever-growing group I have heard styled the "New Men." They too are obliged to paint in stronger hues than before, and so we get the occasionally bizarre results that seem so chaotic to the superficial observer. Yet they are right in the main, if they will but curb their stormiest impulses and now and then go back to the cool green and grey Canada of our youth.

SPACE.

THE Stars sang well their canticles
To that great Universal God.
Who listened.
The Sun
Grasped lightning from that Brighter One
And flashed it to the darkened worlds.
And You and I,—
What do we
Daring thoughts
On this vast melody of spheres?

Maurine Ayer.

A SONG FOR A FRIEND.

THE old-time poet used to sing
Long songs for some much-gifted maid
With starry eyes! Whose angel lips
With fragrance dripped, forever prayed!
But I would sing—the very near
Loved comrade of a favoured few;
A girl whose grey straight-forward eyes
Hold laughing, fearless, "I like you."
A girl whose mouth is whimsic-large,
Where friendly corner wrinkles steal
Like jealous brackets placed to guard
Half-hinted smile as dear as leal;
Whose brown hair folds in eager waves
Old-fashioned coifed yet girlish-new;
Grave forehead mocks a child-like chin
Which trembling dimples, "Like me too."

Lyn Tallman.

English Realism to a Canadian

By ADRIAN MACDONALD

TO a somewhat romantic Canadian, who was suckled on the usual hero stories, who was nourished through his childhood on Ballantyne, Henty and Jules Verne, and who cut his aesthetic teeth on Stevenson, the contemporary English novel, is at first a little disconcerting. Such a reader has been led in his innocence to look on tales as thrilling accounts of great things done. He naturally expects a hero of fiction to win his knighthood (or the equivalent), to wed a lady of infinite loveliness (dark, fair or medium, as the case may be), and to acquire the enviable wealth of a war profiteer. If in the process the hero does not escape from several complicated predicaments, and perform feats fit for the movie screen, the tale is as naught. But when this guileless reader takes up an English novel of recent date he finds his whole notion of what a story should be knocked topsy-turvy.

The correct thing in present-day English fiction is to tell, not how things are done, but how they are not done; to recount, not the vain successes of men, but their failures.

From one book to another the puzzled Canadian turns until this fact is thoroughly established in his mind. "The Man From the North," with all his hopes does not become a successful author; Cicely Clinton, it is true, starts to run away from her drab life as "The Squire's Daughter," but her courage quickly fails, and she goes back to her placid obvious duty; Jenny Pearl in "Carnival," despite her intriguing naughtiness, does not make a success of the stage; another Jenny in "Nocturne" has violent dreams of a love which comes to nothing; all Conrad's novels are "epics of futility;" and even Mr. Salteena does not wholly succeed in becoming a gentleman.

All this dismal sense of failure is quite foreign to the optimistic spirit of our Dominion. We Canadians are born with the conviction that—with of course a proper settlement of the tariff question—there are no limits to what we may accomplish. As a nation and as individuals we have a clear faith in our powers of progress. We firmly believe that assiduous attention to business, with a normal amount of luck, will bring any man prosperity and a better make of car, and that even incapable, muddled effort will not go unpaid. Why we have this more hopeful outlook it is hard to say. Is it because we lie somewhat removed from the centres of world thought, and have not yet been touched by the pessimism which has afflicted the esoteric intellects of the last few years? Is it that we are too close to the hey-day buoyancy of the great American Republic ever to be depressed about anything? Or is it that we live in a young country—a country where vast tracts of land are reclaimed every season, where cities spring up in a generation, and where great wealths of mineral and of oil are waiting for the prospector? At any rate we find it very hard to sympathize with the realists' deep sense of the ineffectiveness of man.

On entering this new realm of fiction we have a strange suspicion that the characters are enchanted, are bound by some awful spell to eternal passivity. Sometimes the spell takes one form, sometimes another. In Hardy, who may perhaps be regarded as the founder of the school, the spell is Fate—Fate drives the Titantic to her iceberg, and Tess to that gruesome blood-spot which oozes through the ceiling. Frequently it is the incubus of heredity and upbringing, as is the case with Anna of the Five Towns. At other times it is a profound superstition in the unalterable nature of things that be and have been for generations, a superstition which gives meaning to most of Marshall's plots. But whatever its form, the spell always hangs over these stories like a dun fog over London.

It takes a red-blooded Canadian some time to get thoroughly used to this depressing atmosphere, but when he has finally readjusted his notions to the right thing in story plots, and has learned to expect failure in books as often as in life, he becomes aware of certain merits in the novels of this school. He perceives, for instance, that their style is usually good. Many of our older favorites have shown a degree of peccancy in this regard. Much as we have fancied them, we have admitted, at least in private, their shortcomings. Fenimore Cooper we have at times thrown aside because of his heroic pomposity; Scott has frequently distressed us with his diffuseness; the stiff, colorful correctness of Charles Reade has dissipated something of his charm; Stevenson was delightful, but he was a stylist, and especially in "Prince Otto," he did not let us forget his dilettante self-consciousness; but in the best realistic novels of to-day these faults are rare.

The aim of these newer novelists appears to be the creation of a style that is unlaboured, but at the same time is vivid and strong. What they have to say they try to put down in simple, idiomatic, carefully-wrought English, free alike from crudities and "purple patches." Even the epigrammatic cleverness of the O. Henry imitators, who fill so many pages of our current magazines, they modestly shun. When our reader examines, for example, the style of Swinnerton, he is convinced that the author has taken great pains to avoid the appearance of over-conscious artistry. To illustrate this tendency by a quotation is rather difficult, since it is so essentially negative; but if you recall the happy effusiveness of the romantics when they launched upon a description, you will perceive something of the spirit of the new style in the following extract from "September":—

> At last it was Thursday, and she had a long day in the July sunshine. The garden had never been more lovely, and she was out of doors during the whole of the morning. In vain did she strain longing ears to catch the most distant hum of Nigel's car. A bumble-bee blundering about neighboring flowers made her start. Other sounds, the far-distant lowing of a cow, the happy twittering of the birds, made the countryside appear full of inexhaustible energy. . . .

Notice how carefully the descriptive elements are mingled with the narrative, and how sedulously anything approaching the "poetic" has been avoided. Despite its exquisite workmanship, and its imaginative vividness, this passage would seem out of place as an example of fine description in a book of rhetoric.

Skill in the construction of a story you also come to see is not wanting amongst these writers, though here again you may find it difficult to sum up your impressions briefly. When you attempt to do so, you begin to think on the one hand of such technical feats as "Nocturne," a story which is confined to the incidents of one night, and on the other of the very simple, apparently unpremeditated progress of Marshall's stories, aand you conclude that it is dangerous to generalize. Yet after you have consumed a fair number of these books, certain more or less definite impressions of their construction remain on your mind. In the first place, so carefully is the suspense created and held, that despite the common lack of incident your attention never flags. It is very seldom in fact that you come on a page so empty of movement that you wish to skip it. The scenario, again, is arranged so skilfully that the significant phases of the story are made to stand out vividly without involving any violent breaks, or crude transitions in the narrative. With steady progress the tale advances to its climax, and it leaves you finally with a deeper sense of the drama of human life. You are convinced, in short, that these realists are not content merely with truth to life—they must also have truth to art.

Any Canadian with a taste for letters will soon find himself reacting favorably to the art of these stories, but let him not think that he is therefore one of the initiated. Something more is expected of him than mere artistic taste. He cannot fully appreciate these novels until for the time being he has ceased to be a dreamer of dreams, a hopeful searcher for the Land of Heart's Desire, and has succeeded in mixing with his inherent love of drama a certain intellectual curiosity.

The unique claim of realism as a school of fiction is its appeal to the scientific spirit. That impulse which sent the modern world into the laboratory, is the one upon which the realist strives to found his popularity. The modern intellectual wishes to understand everything, even the workings of the human mind. Zola, that superlative realist, put forward the claim that the novel should be an unimaginative record of an experiment in human passion; and although we cannot but wonder how he is to experiment with the immaterial products of his invention, we nevertheless find his claim suggestive. The novel is no longer to be looked upon as the mere amusement of an idle hour, but its covers are to be opened with minds alert for revelations of new truths. We are to approach its thrilling picture of life with the serious spirit of the investigator intent on pushing a little further into the hidden mysteries of things.

Many of the realists have made a special study of sociology and we find them criticizing some of our existing institutions. The church, for instance, both the established and the dissenting branches, comes in for its full share of castigation. When a clergyman appears in one of their stories he is seldom strong and capable, but is usually a lover of ease and comfort, a helpless prosy idealist, a social trimmer, or a dry old dogmatist completely out of touch with human affairs. This condemnation of the cloth we take, of course, with a pinch of salt, realizing that whenever anyone discovers that the times are out of joint he is inclined to lay the blame at the door of the church; but when Galsworthy, for example, gets fairly away on the institutions of marriage and divorce we can only sit back in our chairs and ponder on the anomalies and injustices of human society!

In the study of social customs and institutions these authors find an inexhaustible field for work; but their interests do not stop there. With fine insight they push their investigations into every phase of the soul's life. Other novelists have dealt with character. Dickens, for instance, has left the world a full gallery of memorable portraits, but his appeal is essentially to the eye. His characters stick in the memory with the vividness of real people; they invite the skill of the caricaturist; they stimulate the art of the parlor impersonator whose hostess has asked him to come representing some fictional character. But who could imagine himself impersonating one of Conrad's people? Or one of George Moore's? Dickens cut into life and showed us the perversity, the repulsiveness, the oddity, the beauty of the human creatures moving there; but the realists cut into the mind of an individual and reveal to us its hidden interplay of healthful and sinister forces. They do, in short, demand of their readers a considerable interest in psychology.

Who can forget Conrad's opening description of Lord Jim—that paragraph which gives us a revealing glimpse into the man's enigmatic soul?

> He was an inch, perhaps two, under six feet, powerfully built, and he advanced straight at you with a slight stoop of the shoulders, head forward, and a fixed from-under stare which made you think of a charging bull. His voice was deep, loud, and his manner displayed a kind of dogged self-assertion which had nothing aggressively in it. It seemed a necessity and it was directed apparently as much at himself as at anybody else. He was spotlessly neat, apparelled in immaculate white from shoes to hat, and in the various Eastern ports where he got his living as ship-chandler's water-clerk he was very popular.

There you have the method of the new school. It loves to be exact in detail when the details are of psychological significance. The whole story turns about this man's character, about his hidden struggles with himself. It is a tale remarkable alike for its marvellous insight into character, and its profound sense of human tragedy. Once one has read it, or indeed any of Conrad's novels, he is a convert to the new school of psychological realism.

There are times, of course, when the Canadian will find himself, at least temporarily, in a somewhat recalcitrant mood. The phenomenon may perhaps be most observable when his romantic soul is shocked by the attitude of the realists towards sexual matters. It does not please him to think of sex as containing the dark possibilities of pain, and problems, and tragedy. He longs for the glamor of romance which the older novelists knew so well how to cast over passion. At times he may even go so far as to be enticed within the glorious covers of that kind of tale which the school-boy described as "an adventure for a million and a girl;" at times he may steal back to that popular magazine in which the heroes of business carve out their commercial destinies, and SUCCESS is written with capital letters; at times he may furtively hum "Sweet Genevieve" or "In the Gloaming" just to remind himself that sentiment was once a force in human life; but his staple food in the way of fiction will henceforth be novels flavored with the spirit of realism.

The Woes of a Weary Writer

By J. A. MALLORY

HE was ambitious. Owing to family reasons he never received any of the allowance of education ladled out by a paternal Government in the Public Schools. He was sixteen when he came to Toronto, gaping at railway engines, and other wonders, and losing his heart, or his head—which you choose—in the public libraries.

For nine hours a day he worked in a factory, waiting on an uninteresting machine. The rest of his time he wallowed in books. Naturally his choice of reading was unwise, and because his memory had been untrained by set lessons, he could remember all he read. So, with his head stuffed with all manner of scraps of knowledge, his brain became fevered to the extent that he imagined he could write books—novels.

In all he wrote three of these, huge heaps of unsaleable MSS., peopled with stiff wooden figures, who found it impossible to talk like human beings. All he gained from the twenty years he gave to his novels, was a certain gift of stringing words together, and the power of imagining things.

He had a friend, of the opposite sex, of course, who suggested they should write short stories together, till something could be done with the novels. So they started, and he was just feeling his feet as a writer of juvenile stories when, in 1912, his health gave way; writing "finis" to his factory work, and tossing him out on the sea of literature, to sink or swim. In 1913 his friend died, and he had to write alone, feeling very lost in an unknown world.

Writing juvenile fiction is a good thing for young writers, for while the pay is very low—a dollar for 300 to 500 words—editors of juvenile publications are always looking for fresh writers, with new ways to tell old stories; and if the "ways" are at all good, the new writer can get much help in literary training.

But writing for juvenile publications is no good for a permanent job, unless you are a pensioned school teacher, as many juvenile writers are, and only write to help out a small but assured income. These, and beginners, are the only people who can make good at juvenile writing.

One juvenile weekly, whose editor was a good friend of the weary writer, buying about a hundred dollars' worth of his stuff a year—told him that on a weekly paper, using eight short stories a month, he usually received three hundred MSS., most of which were of the usual mediocre merit. Other papers tell the same story, and in this flood of mediocrity, the new writer, who has something fresh to tell is welcomed, and instructed; while the old writer knows that his editors are wishing that he would "move on."

The W. W. tried writing special articles. He could get some of these published, but found it very difficult to collect any pay for them. He worked one year without pay, writing specials for a magazine, on the promise of a salaried position after that. This he received, and held for two years, when the magazine went bankrupt—and he had another woe!

Many speak of authorship as a lazy way of earning one's living, but here is what the W. W. wrote and earned in the first four months of 1922:—

Wrote in January	—Five stories, averaging 3,200 words) Four articles, averaging 2,500 words)	Earnings for month $26.75
" " February	—Four stories, averaging 3,000 words) Four articles, averaging 1,000 words)	Earnings for month $35.00
" " March	—Eight stories, averaging 3,000 words) Two articles, averaging 2,000 words)	Earnings for month $28.00
" " April	—Four stories, averaging 3,000 words) Six articles, averaging 1,500 words)	Earnings for month $24.50
	Total stories and articles written ...	31
	Total stories and articles sold	14
	Total number of words written	90,000
	Total cash received	$114.25

Songs From a Sea Garden

By MABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE English press has some pleasant things to say concerning a small volume of Canadian verse published recently in London by Arthur L. Humphreys. This book—"A Garden by the Sea," from the pen of Mrs. L. A. Lefevre—has now been published in Canada by McClelland & Stewart in the same taesteful form as the English edition.

Many lovers of verse to whose taste the newer forms of poem-making do not appeal, will welcome the opportunity which Mrs. Lefevre gives, of here indulging to the full their preference for rhythm, rhyme and melody. They will find colour, too—not the red dawns and midnight blues of our ultra-modern word-painters, but rather the bright, yet gently shaded, hues of that sea garden which gives the book its name.

Leaving aside the lyrics, which know no country, many of the longer poems are distinctly Canadian in inspiration and strongly British in sentiment. "A Daughter's Voice," which, even before the publication of the book, was much quoted, is a heartfelt appeal for that true Imperialism which stands proudly for a well-earned recognition, yet generously, too, for the sharing of the burden of Empire.

"We who forged the links of Empire,
shall our hands not weld the chain?
We who wide the seed have scattered,
shall we gather not the grain?"

"The Song of the St. Lawrence" is a sincere tribute from one who undoubtedly has felt to the full the wonder and majesty of that great river. Niagara also comes in for her flower of praise in "Across the Gulf," and the Lions of Vancouver Harbour are celebrated in a stirring poem, "The Lions' Gate." Perhaps the most dramatic of all the Canadian poems is "Eagle Pass," which tells the story of how the pass across the apparently impregnable Rockies was discovered by following the flight of an eagle. The two stanzas which describe the exultation of nature at man's apparent defeat are particularly vivid:—

"A wind exultant swept the glen,
The pine-trees' giant branches threw
Behind the weary, baffled men,
Strange mocking gestures of adieu.
Above, from peak to peak, there gleamed
The signal fires of victory won,
And from the highest summits streamed
The crimson banners of the sun."

but the eagle, innocent betrayer, reveals the way and—

"The cliffs divide—a deep ravine
Pierces the mountain's hoary breast,
The shining valley curves between—
A sunlit pathway to the West."

Narrative verse, however, forms but a small part of the book. Here are lyrics, cradle songs, the formal sonnet, even a rondeau. Many of the shorter poems diffuse a strongly devotional atmosphere.

Mabel Ecclestone Mackay.

Tarkington, Booth, "Gentle Julia." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. This belongs to the "Penrod" class and not the "Alice Adams" and "Magnificent Ambersons" class. In other words, it is intended purely to amuse. It is an admirable example of Mr. Tarkington's dexterity in depicting the humorous side of the young person of today, or perhaps more correctly of ten years or so ago.

Miliukov, Paul N.—"Russia To-day and Tomorrow." Macmillan, Toronto. Composed originally for lectures to American audiences in October, 1921, these eleven chapters form an extremely valuable account of the present condition and tendencies of Russia as viewed by a veteran Russian liberal. It is a frightful story, told without any attempt at emotional artifice, in the language of a professor of economics. It is hardly likely that even the most ardent advocates of Soviet organization will now venture to contravene very many of Prof. Miliukov's conclusions.

The Montreal Convention

October 16th to 18th

THE Canadian Booksellers' & Stationers' Association organized at the convention in Toronto last October, will hold its 1922 convention in Montreal on October 16th, 17th and 18th.

President A. T. Chapman has urged this journal to make a strong appeal for a good attendance of the book trade at this gathering, and calls upon members of the association to come forward with good live suggestions to make the convention a big success.

If every individual member of the trade will but devote the thought to this whole trade organization question that the subject deserves, there will be such a turn-out at the Montreal convention as to make it an epoch-marking event of inestimable benefit to the whole trade.

Let every province be well represented. Quebec and Eastern Ontario will, of course, send goodly delegations, but it is to be hoped that many from the West, from Western Ontario and Toronto, and from the Maritime Provinces will be there.

Last year, at Toronto, there were delegates from the Maritimes and Quebec, but naturally the biggest attendance was from Ontario. The West was not represented at all!

It is to be hoped that this will not be the case at Montreal.

The "Canadian Bookman" is convinced that this Association, by means of the adoption of a progressive and constructive policy, will disseminate throughout this trade in Canada, such inspiration and practical ideas as will amount to a real awakening that will result in better trade relationships, greater faith in the possibilities of development in the book and stationery business, and a general outlook that will have the effect of immediately strengthening the whole tissue of this branch of trade.

No one who has been connected with the book and stationery business for any considerable length of time can have remained blind to the fact that there are misunderstandings which hamper the most highly productive trading between retailers and wholesalers. Frequently the retailers have been unreasonable in their attitude toward wholesalers and not sufficiently considerate of the latter, apparently losing sight of the fact that they too have their serious problems in connection with such emergencies as, for instance, a sharply rising or falling market.

Relatively, the cost of doing business is perhaps of even more serious concern to the wholesaler than to the retailer, because of the all-round narrower margins on which they are obliged to work, and the necessarily greater risks taken by the wholesalers.

On the other hand, the wholesalers have, not infrequently, been lacking in full appreciation of their obligations to the retailers in the matter of service and the sometimes precarious condition of retailing brought about by inadequate margins of profit and by competition, difficult to cope with, against which the retailer is powerless without protection by the wholesale trade.

Noted Canadian Authors will be among speakers at the Booksellers' Convention in Montreal—Round-table Conference with Publishers will be another feature—Preparation for Canadian Book Week, Oct. 28th to Nov. 4th.

WAKE UP!

Too many retail booksellers have remained apathetic regarding the trade organization question. Even some of the leading booksellers have failed to respond to repeated appeals from officials of the Association inviting their membership and co-operation. Without united action little can be accomplished. The policy of "letting George do it" is a fatal one, because "George" is out playing golf most of the time, or at any rate declines to be the "goat."

Windsor for 1923

In view of the decision of the American Booksellers' Association to hold its 1923 convention in Detroit next May, the city of Windsor is in the running for the 1923 convention of the Canadian Association, the proposal being to meet at the same time as the American booksellers, and to arrange for joint sessions, where the questions under discussion are of common interest to the members of both associations.

The Montreal Convention will have justified itself as a source of benefit to the Canadian trade if its main achievement is to successfully lay plans for the holding of a convention in Windsor as indicated by the foregoing.

President Chapman has done a lot of good work in the way of preparing to have first-class speakers at the Montreal Convention, and to provide a genuinely constructive programme.

Among the speakers there will likely be President Murray Gibbon, of the Canadian Authors' Association, B. K. Sandwell, secretary of that organization, and efforts are also being made to have Stephen Leacock address the convention at the banquet.

The Montreal booksellers are going to extend themselves in providing entertainment, with side-trips to historic points of interest in and about Montreal.

A round-table conference with representatives of the publishing and wholesale houses is to be arranged as a feature of the convention.

A meeting of the Executive Committee is to be held early in September in Montreal to forward the preliminary arrangements in order to make the convention a big success.

President Chapman appeals to all members of the trade to make arrangements now to attend the convention.

Besides the benefit to their business interests, the event can be made an ideal holiday trip. From many points the journey can be made by boat.

Sending Fraternal Delegate.

Word has been received that Robert McLaughlin, assistant secretary of the National Association of Book Publishers, of New York, has been delegated to carry to the convention of the Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association the greetings and well wishes of that organization, as a step in cementing the common interests between the two countries.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Wodehouse, P. G.—"Three Men and a Maid." McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.75. Mr. Wodehouse is always amusing, even if at times he spreads his amusingness a little thin. There are pages in this book that even a critic cannot help laughing at, and the devotees of "Archie" will find in Wilhelmina Benton's amazing adorer an adequate successor to him.

Speare, Dorothy.—"Dancers in the Dark." McClelland & Stewart. Toronto, $1.70. This purports to be a study of adolescent manners and morals of the age in an American university town. They are exciting enough, but somehow they do not seem very real. And the adolescents all wind up in a good old-fashioned engagement-ring church that is just the same as it would have been twenty or fifty, or perhaps a thousand, years ago.

Deprend, Jeffrey, "The Golden Poppy." Wallace, Chicago, $1.75. This writer, whose "Embers" made a considerable stir a couple of years ago, is a Canadian who has at some time been engaged in newspaper work in Quebec Province. He is evidently a Catholic, and if not of French blood he possesses an unusual power of understanding the feelings of the habitant. His new volume is entirely concerned with the tragic marriage of the daughter of a well-to-do Chambly farmer to a young Montreal physician with an unduly strong ambition for wealth and success and a total lack of idealism. All the parties belong to the French-speaking population. Mr. Deprend has an extraordinary capacity for the elimination of unnecessary detail, and his novels remind us of certain modernist pictures, in which a violent effect is produced by the juxtaposition of spots of strong and unshaded color. The method seems more suited to the short story than to the full-length novel, and especially to one dealing with very simple characters and depicting events which are mainly psychological. For Mr. Deprend is more rigorously realistic than any other Canadian novelist, and allows his plot to develop straight out of his characters without the slightest interference from accident or coincidence. This is high praise, and we would gladly make it yet higher if Mr. Deprend did not irritate us by his affectation of starting a new paragraph at every sentence, and by a disregard of the musical qualities of the English language which at times goes so far as to suggest that the writer is using a tongue which is not his own.

Derieux, Samuel A., "Frank of Freedom Hill." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. A collection of admirable and unsentimentalized short stories about two boys and their hunter friends and the dogs. They are well known to readers of the American Magazine, and one of them won the O. Henry Memorial Prize.

Sedgwick, Anne Douglas, "Adrienne Toner." Allen, Toronto, $2. Decidedly the leading serious novel of the month. Will not be highly regarded in the U.S., but should be understood by most educated Canadians, who are better able to value the contending forces of English tradition and convention and of American self-confidence, courage and superficiality which make the motive of the story. Adrienne is a California girl with immense wealth, immense personal power of a magnetic kind, and a passion for dominating others for (as she believes) their good. This "grave and beautiful novel," as the Westminster Gazette aptly terms it, is far the best work of one of England's most subtle writers—a direct product of Henry James.

Birmingham (England) Public Libraries: "Catalogue of the War Poetry Collection presented by an Anonymous Donor." This handsome catalogue of the Billington Memorial Collection, preceded by a gravure of the bookplate of the Collection, includes about 1,800 items. They are all in neutral or Allied languages, except one German volume which is bracketed as being Swiss; but among the works in English there is, perhaps by accident, at least one intense pro-German, Mr. George Sylvester Viereck of New York. The Librarian will be grateful for gifts and for information calculated to aid in the procuring of additional suitable publications.

FICTION
You Will Be Asked For

KEITH NOMAKERS
By Burton E. Stevenson

Author of "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet." "The Gloved Hand," etc.....$2.00

Intrigue, international politics, schemes of beautiful women, and plots of wily diplomats are some of the features of this stirring new novel. A thrilling tale of romance, action and adventure. Such a story as only a few gifted authors Burton E. Stevenson and E. Phillips Oppenheim, for example—can write to successfully delight and hold their audiences.

ROPE
By Holworthy Hall

Author of "The Man Nobody Knew," "Egan," etc. $2.00

A story of the struggle old but ever enjoyable in fiction, between youth and beauty against what is neither young nor lovely. The prize these forces contend for is a million dollars. As the situation unfolds, the clever author weaves a delicious plot of intrigue and counter-intrigue. The story will readily enlist the sympathies of all who enjoy a good work of fiction.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SANDS
By Frances Everard

$2.00

Saada Medene, a beautiful girl, who is reputed to be of Arabian blood, is persuaded by her English fiance to accompany him to Algiers. Subsequent developments hasten the action of the story. A novel of unusual power, ringing true to life from start to finish, with a picturesque setting of Northern Africa—sure to be widely read and appreciated.

THE HEART OF LITTLE SHIKARA
and other stories.

By Edison Marshall, author of "The Sky Line of Spruce"....$2.00

"The Heart of Little Shikara," one of a dozen or so stories of the out-of-doors and animal life included in the volume, was acclaimed the best short story of 1921 by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences and awarded the O. Henry prize.

Edison Marshall knows animals and the wild places, and no matter what animal he may be writing about, he does so in a heroic manner. A book which will be enjoyed by all who love life in the open.

THE BALANCE
By William Dana Orcutt, author of "The Moth," "The Lever," "The Spell," etc.....$2.00.

The theme provides an exciting plot involving a strike, forgery and murder, with a criminal who cleverly defies detection. It is a vital, vibrating story of to-day, during the course of which there is developed an absorbing love story. Among the characters depicted there are a red-blooded hero, a girl returned from overseas service, a fascinating mill girl, a philosophic crippled veteran, a treacherous secretary and an aristocratic dreamer who becomes a democratic doer.

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BOOKS RECEIVED—Fiction.

Chambers, Robert W.—"The Flaming Jewel." McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $1.75. The Montreal Gazette calls this "a gem of Canadian literature." It is a very good fight-and-adventure story in Mr. Chambers' non-sexual manner, which he has not employed too often of late. But it is scarcely a gem. It is certainly not literature, and the only thing Canadian we can find in it is the whiskey carried by the Adirondack rum runners. No, we are wrong, there is an aroma about the plot that is partly Frank L. Packard, though partly also William Le Queux. A perfectly good yarn.

Ewart, Wilfrid.—"Way of Revelation." Goodchild, Toronto, $2. Came out in England in 1921 and was very highly commended, and has now reached a fourth impression, which is remarkable in these days for a book of definitely warrish subject-matter. It is a careful and intelligent study of some of the psychological transformations, both among the fighting men and among those at home. And, as the British Weekly editor puts it, the author "has faith in God, and without offending in the least he lets this be seen."

Hutchinson, A. S. M.—"This Freedom." McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. The author of "If Winter Comes," needs no introduction to our readers. We hope that our notice of that novel, many months ago, and the immense success that the book so rapidly achieved on this continent, sent many readers to look for "Once Aboard the Lugger," and other early writings, and will similarly induce them to acquire this newest output of the author's pen. It is not as solid a work as "If Winter Comes," but it deals with the much more popular topic (in America, at least), of the problem of the mother who wishes to keep up the business activities which she pursued before acquiring a family. This particular family made a horrible mess, and frankly we don't believe that Mr. Hutchinson accounts for the mess in any way, but he makes it just too awfully thrilling.

Masters, Edgar Lee.—"The Children of the Market Place." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. As "a contribution to American history," this book may have value. As a novel, though full of thrilling events, it is told in such a bald, jerky, irritating style that the reader inevitably becomes annoyed. The early history of the Middle West is depicted with some effect, and the portrait of Douglas is drawn in large outline with a masterly hand.

Tarbell, Ida M., "He Knew Lincoln." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. Four short stories dealing with the human side of Lincoln's nature, purporting to be revealed by Billy Brown, druggist, in Springfield, Ill., and intimate friend of the President before his accession to office.

E. A. HENRY
Author of "Little Foxes"

BOOKS RECEIVED—Non-Fiction.

Graham, Stephen.—"Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies." McClelland, Toronto, $2. The poet was Vachel Lindsay. Mr. Graham is not accustomed to tramping, or any other kind of locomotion, in parts of the world where there is no trouble. In the Canadian Rockies he had to take his own trouble with him, hence Mr. Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay is a whole revolt in himself. But Mr. Graham should have taken also that which Mr. Lindsay revolts against—should have taken a representative of the really smug middle-class United States business-man. Then there might have been some excitement. As it is, we have only a charming and wonderfully personal diary of many days and nights under the mountain-peaks and the stars. Mr. Lindsay's chief contribution was evidently the poems, both his own and others, which he recites with such stentorian power; and it must have been quite an experience to be introduced to the verse of Sydney Lanier under the shadow of the Rockies, by the author of "General William Booth Enters Heaven."

A concrete and very human story of reconstruction in France is told by Warwick Deeping in his forthcoming Macmillan novel, "The House of Adventure."

Rinehart, Mary Roberts.—"The Breaking Point." McClelland, Toronto, $2. This is modern, non-extravagant melodrama of a high order. It takes a craftsman to make the full use of the possibilities of a man who, after being goaded to a more or less justifiable murder, suddenly loses his memory a day later and makes a new life for himself for ten years. It was clever of Mrs. Rinehart to set her tale in a quiet and realistically depicted small country town, among church-going people and in the household of the town doctor. It adds greatly to plausibility and gives scope for some mildly amusing comedy.

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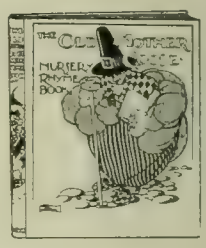

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Laura Goodman Salverson

By AUSTIN BOTHWELL

SOME months ago the Woman's Canadian Club of Regina, under the able Presidency of Mrs. T. D. Brown, announced a prize of fifty dollars for a short story. Contestants were to be Canadian born, residents of Saskatchewan and not writers by profession. There were 72 stories submitted.

The announcement has been made that the winning story—by the unanimous vote of the judges—is "Hidden Fire," by Laura Goodman Salverson.

Laura Goodman Salverson was born in Winnipeg of Icelandic parents. She has a vivid recollection of the early struggles of her parents, ignorant of English, evil entreated, often on the verge of hunger, but struggling ever on and up.

The Icelandic race has affinities with the Scotch. They do not remain among the submerged; they bob up with astounding vigor and determination. They have an equal passion for education. Through all tribulation Laura Goodman's father clung passionately to his books, some of them rare, fine old books. The child was brought up on the heroic sagas of the Norsemen and on Greek mythology, for one of the treasured books was the Icelandic equivalent of Bullfinch.

It is not surprising that the urge to write manifested itself first in poems which have the singing quality regarded by the Icelander as the first, second and third essential in poetry.

"Hidden Fire" is a story of farm life—a story starkly realistic but beautiful because the innate fineness in human character emerges, if not triumphant, at least on top. The farmer's wife in the story goes on for years apparently contented in the midst of her drudgery. But one spring morning, when blooms each thing and the pretty birds do sing, a fragment of a long forgotten song comes back to her. The thwarted idealism, the unsatisfied love of beauty so long suppressed takes possession of her. She sees her life as drab — as dull — as wasted. For once her husband finds the breakfast late. The shackles of an old love fetter her too straitly for revolt as yet, but she meditates upon it as she makes belated preparation. Her husband bustles in. Matt, a neighbor, has sent for aid; his wife is very ill; Matt sure has had bad luck of late. They had better go right away after breakfast. Matt's wife is found to be dying; she has one wish, one hope, that her daughter may have something of the ease, the pleasure in life she has never had. She commits her to the care of her old friend. Some understanding of his wife's feeling overcomes Matt; he bitterly reproaches himself. One year the money that should have gone towards making the home more comfortable, convenient, was needed to buy that quarter section it seemed so needful to secure. With a new charge upon her and a partly awakened husband who buys her a silk dress on his next trip to town, the farmer's wife "hidden fire" remains hidden.

The story shows, in the judges' opinion, remarkable psychological insight and skill in treatment. It is distinctly promising. One completed chapter of a novel on which Mrs. Salverson is now engaged portraying the story of an immigrant family has power. It may be that the novel will be a Canadian "O Pioneers." I have always thought that Miss Willa Cather has shown in that novel and in "My Antonia," the true way of progress for the Canadian novel.

The Women's Canadian Club has done a very useful thing in offering the first prize ever offered for a short story in Canada. The response has been gratifying; the quality of the stories on the whole, excellent. Mrs. Salverson is to be congratulated for winning in such a large field. She will fulfil the promise that her first story holds out.

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Among Authors and Bookmen

Thomas Allen announces a new volume by "Janey Canuck" (Judge Emily F. Murphy), whose "Open Trails" and "Seeds of Pine" have probably done more than any other books to exhibit to the English-speaking world the softer (and truer) sides of life on the Canadian prairies. The new book is "The Black Candle," and we incline to the idea that it is the result of Mrs. Murphy's recent activities as a police magistrate. At any rate, it deals with the drug question. It is depressing, just after most of the continent has abolished alcohol, to be told by the publisher that here is "a spreading malady a thousand times worse than the evils of liquor."

"Canadian Cities of Romance," by Katherine Hale (Mrs. John W. Garvin), attractively illustrated by Dorothy Stevens, the well-known Toronto etcher, will be issued shortly by McClelland and Stewart. It is a series of what may be termed character-sketches of fourteen Canadian cities.

"Explorers of the Dawn," by Mazo de la Roche, is ranking as a best seller in Chicago and other parts of the States. Miss de la Roche's second novel, "Possession," has been accepted by the Macmillan Company of New York.

The fourth of John W. Dafoe's articles on Laurier, and the last of the series, appears in the August Book Review Section of the Manitoba Free Press. They should receive a more permanent embodiment, for they are contributions to Canadian history. The Book Review Section continues to be one of Canada's most admirable literary institutions, but in view of the limited amount of space available for good matter in all of Canada's literary publications put together, we wish that the editor would not allow the cub reporter to waste such a lot of it on reviews of certain American books, such as Phinneas A. Crutch's "Queen of Sheba." Most books of this kind are forced on the Canadian market by American publishers who bundle them up in one transaction with some popular work which the Canadian trade is very anxious to have (in order to get the Canadian market for Marie Corelli's latest, for example, the Canadian publisher must also take one hundred copies of Ichabod Merryweather's "Fun in the Philippines," or M. Arnheim's "A New Yorker Among the Bolsheviks"). There being no possible sale in Canada for them, the publishers are naturally most generous with review copies, but that is no reason why space should be wasted on them.

Arthur Heming, illustrator and author, was recently interviewed, and uttered a vehement and well justified criticism of the practice of engaging foreign artists to decorate Canadian public buldings, when Canadian artists are equally capable of doing the work. The Manitoba Provincial Parliament Buildings, Mr. Heming pointed out, should have been provided with mural decorations by a Canadian such as Challoner or Arthur Crisp, and the sculptures of buffalo at the portal could have been executed by Proctor—"a Canadian-born, also driven to New York, where he has proved himself the greatest animal sculptor in North America." Mr. Heming is strongly in favour of the expansion of the C.A.A. so as to embrace all the copyrightable arts, as provided for by the amendment now under consideration.

Kemper Hammond Broadus, of Edmonton, is the winner of the Forum's competition for a "Meditation on Spring."

John Bracken, the new Premier of Manitoba, is president of an Agricultural College and also an author, though on somewhat technical matters.

The committee appointed by the Drama League of America to determine what is the best American play contained two Canadians out of seven. Not so bad, for a country with no independent theatre of its own. But no Canadians were among the writers of the plays picked by this committee. Eugene O'Neill topped the list.

The All-Fiction Number of MacLean's Magazine, dated August 1, was a really noteworthy collection of good Canadian material. Alan Sullivan, who is, by the way, now running a serial in Chambers' Journal, contributed "The Jade God," as good a piece of psychological adventure as we remember seeing done in this country. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's "The Pink Pagoda," was another excellent piece of craftsmanship. L. M. Montgomery had a charming little idyll in "The Tryst of the White Lady." And Lloyd Roberts and Archie P. McKishnie both shone in their accustomed manner. Since then MacLean's has begun serial publication of another Canadian novel, "The Timber Pirate," by Charles Christopher Jenkins—a Lake Superior tale. Much of the illustration work in this magazine is also Canadian: and those who know the difficulties of producing a really Canadian fiction magazine against the competition of all the magazines in the United States can only marvel that MacLean's does so well.

Musson's are rapidly bringing forward the successive volumes of "The Bible for School and Home," by Rev. Dr. J. Paterson-Smyth, of Montreal. Three volumes, those on Genesis, Moses and the Exodus, and Joshua and the Judges, have already appeared, and are to be followed by "Prophets and Kings" and "The Life of Our Lord." Dr. Paterson-Smyth has an exceptional gift for vivid narrative and telling character delineation.

Dr. George Locke, Toronto Librarian, has received from the Marquess of Sligo a copy of a memorandum on the identity of certain persons who were with Wolfe when he fell stricken to death at the capture of Quebec. interest to those whose family or regimental traditions are involved, especially as they concern the question, who was the Brown or Browne who was present on that historic occasion?

Archdeacon W. J. Armitage has narrated in a 400-page volume "The Story of the Canadian Revision of the Prayer Book" (McClelland, Toronto, $2.50), and nobody could be better qualified than the Secretary of the Revision Committee for the task of endeavoring "to trace the sources of the new prayer incorporated in the Book, to study the origin of the different services, and to place in their proper historical setting the various elements of the liturgy." As there has undoubtedly never been before in Canada so lively an interest in liturgical art, not only among members of the Anglican communion, but also among denominations hitherto addicted to a much less formal worship, the book should find many inquiring readers. Apart from the subject of liturgical art, however, there is always a keen interest attaching to the spectacle of a great religious body engaged in the effort to adjust its more or less rigid and theoretically permanent formularies to the changing pressure of the time, and the chapters on the Athanasian Creed, the Commination Service and the Communion Service are instructive documents on the religious thought of the time. They might have been even more so, had not the Revisers been debarred by their Instructions from anything involving "change of doctrine or principles." It may be noted that the new Canadian Prayer Book is the first of any Anglican body to make explicit reference to the British Empire.

In connection with the David Thompson celebration at Lake Windermere, B.C., the western branches of the Canadian Authors' Association held a Campfire on August 30 and 31, part of the proceedings being at the Thompson Memorial Fort and part at the ranch of President J. M. Gibbon. The assembled authors included not only many Westerners, but also Bliss Carman, W. S. Wallace, Lawrence Burpee, J. B. Tyrrell and Col. J. S. Dennis from east of Winnipeg. Mr. Gibbon, of course, can be put down as an Easterner or a Westerner according to taste. Among the pen-wielders from the West were Frederick Niven, by now almost a domesticated British Columbian; W. T. Allison (just back from a hurried trip to Halifax), Elizabeth Barley Price, Evah McKowan, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Julia Henshaw, Mrs. Frank Reeve ("Onota Watanna"), Judge Howay, D. A. Chalmers, J. B. Fitzmaurice, B. R. Atkins, B. G. Hamilton, R. W. Douglas, J. Forsyth, Robert Watson and Belmore Browne. Guests from the United States included Professor E. Meeny of the University of Washington, Seattle, and T. C. Elliott of Walla Walla. It is highly probable that this Western Campfire will become an annual event under the auspices of the C.A.A. There is talk also of a similar institution for Eastern Canada.

A SONG OF NAMES.

BLYTHE Bridge and Cresswell, Marchington and Lea,
Little places call from half across the world to me,
Hiding in their leafy lanes the yellow primrose star,
Where celandine and violet and ragged robin are

Blythe Bridge and Cresswell, Marchington and Lea,
Sleepy places calling me across a summer sea,
Drowsy cattle blinking where the grass is deep and green,
Where hedges dip and rise along the white road in between

Blythe Bridge and Cresswell, Marchington and Lea,
Autumn winds come wailing over half the world to me,
And purple damsons lie in heaps with golden plums and red,
And stubble scars the gallant fields all cut and harvested.

O, Blythe Bridge and Cresswell, Marchington and Lea,
Far away you sing your gentle English songs to me,
Kindly songs of leisured toil beneath a quiet sky
As silently the ordered days and peaceful years go by.
And I shall hear their echo in the fierce and torrid days
When crimson, gold and purple riot in an autumn blaze;
When iron winter sears the soil, their song will drift to me—
Blythe Bridge and Cresswell, Marchington and Lea.

—Millicent Payne.

Lord Curzon Cured Through Dr. Coué's Method of Auto-Suggestion

(Special Cable Dispatch)
London, July 9.—Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, Great Britain's Foreign Minister, who last week confounded his critics who predicted his withdrawal from the Government due to ill health by saying he would be back at work within ten days, was cured, after all other methods failed, by M. Coue, the French exponent of auto-suggestion.
Lord Curzon personally makes this interesting disclosure to-day.

—From the Philadelphia Ledger.

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Canadian Books of the Month

IT is hardly fair to include Stephen Leacock's "My Discovery of England" among the Canadian books of the month (among which it must necessarily take pre-eminence as having by far the widest public and attracting the greatest attention), for Dr. Leacock, as must be expected in one who is writing for Harper's Magazine and for a public spread all over the English speaking world, writes as a "North American" and deals entirely with those matters, and from those points of view, which are common to the Republic and the Dominion. When we say that nobody else deals with them (in this particular manner) quite so well, that is merely saying that a good Canadian can be a better North American than any other kind of a North American—which we all knew already. These adventures of a North American in England are easily the best thing that Stephen Leacock has done in the past eight years. There are good reasons why they should be. He had an immense mass of new impressions to draw from, the result of six months spent in territory which he had not visited in a good many years—and had never visited in such a blaze of personal glory. "My Discovery of England" (Gundy, Toronto, $1.50), is the product of last year's triumphal lecture tour. It is also the product of an exceptionally alert and pungent mind, exercising itself with great enjoyment on those things in which the English people differ from the North Americans. That the observations are often expressed in the form of caricature is all to the good; there is a terrible amount of observing being done by people who can only express the results in bald and unimaginative statements of fact. A volume of facts would not sum up the contrast between English and North American universities as Dr. Leacock does in the following words about Oxford: "Smoked at by his tutor, fed in Henry VIII.'s kitchen, and sleeping in a tangle of ivy, the student evidently gets something not easily obtained in America."

The Canadian novels are headed by Arthur Stringer's "The Prairie Child" (McClelland, Toronto), which is the last of the prairie triology, and in some respects the most serious study of married life that the Dominion has produced. It has a slightly bitter taste, and includes a telling picture of the deterioration of character produced by rapid wealth in such communities as the prairie cities in the boom years before the war. Mr. Stringer's intuition into feminine mentality is almost uncanny, but seems to be quite genuine. This book is neither a potboiler nor a sex-adventure story, but a really honest novel.

"The Ninth Vibration," by L. Adams Beck, belongs to Canada only because its author is a resident of Victoria. (McClelland, Toronto, $2). It is a collection of stories dealing with the psychic influences which are so much more common—apparently—in the Orient, and laid for the most part in India and China. Some of the tales are actual transcriptions, very delicately done, of Oriental narratives. Those who enjoy Algernon Blackwod can hardly fail to be fascinated by these excursions in the semi-occult.

Harold Horn, a new author, has produced a most workmanlike honest-criminal-and-sleuth story in "Mortimer's Gold," the scene of which ranges from Montreal to the Rockies. Mr. Horn's simplicity, directness and complete preoccupation with the movement of his tale enables him to grip the reader and, while we enjoyed this book, we fully expect to enjoy others from the same pen even more.

"Indian Legends of Vancouver Island," by Alfred Carmichael, with illustrations by J. Semeyn (Musson, Toronto, paper, $1), is an effort, by a Victorian of thirty years' standing, to record some of the legends which were current among the Seshaht and other Indian tribes of the Island, who are now rapidly being civilized into forgetfulness of their ancestral heritage. Of great interest as an index of the aboriginal mind, the tales have little value as literature, and we greatly wish that Mr. Carmichael had not damaged them for the former purpose by amending their "lack of refinement of thought." Perhaps he has preserved an "unrefined" version and will place it at the disposal of Dr. Sapir, or somebody else who can make good use of it. The illustrations, in strong black line, are admirable and numerous.

The Canadian verse on our shelf this month is not stirring. "Echoes from Horace in English Verse," by E. Douglas Armour (Toronto Univ. Press, $2), is the diversion of a cultured mind exercising itself on the path already trodden by several thousands of other cultured minds—a sort of literary Rotten Row, in which Mr. Armour shows himself impeccably got up in the costume of this generation, rather less formal than that worn by Goldwin Smith on similar occasions, to say nothing of William Ewart Gladstone. "Christ in the Strand and Other Poems," by James A. Roy (Jackson Press, Kingston, Ont.), is of the opposite category. Mr. Armour writes to show his mastery of taste and technique, and with nothing new to state; Professor Roy writes in an urgent desire to state something new, but with a technique which is at times inadequate. The beauty of rhyme cannot mean very much to a man who matches "royal" with "Boyle" and "decollete" with "multi-" (followed by "colored" in the next line). But it is possible for poetry to have value without gratifying the ear; and these poems have a certain eager, intense interest in the human spectacle, a passionate protest against human suffering and human futility, that are not a little moving. "Points on the Compass: Volume A," by Lavern Churchill (McClelland, Toronto), seems to be a product of shell-shock. We have not been able to find a single line which deserves to be printed in a book.

Dr. J. D. Logan has issued a brochure entitled "Marjorie Pickthall: Her Poetic Genius and Her Art," which contains much that will be valued by the ever-growing body of Pickthall enthusiasts. The list of Miss Pickthall's poetical contributions to current periodicals will be useful, though probably not complete; it will have to be supplemented by a list of her short stories. The estimate of Miss Pickthall's genius which forms the bulk of the brochure is interesting, but slightly marred by an anxiety to differ from Professor McMechan. Why it should be that at least one-half of those who wish to praise Miss Pickthall also desire (quite unconsciously, we make no doubt), to dispraise somebody else, we have no idea; but it is a fact. Poets are not like mountains; they have no absolute height from a common sea-level, and they cannot be surveyed by triangulation, and the question is whether Carman, Miss Pickthall or Duncan Campbell Scott is the greatest leaves us shiveringly ly cold. But if we were interested in it, we certainly should not admit that Miss Pickthall ruined her chances by using "ne'er" for never and "oped" for opened. As for the assertion that her verse "lacks style," it will take more than a pamphlet for Dr. Logan to persuade us to a definition of style that will put it beyond Miss Pickthall's accomplishments. All of which does not alter the fact that we owe Dr. Logan a debt of gratitude for a timely and sincere tribute.

Mr. W. H. Blake, whose "Brown Waters" is one of the more precious outdoor books of Canada, though he is probably known to a rather larger public as the translator of "Maria Chapdelaine," has written "In a Fishing Country" (Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75), which contains (rather like flies in amber) a great deal of information about old days in the Murray Bay territory. It is imparted in a delightfully rambling manner, with frequent divagations into more modern matters, such as the news that "Church-going among Protestants has declined—not less at Murray Bay than elsewhere," or the proper classification and Latin titles of the various brook trout. A very good book of its kind, but one should either play golf or fish in order to appreciate it fully, and preferably both.

Footner, Hulbert.—"The Deaves Affair." McClelland, Toronto, $1.75. A semi-satirical comedy of the blackmailing efforts of a group of altruistic youths, headed by a beautiful girl, who direct their attacks against a miserly multi-millionaire. The money they abstract they use for charity, and their efforts leave time for the necessary amount of love-making.

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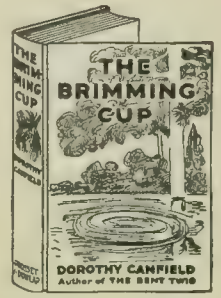

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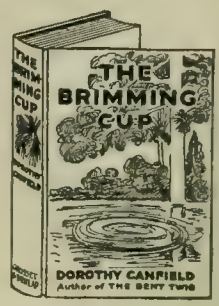

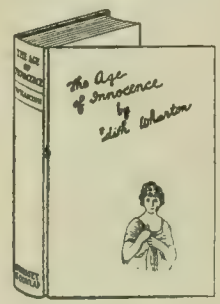

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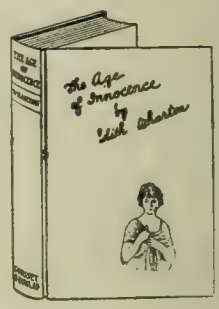

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THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

FRENCH SECTION

Editorial Committee Mde. W. A. Huguenin, Mme E. Circé-Côté and P. Alfred Daviaul.

ASSOCIATION DES AUTEURS CANADIENS

70 avenue du Collège McGill, Montréal,
le 10 juillet, 1922.

Amendments a la Constitution et aux Reglements

Une réunion spéciale générale de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens sera tenue conformément à l'article 5, section 3, à la bibliothèque de l'Université McGill, Montréal, à 3.00 p.m., le 29 septembre, 1922, dans le but d'examiner et, si approbation est donnée, adopter les amendements suivants àl a Constitution et aux Règlements.

D'après l'article 5, section 4, les membres peuvent voter par la poste sur les amendements proposés, et tout bulletin de vote signé qui parviendra au Secrétaire, au siège social de l'Association, 70 avenue du Collège McGill, ou qui sera présenté à la réunion avant que le vote ne soit pris, aura le même effet que si le signataire était présent en personne.

Les membres qui désirent voter par la poste pourront découper et **signer** le bulletin de vote ci-contre et enregistrer leur vote en rayant le mot "oui" ou "non" à la fin de chaque amendement proposé.

B. K. SANDWELL,
Secrétaire d'honneur.

Amendement 1

Que l'article 1 de la Constitution soit amendé en changeant le mot "trois" dans la phrase "chacune de ces villes devant être le siège social de ce bureau pendant une période de trois ans," par le mot "deux."

OUI NON

Amendement 2

Que l'article 3 soit amendé à se lire de la façon suivante:

"Section 1.—Les membres comprendront trois catégories, à savoir:

1—Membres réguliers.
2.—Membres associés.
3.—Membres à vie.

"Tout écrivain dramaturge, anteur de scénario, compositeur de musique, artiste dessinateur, sculpteur ou autre innovateur d'oeuvres tombant sous la loi des droits d'auteurs, de réputation établie dans sa profession comme auteur, compositeur ou artiste, peut être admis, à la discrétion du Comité Exécutif, comme membre régulier."

"Section 2.—Les autres écrivains, artistes, compositeurs, éditeurs, libraires, marchands d'oeuvres d'art, impresarios et interprètes d'oeuvres musicales et dramatiques, etc., qui sont sympathiques au but de l'Association, mais qui ne sont pas jugés éligibles comme membres réguliers, par le Comité Exécutif, peuvent être admis, à la discrétion du Comité Exécutif, à titre de Membres Associés, et ils recevront les rapports publiés par l'Association et ils auront le droit d'assister aux réunions générales, mais sans pouvoir prendre part au vote."

"Section 3.—Le Conseil pourra nommer un Comité des Membres, dont les devoirs seront d'examiner les titres des candidats, et d'en faire rapport au Comité Exécutif.

"Section 4.—Le Conseil pourra, à sa discrétion, conférer à n'importe quel auteur d'une autre nationalité que canadienne, le titre de membre honoraire."

OUI NON

Amendement 3

Que la section 2, de l'article 4 soit amendé à se lire de la façon suivante:

"Les officiers seront: un président, des vice-présidents, un secrétaire et un trésorier. Chacun d'eux sera ex-officio membre du Conseil. Chaque vice-président représentera une succursale centrale autorisée de l'Association, et sera élu par les membres réguliers de telle succursale centrale, à une réunion de la succursale tenue avant la réunion annuelle de l'Association, mais, au cas où une succursale quelconque ne ferait pas rapport d'une telle élection à la réunion annuelle, le vice-président de cette succursale pourra être élu par la réunion annuelle de l'Association. Une succursale centrale pourra être organisée, à la discrétion du Conseil, pour n'importe quel district du Canada où il y a pas moins de cinq membres réguliers, mais le nombre total des succursales ne devra jamais dépasser seize. Une succursale centrale peut être close par le Conseil chaque fois que son effectif compte moins de cinq membres réguliers, ou bien quand il n'y a pas eu de réunion de la succursale depuis deux ans. Un club affilié peut être formé, à la discrétion du Conseil, dans n'importe quel district où il n'y a pas de succursale centrale et où il n'y a pas moins de dix membres réguliers ou associés."

OUI NON

Amendement 4

Que les mots suivants soient ajouté à la section 2 de l'article 4:

"Le Conseil peut en tout temps nommer un président d'honneur, éminent dans les lettres et qui restera en fonctions jusqu'à la réunion annuelle suivante de l'Association, mais ce président d'honneur n'exercera plus ces fonctions après telle réunion annuelle, à moins qu'il ne soit dûment élu par le vote à la réunion."

OUI NON

Amendement 5

Que la section 5 de l'article 4 de la Constitution soit amendée en retranchant les mots à partir de "si un Comité des membres" jusqu'à la fin de la Section et en les tremplacant par ce qui suit:

"sur paiement par la dite Section, en leur nom, au Trésorier Général de l'Association, de telle part de la cotisation annuelle de membre régulier que le Conseil fixera de temps à autre, et sans aucun autre paiement ou formalité, et continuera à être membre régulier tant que le dit paiement annuel sera, de fait effectué par la dite Section, durant la période fixée pour le paiement des cotisations annuelles. Pour toutes fins de réunions générales ou spéciales de l'Association les membres de telle Section, auront tous les droits et responsabilités des membres ordinaires, et avis de toutes telles réunions leur sera envoyé par le Secrétaire Général de la même façon qu'aux membres ordinaires.

OUI NON

Amendement 6

Que les mots suivants soient ajoutés à la section 6 de l'article 4:

"Les pouvoirs de ces Sections et les privilèges de leurs membres seront semblables à ceux de la Section Canadienne Française. Ces Sections seront organisées partout où le Conseil jugera que les intérêts d'une catégorie particulière de membres seront mieux servis de cette façon, et particulièrement quand il apparaîtra que le groupe de membres comprend un nombre suffisant de compositeurs de musique ou d'articles dessinateurs pour justifier l'organisation d'une section de Compositeurs ou d'une Section d'Artistes Dessinateurs et que ces membres exprimeront le désir de fonder une telle organisation.

La Section Canadienne-Française ou toute autre Section pourra, par règlement, prélever des cotisations spéciales de ses membres en plus des cotisations ordinaires de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens."

OUI NON

Amendement 7

Que la section 4 de l'article 6 des Règlements soit amendée en ajoutant après le mot "Secrétaire" à la fin de la deuxième phrase, les mots "de la succursale centrale dont le membre fait partie, ou par le Secrétaire Général dans le cas des membres ne faisant partie d'aucune succursale."

OUI NON

CHEZ LES AUTEURS DE QUEBEC

La sous-section des Auteurs Canadiens de Québec et du district n'a guère chômé depuis sa fondation. Si les activités de nos confrères de la vieille capitale, comme groupe, sont plutôt silencieuses, leurs initiatives individuelles sont marquées au coin de la plus entière conformité au programme de l'Association générale et à celui de la sous-section. Chaque membre s'efforce de promouvoir les intérêts de la littérature canadienne et chaque membre enrichit nos Lettres des fruits de son travail.

Les oeuvres historiques de l'hon. Thomas Chapais ont été récemment couronnées par la Société Royale d'un prix de distinction qui est une juste récompense au mérite de cet homme de lettres.

Monsieur le Juge Rivard a donné en juin une magistrale causerie à la Société des Arts, Sciences et Lettres, sur la poésie décadente au XIXième siècle.

M. Damase Potvin a livré, le 10 d'août, à la maison d'édition Bernard Grasset, à Paris, le manuscrit d'un nouveau roman canadien, "Le Français," qui fera digne pendant au livre désormais célèbre de Louis Hémon.

M. Aimé Plamondon a vu pour la trentième fois la reprise de sa grande revue théâtrale "Pas pour rire" récemment; le public de Québec a toujours applaudi et rappelé cette tranche de vie canadienne dont le réalisme jovial n'empêche en rien la leçon moralisatrice. M. Plamondon dirige en outre l'organe officiel de l'association des employés civils, "Le Fonctionnaire."

M. Avila Bédard, vient de fonder avec quelques confrères, un périodique qui vivra longtemps en vertu de son opportunité et de l'élan pondéré qu'on lui a donné. "La Vie Forestière et Rurale" est jusqu'ici le porte-parole le plus autorisé en matière de technique forestière et d'économie rurale appliquée aux besoins de nos économistes.

M. J. Eugène Corriveau a vu créer, il y à peine quelques semaines, une nouvelle comédie dont le succès s'ajoute à ceux remportés par une demi-douzaine de ses pièces précédentes. La dernière, intitulée

"L'Anti-Féministe" a fait salle comble d'un auditoire sélect aux Chevaliers de Colomb, par les soins de l'Union Dramatique de Québec.

M. l'abbé Ivanhoe Caron mettra bientôt sous presse une précieux ouvrage où il retrace les grandes lignes historiques de notre colonisation. Ce travail rendra d'immenses services aux oeuvres de développement territorial et agricole chez nous.

M. Joseph Dumais vient de faire enrégistrer l'acte officiel de fondation du Conservatoire de Diction de Québec; les principaux membres de la corporation nouvelle sont: Mm. Adjutor Rivard, Cyrille F. Delâge, Joseph Dumais, C. J. Simard, Alphonse Desilets, J. Chs Harvey et Henri Gagnon. Le Conservatoire contribuera a développer le respect et l'amour de la langue bien parlée, de l'art oratoire et théâtral.

M. l'abbé Camille Roy a attiré l'attention de la presse en général par un commentaire splendide sur la création des prix de littérature. Son article que publiait "Le Canada-Français," dirigé par l'abbé lui-même, et qui s'intitule "Vers l'Age d'or" a fait le tour de nos périodiques et de quelques-uns de nos quotidiens.

M. l'abbé Victor Huard dirige toujours avec maitrise son excellent mensuel "Le Naturaliste," alors que M. Cyrille Vaillancourt sait rendre de plus en plus captivante le lecture de "L'Abeille" et que M. Amédée Denault oriente son "Croisé" dans les voies du bien moral et intellectuel de la génération à laquelle s'adresse ce modeste mais bienfaisant porte-parole du Ralliement Catholique et Français.

M. l'abbé F. X. Burque, le sympathique poète des "Elévations" vient de retoucher une dernière fois ses oeuvres dont il tire une derniere édition. On sait que l'abbé Burque est un des derniers écrivains de la génération de 1880 avec l'abbé Casgrain, A. B. Routhier, Chapman, Adolphe Poisson, Pamphile LeMay et J. B. Caouette; ces trois derniers nous ont quitté depuis quelques temps pour chanter leur rêve dans un monde meilleur.

Mlle. G. Lefaivre, sous le pseudonyme de "Ginevra" continue dans sa page littéraire du 'Soleil' les magnifique chroniques dont elle a réuni les meilleures dans son livre "En relisant les vieilles pages."

Madame A. Desilets, qui dirige depuis trois ans la revue d'économie domestique et de sociologie féminine "La Bonne Fermière," surveille actuellement la publication d'un excellent manuel d'art ménager qui sortira des presses en septembre.

M. Georges Bouchard, qui n'a pas craint d'escalader les pics abrupts de la politique fédérale, et qui avec l'hon. Thomas Chapais, prendra nos intérêts à Ottawa, garde la direction de sa page agricole hebdomadaire "Les Champs et les Bois."

M. le Dr. J. G. Paradis voit son livre, "Vers la maternité," se répandre parmi nos populations urbaines et rurales et aider à la solution d'un problème d'intérêt national chez nous, la continuation du "miracle canadien."

M. Alphonse Desilets, secrétaire de la sous-section québecoise, vient de présenter au public ami de la poésie un nouveau poète de talent remarquable, M. Emile Coderre. Le livre dont notre secrétaire s'est fait le parrain s'intitule "Les Signes sur le Sable."

La groupe des Auteurs Canadiens de Québec et de la région se nombre a près de 60 membres et ne nouvelles recrues s'y joignent chaque semaine.

Le Secretaire de la Sous-Section.

POESIE DES FLEURS

Les fleurs disent de belles choses
Au coeur sensible et délicat:
Qu'elles soient rouges, blanches, roses,
Cela n'importe pas

Des vertus elles sont l'emblême,
Leur doux arôme est captivant:
On les admire et on les aime
Tôut naturellement.

Elles ornent le sanctuaire
De leurs pétales ravissants,
Et constituent une prière
Des mortels confiants.

Elles servent de témoignage
A la plus tendre amitié;
On les donne en rendant hommage
A l'amour envié.

Contre l'ennui puis la tristesse,
Les fleurs, quel remède puissant!
Il console dans la détresse
Plus d'un être souffrant.

L'Eternel fit un don notable
A la terre en créant les fleurs:
Oh! quel bienfait appréciable
Pour les esprits rêveurs. . .

—Julie Anna Rousseau.

Note de l'éditeur:—Mademoiselle Julie A. Rousseau est bien connue dans la presse régionale de la Province de Québec. Ses articles chaque semaine, dans "Le Canadien," de Thetford Mines ont un cachet moralisateur qui rappelle beaucoup, mais sans leur sévérité, les caractères de la Bruyère ou de Vauvenargues.

Brief Reviews of New Books

Anker, Jens, "Two Dead Men." Macmillan (Knopf) Toronto, $1.75. Crime stories can be told as well in Danish as in any other tongue, and Jens Anker is evidently a master. Very concise, very vivid, and quite reasonable when explained.

Deland, Margaret, "The Vehement Flame." Musson, Toronto, $2.00. The tragedy of a woman of 39 married to a boy of 19. Mrs. Deland's thesis is that the tragedy was brought about by us that it was inevitable in the situation. Disparity of age was not the the woman's jealousy, but it seems to only difficulty, for the boy whose eloquent calf-love swept Eleanor, the old-maid music-teacher, into ill-advised matrimony had even then in his heart the unrecognized beginnings of a more normal and grown-up passion for his childhood chum, Edith, and Eleanor's behaviour was, under the circumstances, only human. A very serious and stimulating piece of work, by a writer who writes slowly but with scrupulous care.

Gibbon, M. Morgan, "The Pharisees." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. A study of family life, chiefly concerned with adolescents, the most conspicuous of whom are decidedly unpleasant. The Welsh seem to like writing and reading about unpleasant persons. But it is cleverly done, the situations are dramatically handled, and there is an air of reality about the whole group of small, pretending, bombastic, pitiful figures, both in their Welsh village and later in London.

Glasgow, Ellen, "One Man in His Time." Gundy, Toronto, $1.90. The social position of a politician who has raised himself to high power and office from the lowest ranks, and the social problems and difficulties of his family, especially in such a blue-blooded State as Virginia, are a first-rate subject for fiction. Miss Glasgow has done a good job on her circus-hand Governor, and would have done a much better one if she had not felt obliged to have a plot, a mystery, and a dramatic clearing-up.

Haggard, H. Rider, "The Virgin of the Sun." McClelland, Toronto. The author of "King Solomon's Mines" has all his old mastery of the technique of story-telling, and nobody who once gets into this tale will lay it down until its close. It tells the adventures of an English knight who reaches the interior of South America a couple of centuries before Pizarro, and rises to high rank in the native government. A much better book than its predecessor, "When the World Shook."

Hamilton, Cosmo, "The Rustle of Silk." Allen, Toronto. The tale of a young woman who decided (from the highest of motives) to train herself to become the mistress of England's greatest statesman—not, we hasten to add, a member of the actual Cabinet of today, but an imaginary person of Irish antecedents. Mr. "Cosmetics" Hamilton keeps his, her and our eye on the achievement of this noble purpose for 300 pages, and then suddenly balks at the last moment because his heroine finds that the English people don't like their statesmen to have mistresses. The most improper book of the season, but not a thing in it that any censor could suppress.

Harrison, Henry Sydnor, "Saint Teresa." Allen, Toronto, $2.00. The story of a rich and independent young American woman who undertakes to run a big steel company. Mr. Harrison has a knowledge of business and of the atmosphere of a big office which is rare among novelists, and his tale is admirably told and very convincing, with the single exception of the "big scene." This is no less than a rough-and-tumble physical contest (without Queensberry rules), between the Amazonian young heroine and the hero, in the privacy of her Fifth Avenue mansion, and we find it hard to believe that the fight could have been carried so far.

Hudson, Jay William, "Abbe Pierre." McClelland, Toronto. There seems to be a large demand in the States at the moment for novels depicting the loves of the direct, honest, masterly American male and the unsophisticated maiden of the French provinces. Personally we never read them, but that need not prevent any other Canadian from doing so if he or she desires.

"Take the Train to Bookland"

By ROBERT S. MERRILL

A REALISTIC, full-sized scenic reproduction of the gates leading to a railway train-shed, with waiting trains cleverly in the back-ground is touring the United States, and incidentally encouraging the reading of more books by children.

When it is set up, the illusion is perfect. Spectators are urged to plan a tour to Healthland over the Child Health Railroad, and are given time-table folders listing the stops made by the different trains: "Red Cheek Local," "Healthland Flyer," "Supper Express," and "Shooting Star Limited." Bulletin boards at the sides of the gates also describe these stops. They range from Bathtubville, East Toothbrush and Orange Valley to Baked Potato Hills and Play Meadows.

The schedule shows that Bookland is reached at 7 p.m. by taking the Supper Express. A footnote indicates "*Parlor Car service." "Information for Tourists" inside the folder notes "Bookland—for information on this city make inquiry at Information Window." The birds-eye map of the railroad inside the folder shows that Bookland is a tunnel at the approach to Long Sleep Mountain.

This exhibit, originated by the Child Health Organization, is shown at educational gatherings to encourage teachers, parents and children in the adoption of regular and beneficial habits for the children's sake.

NEW CANADIAN BOOKS.

Among the notable books coming this month is Judge Emily Murphy's "The Black Candle," which Allen is to issue. It will give an authoritative presentation of the drug evil and drug addiction in Canada, besides providing a fund of international information about the black scourge which has left its mark on every country. The book is dedicated to the Kiwanis, Rotary and Gyro Clubs that have done so much in the way of social service work.

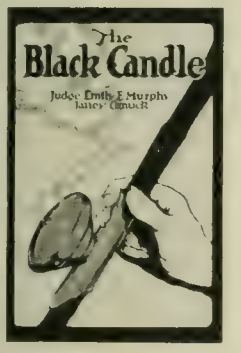
Thomas R. Mitchell, of Vancouver, in "The Drama of Life," published by Thomas Allen, deals with the seven ages of man, being a reflection on Shakespeare's work. There is an introduction by Nellie L. McClung.

THE FIGHTING EDGE.

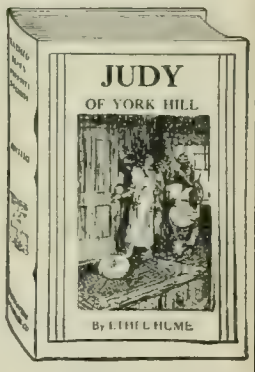
William McLeod Raimes' latest book, "The Fighting Edge," which has just come from the publisher, Thomas Allen, Toronto, is of the sort to enthuse booksellers, because, somehow or other, good strong stories of live action out West are always among the readiest sellers.

This is the story of the making of a man. In spite of his red hair, Bob Dillon pares potatoes and runs errands for a construction outfit in the far West, and seems to be a hopeless coward. His only friend is a ragged fifteen-year-old June, whose father lives as a hermit near the camp. June, in fear of a man who has a blackmailer's hold on her father, begs Bob to take her away and marry her. So he does, but permits his bride of a day to be kidnapped by the infuriated bully who dominates her father. Feeling runs high in the community, both against the kidnapper and the supine young husband. In desperation Bob determines to conquer his fears, to win the respect of his lost wife and the community, and to make of himself a man who will measure up to the stern standards of the frontier.

Norris, Kathleen, "Certain People of Importance," S. B. Gundy, Toronto. An American family, with all its joys and troubles, petty and great, is in the foreground of Kathleen Norris's new novel. There is nothing unusual in the Crabtree and Brewer families, but in this intensely human narrative of wholly normal people, the author of "Mother" has achieved upon a greater scale, the promise of that homely story of simple, small-town life. In Vicky Brewer, lovely, handicapped by the prunes and prisms of the decorous "'Eighties," in Aunt Fanny, May, Stephen, and the ubiquitious "Pa," Mrs. Norris adds to the riches of American literature a gallery of living portarits, delicately etched with infinite humour and pathos.



Four New Canadian Books In the Allen Line



THE BLACK CANDLE **$2.00**
By Judge Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck)
An astounding presentation of the black scourge—the drug traffic and drug addiction in Canada.

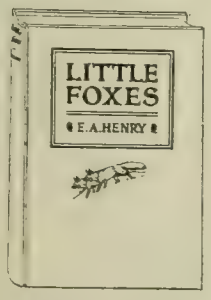
JUDY OF YORK HILL **$1.75**
By Ethel Hume
A remarkably well told tale of boarding school life. The author was formerly of the faculty of Havergal College, Toronto.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE
By Thomas B. Mitchell, M.A., B.D.
A stimulating series of reflections on Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man, with an introduction by Nellie L. McClung.

LITTLE FOXES
By E. A. Henry, D.D.
Messages for boys and girls, with a foreword by Ralph Connor—a particularly fine book for juveniles.

Great Books for Canadian Book Week.

Ask for the New Fall List of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



THOMAS ALLEN, Publisher

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"Day by Day I Am Getting Better and Better"

COUE'S AUTOSUGGESTION

NOTHING short of a sensation has been created by the publicity that has attended the introduction into the U.S. and Canada of information about the famous French psychologist Emile Coue's theory of conscious auto-suggestion for effecting cures of cases that have defied medical treatment. The appearance of Dr. Coue's book, "Self Mastery Through Conscious Auto-Suggestion," adds to the interest of Canadian book-sellers and book-buyers in this subject.

The following extracts are from an article by C. Harry Brookes, in the "Boston Post," describing a visit to one of the clinics conducted by Dr. Coue at Nancy, France:

When you have any task to perform you will always think that it is easy. Such words as "difficult," "impossible," "I cannot," will disappear from your vocabulary. Their place will be taken by this phrase: "It is easy and I can." So, considering your work easy, even if it is difficult to others, it will become easy to you. You will do it easily, without effort and without fatigue."

These general suggestions were succeeded by particular suggestions referring to the special ailments from which Coue's patients were suffering. Taking each case in turn, he allowed his hand to rest lightly on the heads of the sufferers, while picturing to their minds the health and vigor with which they would soon be endowed.

Traditionally we rely too much on the conscious mind. If a man suffers from headaches he searches out, with the help of a physician, their cause; discovers whether they come from his eyes, his digestion or his nerves, and purchases the drugs best suited to repair the fault.

If he wishes to improve a bad memory he practices one of the various methods of memory training. If he is the victim of a pernicious habit he is left to counter it by efforts of the will, which too often exhaust his strength, undermine his self-respect, and only lead him deeper into the mire. How simple in comparison is the method of Induced Auto-Suggestion! He need merely think the end—a head free from pain, a good memory, a mode of life in which his bad habit has no part, and these states are gradually evolved without his being aware of the operation performed by the Unconscious.

But even so, if each individual difficulty required a fresh treatment—one for the headache, one for the memory, one for the bad habit and so on—then the time needful to practice auto-suggestion would form a considerable part of our waking life. Happily the researches of the Nancy School have revealed a further simplification. This is obtained by the use of a general formula which sets before the mind the idea of a daily improvement in every respect, mental, physical and moral.

In the original French this formula runs as follows:

"Tous les jours, a tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux."

The English version which Coue considers most satisfactory is this:

"Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better."

This is very easy to say, the youngest child can understand it, and it possesses a rudimentary rhythm which exerts a lulling effect on the mind and so aids in calling up the unconscious.

But if you are accustomed to any other version, such as that recommended by the translators of Baudouin, it would be better to continue to use it. Religious minds who wish to associate the formula with God's care and protection might do so after this fashion: "Day by day, in every way, by the help of God, I'm getting better and better." It is possible that the attention of the Unconscious will thus be turned to moral and spiritual improvements to a greater extent than by the ordinary formula.

Barrie, Sir J. M.—"Courage." Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, 60c. The famous Rectorial Address at St. Andrew's University, May 3, 1922. So much has been said about it that we need not add. All Barrie-ites will want it in preservable form.

Rogers, Arthur Kenyon.—"English and American Philosophy Since 1800." Macmillan, Toronto, $4. This is a very useful directory, so to speak, of the English-speaking thinkers of an important period, in 450 pages, and while most students of philosophy will want a more extended account of some at least of these philosophic gospels, few will fail to be grateful for this well-planned survey showing the groupings and relationships of the various schools and individuals. We cannot but feel, however, that a more extensive use of direct quotation would have given greater lifelikeness to the portraits which the author has drawn; that the lines of each picture have been a trifle distorted by the author's own vision.

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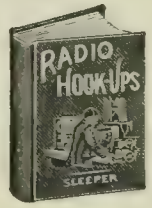

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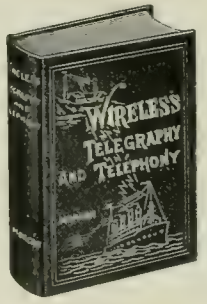

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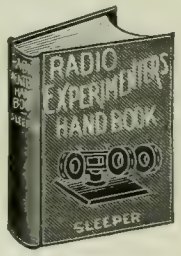

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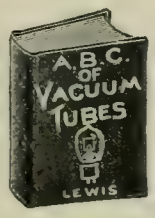

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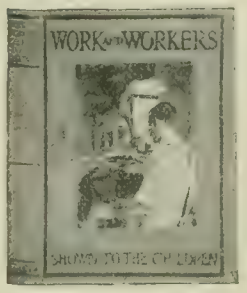

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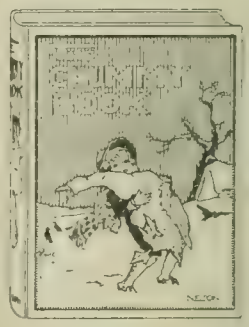

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A Monthly devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book.

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Notes of the Month

CANADIAN Book Week occurs this year from Saturday, October 28, to Saturday, November 4. At the moment of writing, it appears unlikely that the Canadian publishers as a body will take any special action in regard to it; but those individual firms which in past years have shown their appreciation of the claims of Canadian literature may safely be relied upon to give the movement an energetic support. A large amount of preliminary propaganda work has already been done by the Canadian Authors Association, especially with a view to bringing the subject before Canadian, Rotary, Kiwanis and other clubs and similar bodies by means of public addresses. In these efforts the Association has received the most cordial support on all hands. Members of the Association who can co-operate in any way in this kind of work, whether by speaking or by procuring engagements for speakers, are earnestly requested to communicate immediately with their branch officers, or with the head office if they reside in unorganized territory. The writing of articles for the press and the procuring of their insertion constitute another service of the utmost value.

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Once again the point must be made clear that this is not a campaign for inducing Canadians to read Canadian books irrespective of their merits. It is true that we hope, and endeavor, to induce Canadians to include a larger percentage of Canadian books among the books which they do actually read—and perhaps even to increase the total amount of their reading. But this is because we are convinced that the percentage of Canadian books among the total reading of Canadian readers is much lower than it should be, having regard to the merits of the Canadian article and to the need of Canadians for a clearer and broader knowledge of their own country. We have no authoritative figures of the ratio of Canadian to non-Canadian products in the current sales of our booksellers and the circulation records of our public libraries. But we question very greatly whether Canadian volumes count for one per cent. in the total business of the bookstores. We need not re-enumerate the reasons for this state of affairs; they relate mainly to the fact that the publicity mechanism and selling organization of both English and American authors are just as effective in Canada as in their own countries. But the proportion is, on the face of it, wrong. We have no desire to see Canadian reading matter consist of nothing but Canadian writings; we have no desire to see it consist of Canadian writings to the extent of 50 per cent. We should begin to hesitate if we found it Canadianized to the extent of 20 per cent.—unless the quality and breadth of the Canadian output had improved materially in the meanwhile. But at one per cent. it is absurd—unfair to the Canadian author, to the Canadian people, to everybody.

If the Canadian public can be induced to double, within the next year or two, the amount of its reading of Canadian works, we shall consider that the institution of Canadian Book Week has amply justified itself. There is no reason to suppose that in that event the additional Canadian purchases made by the Canadian reader will be selected with any less discrimination than he now applies in the purchase of his American, English, Scottish and Irish reading matter. It is possible that in his Canadian selections he has not quite as expert a body of critical guidance to follow (though we are not prepared to admit this as an ascertained fact, nor to admit that the higher type of criticism has in any case much influence with the buying public). On the other hand, it must surely be true that the Canadian reader is in himself more qualified to judge of the merits of a Canadian book than of the merits of an American or British one; and the more definitely Canadian the book is, in thought, spirit or subject matter, the more likely is the Canadian public to form a correct judgment of it. Hence we cannot admit that the average quality of Canadian reading will be in any way degraded by the cutting down of the American and British elements from 99 per cent. to, let us say, 97 per cent., and the increase of the Canadian element from 1 per cent. to 3 per cent.

* * *

It is an interesting question how much space should be devoted, in a periodical mainly concerned with Canadian literature, to a non-Canadian book merely because it happens to be for the moment an object of considerable discussion in Canada. Space in the Canadian Bookman is extremely limited, and we endeavor to conserve as much as possible of it for the discussion of books and activities of strictly Canadian interest. If we had to allot our space in exact proportion to the extent to which the books referred to are selling in Canada, we should, as noted above, be able to devote only about one per cent. of it to the Canadian authors. But in that event there would be no need for a Canadian Bookman at all. The plain fact of the situation is that when we do any crying from the housetops we want it to be about writers concerning whom the Canadian public needs to be informed.

Landscape and Literati

THE atmosphere of Lake Windermere Camp was heavily surcharged with Authorism. Writers great and writers greater took up modest positions of prominence on the landscape and endeavored to convey an air of unpremeditated distinction to the colorful scene. The toot of literary Klaxons could be heard above the pounding of the Indian drums, and an air of terrible agreeableness prevailed.

The occasion was the formal opening of the David Thompson Memorial, reports of which have been already flashed across the Dominion, and the participants in the ceremony began to arrive as early as Sunday, August 27. Some came by pack train through Vermilion Pass, some by Kootenay Pass, and a considerable number came by C. P. R. Pass from diversified points, on a luxurious but unromantic "Special."

L. O. Armstrong was largely responsible for the success of the Indian Pageant. He had undergone a somewhat rigid training for it by conducting the pack train through the Rockies from Banff, over the new Banff-Windermere Road. This party consisted of four souls, three men (excluding Mr. Armstrong), a Miracle (Madeline Turner, the only Girl Guide in the Rockies), a Chief Guide and three assistants, and twenty-four pack horses, five or ten of which were generally missing!

Both Mr. Armstrong and the Chief Guide, Nixon, handled the animals, human and inhuman, with rare courage and patience, and brought the train through to Windermere without serious casualties, despite Terry Ramsaye's appearance to the contrary.

Early in the trip, Ramsaye—one of the cleverest photo-play title writers on the Continent—(advt.)—expressed his lawlessness by enfolding his head in a violently red bandana. He looked as picturesque a pirate as ever sailed the Spanish Main, and his conversation reflected his vocation to a dot. "Every sentence a title," one might say.

The wit of the party was "Toppie" Edwards, the genial founder of the Topical Press Agency, London. Mr. Edwards rode a dour horse called Moses, and on the infrequent occasions when at a loss for conversational subjects, he would fall back upon religious discussions with the horse. To his own undoing, however, for on Saturday morning Moses disappeared, and no jingling of coppers could coax him from his hiding-place. "Toppie" resigned himself to another steed with philosophic contentment, explaining that Moses had not intended to sever diplomatic relations, but that he had gone to Synagogue and could not work on Saturday.

John Alexander, Editor of the British-Canadian Pathe News, and Chief Cinema Photographer for the C. P. R., was the camera man of the party. He was always in the lead, searching the heavens for cloud effects or the earth for suitable locations. Bill Oliver, photographer, followed him closely, "saying it with pictures" a dozen times a day throughout the ride.

Mrs. E. B. Price, of Calgary, representing the Canadian Associated Press, insisted upon being Chaperone. This post was a flagrant example of what a sinecure can be. Miss Merle C. Hall, assistant to Mr. Trautman, was undoubtedly the sport of the party, being a novice at riding and sticking to her mount even through the trying moments of blasting and felling timber. Miss Maris Boggs, Assistant Director of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, undertook most of the star stunts for the movies, and nearly succeeded in keeping Madge Macbeth (plus earrings) in the background. (See the dramatic story of the trip on the screen, as soon as released!)

With the above-mentioned among the Celebrating Celebrities, it will be seen that possibilities for a temperamental overflow were excellent.

The first suggestion of trouble occurred on Tuesday night, when an attack was made on Toby Lodge, the picturesque home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Gibbon, by a band whom the former described as "the fifth tribe of Indians." To the invaders it seemed as though a massacre had already occurred, and for half an hour they could arouse no sign of life within the stockade. But just as they decided to fire another cigarette the Big Bamboo Chief came out to treat (with) them. That he labored under intense emotional stress was abundantly evident. Over his suit of basalt-blue pyjamas he had carelessly thrown a becoming costume of simple homespun. He was hatless. He was sockless. Moreover, the Pall Mall (advt.), which rarely fails to accompany him, was conspicuous by its absence. The sight was pregnant and disturbing.

Nevertheless, his mien was calm and dignified as he surrendered and offered to wake the entire household, including Bliss Carman. In relating the experience on the following day he generously referred to the circumstance as an entertainment, and said how much he enjoyed the dances performed by the "Indians," dances which consisted of the Sun Dance, the Snake Dance, the Moon Dance, and the Star Dance (Hennessey Three Star).

By Wednesday morning a veritable Indian City had sprung up on the Golf Links between Windermere Camp and the Fort. Braves sat still, busily smoking, while squaws sewed beads on magnificent garments or arrayed their offspring in gala dress.

The white folks moved from tepee to tepee and uttered kind words to people who did not understand them; aiming cameras only to find their shots spoiled by some absent-minded author who walked innocently into the foreground. The announcement that an interviewer was abroad usually caused a landslide of authors in her direction, and at times, the rustle of notebooks and cries of "I am!" almost drowned the whine of Indian melody. Furthermore, it seemed to be the business of everyone to be as English as possible.

"Are all Canadian authors English?" asked a visitor from the South.

"By mere accident of birth, yes," replied the writer, carelessly. "In this way we achieve a contrast to the Native Indian."

Rivalling the vividness of Kootenay grandeur, was Mrs. Francis Reeve, of Calgary, who appeared on the links in a beautiful, Chinese costume. In the afternoon she rode in the procession, having metamorphosed herself from an Oriental into an Occidental of the most modern type.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay did not stop at window-gazing, but walked boldly into the Fort and inspected the interesting curios collected there. The delicate-looking little blonde with the charming daughter proved to be the mother of "Janet of the Kootenay"—Evah McKowan—and was, throughout the celebration, the centre of an interested group, for comparatively few of the authors had known her personally. Both Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. McKowan adorned the platform at the opening ceremony and disappointed the large mixed (Indian and white) audience by not making speeches.

Mrs. Julia Henshaw made and remade many friends and has virtually promised to undertake a volume entitled "The Wild Women of the Rockies."

Frederick Niven moved about in a self-generated air of heavy sobriety. Even Mr. Fitzmaurice, Cartoonist of the Vancouver Province, could provoke from him but the merest smile. Mr. Niven is a stylist of purest ray serene, and one of the few to whom we can point in Canada (he is, of course, English by accident), but it was a revelation to some of the authors who have found an intense enjoyment in his work, to discover that a stylist takes his pleasures so soberly. (The usher has just come down the aisle with a large bouquet for Mr. Niven's charming wife. She claims the distinction of not being an authoress, but this may be pure swank.)

Mr. Fitzmaurice, by the way, arrived at Lake Windermere in a disgruntled frame of mind. He explained it by complaining that he was boxed in a car with an historian, a judge, a humorist, an essayist and an anthropologist. Mr. Fitzmaurice made himself immensely popular by asking everyone to pose for him, and then spent the afternoon suggested for the sittings in making flapjacks, an accomplishment in which he excels. By mere accident of birth he is an Englishman.

Not so our own Bliss Carman, who looked like a poet, even in a daring fawn corduroy suit and cowboy hat. After his duties were over (i.e., his reading of a poem to David Thompson) he was at liberty to be admired and interviewed and cartooned recklessly. The last seen of him before the party dispersed was in the company of an intrepid mountain-climber (feminine), who, with a select group of friends, was leading him off for an eighteen-mile ride.

Peace be to his bones!

Dr. W. T. Allison was popular. He has acquired the rare faculty of seeming totally unprofessional, on a party. Indeed, no one would sus-

pect from his geniality that at some future date he might dip his fingers in caustic and attack one's newest book, mercilessly. He wears an air of appreciation so dear to the profesh, and unless I am vastly mistaken each member of the Authors Association ($5.00 yearly for Regulars and $3.00 for Associates) carried away the comforting delusion that he will deal enthusiastically with their subsequent productions.

Harvey, the Historian, on the other hand, appeared to have difficulty in enjoying himself. He couldn't find just the harmonious note his ego craved, especially among the feminine contingent. Restlessly he wandered from group to group—from individual to individual—in search of accuracy, perchance! while disappointed glances followed his commanding figure.

Who had a thought for accuracy? Who cared that Father de Sinet wore a fresh, white linen collar? This was a gathering of Authors—intent upon exuding and imbibing atmosphere. What did the revival of events a century old matter?

And there were many others whose presence lent a distinction to the affair. Lawrence Burpee, for example, and W. S. Wallace, ex-Treasurer of the C. A. A. There was Mr. Proctor, of Calgary, who openly boasts that his book has a larger circulation than that of any other Canadian author. This is the popular and illuminating "Folder A. of the Canadian Pacific Railway System."

And one must not overlook delightful Judge Howay, whose bon camaraderie was not one whit more judicious than his position required.

Altogether the event was a rousing success, at which honor was given to the dead and publicity to the living.

Long live the memory of David Thompson!

ANON.

Among Authors and Bookmen

The Canadian novel of the month appears to be Robert Stead's "Neighbours," published by Hodder & Stoughton. Time does not, unfortunately, allow of a full review in this issue, but we must record that this book takes Mr. Stead far beyond the rank gained for him by its clever but melodramatic predecessors, and establishes him among the most capable literary portrayers of Canadian life. It is, in fact, the book of a poet, with a real passion for the Saskatchewan prairie and a fine skill in depicting the enthusiasms of youth in that young, free and 1,500-feet-high country, and we predict for it an artistic success as well as a mere financial one, both in Canada and in England.

Another novel of the month, whose review must also be deferred, is Canon Bertal Heeney's "Darcy Conyers," which is laid partly in rural Quebec, partly in Montreal, and finally in Barrie, Ont. We suspect Canon Heeney of applying for the position of an Anglican "Ralph Connor," and he has several qualifications.

Stephen Leacock has at last succumbed to the temptations of golf, and went round the Orillia course several times during the past summer in quite a brilliant style. He attributes his successful driving to the enormous amount of cricket which he played as a boy and a master at Upper Canada College. The golf club cat was so impressed with his handling of the brassie that she insisted on following him all the way round the course every time he played. (This is an absolutely true story; we are personally acquainted with the cat, and on one occasion we tried in vain to lure her away from her idol while he was playing.)

Mr. Beaumont S. Cornell, whose novel, "Renaissance," will shortly be issued by the Canadian Macmillans, is a Brockville boy, a surgeon, and the son of a surgeon, and seems to be another example of the scope which the medical profession offers to men of inquiring mind and literary gifts. He has practiced in London, England, and served two years in the R.A.M.C. during the war; and his book is said to show much knowledge of labor conditions and metropolitan local color.

The Canadian Annual Review appears to have more than made up the loss of time which it suffered last year, for the 1921 volume is already out. An extended review will appear next month, but meanwhile we may be permitted to repeat that nobody who has not had occasion to examine Mr. Castell Hopkins' astonishing Annual can have any idea of its scope or its completeness. A special feature of this year is the section on "Canada and the Irish Question."

We have received from L. Adams Beck, of Victoria, the following concerning our thumbnail notice of "The Ninth Vibration," an extended review of which will appear in our next issue from the pen of Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott: "In your brief September notice of my book, 'The Ninth Vibration' (McClelland, Toronto), you make a mistake which I must correct. My stories are none of them 'transcriptions or Oriental narratives.' They are all original stories founded on an intimate knowledge of the Orient. Had it been otherwise it would have been stated. One of them, 'Fire of Beauty,' is founded on a historical happening, and is an original treatment of fact."

"The Quill," the new Canadian short-story magazine, has made its appearance. In an excellent foreword the editor, Mr. J. Albert Mallory, states both the aims of the magazine and the difficulties which it will at first have to contend with, difficulties arising out of the fact that there has hitherto been virtually no market for specifically Canadian short fiction, and therefore next to no output of it. You cannot, as Mr. Mallory rightly says, make a short story Canadian by scratching out "Boston" and substituting "Toronto." As a consequence, some of the contents of this first issue are merely fair examples of the commercial short story as dealt in in New York; but "Of Common Type," by Stanley E. Gladwell, shows a promising acquaintance with French Canada, and "At the Meeting of the Waters," by Edward P. Butler, has a much finer psychology than the average. "The Quill" is a most praiseworthy undertaking, and we wish it all success.

Maslean's Magazine continues the policy of publishing an entire medium-size novel in one issue, the most recent being a quite thrilling mystery-plot laid in Montreal by a writer signing "Ann Gay." Artistically the outstanding work in the two September issues, is the short tale, "Success," by Beatrice Redpath. W. A. Fraser will shortly commence what promises to be one of his biggest things, a novel of India entitled "Caste."

The literary desk of Toronto Saturday Night has been taken over by W. A. Deacon, formerly of Winnipeg, where he was one of the leading lights of the younger literary set and the writer of several articles which are, we fancy, remembered by the early readers of this magazine. His trenchant pen and unlimited courage, backed by a knowledge of the law, which enables him to go as far as a critic may go without committing libel, promise to make the T. S. N. book page as exciting as it ever was in the days of "P. O'D."

"Pagan Love" is the rather startling title of the new novel by John Murray Gibbon, which McClelland & Stewart announce for publication this Fall. The central figure is said to be a Czecho-Slovak millionaire in New York, and the foreign-born element provides the general background of the story. Although the field of action is in the United States, a Canadian interest is supplied by a colony of Canadians in New York which includes an artist, two musicians, an editor, a stenographer and an old Canadian guide, who in the intervals of consulting an eye specialist finds in the excavations for the subway the canyons that remind him of his beloved Rockies. The author assures us that it is not a "sex" book, and that its leading motif is the contrast between Canadian and American ideals, between the hectic life of New York and the more placid, open-air vision which comes from Canada. It also deals intimately with certain questionable methods of stirring up labor trouble among the strangers within our gates.

Mrs. Francis Reeve (Onoto Watanna) will have accomplished her eighteenth novel when her new book is published early in 1923. She has directed her literary talents along many lines, and each story is endowed with her own distinction. "Sunny San," a Japanese story, the production of 1922, is closely followed by her first story of Canada, in which the splendid open spaces and glorious surroundings of the prairies inspired her genius. Mrs. Reeve has taken the title, "Cattle," for her new work. It is a curious production from an author whose work has been remarkable for its delicacy of touch, and whose

lines were invested with so subtle a bloom that they read like fairy music. In "Cattle" Mrs. Reeve has given a delightful literary dress to the varied prairie scenes and storied associations of Alberta, but she declares that the theme of the great cattle and ranching country with its pioneer flavor could not be treated delicately. Her story concerns "Bull" Langdon, the Cattle King of Canada, and Nettie Day, a servant girl on the ranch. It is fitting that Mrs. Reeve should interpret ranch life as she has for the past six years lived on Bow View ranch, Morley, between Calgary and Banff, where her husband is president and she is secretary of a large cattle company.

"Sunny San" was the first work of this prolific writer after seven years of rest, and now she declares that her future work will deal with her native Canada.

The sympathy of the book trade goes out to John Henry, of the Oxford University Press, Toronto, who, when en route to the coast, was called back from Regina owing to the death of his father, William Henry, at Uxbridge, Ont., on Sept. 1st.

"An Admiring Subscriber" in Chicago asks for the correct pronunciation of the name of Louis Hemon's book, "Marie Chapdelaine," says May Lamberton-Becker, in the New York Post "Literary Review." "According to derivation and precedent, the letter 'p' should be sounded; see Chaplaine, Chapsal, and other well-known names in French Literature. I hear intelligent persons pronounce the name Chadelaine, as if it were derived from Chat instead of Chap. Is this not an error?" The reply was as follows:

"Yes, I know the name means woollen hat, but in matters of Canadian French pronunciation I do not go by the book, but by what I hear, and as last season when this book had just come out in Canada, and the boom on this side of the line had not started, what I heard in Canada—though I admit it was in Toronto—was Cha'delaine. I called it that. But when this letter came I sent the question to the head of the Macmillan Co. of Canada, Mr. Hugh Eayrs, of Toronto, whose determination to publish a work of supreme beauty in a beautiful translation, though he expected to lose money on it, is largely responsible for this addition to our literature. He says: "I do not know of any actual Chapdelaines in Canada. . . . . therefore I cannot give first-hand evidence. My own idea, and with it Mr. W. H. Blake, who did the translation, which has had such an extraordinary vogue, agrees, is this: there is no full sounding of the 'p,' but it must not be ignored altogether. Careless speakers would leave the letter out altogether, but most certainly no Frenchman would give it the full value of the final consonant in chap. The letter should certainly be heard, though I think it should be somwhat slurred; sounded faintly, perhaps more as a dental than a labial. Mr. Blake tells me that Sir Andrew MacPhail, who also did a translation, at first dropped the 'p,' but later on told Mr. Blake that he had found out it should be sounded." It looks to me, from this, as if the 'p,' like so much of the language of douce France, should be spoken, but with the ears, like a goldfish.

GORDON HILL GRAHAME,
of Lakefield and Toronto, Ontario,
whose "The Bond Triumphant" won Hodder & Stoughton's Canadian Prize Novel Contest, for an award of $2,500. This novel is a dramatic romance of old Quebec, the capital of New France. Among 250 contestants, it carried off the honors and a prize of $2,500 in the first great literary event in Canada.

Grahame is a young writer whose work has been favorably received by editors of leading magazines for some time past. "The Bond Triumphant" was his first full-length novel when submitted in the competition.

The literary talent which Mr. Grahame possesses would seem to be a family trait, for he is cousin to the famous Kenneth Grahame, author of "The Golden Age," a book which is classed among the immortals.

It is an interesting indication of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's editorial system that a juvenile manuscript, entitled "The Avenging Terrors," a story of Canadian School Boy Life, was accepted by their house long previous to the competition. That this book was the work of Gordon Hill Grahame was a circumstance unknown to the judges until after the Novel Award was made, as was the author himself.

The author is a descendant of a long line of distinguished British, Canadian and American forebears.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The birthday of one of Canada's most gifted poets was very fittingly signalized by the publication of a volume of her poems when Marjorie Pickthall's "Wood Carver's Wife and Later Poems" was issued at Toronto from the press of McClelland and Stewart. The day was further observed by a simple but very impressive Memorial Decoration Service at the last resting-place of the poet in St. James' Cemetery, Toronto, in which a number of her friends and admirers took part.

Mr. Donald G. French, Honorary President of the Canadian Literature Club, had charge of the ceremony, and Miss Pickthall's father was among those who attended the service.

After an address by Mr. French, in which he referred to Miss Pickthall's love of the beautiful in life and the exquisite way in which she had interpreted it for others.

Those who attended the ceremony stepped forward one by one and reverently laid their offering of flowers on her grave. Mr. W. H. Hayden, of the Canadian Literature Club, then read one of her most beautiful poems, "The Swallow Song," the sentiment making a strong appeal beneath the leaden skies and falling rain.

APPLETON-CHESNEY.

An interesting romance of the book trade reached its logical sequence in a wedding which took place in Stratford, Ont., on Wednesday, Sept. 27th, when Miss Jessie Ross Chesney became the bride of Franklin F. Appleton, manager of the publishing house of Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, and the Musson Book Co., Ltd., of Toronto.

In the first Canadian Book Week campaign, Miss Chesney was actively associated in the work of the committee of which Mr. Appleton was the efficient chairman, and she was subsequently associated with the Bookcraft Publishing Co., Ltd., publishers of "The Canadian Bookman."

Mr. Appleton's rise in the publishing field has been a rapid one. It is only a few short years ago that he began as an assistant in the warehouse of the Musson Book Co. Soon he was on the road and, in the capacity of travelling salesman, became intimately acquainted with the booksellers of Canada. Since his promotion to the management of the house he has filled that position with conspicuous success.

FRANKLIN F. APPLETON

Renaissance in Canadian Life

By Hugh S. Eayrs

The article herewith is the message delivered at a banquet in connection with the convention of the Associated Canadian Clubs, at Hamilton, Ont., on September 11th, by Hugh S. Eayrs, President of the Macmillan Co., and Secretary of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association. Mr. Eayrs took the place of Bernard K. Sandwell, Secretary of the Canadian Authors Association, who through illness, was prevented from being present to address the gathering. The report of Mr. Eayrs' address as appearing in the Hamilton "Spectator," is deemed worthy of reproduction in full in "The Canadian Bookman" by reason of its significance in connection with the forthcoming Canadian Book Week.

CANADIAN literature has experienced a renaissance during the last few years, according to Hugh S. Eayrs, of Toronto, author and secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto branch, who addressed a dinner tendered by the Hamilton Canadian Club to the visiting delegates of the Association at the Connaught hotel. Finding herself with a national consciousness at the close of the war, Canada sought for some outlet for this new feeling, and the popularity of Canadian books and Canadian authors has been the result, Mr. Eayrs explained.

Paying tribute to Bernard K. Sandwell, of the Canadian Authors Association, "Bernard Sandwell stands in the same relation to the Authors Association as Col. McCullough does to the Canadian Club," the speaker stated. The Canadian Authors Association is kindred to your society; we are trying to do in a special way what you are doing in general.

"We are coming to find there is such a thing as a Canadian national consciousness, just as much as in England or Ireland. The Authors Association is one of the bodies which is trying to give expression to this consciousness.

"Books held a more or less negligible place in our lives until a few years ago. But now, Canadians are beginning to buy books. Perhaps the war was responsible for it. It is only recently that books ceased to have an insignificant place in our lives.

"There are four intermediaries in the author-reader transfer. There are the writer, the publisher, the bookseller and the public. Co-operation between the first of these, recently evident, is a welcome sign.

Canadian Books Multiplying.

"Only a few years ago, it was a fact that there were no Canadian books. Listen to these figures of Canadian books published, as revealed by Canadian Authors' Week: In 1917, 26 books; 1918, 43; 1919, 70; 1920, 200; while in 1921 just 400 Canadian written books were published. Canadian publishers need no longer fear that to handle a Canadian book is to take a chance.

"The people who are developing this branch of Canadian life are undertaking a work quite as praiseworthy as that of our manufacturing and commercial kings. They are endeavoring to see whether there is a demand among Canadians for Canadian books, and the answer is in the affirmative."

Paying tribute to the late Marjorie L. C. Pickthall: "Some Canadian books which are successful to-day would have been a flat failure a few years ago," the speaker said. "It is a good sign that Canadians are now finding not only honor, but profit, in their own land.

"The war stimulated Canada's national entity. This self-assertion needed expression, and it has found it through the medium of the book.

Must Come From Within.

"The signs, sounds and symbols of Canada must be created by those who were born and reared here, or, at least, reached this country while their minds were still plastic.

"We are a polyglot people. Our constitution is heterogeneous, but quite different from that of other countries. It is for this reason that our books must come from within.

"But don't think that any book is good because it is Canadian; this is no more the case with books than with Canadian plays.

"We have to measure Canadian literature, and by the yardstick of accepted standard. Though a book is Canadian, it must be graded as good, bad or indifferent. The Canadian Authors Association has put itself definitely on record as working for 'good' Canadian literature, as well as 'Canadian literature'."

Noting that the movement is productive of results, Mr. Eayrs expressed the opinion that a number of recent Canadian books rank high, and will endure along with such books as the Vicar of Wakefield. Louis Heman's Marie Chapdelaine was one of the works held up as an example of the Dominion's excellent productions.

Canadian Book Praised.

"That book has done a notable service to Canada," the speaker said.

The lecturer refuted the charge that the Canadian Authors Association is a machine for unloading on a gullible public good and bad books of Canadian authorship, and, likewise, the lie was given to a charge that the association is controlled by publishers for the sale of books.

"In addition to securing good Canadian books, it is our purpose to discover such volumes to the Canadian public," it was pointed out. It is proposed to stress the Canadian product in the publishing line shortly before Christmas each year.

Canadian books "took" with the public for the first time last year, it seems, when the prejudice was first overcome that Canadian books could not be as good as others. "It's a regular renaissance in Canadian life," Mr. Eayrs concluded.

"PRODUCED-IN-CANADA."

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is interesting itself in behalf of the produced-in-Canada principle as applying to the publishing of books and the following special appeal has gone out from the C. M. A. office to the Public Libraries of Canada:

Might we respectfully direct your attention to the fact that more books are now being produced in editions manufactured in Canada than ever before?

This means that considerable money that was formerly sent out of the country for the purchase of books manufactured in other countries is now being spent in Canada, giving work to our paper-makers, printers, binders, and other artisans, and thus contributing to our national prosperity.

While we recognize that there are many books which cannot yet be economically made in Canada, owing to the comparatively limited market, still we feel that the efforts of the publishers and book manufacturers to encourage the production of books in Canada is deserving of the strongest support on the part of the Canadian people.

As large purchasers of books—spending in their purchase the money of the taxpayers of the country—we would appeal to you to give your most careful consideration to this matter. By insisting on having Canadian-manufactured editions, whenever these are obtainable, you will be strengthening the hands of those who are hazarding their capital in these editions; will be providing work for your fellow-Canadians, and will be demonstrating to the readers, who borrow books from your library, that Canada can make books that reflect credit on their producers.

Your co-operation on behalf of "Produced-in-Canada" books is invited.

Children's Book Week is now recognized as an annual event when schools, public libraries, bookstores, churches and newspapers turn the attention of boys and girls and their parents to good books.

CATALOGUES

24th annual list Canadiana, Theological, Collectors, Legal. Books out of print traced.

R. JAMES

P. O. Box 176 VANCOUVER, Canada

Prize Contest For Boys and Girls

PRIZES of $10 and $5 to the winner and runner-up are offered by the Children's Book Week Committee, for the best photograph of a boy's or girl's bookcase, book corner or book shelves, with a list of the books in the library thus photographed.

Booksellers in various cities are capitalizing this contest by getting local newspapers to give it news attention. Thus is encouraged the building up of boys' and girls' individual libraries. The photographs submitted make interesting picture features for newspapers and exhibits for bookstore windows.

Book stores and public libraries can also spread interest in children's books by displaying model collections of books such as: "A Library for a Boy's Room," "Children's Books for Christmas Presents," and "The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls." Here are other ideas for booksellers:

Group books on tables and counters by ages for which they are suitable. This will make selection easier. Have a table of books "Recommended by the Public Library" with copies of library lists for distribution.

Have juvenile department distinguished by pictures, low tables, displays of picture and toy books, phonograph with "Bubble" books, so that it will attract attention. Have posters and cards announcing the Week in other departments.

A window display **with children in it** is popular. Have a story hour in the window at a certain hour every afternoon during the Week, if you have room.

Have some special souvenir—a bookmark, set of bookplates, attractive list—to give to each child who brings a grown-up with him to the store. If the children get their fathers and mothers into the store, sales must result.

Local authors will sometimes give their time to meeting the children and talking to them about books, or autographing copies of books sold. A talk about books by the library storyteller, either to the children or to parents, is good sales promotion.

Have plenty of stock ready to meet demands. The national publicity in magazines and newspapers, placed or suggested by the Committee, will bring demands to your store, if you are ready. Have lists and catalogues on hand for distribution. Have books plainly marked with prices, and wrapping facilities well planned to save time. Have catalogues on hand for reference, and take orders for books not in stock. Make Children's Book Week a demonstration of the service in children's books that can be obtained the year-round in your store. A guest book for registration of children's names, addresses and ages will give you a valuable mailing list for the future. The children of to-day are the adult book-buyers of to-morrow.

Library Co-operation.

The Toronto Public Library has for years been the leader in Canada in exploiting Children's Book Week and the staff there is preparing to eclipse all previous records with this year's Week.

Other Canadian libraries have fallen into line. Here are some suggestions for Children's Book Week work by Public Libraries:

Exhibit books recommended for purchase. Exhibit should be held where it can be seen by greatest number; in lobby, open shelf room, etc. Withhold some of the new titles, new editions, and replacements in your fall orders for this exhibition. Group books by ages for which suitable. Mark with retail prices. A sign might refer would-be-purchasers to local bookstores. Some libraries take orders for books, placing the orders at stores indicated by patrons.

Exhibit **photographs** of children's book corners, bookshelves, libraries. Get the children to bring these to you. Send the best one to the committee after the Week is over. The Committee will award a prize of $10 to the boy or girl who sends in the best photograph of his own bookshelves, with list of books included. Second prize, $5.00. Closing date suggested for library, November 8. Closing date for Committee, Dec. 15.

Exhibit "stills" from **book films** running in local theatres.

Exhibit actual **bookcases** the children have made. Use Thomas Bailey Aldrich bookcase plan or others suggested by local manual training instructors, or by books on carpentry and woodwork.

Have a **talk** by the children's librarian to mothers and teachers on "The Child's Own Library."

Hold a special **story hour** for children, giving a talk about books that are good to own. Read a little from each book mentioned. Tell a little about the author.

Have **essay contest.**

Have **special days** during Children's Book Week, a Mothers' Day, a Fathers' Day, a Scout Day, a Club Day, School Day, a Children's Day, with announcements and invitations for each to the special groups, through mail and newspapers. Local authors will often give their time to talks in the library and meeting the children. Talks on books by mothers and fathers who have had experience in selection are of interest.

Distribute lists of books recommended for children's own bookshelves.

If any further information is wanted regarding these suggestions and many other available ideas to promote Children's Book Week, write to Bookcraft Publishing Co., Ltd., 263 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

"HAPPY IS THE CHILD WITH BOOKS."

THE annual Children's Book Week will be held November 12th to 18th, 1922. Public libraries, bookstores, mothers' clubs, parent-teachers' associations, the schools, churches, scout organizations, and other agencies concerned with children, each year take the opportunity of this Week to emphasize the importance of books for boys and girls. Exhibits of books to buy for children, discussion of the books children really like to read, distribution of lists of books for young people, consideration of authors and illustrators who are devoting their talents to children's books—these are some of the features of the Week in various communities.

Each year in Canada over a hundred thousand children come to reading age. "What books shall we buy for our children?" is a question every parent should endeavor to solve conscientiously. The schools teach the children to read, the public libraries give opportunity to boys and girls for forming the habit of reading and for developing good taste in books. A growing appreciation of the importance of children's reading is marked in the bookstores, and the book publishers of the country are constantly giving us interesting and beautiful books for boys and girls. The books that actually go into the forming of a child's home library are the ones that form his growing taste. His ability to use books for information and for pleasure when he is grown older depends on his acquiring the reading habit when he is a child.

Winnipeg, Man.—A new book and stationery store here is that of the Grange Stationery, Ltd., 412 Portage Ave. Mr. Grange was formerly with the Willson Stationery Co.

Kitchener, Ont.—Mills & Co., booksellers and stationers, have sold out to Holm & Smith. J. C. Jaimet & Co., booksellers and stationers, have purchased the three-story block in which their store is situated. The price paid was $40,000.

Activities of the Booksellers

ELSEWHERE in this issue is presented an outline of the Canadian Authors Association activities in connection with this year's Canadian Book Week. Booksellers too, through their organization, are preparing to co-operate aggressively with the Book Week campaign.

At the call of President Chapman, the Executive of the Canadian Booksellers' & Stationers' Association met in Montreal on Monday, September 25th, when steps were taken to assure a successful convention of this association and joint action with the Canadian Authors Association to again put Canadian Book Week across in a big way.

An especially interesting event in connection with the convention of booksellers and stationers will be a reception to the delegates by the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

The convention programme, with possibly some additions to be made later, is as follows:

Tuesday, October 17th.

Forenoon—President's message and annual reports; appointment of Nominating Committee and Suggestion Committee; address by Robert McGlaughlin, fraternal delegate from the National Association of Book Publishers of the United States, dealing with Year Round Bookselling Campaign and Children's Book Week.

Noon—Guests of L. E. Waterman Co., at luncheon, followed by visit to that firm's works at St. Lambert and drive about city to various points of historic interest.

Evening—"Publicity and Salesmanship"—Address by speaker to be provided by Montreal Publicity Association.

Wednesday, October 18th.

Forenoon—General Conference on "Order Systems," with H. Burton, Montreal, leading discussion on "Special Orders," and A. H. Jarvis, Ottawa, on "Travellers' Orders."

Afternoon—Open Session—Round Table Conference with Publishers, Wholesalers and Travellers — School Book Problems; Card-Indexing System; Discounts; Children's Week Activities, and other vital topics.

Thursday, October 19th.

Forenoon—Election of Officers; Address by J. Murray Gibbon, President of the Canadian Authors Association, on Canadian Book Week; Second-hand Book Trade. Discussion to be introduced by T. J. Wonfor of Montreal Book Room.

Afternoon—"Stationery Trade Problems"; Address by Fred Cloke, Hamilton, followed by general discussion.

Evening—Conversazione at Ritz-Carlton, as guests of Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

Three Big Events

OCTOBER 17, 18, 19.

Annual Convention of Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association, Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

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OCTOBER 28 to NOV. 4

Canadian Book Week

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NOVEMBER 12 to 18

Children's Book Week

STAFF CHANGES.

J. G. Gulliford, formerly Western Ontario traveller for the Macmillan Co., Toronto, has resigned that position to start in business for himself as a bookseller and stationer, on Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto. He is succeeded on the Macmillan staff by J. M. Ritchie.

P. V. Hobbes has been added to the Macmillan road staff to cover northern and eastern Ontario, while B. K. Clay replaces John T. Bews, in the Maritime Provinces, Mr. Bews having been appointed educational manager.

President Hugh S. Eayrs, of the Macmillan Co., just back from a visit to Winnipeg and Regina, reports that he found the booksellers and stationers in those cities in a most optimistic mood as regards the fall trade outlook.

All the travellers he met while in the west were finding a general improvement in the way of orders placed by the trade.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Here is a Canadian author whose animal stories, as issued in eight volumes by Macmillan's, constitute a series suitable for Canadian Book Week, and equally so for Children's Book Week.

AGNES C. LAUT

Recognized as Canada's foremost writer on historical and economical themes, the books of Agnes G. Laut command undiminished attention, making them eminently suitable for Canadian Book Week.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Service's poems are ever popular for holiday gift purposes and the way they have again been stocked by booksellers indicates that their popularity keeps up unabated.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Buchholtz, Johannes, "The Miracles of Clara Van Haag." Macmillan, Toronto (Knopf), $2.50. This seems to us the most beautiful and sweet-natured novel that has been Englished from a Continental tongue since Hamsun's great studies of peasant simplicity. The publisher's notice compares it with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and this inept comparison aids us to indicate its true greatness; for it is a "Mrs. Wiggs" minus only the excessive sentimental flavoring which ruins the American book. Clara Van Haag is surely one of the great aristocrats of modern fiction—the more so because she achieves her greatness in spite of and outside of a marriage so spiritually disastrous that it would have wrecked almost any other women.

Lewis, Sinclair, "Babbitt." McLeod, Toronto. This is a much abler book than "Main Street," although it does not follow that it will be equally popular. Mr. Lewis is practicing with great success the photographic-realistic-detail method of Arnold Bennett, and applies it to the life of a successful business man in an American city, which might be Detroit or Cleveland. It is an extremely hollow life, and Babbitt is not a very profound character; but it is highly interesting to have the mirror held up to so many of the most characteristic institutions of this continent—the Rotary Club, the membership "drive" of the big Sunday School, the Real Estate Association, the road-house dinner party, the bootlegger, the Athletic Club. Do you want to know what the rising generation is in revolt against? Well, this is it.

Machen, Arthur, "The Secret Glory." Macmillan, Toronto (Knopf), $2.50. Mr. Knopf has ingeniously arranged to have Mr. Machen "discovered" by Mr. Van Vechten (as we noted a month or two ago) just at the time when he was about to publish one of Mr. Machen's most important works. This is a very clever tale in its author's favorite "metier" of the near-supernatural, somewhat marred by Mr. Machen's favorite vice of bitter propagandism. Half the book is a protest against the English public school system, or at least against the way in which it deals with the exceptional, sensitive, artistic boy. The system seems to have changed little since Lord Salisbury's boyhood.

Dennis, Geoffrey, "Mary Lee." Macmillan, Toronto (Knopf), $2. An extremely painful story of the childhood of an orphan girl brought up by persons with the lust for cruelty, which is so often associated with certain forms of religious faith. The tale probably has a basis in actual fact, but that does not seem sufficient to justify it.

Bruun, Laurids, "The Promised Land." Macmillan, Toronto (Kopf), $2. The author of "Van Zanten's Happy Days" here pokes a good deal of satirical fun at the craving for primitive life which in the earlier book he was treating seriously. And frankly, the civilized white man going in for simplicity in the South Seas seems a fitter subject for satire than for lyricism. Very acute and amusing.

Glyn, Eleanor, "Man and Maid." Lippincott, Philadelphia, $2. Mrs. Glyn's unrivalled dexterity in keeping the attention of the average reader focussed on the physical facts of sex will as usual ensure for this volume an immense popularity. Moreoever, it is probably the most vulgar novel of the year, and it is full of bad French and equally bad psychology—backstairs literature altogether.

Bryce, Viscount, "The Study of American History." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.25. This is a lecture delivered in London in June, 1921, in inauguration of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature and Institutions, which is not attached to any one university, but is to be used "for the general purpose of stimulating interest in and study of America in all British Universities." Lord Bryce's utterances on the occasion form an excellent introduction to the work of this praiseworthy foundation.

BERTAL HEENEY

The author of the famous "Pickanock," whose novel for this year, "D'Arcy Conyers," is attracting wide attention for its wealth of exquisite writing on nature and life out of doors. The description of an early-morning trout fishing expedition is already becoming a classic among Canadian sportsmen.

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

Kathleen Norris spent over two years on the actual construction of her new novel, "Certain People of Importance," and the care taken is evidenced in the finely-wrought finished product. It is planned on broad lines and it is characterized as her most significant work. The theme is a cycle in the history of an American family, its emergence from obscurity to wealth and influence, and its descent in the third generation to the obscurity from which it sprang.

Thirty thousand dollars is not a small sum to forego for the sake of an idea, but that is what Kathleen Norris is said to have done for "Certain People of Importance." The editor of one of the best-known popular magazines is reported to have offered her this sum for the serial rights, but Mrs. Norris knew that to confine her story to the serial limitations of the magazine it would be necessary to cut about a fifth of it. She declined the offer rather than that this particular piece of work on which she had spent so much time and thought and love should be mutilated.

Hutchings, Emily Grant.—"Indian Summer." Macmillan (Knopf) Toronto, $2. This is a very high class of American fiction, and, for a first novel, unusually successful and distinguished. Its central figure is a most objectionable character—a woman in whom selfish ambition is the dominant motive and hypocrisy the everyday method. But there are contrasting characters of great beauty and the writer is so just in her analysis that the resulting impression is not painful. Scene, a small town south of the Great Lakes; time, the present.

NEW CANADIAN BOOKS.

A contrast between Canadian and United States ideas and ideals, with some startling inside revelations on the origia and settlement of strikes, and some discussion - provoking thoughts on immigration, are combined with a very compelling story in "Pagan Love," by John Murray Gibbon, who already has a number of successful novels to his credit, and who is known to the reading public of Canada as President of the Canadian Authors' Association.

Amusing sketches of honeymooners, would-be honeymooners, and those who wish to laugh at both are found within the covers of "After the Honeymoon," by Louise Mason. The more serious-minded may turn to the discussion of the Anglo-Israel theory presented with great force by "The Road-Builder" in "The Destiny of Britain and America."

A most important event in the history of the Anglican Church in Canada was the publication this year of a Revised edition of the Book of Common Prayer. The Venerable Archdeacon Armitage of Halifax was secretary of the Revision Committee, and has written "The Story of the Revision of the Prayer Book," giving a full account of the work and pointing out and explaining the changes.

A wide field of legendary lore is to be found in the traditionary legends of the Indians of Canada. Mabel Burkholder has gathered a fine collection of these and has re-told them in a style that makes them equally attractive to young readers or old. All parts of Canada are represented by their peculiar local legends—the Atlantic Coast, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Niagara Falls, Port Arthur, the Western Provinces, Vancouver, the Pacific Coast.

There are several volumes of verse of a high order: "The Wood-Carver's Wife and Later Poems," by Marjorie Pickthall, published on September 14th, the anniversary of her birthday; "Fires of Driftwood," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay; a new collection of Jean Blewett's poems; "Later English Poems," an anthology edited by J. E. Wetherell; "Collected Poems," by Thomas O'Hagan; "The Ballad of the Quest," by Virna Sheard.

Book Week News

AT the Ottawa Convention the authors in conference decided to repeat in 1922 the Canadian Authors Week Campaign which proved so successful last year, and most of the branches have already appointed their Book Week Committees to make the necessary arrangements for speakers. The Canadian Clubs are in many cases allotting their opening date for a speaker on Canadian literature, and Sir John Willison has been booked for Montreal, while B. K. Sandwell will address the Canadian Club of Toronto. Basil King has this year expressed a desire to address clubs in the Maritime Provinces, but there is a possibility of his being able to spare a day for Ottawa. Vernon McKenzie, Editor of "MacLean's Magazine," has promised to speak at Winnipeg. The Week runs from October 28 to November 4.

As the retail booksellers intend to hold a convention at Montreal from October 17 to 19, the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors Association has offered to entertain the booksellers at a reception to be held on the evening of Thursday, October 19, probably at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. At this reception a musical entertainment will be provided, together with moving pictures taken last month of the Indian Pageant, held in honor of David Thompson, the greatest of Canadian geographers, at Lake Windermere, B.C. Following this pageant, the Canadian Authors held a Campfire meeting, which was also depicted in the movies.

DR. JOHN McCRAE

It may safely be predicted that the demand for John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields" will never flag. It is a classic of war poetry. The immortal poem titles a volume of letters and delicate verse published in cloth and half-calf editions.

The various libraries throughout Canada are arranging to hold displays of Canadian books during the Week, and the Canadian Authors Association branches are urged to co-operate in every possible way with the librarians, as the library exhibits last year proved of immense value in stimulating local interest in Canadian literature.

Bookstores in the Maritimes

Public Well Served

IT seems safe to assert that few bookstore windows are more attractive than those of T. C. Allen & Company, of Halifax. This concern is one of the oldest established book firms in the Maritime Provinces. The premises on Granville Street in Halifax are perhaps not in the centre of shopping activity, but they are in the centre of the banking, wholesaling, agency, brokerage businesses section. The windows allow excellent opportunity of pleasing display, and the opportunity is fully taken advantage of by T. C. Allen & Company. This firm has achieved remarkable success in the handling of high-priced books, including technical literature. Books on multifarious subjects are carried at the big Granville Street store of T. C. Allen & Company. Although not addicted to splashy advertising, T. C. Allen & Company are consistent advertisers.

E. G. Nelson & Co., King Street, St. John, are preparing for the resumption of the winter activity in the sale of reading material. The business of this firm, which is managed by J. E. Secord, a veteran book dealer, has been growing each year. Not only does this firm carry fiction in abundance, but stocks up on heavier reading, such as books on the sciences. Through catering to the demand in some quarters for scientific books, E. G. Nelson & Co. have become the Mecca for those in St. John interested in these technical books. Books with the British navy and army as subject matter have become popular at the Nelson store since the war. Incidentally, this store has had in stock books that have not been for sale in other cities in Canada, being available only in England. A demand has been created at this store also for books on Radio. In fact, this store was one of the first in the Maritime Provinces to capitalize Radio, stocking up with books for beginners.

J. & A. McMillan & Co., Prince William Street, St. John, have had a very successful late summer and early fall season in the sale of schoolbooks. This concern handles schoolbooks of all types and for all grades and schools. Some of the books are published in the McMillan Building from the printing plant operated in connection with the book and stationery store on the ground floor.

The McAdam Book Store at McAdam, N.B., has stocked up with old and new books and with the keynote of popular-priced literature. A large number of paper-coevred books have been secured. The winter business at this store is good, the summer business being, comparatively speaking, small. This is due to the activity at McAdam in a railway sense through the late fall and winter and early spring.

Murphy's Book Store, Sydney, is one of the book centres of the Cape Breton district. This store is long-established and has been in the same location for many years. Fiction is featured, but other lines are carried.

A store in a central location, well stocked with books and magazines, is that of D. McArthur & Co., King Street, St. John. This firm has been in existence for more than thirty years, and has become one of the oldest established book-dealing concerns in the Maritime Provinces. Most of the period of existence D. McArthur & Co. have been at the same location on King Street. There are two windows, and both of these are attractively used. A specialty is the handling of popular-priced literature bound in cloth and paper. Douglas McArthur, the head of the firm, has spent most of his life in selling books and stationery.

H. A. Blakeney, conducting a bookstore at Wolfville, N.S., is again in his busy period. This is not stating that the summer is not busy with him as it is, but during the fall, winter and spring his business increases over the summer average. This is due to the influx of students in Wolfville attending Acadia University and also the ladies' college and theological school of the Baptist denomination. These three institutions of learning with their quotas of students add to the book-demanding population of the town. The summer business is largely transient, Wolfville being in the land of Evangeline and Annapolis Valley section.

A book-store carrying one of the largest stocks of books in the Maritime Provinces is that of Connolly's, Halifax. This big Barrington Street store boasts of one of the biggest stocks of reading matter in bound and paper covers in Eastern Canada. The store is a large one, and is equipped with excellent display windows, which are used to the fullest extent.

WILLIAM J. McNULTY.

NEW BOOKS BY

VICTOR LAURISTON

His novel, "The Twenty-first Burr," is a clever and fascinating detective story, chiefly Canadian in setting. It is on McClelland Stewart's list. This is Lauriston's first novel, but his name is familiar to U.S. fiction magazine readers by reason of the many stories he has had published in the periodicals of that country. His mystery tale concerns itself with chauffeurs, detectives and palmists.

W. A. FRASER

The name of W. A. Fraser is like magic to lovers of romance the world over. His novel for this year, "Caste," is a masterpiece in color, intrigue and dramatic love, laid in the old India. The facts of the story are authentic, having been turned over to Fraser by the India Office, and the use he has made of them proves afresh the versatility and unaffected strength of his writing. It is listed for publication a little before Christmas.

ARTHUR HEMING

Whose "Spirit Lake," a work in which the famous Canadian woodsman, author and artist has set down the first impressions of his remarkable northern journeys, will be published by the Musson Book Company next spring. It is illustrated by twenty-five of Heming's own pictures, and is chiefly made up of material founded on the weird superstitions and stories prevalent among the Indians of the far north.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

The distinguished and beloved Canadian poet, whose complete works are to be brought out this season by the Musson Book Company. Professor L. E. Horning is quoted as saying of him: "He is to be placed in the very front of our Canadian singers," and there are few Canadians who will not join in this tribute to one of our greatest literary figures.

BASIL KING

"The Dust Flower" is Basil King's novel for 1922. Like the other powerful books from the same pen, "The City of Comrades," "The Street Called Straight," and "The Empty Sack," this story deals with some poignant phases of present-day life. It is the problem of the man whose love is divided between two women—a woman of the world, and a waif of the street—and it is treated in King's traditional manner and skill.

"JANEY CANUCK"

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, M.P.

"Janey Canuck's" famous "Seeds of Pine" is being brought out in a new edition this fall, by the Musson Book Company. This is the book which made "Janey Canuck" famous as a writer of refreshing and inspiring fiction of Canada, and its reprinting is a happy occurrence for the Christmas season of 1922.

CANADIAN AUTHORS

VILHAJALMUR STEFANSSON

A Canadian epic is this writer's book, "The Friendly Arctic," the popularity of which is demonstrated by the fact that it has now reached its fifth edition. Readers will recall the extended article about this book as appearing in the June issue.

Akin to each other are the volumes, "Mastered Men," by F. A. Robinson, hopeful tales of the salvaging of men, and "The Glory of His Robe," by Rev. E. J. Stobo, inspiring and encouraging talks of everyday application.

ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

"Openway," to be published by the Musson Book Company, is reported to be one of the most beautiful and characteristic pieces of work to come from McKishnie's pen, and has attracted wide attention in literary circles. McKishnie has a number of successful novels to his credit and his short stories are frequently seen in magazines.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

"The Woodcarver's Wife and Later Poems," by Marjorie Pickthall, was published by McClelland & Stewart on the anniversary of her birthday, which occasion was marked by a memorial service at her grave in St. James' Cemetery, Toronto.

A volume that will enrich any Canadian library is "The Book of Canadian Verse," edited by E. K. and E. H. Broadus.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

"Canada's Greatest Man of the Sea"—author, master-mariner, and idol of the maritime fisherman, whose two books of sailorman yarns, "The Shacklocker" and "Salt Seas and Sailormen," are published this autumn. Wallace's well-known novels of the fishing banks, "Blue Water" and "The Viking Blood," are to be produced in the motion pictures with "location" in the actual scenes in which they are laid—the Canadian and Newfoundland coasts.

W. H. BLAKE

"In a Fishing Country" is this author's new and entertaining story for the angler and lover of out-of-doors. Mr. Blake, alike as the author of "Brown Waters" and the translator of "Maria Chapdelaine," has established a public of his own, and his new book, as all his work, is scholarly in treatment and refreshing and delightful in theme. It will no doubt attract many enthusiastic readers in Canada. Running through the narrative of "In a Fishing Country" is a quaint vein of humor, interspersed with many philosophical reflections on weather-lore and other topics of nature. Delightful peeps are given the reader at a few of the author's experiences in the old Murray Bay district.

PETER DONOVAN

"P. O'D.," had no sooner published a gloom-shattering collection of his sketches than he deserted us for the streets of Ol' Lon'on. But in "Over 'Ere and Back Home" he takes us with him and shows us the funny side of everything from a trans-Atlantic trip to the first visit to a London tailor; together we go week-ending to the Englishman's country home and exhibit our skill at riding, shooting, beagling, and other bally English sports.

ALFRED CARMICHAEL

Author of the now-famous "Indian Legends of Vancouver Island," which, though it has been on the market only since the summer, is already recognized as an important addition to permanent Canadian literature, as well as one of the most poetic and beautifully made books published in recent years.

Mrs. L. Adams Beck is a finished writer whose stories of Oriental occult flavor have appeared in leading magazines. Her "Key of Dreams" is a love story of the Orient—vital, gripping, beautifully told. Perhaps no more decided contrast to the dreaminess of the East could be found than that afforded by Robert W. Service's thriller of Monte Carlo—"The Poisoned Paradise."

FREDERICK BENDING

A young Canadian author who bursts upon the ranks of the initiate with a new type of Mounted Police Mystery Adventure story, in "The Shadow's Edge." This book seems to open up an unexpected field for the story of the northwest.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. L. MACKENZIE KING, C.M.G., PREMIER OF CANADA.

Who is the subject of "The Making of a Premier," by Owen E. McGillicuddy, published by the Musson Book Company of Toronto. This is a new and arresting first-hand picture of the personality and life of the Canadian Premier, depicting the many remarkable incidents of achievement which make up his varied and distinguished career. Premier King is a member of the Canadian Authors Association and his book, "Industry and Humanity," was an international success.

HAROLD HORN
Author of "Mortimer's Gold."

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

She is represented among this year's Canadian books with a volume of verse entitled, "Fires of Driftwood," published by McClelland & Stewart.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

The works of this celebrated naturalist with an inimitable style as a story-teller, will naturally occupy a prominent place in both Canadian Book Week and Children's Book Week.

In "The King's Arrow," H. A. Cody has written a thrilling adventure-romance tale of the early days of Canada, when the giant trees were much in demand for the masts of huge sailing vessels. Another story of the woods with quite a different setting is "The Timber Pirate," by Charles Christopher Jenkins, a novel of unusual suspense-interest, dealing with mystery and intrigue among the pulp and paper-makers in the mountain fastnesses on the North Shore of Lake Superior.

DOUGLAS LEADER DURKIN

Author of "The Lobstick Trail," has just returned from a trip along the Western Canadian coast, where he, Zane Grey and Stewart Edward White have been gathering material for forthcoming novels. "The Lobstick Trail" has met with ununusual success across the border, and will be brought out in a new edition this fall in Canada.

ROBERT STEAD

Robert Stead's "Neighbours," a happy novel of the northwest, is his greatest book so far. The tremendous success of Stead's former books, "The Homesteaders," "The Cowpuncher" and "Dennison Grant," should ensure this present publication a phenomenal popularity.

A pleasing addition to Canadian books of travel is "The Laurentians: The Hills of the Habitant," by T. Morris Longstreth, with which may be coupled "Canadian Cities of Romance," by Katherine Hale, delightful impressionistic sketches which present the atmosphere, the soul, the historic and literary background of our chief cities.

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

These two authors are prominent in this year's Canadian books, the former with "Moonlight and Common Day," an outstanding book of verse, and the latter with "Children of the Dawn," to be followed shortly by a novel entitled "Possession."

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

FRENCH SECTION

Editorial Committee: Mde. W. A. Huguenin, Mme. E. Circé-Côté and P. Alfred Daviault.

Prière d'adresser la correspondance, pour tout ce qui concerne la rédaction et l'administration, à M. P.-Alfred Daviault, 559, rue Chambord, Montreal.

POUR L'EFFORT LITTERAIRE

L'action intellectuelle de la France ne se restreint pas aux limites de son territoire; apôtres d'un nouvel évangile, ses littérateurs, ses artistes, ses savants font rayonner le génie français sur toute la surface du globe.

Plus que tout autre groupement, peut-être, nos compatriotes sont-ils en mesure de recevoir et de s'assimiler ce rayonnement bienfaisant. Français d'origine, français de langue, français de tempéramment, leur âme a soif de la pensée française. C'est en France et en Belgique que nous sommes allés chercher les maîtres auxquels nous avons confié la fondation de l'enseignement scientifique et littéraire dans nos universités, et c'est encore là que nous envoyons étudier ceux des nôtres qui seront appelés à continuer la tradition. Dês que nous avons pu trouver les ressources nécessaires à la subvention du théatre, c'est aux artistes français que nous avons demandé de nous interprêter les chefs-d'oeuvres de l'art dramatique. Enfin c'est au Comité France-Amérique que nous devrons la réalisation du mu sée d'art rêvé tour à tour par la Société fondée pour l'avancement des Lettres, des Sciences et des Arts et par la Société Canadienne des Beaux-Arts.

Dans le domaine littéraire nous avons depuis longtemps essayé nos ailes. Nos tribuns de 1791, nos journalistes de 1810, nos historiens de 1830 et de 1845, nos poètes de 1860 et la pléiade de nos écrivains de cette époque ont posé les jalons d'une littérature nationale; nous pouvons ajouter que depuis vingt-cinq ans notre production littéraire est vraiement florissante. Mais combien de talents en herbe, combien d'auteurs timides ou incapables d'encourir les frais d'impression de leurs oeuvres sont restés ignorés faute d'encouragement suffisant!

Quelques institutions et quelques mécènes ont récemment offert, il est vrai, des primes à la production littéraire, et, pour ne citer qu'au hasard, il convient de signaler les concours de la Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste, ceux du journal La Patrie et de la Revue Moderne et les prix d'Action Intellectuelle offerts par quelques-uns de nos compatriotes sous les auspices de l'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne; mais dans un pays nouveau où tout est à créer, la modicité des ressources disponibles ne permettant pas d'offrir des récompenses en harmonie avec l'effort demandé, les oeuvres produites sont nécessairement restées au-dessous des résultats espérés.

Grâce au concours sympathique de nos cousins de France, la fondation d'un prix littéraire digne d'un effort soutenu vient cependant de nous être assuré. Dans une entrevue que j'avais avec M. Le Goffic, président de la Société des Gens de Lettres, il y a deux mois, je recevais l'assurance de son appui à la création d'un prix qui serait offert par cette société aux auteurs canadiens de langue française pour la production d'une oeuvre, sous telles conditions que notre section française de l'Association des auteurs canadiens pourrait établir.

Cette fondation réalisera le projet mis de l'avant par M. Louvigny de Montigny, il y a quelques années, mais qui est resté lettre morte par apathie de la société chargée de l'exécuter ici. Il n'en sera pas ainsi cette fois; déjà notre comité exécutif a mis à l'étude les conditions du concours; nous ferons rapport à la Société des Gens de Lettres en octobre; et dès l'acceptation des conditions, nous serons en mesure d'inviter les concurrents. D'ici là nous prions tous ceux qui voudraient éclairer la route, de vouloir bien nous faire leurs suggestions au plus tôt.

Le Président de la section française.
VICTOR MORIN

VIEUX PAPIERS

Genese de la Reconnaissance des Droits des Auteurs Francais au Canada

Quelque temps avant la dernière réunion annuelle de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens je faisais part à notre ami et collègue Louvigny de Montigny, de mon désir de rasasser "mes vieux papiers" sur la reconnaissance des droits d'auteurs français au Canada pour les offrir à notre Association.

Par modestie, sans doute, ce cher ami m'écrivait: "A quoi bon! La question a fait tant de chemin depuis."

Je partage son avis, mais je crois qu'il est bon que cette documentation voit le jour dans notre organe officiel, car elle constitue, en quelque sorte, la genèse de la reconnaissance des droits d'auteurs français dans notre pays.

Cela remonte à près de vingt années. Je m'étais laissé entraîner à Paris, après un stage de plusieurs années dans la grande presse canadienne-française, où, avec Lorenzo Prince, Têtu et Thomas Côté, nous luttions pour implanter le "fait divers" vécu dans la forme où il devenait, en quelque sorte, le reflet fidèle de la vie de chaque jour, quand l'on me bombarda, je ne sais trop pourquoi, directeur du "Canada" de Paris, grand hebdomadaire illustré et imprimé à grands frais, journal qui, pendant deux années, fut répandu à profusion dans toute la France.

Je ne sais si ce que l'on m'a souvent affirmé depuis est vrai, que ce journal, en deux ans, avait plus fait pour faire connaître le Canada en France que tous les ambassadeurs qui y avaient été envoyés depuis la visité de "La Capricieuse," vers 1857.

Chose certaine, c'est à ce journal que les littérateurs français doivent une grande partie du succès obtenu dans la revendication de leurs droits dans notre pays.

Après la collaboration de Jean Steens, du "Figaro," dont je publiais les deux premiers articles sur "La propriété littéraire au Canada," les 12 et 19 juillet 1903, Louvigny de Montigny, sous le pseudonyme de "Florendeau," me fit parvenir sa prose fougueuse et incisive, qui mit le feu aux poudres.

Ce fut le 29 novembre 1903, que parut dans "Le Canada," de Paris, le premier article de notre ardent collaborateur, qui, "bien casé dans un bon fromage" avait des loisirs et se sentait disposé à nous donner l'appui de son érudition, avec celle de M. Jules Helbronner, son beau-père, alors directeur de La Presse, de Montréal, pour nous guider dans le dédale des lois internationales et débrouiller, si possible, l'épineuse question de la propriété littéraire dans notre pays.

Je fis parvenir ce numéro du "Canada" à quelques quinze cents littérateurs et auteurs, en France, et la réponse ne se fit pas attendre.

Le 16 décembre 1903, le comte de Larmandie, délégué de la Société des Gens de Lettres, nous convoqua, le regretté Jean Lionnet, président de "La Canadienne" de Paris et moi, à une séance du comité de cette docte Société.

Jean Lionnet, convaincu comme moi, que le Canada faisait bel et bien partie de l'Union de Berne, me pria d'apporter toute la jurisprudence canadienne à notre secours et nous n'eûmes pas de peine à rallier tous les membres du comité à notre manière de voir.

Plusieurs entrevues suivirent avec Maitre Sauvel, avocat de la Société, et le 15 janvier 1904, le bureau international de l'Union Littéraire et Artisque publiait à Berne, dans son organe, "Le Droit d'Auteur," un article établissant de façon irréfutable l'adhésion du Canada à l'Union de Berne.

Voici à titre documentaire le texte même de cette consultation:

30. "Les colonies et possessions de la Grande-Bretagne font toutes partie de l'Union internationale; il en est donc ainsi du Dominion du Canada.

"Des doutes nous ayant été exprimés par des correspondants et publiés dans des organes de la presse périodique au sujet de savoir si la Convention de Berne du 9 septembre 1886, revisée par l'Acte additionnel de Paris, du 4 mai 1896, est applicable dans tout l'Empire britannique et particulièrement au Canada, nous avons réuni ci-après les preuves irréfutables du fait que la Grande-Bretagne a adhéré à ces actes pour toutes ses colonies et possessions, sans exception, et a maintenu ce régime jusqu'à ce jour.

1. L'article 19 de la Convention d'Union internationale, du 9 septembre 1886, est ainsi conçu:

"Les pays accédant à la présente Convention ont aussi le droit d'y accéder en tout temps pour leurs colonies ou possessions étrangères.

"Ils peuvent, à cet effet, soit faire une déclaration générale par laquelle toutes leurs colonies ou possessions sont comprises dans l'accession, soit nommer expressément celles qui y sont comprises, soit se borner à imdiquer celles qui en sont exclues.

"Or, le Procès-verbal de signature de la Convention précitée, qui porte la même date du 9 septembre 1886, contient le passage suivant relatif aux colonies et possessions anglaises:

"Les Plénipotentiaires de Sa Majesté Britannique déclarent que l'accession de la Grande-Bretagne à la Convention pour la protection des oeuvres littéraires et artistiques comprend le Royaume: Uni de la Grande-Bretagne et d'Irlande et toutes les colonies et possessions étrangères de Sa Majesté Britannique.

"Ils réservent toutefois au Gouvernement de Sa Majesté Britannique la faculté d'en annoncer en tout temps la dénonciation séparément pour une ou plusieurs

des colonies ou possessions suivantes, en la manière prévue par l'article 20 de la Convention, savoir: les Indes, le Dominion du Canada, Terre-Neuve, le Cap, Natal, la Nouvelle-Galles du Sud, Victoria, Queensland, la Tasmanie, l'Australie méridionale, l'Australie occidentale et la Nouvelle-Zélande.

"L'accession de la Grande-Bretagne avait été précédée de la promulgation de la loi impériale du 25 juin 1886 destinée à rendre possible cette accession et à réaliser, dans tout l'Empire britannique, les réformes que comportait le traité d'union international. Avant l'adoption de cette loi eut lieu entre les autorités de la métropole et celles des colonies un échange de vues et de documents concernant l'opportunité d'entrer dans l'Union projetée; les modalités et les résultats de cette enquête sont publiés dans trois Blue-Books intitulés Switzerland, Correspondance respecting the formation of an International Copyright Union (London 1886, Harrison & Sons). Une à une, les colonies énumérées ci-dessus donnèrent leur assentiment au projet de loi et à l'adhésion à l'Union de Berne, sur laquelle elles avaient été consultées.

"En ce qui concerne particulièrement le Canada, le second fascicule (p. 11/12) reproduit une dépêche (no 14) de Sir R. Herbert à Sir J. Pauncefote, du 12 juin 1886, conçue en ces termes:

"With reference to my letter of the 10th instant, I am directed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to acquaint you, for the information of Earl of Rosebery, that the High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada has received the following telegram from the Premier of the Dominion Government:

"Canada consents to enter Copyright Convention."

2. Le Gouvernement britannique n'a jamais fait usage de la faculté de dénoncer la Convention d'Union séparément pour une ou plusieurs de ses colonies. A la conférence de révision de Paris, il déclara, au contraire, par l'organe d'un de ses délégués, Sir Henry Bergne, ce qui suit (séance du 16 avril 1896, Actes, p. 110):

"La Grande-Bretagne attache la plus grande valeur à la Convention de Berne et ne veut pas risquer qu'aucune de ses colonies se retire de l'Union, ce qui pourrait avoir lieu, si, dans ce moment, elle acceptait définitivement des changements matériels au texte de la Convention."

"La Conférence de Paris fit les concessions nécessaires aux vues exprimées par la délégation anglaise; elle inséra dans un Acte additionnel tous les changements matériels proposés qui ne dépassaient pas en étendue les dispositions de la loi anglaise de 1886, approuvée par les colonies, et réunit dans une Déclaration interprétative les prescriptions qui, aux yeux des délégués anglais, ne cadraient pas, en partie du moins, avec cette loi ou avec la législation anglaise. Aussi la Grande-Bretagne accepta-t-elle le premier de ces instruments signés à Paris le 4 mai 1896. Le Procès-verbal de dépôt des Actes de ratification du 9 septembre 1897 dit à ce sujet expressément ce qui suit:

"La Grande-Bretagne a ratifié seulement l'Acte additionnel pour le Royaume-Uni, ainsi que pour toutes les colonies et possessions britanniques."

"Aucun changement n'ayant été apporté à cet état de choses, il est constant qu'à ce jour, la Convention d'Union, revisée par l'Acte additionnel, déploie ses effets dans tout l'Empire britannique."

A la suite de toutes, ces démarches nous eûmes, un beau jour, la satisfaction, Jean Lionnet et moi, d'apprendre que la Société des Gens de Lettres allait donner suite à nos suggestions, par la lettre suivante que M. Georges Lecomte, nous adressait, au nom de la Société, le 18 avril 1904:

"A. M.M. Edmond Montet et Jean Lionnet:

"Messieurs,

"Je suis heureux de vous faire connaitre que le Comité, sur les précieux renseignements que vous lui avez fournis et avec le concours de Mtre. Edouard Sauvel, continue l'étude de la protection des droits de propriété littéraire au Canada.

"Nous avons bon espoir d'aboutir à une solution dans un délai assez prochain et nous ne manquerons pas de vous faire connaitre ce qui aura été décidé."

Cette lettre dont je m'empressais de communiquer le texte à tous ceux qui avaient bien voulu nous prêter leur concours, fut publiée dans le Bulletin de la Société, et, le 13 juin 1904, Jean Lionnet ne confirmait le succès définitif de nos démarches en m'adressant la lettre suivante:

Bourg-la-Reine,
13 juin 1904.

"Mon cher confrère,

Le directeur de l'Union de Berne a bien voulu m'envoyer les épreuves de l'article qui va paraître le 15 dans le DROIT d'AUTEUR, organe officiel de l'Union. L'argumentation est irréfutable. Jamais personne, en aucun pays, n'a professé la même opinion, sur la Convention de Berne, que le rédacteur de la dernière note de la PRESSE. Vos hommes d'Etat sont en désaccord avec lui.

"On nous cite tous deux et on nous félicite, ainsi que Louvigny de Montigny. Nous voilà devenus des personnages d'importance internationale. . . ."

Dans un prochain numéro du "Canadian Bookman" je donnerai un résumé de l'article dont il est question dans la lettre de M. Lionnet, ainsi que des méthodes judiciaires qui furent employées au Canada pour faire consacrer les droits des auteurs français dans notre pays.

EDMOND MONTET

(A suivre)

LA JEUNE LITTERATURE FRANCAISE DU CANADA

On a souvent contesté son existence. Il n'en demeure pas moins vrai qu'elle donne à chaque instant des signes certains de son activité et qu'elle augmente, sinon en excellence le nombre toujours trop restreint d'oeuvres nouvelles, du moins en ambition, en courage et en originalité.

Parmi les cercles autour desquels se groupent la plupart des écrivains de la dernière heure, c'est-à-dire les jeunes poètes, critiques, prosateurs et parmi ces derniers quelques auteurs dramatiques, l'Ecole Littéraire de Montréal est un de ceux qui semblent s'affirmer le plus. L'Ecole Littéraire n'est pas une organisation de date récente. Songez qu'elle abrita l'immortel Nelligan! Son président actuel, Lionel Léveillé, prépare un ouvrage consacré à l'histoire de l'Ecole Littéraire. Je ne vourdrais pas devancer Lionel Léveillé dans son travail; je me contenterai d'en dire quelques mots. Tous les membres de l'Ecole seront cités largement dans le livre en question et je sais par l'auteur que tout un chapitre est consacré au roman de Louis Hémon, "Maria Chapdelaine."

Cette histoire de l'Ecole Littéraire offre un immense intérêt puisqu'elle doit mettre en vedette l'oeuvre accomplie par chacun des membres depuis sa fondation. Elle sera en quelque sorte un résumé des efforts qu'ont accomplis les jeunes littérateurs français du Canada. Ce n'est pas que L'Ecole Littéraire constitue à elle seule le goupement unique des écrivains canadiens. Il y en a d'excellents qui n'y ont jamais mis les pieds. Mais il y en a aussi de forts acceptables qui ont été mêlés à son histoire et qui ont accompli une oeuvre de mérite, sans pour cela qu'il soit question de consacrer la renommée de tous les membres de cette Ecole. Le récit de leur travail est en même temps celui des luttes et des misères de presque tous nos gens de lettres.

Pour qu'il ne puisse y avoir de confusion au sujet de la portée du livre de Lionel Léveillé, disons que l'Ecole Littéraire de Montréal n'est pas une école mais un groupement d'écrivains qui se sont formés en école pour discuter les questions littéraires de l'heure présente, soumettre des travaux à la critique des membres, sans perdre le moindrement de leur originalité, de leur manière, et de leurs idées respectives. En sorte que l'histoire de ce groupement, pour être l'histoire de ses seuls membres, n'en sera pas moins une étude d'intérêt général, embrassant à la fois tous les travaux de la jeune littérature française du Canada.

Le courage est beau de celui qui entreprend de publier son premier livre à vingt ans. Tous ne l'ont pas, ce courage! On sait d'ailleurs que s'il est doux de se lire en caractères neufs il est plus difficile de se faire imprimer.

Quels sont les audacieux de l'heure présente? J'en cite plusieurs qui me viennent à la mémoire:

Léo d'Yril (Emile Venne), auteur d'un recueil de vers intitulé "Symphonies," livre qui reçut les appréciations les plus contradictoires et aussi les plus flatteuses. Paul Morin, le poète admirable du "Paon d'émail," dont on annonce le prochain livre. Jean Nolin, actuellement à Paris, publia avant son départ "Les cailloux." Ce sont des vers harmonieux et charmants, pleins de jeunesse et, par conséquent, d'inexpériences, dont Olivar Asselin disait "qu'ils évitaient, par leur côté humoristique, de choir dans la fausse sentimentalité." Albert Dreux, dont "Le mauvais passant" contient des poèmes d'une indiscutable sincérité. Jean Charbonneau, auteur de "L'Age de sang," publié chez Lemerre à Paris. A propos de ce livre, Louis Dantin écrivait dans la Revue Moderne: "Ce sont là des paroles senties, issues d'une belle exaltation intime, et le livre est rempli de ces paroles." Jean-Aubert Loranger, écrivain hardi, dont le livre, "Les Atmosphères," a fait sensation à Montréal. Edouard Chauvin, rédacteur au Nouvelliste, qui a publié son second volume de vers, "Vivre," avec succès. Yvonne Charette, dont la série de billets, "Nuances," dénote un exceptionnel talent d'observation. Alphonse Beauregard, le poète des "Alternances," poète "délicat et subtil, peu connu et très original." Francis Desroches dont les "Brumes du soir" sont pleines de fraîcheur et de promesses. Blanche Lamontagne, auteur de "La vieille maison," bijouterie savante où se découvre de l'enthousiasme et de la spontanéité. Marguerite Taschereau, dont les "Etudes" furent commentées par la critique. Victor Barbeau, auteur des "Cahiers de Turc," critique montréalais dont la vigueur et la sincérité lui ont valu la bourse d'étude du gouvernement provincial. Jean Bruchési, avec ses "Coups d'ailes" récents. Henri Letondal, jeune auteur dramatique, qui a publié des croquis montréalais intitulés "Fantoches." Marcel Dugas, dont le dernier volume, "Confins" s'est malheureusement imprimé à font peu d'exemplaires. Henri Grignon (Valdombre) est l'auteur de

critiques littéraires violentes, et du premier numéro d'une série de cahiers.

Qu'on me pardonne de ne pas citer tous les jeunes littérateurs français du Canada dans cette courte nomenclature. La majorité des jeunes écrivains sont des poètes. Rien d'étonnant à cela si l'on songe que la poésie a toujours eu des amants nombreux et sincères et que Louis Veuillot a écrit laconiquement:

O prose, tant d'enfants trouvés?
Qui les a pondus et couvés
C'est toi; traîtresse.

—LAURENT SOREL

"POEMES DE CENDRE ET D'OR"

M. Paul Morin, le prestigieux poète du "Paon d'Email," publiera bientôt un nouveau volume de vers où les amis de sa muse seront heureux de retrouver tout le charme de son premier livre. Les "Poèmes de cendre et d'or" paraîtront en librairie vers la fin octobre. L'auteur a bien voulu nous permettre d'en extraire les délicieuses pièces: "Ah, j'ai longtemps rêvé de vous . . ." et "Midi vénitien" qui, nous n'en doutons pas, donneront aux lecteurs de ces pages le désir de connaître un livre tout rempli de pareils petits chefs-d'oeuvre.

AH, J'AI LONGTEMPS REVE DE VOUS. . .

Ah, j'ai longtemps rêvé de vous,
Mon enfantine fiancée,
Et c'est assise à vos genoux
Que ma jeunesse s'est passée.

Peau d'Ane, Agnelle, et Cendrillon,
Toutes trois de soleil coiffées. . . .
Lorsque j'étais petit garçon
Je n'aimais que de blondes fées;

Et bien avant d'avoir compris
La course éternelle vers l'Eve,
Parmi tous mes noms favoris
Votre nom chantait dans mon rêve.

Je savais le bruit de vos pas
Avant même de vous connaître,
Et si je ne connaissais pas
Le pays où vous deviez naître.

Je savais, du moins, qu'il serait
Une heure, brusquement divine,
Où mon coeur vous reconnaîtrait
En frémissant dans ma poitrine.

Cette heure fut lente à venir.
Hélas, quand je vous ai trouvée,
—O cruel et cher souvenir!—
Ma jeunesse était achevée.

Trop de pleurs et de labeur vain,
Trop de livres sous trop de lampes. . .
Quand tu mis ta main dans ma main
J'avais déjà du gris aux tempes.

Mais ce fut la fin des sanglots,
Et j'eus, en voyant ton visage,
Cette allégresse et ce repos
Qu'on ressent, après un voyage. . . .

—PAUL MORIN

MIDI VENITIEN

La péotte glissante et la barque amarrée,
La façade ducale et l'étroit carrefour,
Mirent dans le canal sonore, tour à tour,
Leur image mobile et leur ombre moirée.

Voici, mousse marine ou glycine nacrée,
Intrigue, ton pont courbe, et ton palais,
Amour. . .
Dans l'air bleu, douze fois, éclate sur la tour
L'heure d'or aux parfums de fruits et de marée.

La lente rame agite et mêle au flot changeant
Le reflet onduleux d'hippocampes d'argent
Dressés aux bords laqués et noirs de la gondole,

Et, tel un fastueux collier oriental,
Chaque goutte emprisonne, ardente girandole,
Tout l'azur irisé dans son coeur de cristal.

—PAUL MORIN

LIVRES RECUS

"Mon Encrier," Oeuvres de Jules Fournier (2 volumes, Madame Jules Fournier, Montréal).

"Histoire de la Baie-du-Febvre," M. l'abbé Jos.-Elz. Bellemare (1 volume, "La Patrie," Montréal).

"L'Anti-Féministe," comédie en un acte par J.-Eugène Corriveau (1 volume,) "L'Action catholique"), Québec.

L'abondance des matières nous force à remettre au prochain numéro une étude sur le livre de Jules Fournier.

Canadian Authors Association

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(Applications may be forwarded to the officers of any branch of the Association, or to B. K. Sandwell, Hon. Secretary, Canadian Authors Association, 703 Drummond Bldg., Montreal. Cheques should be made payable to Canadian Authors Association, and may be drawn on any Canadian branch of a chartered bank).

I hereby make application for election as

Regular
Associate Member of the Canadian Authors Association, and in the event of such election I agree
Life
to conform to the Constitution and By-laws of the Association.

My qualifications are:

(Give name of publication or publications in book or magazine form, with date; or play or scenario or other qualifying work).

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Name in full (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

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Canon Scott Sees the War

It is no part of the business of a critic to interest himself in the uses which are made of the money received from the sale of a certain book. But facts concerning the character and spirit of an author are fair material, especially when that author has gained the love and admiration of thousands, and his personality has thus become public property. And it is only as a light on the character of Canon Frederick George Scott that we here set down the fact that all the royalties from his book, "The Great War as I Saw It" (Goodchild, Toronto, $3), "are to be given to the Red Cross Society for the benefit of tubercular soldiers." Canon Scott, we know, feels that he could not have done otherwise, which merely shows that generosity is with him an irresistible impulse and not a calculated bid for temporal or eternal reward.

The book has 320 pages, and not a page without its gem of experience, either humorous, tragic or picturesque, but always intensely illuminating. Of General Hughes "his personality and his despotic rule hung like a dark shadow over the (Valcartier) camp;" and he "rode about with his aides-de-camp in great splendor like Napoleon." Of batmen "it is unwise to select batmen for their piety"—with sundry proofs. Of religious feeling at the front (and there have been large volumes written containing far less truth and good sense than these few words): "The truth is that there was a revelation to most men, in a broad way, of a mysterious soul life within, and of a huge responsibility to an infinite and eternal Being above. There was a revelation also, wide and deep, to many individual men, of the living force and example of Him who is both God and Brother-man." One could fill pages with quotations, but one more must suffice. It is the conclusion of the intensely moving story (told utterly without effort) of the shooting of a man who deserted his post at the front line: "If this book should fall into the hands of any man who, from cowardice, shirked his duty in the war and stayed at home, let him reflect that, but for the frustration of justice, he ought to have been sitting that morning, blindfolded and handcuffed, beside the prisoner on the box. HE was one of the originals and a volunteer."

War is a terrible thing, but the books in which it appears most intolerable are those written by men who were preoccupied with their own feelings. Canon Scott, who never thought of himself, found no occasion, even during the most terrible war in history, to distrust the goodness of God or the upward march of the human race.

Wilson, Harry Leon, "Merton of the Movies." Gundy, Toronto. $1.90. The tale of a small town store clerk who bursts into the glories of Los Angeles. Mr. Wilson has an easy and entertaining manner, not uninfluenced by his former associations with Mr. Tarkington, and his tale will amuse those who are curious about the life of the world's newest great industry.

SEVEN WONDERS.

The Christian Religion is taught from a Great Book.

Abraham Lincoln educated himself at night by reading a few good books.

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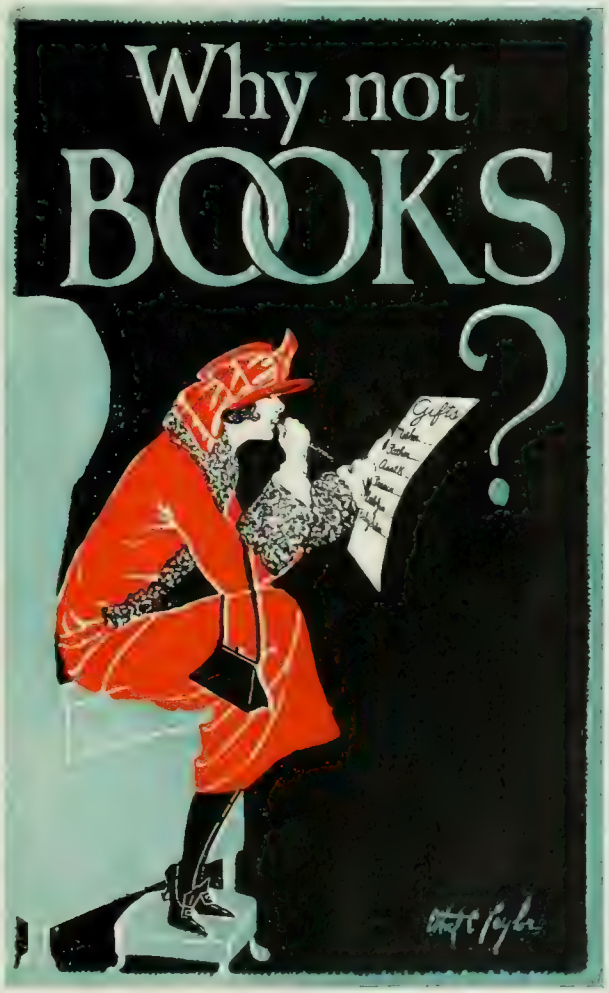

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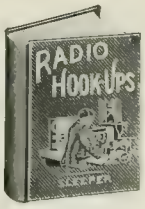

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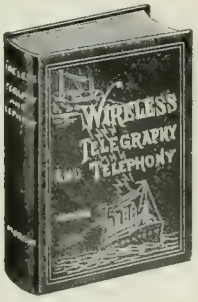

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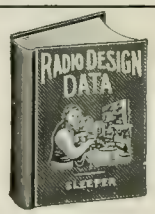

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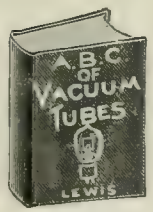

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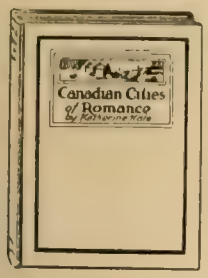

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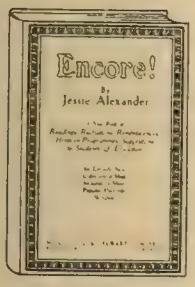

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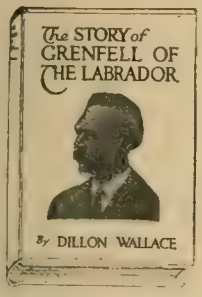

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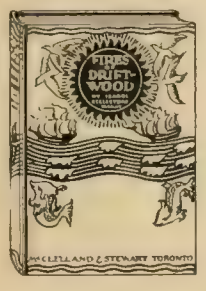

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A Book Week Message

CANADIAN Book Week was the subject of an address delivered in Montreal on October 19th by President J. Murray Gibbon of the Canadian Authors Association at the convention of the booksellers of Canada. What he had to say had an interest not only for booksellers but everybody having the interests of Canadian literature at heart. It was a message that will have the effect of widening the interest in Canadian Book Week.

President Chapman of the Booksellers' Association paid a warm tribute to Murray Gibbon and what he had been able to do with the co-operation of the C. P. R. in preserving historic points of interest in different parts of Canada, incidentally making mention of Gibbon's latest contribution to Canadian literature in "Pagan Love," a novel on the eve of publication.

Opening his address, Mr. Gibbon said:

"I understand the reason why I was invited to speak was so that you should hear something about Canadian Book Week. Before saying anything specific about that I should like to make some general remarks, not because I want to inflict a lecture upon you, but in order to make my point that the new interest taken in Canadian literature by the Canadian people is not something ephemeral, an affair of the moment, but is a natural step in the awakening of a national consciousness.

"Until recently, Canadian literature might very well be described in the simile which Sidney Smith uses in connection with a certain South American animal—the Sloth. According to Sidney Smith, this animal lives in trees and never leaves them, unless by accident. It lives not on the branches, but underneath them. It moves suspended, it rests and sleeps suspended, and all the life is thus passed in suspense, like a young curate, distantly related to a bishop. So, too, many of our Canadian authors have regarded with bated breath the author of London or New York. If ever they did acquire the energy to move out of the bush, it was to go to London or New York, and become British or American authors themselves.

CANADIAN BOOK WEEK —AND AFTER

THIS issue of "The Canadian Bookman" appears during Canadian Book Week. Speakers in all parts of Canada are addressing Canadian Clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis and other organizations. All this is being done through the instrumentality of the Canadian Authors Association with President Murray Gibbon, the central dynamic force bringing all these things about.

The effect of Canadian Book Week is cumulative. It is not restricted to the "week" itself. The greatest results will come in influencing people to choose books as Christmas gifts. That is the significance of the cover design of this issue,

Why Not Books?

"In this atitude of timid respect for others, the Canadian author has only followed in the footsteps of the authors of the United States. Historians all agree that the growth of a distinctive American literature was almost negligible until the Civil War. Previous to that war, the selling value of an American book depended on the stamp of English approval, and Fennimore Cooper actually pretended to be an English author in order to find a public for his first novel, 'Precaution.' The national interest in the literature of the United States received another great impetus through the inspiration of the Spanish-American War, and since the Great War came to an end in 1918, American fiction has become even more distinctive in language and in method and has obtained a more definitely home public than ever before.

"Now, to my mind, the national consciousness of Canada has received since 1914 as great an impetus as that of the United States received in the Civil War and the Spanish War combined, and we are to-day in Canada very much where the United States stood in 1900. Since 1900 a distinctly national school of American fiction has grown up, represented by such names as Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Ellen Glasgow, O. Henry, Gertrude Atherton, Frank, Charles and Kathleen Norris, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, and in a more popular vein, Stewart Edward White and Zane Grey.

Finding An Audience.

"Now, these authors were able to write and continued to write as they did because they found a public among their own people for works which were not written to please critics in London but which satisfied American publishers, American booksellers and American readers. Some of their works have been immensely successful in the United States, but have been complete failures in England. Their independence of the London critic has given them a freedom of expression which has made for progress. They found their public in the United States because the book readers in the United States were glad to read about themselves and their life, less about the romance and picturesqueness of the Old World, and were also interested to find

characters in fiction who talked some other language than the English spoken in Boston. The authors were appreciated by their own people because they, perhaps unconsciously, expressed the national spirit of their day, and no longer an imported spirit.

Demand for "Good" Books.

"To my mind, the same kind of spirit is arising in Canada, and Canadian publishers, and booksellers, are wise to recognize it and encourage Canadian authors to consider the Canadian market and not merely the market of New York or London, as has till recently been so largely the practice. This growth in national spirit is coincident with a rapid growth in educational facilities, and that means a growth in the book-reading public. The demand for more information about Canadian literature and Canadian authors last year during Canadian Book Week was astonishing. Over three hundred influential clubs and institutions in Canada asked for speakers on the subject during that week. The Canadian Clubs surely represent the best element in Canada. Practically every Canadian Club arranged a date for a speaker on Canadian literature in 1921 and is doing the same for 1922.

"That's all very well, someone may say, but are Canadians buying more Canadian books? The answer given to me by the publishers is that they are certainly buying more of what they call the 'good' Canadian books.

"One case that was instanced to me was that of Bliss Carman. Although Bliss Carman has been writing good poetry for over thirty years, no Canadian publisher, until last year, had the courage to issue a distinctively Canadian edition of Bliss Carman's poems. The edition was a comparatively large one, but it was exhausted within two months. Last year when Basil King came to Montreal for our first Canadian authors' convention, I asked him how his books went in Canada. He smiled and said, 'So few that I hardly count them.' To-day any bookseller who does not stock Basil King in Canada is very much behind the times. Again, the reputation of Maria Chapdelaine was made in Canada, long before it became a best seller in the United States.

Booksellers Are Guides.

"The fact that it is the good Canadian books that have had an impetus from this movement is a healthy sign. The public look largely to the booksellers for guidance, and it is on the booksellers that nine-tenths of the sale depends, particularly as our Canadian publishers have not yet been educated, like the American publishers, to the value of heavy advertising. The booksellers are evidently showing good judgment. I think this is the best kind of co-operation the Canadian author can get for the last thing we wish is to overload the bookseller or unload third-rate books upon the Canadian public just because these books are labeled Canadian. If the authors are not overblessed with riches, neither are the booksellers, many of whom find it takes all their time to make ends meet, and it is unfair to expect them to congest their counters with volumes that are not readily marketable. What the Canadian Authors' Association is trying to do is to create a market for and quicken the interest in Canadian books by developing new channels of publicity which we are particularly well equipped to do, and thus make it easier for the bookseller to handle the volumes that Canadian authors write. But unless the books offered you by Canadian authors are worth while, for heaven's sake don't waste your time or energy upon them.

Praise for Publishers.

"That some Canadian authors do write good books is evidenced by the reputation they have sought and made in other countries. Quite a number have achieved success in England and the United States, partly through lack of a market in their native Canada. In a recent volume on Contemporary American Literature, five out of the 240 writers selected as worth while Americans were born in Canada. This morning I received from George Locke, of the Toronto Public Library, the advance proof of a catalogue of current Canadian books which have proved or are likely to prove popular in the circulating division of the Public Libraries of Toronto. These total 169 books and cover every phase of literary activity.

JOHN MURRAY GIBBON
Who delivered the address reproduced herewith.

"One of the most satisfactory features of the new interest in Canadian literature is the increased pride taken by some of our Canadian publishers in the appearance and make-up of their Canadian books. Only yesterday I received through the mail from two fellow members of our association two new books produced by Canadian publishers. As a book buyer, I speak with feeling—I do think that the printing and binding and margins of a book have often as much to do with the sale as the contents. I don't know any books that are harder to resist, for instance, than the books produced by that wonderful bookseller, Thomas Mosher, of Portland. One English publisher told me that Mosher was a piratical printer, but, speaking as an author, I could forgive being pirated by Mosher just for the pleasure of seeing my book in beautiful type, paper and binding. A pretty child can look pretty in rags, but how much rather we would see that child daintily dressed in lovely fabrics.

"The two books I refer to are 'Fires of Driftwood' by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, and 'The Romance of Canadian Cities,' by Katherine Hale. Both are published by McClelland & Stewart, and I for one take my hat off to John McClelland for the splendid dress he is giving to our bright young Canadian literary children."

On motion of Mr. Burton of Montreal, seconded by A. H. Jarvis of Ottawa, a hearty vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Gibbon.

The Month's Canadian Books

"Neighbours," by Robert Stead (Hodder & Stoughton), is entirely new ground, and much richer and more productive ground, for the author of "The Cow-Puncher" and "Dennison Grant." In those books Mr. Stead was assiduously following in the trail, first of the Zane Grey fisticuff-heroics school, then of the Jack London economic-uplift writers. In "Neighbours" he is aiming much higher; his models are more like Hamlin Garland and other depicters of the peaceful aspects of present-day rural life on this continent. The book tells of the hegira of four nice young Ontarians, from some such place as Port Hope—the kind of place whence all that is best in Ontario character comes,—to new, unoccupied, territory north of Regina, where they start housekeeping two by two on their respective claims and within a year get themselves re-partnered like a bridge-table, for they trek Westward as two families of brother and sister, and soon change into two families of husband and wife. The narrative is very placid; there are no untoward events except love's ordinary misunderstandings; the relations with the surrounding homesteaders are amusing; and the whole picture is drawn with charming sympathy and much faithful observation. It is a quiet and (in its atmosphere) decidedly poetical idyll, which will much improve the ideas of many readers concerning the Canadian West. Some, of course, will be annoyed and will demand their R.N.W.M.P. West back again. Which reminds us that Mr. Stead has not wholly neglected the R.N.W.M.P. even in "Neighbours," he shows us one of them as he looks and acts in his peaceful moments, which are probably 99.999 per cent. of his time. This novel immensely increases our expectation of Mr. Stead's future attainments. "The Cow Puncher" made him a best-seller; "Neighbours" makes him an artist.

Another very striking example of progress among Canadian story-tellers is "Salt Seas and Sailormen" by Frederick William Wallace (also Hodder & Stoughton, $1.75). Captain Wallace's earlier work, for all its profound knowledge of and passionate affection for the sea and ships, had a certain stilled quality, as if he were not quite sure of his medium and were consciously practising what he saw others writers doing. There is little or none of this in the new volume, with its one long story of "The Sail Dragger," the daring young Boston fishing skipper who battered down and brought into port a whole shipload of Bolshevik revolutionary agents, and its shorter tales of the weird revenge taken on a murderous first mate, of the fight of the two schooners for a litter of black foxes, and (the best thing Wallace has ever done, a little masterpiece of sea literature) of the death and the burial of Jim Williams, the "stuns'l shellback," the last of the old clipper sailors, "sixty years at sea and never in steam." Uniform with this volume the publishers have reprinted "The Shacklocker," Wallace's earliest book, full of good tales of the Nova Scotia fishermen, and for some time past unobtainable. Do not, however, throw away your old copy; it was a small edition, and if the author goes on improving at this rate it may become rare.

Hodder & Stoughton are also responsible for "D'Arcy Conyers" by Bertal Heeney, whose name will be known, as that of a popular Anglican Canon in Winnipeg, to many who know not of his earlier book, "Pickanock." Its scenes are laid in the Gatineau Valley, in the city of Montreal and on Lake Simcoe. A genuine love for the scenes described is at once evident; but when it comes to depicting human beings in fiction one must have as well as love for them a very considerable power of insight and analysis, and of this the author shows small sign. D'Arcy himself is a puppet who behaves just as his author wishes him to but gives no other reason for anything he does. His fall into gambling and theft are as unexplained as his sudden repentance. Even the ethics of Canon Heeney's narrative appear to us to be open to question. In the closing chapter we see D'Arcy, who has just confessed to having stolen several thousand dollars, lost the money at play, ran away from Montreal and allowed his old mother to die of a broken heart in complete ignorance of his whereabouts—we see this D'Arcy, whom one would expect to be at least a trifle chastened for the time, entering and expressing a violent contempt for another young man of the community whose sin happened to be "in the Conyers standard of life the unpardonable sin," and had, we conjecture, something to do with sex. Canon Heeney assures us that because D'Arcy himself had duly observed one particular commandment, "the depths of his being were unsullied, his mind pure," notwithstanding his infractions of sundry others. These delicate distinctions between sins may be proper for the theologian, but are scarcely in the province of the narrative artist.

If "D'Arcy Conyers" is the work of a preacher turned novelist, "The Black Candle" (Allen, Toronto, $2) is the work of a novelist and essayist turned social reformer. And to tell the truth we resent this latter change a little. "Janey Canuck," otherwise Emily Ferguson, otherwise Judge Emily F. Murphy of the Edmonton Juvenile Court, is too fine a writer, with too delicate and polished a style, for us and posterity to yield her up graciously to the practical and ephemeral task of dealing with juvenile delinquents and stopping the sale of cocaine. Why must every good writer in Canada be swamped with executive tasks? Couldn't Edmonton have discovered a lady for Police Magistrate who had no literary instincts—or better still, one whose literary instincts needed to be discouraged? But it is useless to repine. The passion for executive work, for improving the community, has driven out the playful philosophy of those delicious essays "Westward Ho!" "Out West," "Polar Pencillings" and the rest (you know, of course, that Dent has done at least two of the Janey books in the neat Wayfarer's Library), and the mere lover of literature must content himself with such flashes of the old picturesqueness as the description of the after-visions of cocaine by an addict who wound up by telling how he had often been "chased far down the street by terribly hostile trees." The unliterary Police Magistrate and reformer whom we prayed for above would never have thought of recording that exquisite phrase. There is quite a little of that sort of thing to be thankful for in "The Black Candle," as well as the broadmindedness, the generosity, the fine wisdom which "Janey Canuck" can never lose, however profoundly she become immersed in practical affairs.

Mrs. Nellie McClung has done an Introduction to "The Drama of Life," by Thomas H. Mitchell (Allen, Toronto, $1.50), from which we gather that the book consists of addresses delivered from a pulpit in Alberta, though the author writes his preface from St. Andrew's Manse, New Westminster, B.C. He is a thinker, a wide reader and a judicious quoter, and these seven essays on the seven ages of man will stimulate many readers to their own thinking and their own research. Of how few sermons can that be said?

Sir Geoffrey Twining, K.C.M.G., official head of the Royal Engineers branch of the British Army, was certainly one of the half-dozen most distinguished natives of Canada in the records of the military forces of the mother-country. He died, suddenly and in the prime of life, in 1920, at the age of 58, and he had been in the R. E. from the age of 24. But Nova Scotia gave him his birth and his heredity, the R.M.C. at Kingston his education, Montreal railway shops his early struggles. Mary Christine Ritchie has written "Major General Sir Geoffrey Twining, a Biographical Sketch and the Story of his East African Diaries" (Chapman, Montreal; Macmillan, Toronto), and the result is a very sympathetic portrait of a most able and honorable officer, whose death was undoubtedly due to over-rain during the war. .

"The Romance of a Princess: A Comedy, and Other Poems," by Amy Redpath Roddick (John Dougall & Son, Montreal), is a highly romantic poetic comedy of the time and court of Charlemagne. Lady Roddick's facility in versification, and her sense of the picturesque, are once again exemplified. To the play are appended several pleasing poems descriptive of nature in the Southern States and elsewhere.

Dr. Annie L. Buck, of Port Rowan, Ont., has published "My Love's Garden," a brochure of some twenty short poems, probably written for the purpose of being employed with music as popular lyrics. Some of them restate the age-old truths in

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a rather novel and personal manner, as for example:

I would rather stand in an open boat
Than upon the stage of fame.
I would rather punt the boat along
Than be given a titled name
For great political deeds . . . . .

Paul Morin's Poemes de Cendre et d'Or will receive consideration in the French department of this magazine; but the importance both of the writer and of his particular volume necessitate mention here. M. Morin is an extraordinarily interesting writer, especially to other writers, and we have too few poets in Canada whose technique is such as to commend them to their fellow-poets. We urge all Canadians who are solicitous concerning the written word, and can appreciate any important part of its values in French, to study this book and its predecessor, "Le Paon d'Email."

THE I. O. D. E. PRIZES

IN order to encourage Canadian literature the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire is offering two prizes: the first of the value of $200 for the best short story, the second of the value of $100 for the best one-act play. These prizes will be offered annually for ten years. The conditions under which they will be awarded this year are as follows:

The Short Story.

1. It must not have been published before being submitted in this competition.

2. It must not contain less than two thousand words nor more than six thousand.

3. It must be typewritten on paper of letter size (8½ x 11 inches) and written on one side of the paper only.

4. It must be sent flat, not folded or rolled, have the author's "nom de plume" but not his or her real name on the title page, be registered and mailed to the National Educational Secretary, I.O.D.E., 238 Bloor St. East, Toronto.

5. A sealed envelope with the "nom de plume" printed or written clearly upon it and the author's name written on it must accompany the manuscript.

6. The manuscript must be submitted on or before April 1, 1923.

7. The writer must be a British subject.

8. The copyright of the story adjudged the best is to be vested in the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire with power to arrange for its publication in magazine or in book form or in both.

The Play

1. It must be a one-act play.

2. Its presentation on the stage should occupy not less than twenty minutes nor more than thirty minutes.

3. It must not have been published before being submitted in this competition.

Conditions 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, for the Short Story apply also for the play.

Names of the judges selected by members of the Canadian Authors Association will be announced at a later date.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

In appreciation of what John Murray Gibbon has done for the book trade of Canada as president of the Canadian Authors' Association, in promoting Canadian Book Week, a letter has gone out to all the booksellers from the office of President Chapman of the Booksellers' Association, with the suggestion that in getting behind Gibbon's new novel "Pagan Love," with extra selling effort, booksellers would be doing Mr. Gibbon a very good service. At the same time, the letter points out that this would be a good stroke of business.

For Children's Book Week

CHILDREN'S HOME LIBRARY.

AS a feature of Children's Book Week (Nov. 12-18), it is suggested that Librarians and Booksellers gather in the best rounding out of the accompanying list of 85 titles of children's books, so as to bring the total up to 100 titles, thus constituting

One Hundred Select Books for a Home Library for Children.

The titles already selected are:

Books for the Younger Children.

1. Nursery Rhyme Book.
2. Hey Diddle Diddle Picture Book. By Randolph Caldecott.
3. Tale of Peter Rabbit. By Beatrix Potter.
4. Marigold Garden. By Kate Greenaway.
5. Farm Book. By E. Boyd Smith.
6. Golden Goose Book. By L. Leslie Brooke.
7. Fables of Aesop.
8. Child's Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson.
9. Dutch Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins.
10. Little Lame Prince. By Miss Mulock.
11. Pied Piper of Hamelin. By Robert Browning.
12. Bible for Young People.
13. Pinocchio. By Carlo Lorenzini.
14. Wonder Book, and Tanglewood Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15. Nonsense Songs. By Edward Lear.
16. Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling.
17. Heidi. By Johanna Spyri.
18. In the Days of Giants. By Abbie Farwell.
19. Children's Book of Birds. By Oliver Thorne Miller.
20. Fairy Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen.
21. Household Stories. By the Grimm Brothers.
22. Alice's Adventures. By Lewis Carroll.
23. Heroes. By Charles Kingsley.
24. At the Back of the North Wind. By George MacDonald.
25. Arabian Nights.
26. Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings. By Joel Chandler Harris.
27. Water-Babies. By Charles Kingsley.
28. Queen's Museum. By Frank R. Stockton.
29. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlof.
30. Story of Dr. Doolittle. By Hugh Lofting.
31. What Happened to Inger Johanne. By Dikken Zwilgmeyer.
32. Swiss Family Robinson. By J. D. Wyss.
33. Peterkin Papers. By Lucretia P. Hale.
34. Peter Pan. By J. M. Barrie.
35. Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. By B. E. Stevenson.

Public Libraries and Bookstores should be ready with good big assortments of Books for Boys and Girls and Picture Books for the Kiddies. Children's Book Week, November 12th to 18th.

36. A Little Boy Lost. By W. H. Hudson.
37. Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling.
38. The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said. Py Padraic Colum.
39. Merrylips. By Beulah M. Dix.
40. Wonder Book of Old Romance. By F. J. Harvey Darton.

Books for the Older Boys and Girls.

41. Gulliver's Travels. By Dean Swift.
42. Hans Brinker. By Mary Mapes Dodge.
43. Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe.
44. Merry Adventures of Robin Hood. By Howard Pyle.
45. Men of Iron. By Howard Pyle.
46. Master Skylark. By John Bennett.
47. Rip Van Winkle, and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By Washington Irving.
48. Prince and the Pauper. By Mark Twain.
49. Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb.
50. Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow. By Allen French.
51. Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott.
52. Land We Live In. By O. W. Price.
53. Jan of the Windmill. By Juliana Horatia Ewing.
54. God's Troubadour. By Sophie Jewett.
55. Don Quixote. By Cervantes.
56. English Literature for Boys and Girls. By Henrietta E. Marshall.
57. Book of Discovery. By Margaret B. Synge.
58. Boy's Home Book of Science and Construction. By A. P. Morgan.
59. The Alhambra. By Washington Irving.
60. Boy's King Arthur. By Sir Thomas Malory.
61. Golden Numbers. Compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
62. Hero Tales from American History. By Lodge and Roosevelt.
63. Lance of Kanana. By H. W. French.
64. Story of a Bad Boy. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
65. Tom Brown's School Days. By Thomas Hughes.
66. Bird Neighbors. By Neltje Blanchan.
67. Captains Courageous. By Rudyard Kipling.
68. Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay.
69. Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt. By Herman Hagedorn.
70. Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson.
71. Jim Davis. By John Masefield.
72. Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott.
73. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana.
74. Little Duke. By Charlotte M. Yonge.
75. Adventures of Billy Topsail. By Norman Duncan.
76. Ramona. By Helen Hunt Jackson.
77. The Mutineers. By Charles B. Hawes.
78. Oregon Trail. By Francis Parkman.
79. Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens.
80. Story of My Boyhood and Youth. By John Muir.
81. Travels and Adventures of Raphael. Pumpelly.
82. Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By Mark Twain.
83. Shasta of the Wolves. By Olaf Baker.
84. Treasure of the Isle of Mist. By W. W. Tarn.
85. Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore.

The American Library Association, 78 E. Washington St., Chicago, will supply extra copies of this list on request.

To supplement this list there might well be a special list of Canadian juvenile books. This would give Canadian Public Libraries and Bookstores a chance to make the idea of taking a popular vote in each community all the more interesting.

Canadian Librarians and Booksellers are requested to have such votes take in their respective communities, forwarding the tabulated results to "The Canadian Bookman," 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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Author of "Neighbors Henceforth," published by Macmillan's.

Recent Canadian Books

AN important innovation and one of great value in connection with Canadian Book Week, is the preparation of the following list of recent Canadian books for the Department of Education of Ontario. The lists were prepared under the direction of Dr. Locke, Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, based, in the main, on books which have proved popular in the circulating library.

CANADIAN CLASS BOOKS.

Topics of Current Interest.

"Education of the New Canadian," J. T. M. Anderson. The needs of the immigrant and the function of the Public School.

"A Study in Canadian Immigration" W. G. Smith. An historical survey, concluding with practical suggestions.

"The Challenge of Agriculture; the Story of the United Farmers of Ontario," M. H. Staples.

"The Canadian Commonwealth," Agnes Laut. A study of present-day conditions.

"Canada at the Cross Roads," Agnes Laut. Constructive criticism and the interpretation of Canadian problems.

"Canada: An Actual Democracy," Viscount Bryce. The chapters on Canada reprinted from "Modern Democracies."

"The Fiscal and Diplomatic Freedom of the British Overseas Dominions," Edward Porritt. The greater part of the book is devoted to Canada, "the pioneer in all the stages of the evolution of the young nations of the Empire."

"Canadian Constitutional Studies," Sir Robert Borden. Contains an authoritative exposition of Canada's national status.

"The British Empire and World Peace," Hon. N. W. Rowell. Describes Canada's place in the League of Nations and her contributions to world peace.

"The Black Candle," Emily Murphy. Exposes the perils of the drug traffic.

"The Destiny of Britain and America," The Roadbuilder.

"The United States and Canada," George M. Wrong. A political study.

History and Biography.

"Ontario Public School History of Canada," George M. Wrong. A new edition.

"Canada (Story of the Nations)," Sir John Bourinot. Revised to date.

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"Reminiscences of a Raconteur; Between the '40's and the '20's," George H. Ham. Gossipy recollections of men, women and events.

"Recollections of a Police Magistrate," George T. Denison.

"Reminiscences, Political and Personal," Sir John Willison.

"The Making of a Premier," Owen McGillicuddy. Life of the Hon. W. L. M. King.

"Correspondence of Sir John A. Macdonald," Sir Joseph Pope, Ed.

"Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier," Oscar Skelton.

"Introduction to the History of History," J. T. Shotwell. "The New Republic" says of the author: "He is almost unrivalled among historians in his knowledge of the social sciences as a group."

Travel and Description.

"In a Fishing Country," W. H. Blake. The translator of "Maria Chapdelaine" describes old days in the Murray Bay district.

"Canadian Cities of Romance," Katherine Hale. Descriptions of our chief cities.

"The Drama of the Forest," Arthur Heming. Romance and adventure illustrated by the author with reproductions from his paintings owned by the Royal Ontario Museum.

"With Gun and Rod in Canada," P. H. Moore. A treasury of hunting-lore.

"Wild Life in Canada," Angus Buchanan. A record of an expedition in the far north of Saskatchewan.

"Over Prairie Trails," F. P. Grove.

"The Laurentians: The Hills of the Habitant," T. M. Longstretch. Describes the country of Maria Chapdelaine.

"A Thousand Miles From a Post Office," Rt. Rev. Bishop Lofthouse. Life in the Hudson Bay district.

"The Northward Course of Empire," V. Stefansson. The potential value of the Arctic regions.

"The Friendly Arctic," V. Stefansson. "The Geographical Review" says of this book: "The most fascinating book of polar exploration yet written in any language."

The Old Country Through Canadian Eyes.

'My Discovery of England," Stephen Leacock.

"Over 'Ere and Back Home," Peter Donovan.

"Unnoticed London," Elizabeth Montizambert.

"The Pomp of Power," Laurance Lyon. Published anonymously in England, this book has been called "the book of the year." It takes us behind the scenes with European public men and shows the inner history of many recent events.

The War.

"Canada's Hundred Days," J. F. B. Livesay. The story of the Canadian Corps from Amiens to Mons, Aug. 8 Nov. 11, 1918.

"The Great War as I Saw it," Canon F. G. Scott.

Books Which Illuminate Our History.

"Before the White Man Came," M. Burkholder. Legends and stories of the Indians of Canada.

"Indian Legends of Vancouver Island," A. Carmichael.

"Pioneer Life Among the Loyalists in Upper Canada," W. S. Herrington.

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"Birds of Peasemarsh," E. L. Marsh.

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"Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," S. T. Wood.

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"Little Foxes," E. A. Henry. Talks to boys and girls by a Toronto minister.

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"The Canadian School Geography," George A. Cornish. With its accompanying volume of maps this ranks high among the best popular geographies.

CANADIAN FICTION.

Adventure Stories.

"The Return of Blue Pete," Luke Allan. Further adventures of this most original cowboy character.

"The King's Arrow," H. A. Cody. Adventure and romance in United Empire Loyalist days.

"The Country Beyond," James Oliver Curwood. A thrilling story of the adventurous north.

"The Lobstick Trail," Douglas Durkin. A man's story of the great open ways of the Hudson Bay.

"D'Arcy Conyers," Bertal Heeney. From the beautiful Gatineau hills to the regions of Lake Simcoe, one follows with interest the adventures of D'Arcy.

"The Quest of Alistair," Robert Allison Hood. A ranch story of British Columbia.

"The Fleet of the Golden Funnels," D. R. L. Howarth. A romantic tale of the trading-posts of the Northwest.

"The Timber Pirate," Charles C. Jenkins. An adventure of the pulp and paper mills of Lake Superior.

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"The Fighting Starkley's," Theodore Goodrich Roberts. Adventure in the north woods.

"Hidden Places," Bertrand Sinclair. A romance of northern British Columbia.

"The Doom Trail," Arthur D. H. Smith. A well written story of the fur-traders of the north.

"The Story of Grenfell of the Labrador," Dillon Wallace. An entertaining story for boys.

"Salt Seas and Sailormen," Frederick William Wallace. Tales of seafaring life, full of fresh, briny wind.

"The Shack Locker," Frederick William Wallace. Tales for those who would go down to the sea in ships.

"Spoilers of the Valley," Robert Watson. A story of the Okanagan Valley, B.C., and the land boom.

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Recent Fiction for Girls

By Annie I. M. Jackson

IN regard to girls' reading, we children's librarians can surely sympathize with the anxiety of our thirteen-year-old Rebecca recently confided to her club leader concerning the literary tastes of a slightly older sister. "She's got now a book called 'Ishmeal'," she remarked, "and I just thought I'd see what it was like, and really I don't see how people can read such stuff; why, the men are so artificial and they love something terrible." We may smile at the youthful criticism, but it is a matter of grave importance that we give our younger girls the literary background that will prevent such choice of reading when they graduate into the adult department. And because so great is the need for girls' books of outstanding worth or of sufficient merit to lead to something better, we watch new publications with keen and hopeful interest.

Unfortunately, there is little in the recent output that can be of more than passing use to us. Taking as our basis of comparison older books like "Little Women," "Castle Blair," "Merrylips" and others, that have a permanent place in the children's rooms of our libraries, we find the new publications to be lacking many things—strong characterization, local color and historical atmosphere, delicate humor, unquestionable standards and the want of elements that stimulate the mind, quicken the imagination or appeal to a sense of the beautiful. Instead, there is too often an undercurrent of snobbishness, an emphasis on superficial appearances and the desirability of wealth and all it can procure. I am not insinuating that all the later books are poor and all the earlier ones good, but with older publications we have had time to sift the desirable from the undesirable, whereas with more recent ones it requires vigilance to keep out the worthless from our collections and to determine the relative value of those we admit. This paper is, therefore, an attempt to review the output of fiction for girls during the past couple of years, and to show where, in my judgment, various titles stand.

As a sample of the undesirable type in its most exaggerated form, there is "Pemrose Lorry, campfire girl," by Isabel Hornibrook. The opening paragraph gives an idea of the style: "The girl—the fifteen-year-old campfire girl, all but sixteen now—to whom mammy moon had been the fairy foster-mother of her childhood, ever since she lay wakeful in her little cot looking up at that silvery face of a burnt-out satellite, picturing it the gate of Heaven and her mother's spirit as bathed in the soft lunar radiance behind it—caught her breath with a wild little gasp, whose triumph was a sob upon the still labratory air." Though we are told how in contemplating the success of her father's invention, probably in "some matchless moment of beauty," Pemrose "in the darkness felt the eyes of the whole world upon her—its joint ear bent to catch the wild triumphal song-sob of her heart," yet we are scarcely prepared for the consummation of the last chapter, when the rocket, calculated to travel to the moon, goes off, and they saw—actually saw—the first of the heavenly bodies reached—saw the blue powder flame light up the face of the silver queen they loved," while the youth at Pemrose's side breathes something about "some day shooting off there together." It becomes necessary either to correct our previous impressions of fact, or else to make allowances for the author's poetical imagination, unless we put it all down to the long-distant range of Pemrose's blue eyes, remembering the impression they had once made on a boy scout. "Stud had not thought a girl's eyes could be so blue—it almost gave him 'the willies,' their remote, peculiar sky-glow, as if afar—afar—they were seeing things." We realize what very phlegmatic creatures most of us are, when in a group of normal camp-fire girls, a simple signal from a neighboring camp of boy scouts, causes "a triumphant cry in each gasping throat," but even so, being bird-lovers, some of us, we are oused to a little resentment to be old that a girl's cry "gibbered in her throat liquid as the thrush note in terror for its mate." And we are to suppose that the object of this book is to encourage a love of sport and the out-of-doors, an interest in scientific pursuits and wholesome ideals of conduct! One laughs at the absurdities, but also one could almost weep that such utter trash should ever get into print.

Compared with "Pemrose Lorry," "Treasure Mountain," by Edna Turpin, is very mild. Many of the same elements are present—melodrama, snobbishness, money the final salvation, but in "Treasure Mountain" a little more real out-of-door atmosphere, an attempt to teach an interest in and a care for the preservation of wild flowers, an absence of sentimentality in the companionship of boys and girls, together with a much less overwrought style, save it from the condemnation into which "Pemrose Lorry" falls.

"The Camp at Gravel Point," by Clara I. Judson, is a few degrees better. The book gives a true picture of ordinary high school girls with an interest in athletics and outdoor activities, notably holding up to ridicule the "crush" phase through which so many girls pass, while there is sufficient incident and adventure to make a good story. There is, however, nothing to arouse an interest in the finer joys of out-of-doors—woodland lore and the love of nature for nature's self. For this we must turn to "Kit, Pat and a Few Boys," by Gilchrist, whose book, "The Camerons of Highborough," was similar in character and incident, and equally well written. Personally, I liked the later one better. In both there is the awakening and transformation, through wholesome companionship and environment, of a sophisticated city miss into a girl with appreciation, not only of the joy and beauty of out-of-doors, but also of relative values in conduct and character. What I liked particularly was the lack of exaggeration without detracting from the story-interest. The adventures were of the sort that might happen any day among campers—no close-up encounters with prowling wild beasts or falling into death-traps in unexplored caves, but full of the thrills and delights that really do come from roughing it in the wilds. These two Gilchrist books are, in my opinion, among the best of their kind.

"When Light-Houses Are Dark," by Ethel Brill, is an out-of-door adventure tale of quite a different and less common variety—a castaway story with a heroine, as well as heroes. It is quite as good as Kneeland's "Smuggler's Island," if not better, and although of no special literary merit, possible in the ordering of events and natural in its picture of the monotonous winter spent on a Lake Superior island, and in its effect upon the spirits of the not always cheerful or hopeful or even good-tempered castaways. Its chief value is that it may serve to introduce girls to some of the best boys' adventure stories—always a desirable step.

(To be concluded in December issue.)

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CANADIAN MOTION PICTURES.

Ernest Shipman is confining all his Canadian motion picture activities to reproductions of published stories by Canadian authors. In association with various Canadian producing units, he has already screened "The Rapids," by Alan Sullivan; "The Forcigner," "Corporal Cameron," "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days" by Ralph Connor; and "Blue Water" by Frederick William Wallace.

Other Canadian stories scheduled for film production in the near future are "Bulldog Carney" by W. A. Fraser; "Viking Blood" by Frederick William Wallace; "Black Rock" and "The Prospector" by Ralph Connor; "Every Man for Himself" by Hopkins Moorehouse; "The Heart of Cherry MacBain" by Douglas Durkin; "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" by Robert Alison Hood; and "The Homesteader" by Robert J. C. Stead.

As a result of Mr. Shipman's announcement in last issue of "The Canadian Bookman," arrangements have already been made whereby Frederick William Wallace will sojourn for a time in Newfoundland securing data for a fictional romance of the Oldest Colony, with a view to film production which will be made during the summer of 1923.

This effort upon Mr. Shipman's part is most laudatory and will give a distinct impetus to introducing the works of Canadian writers to a world's market.

Hume, Ethel, "Judy of York Hill," Toronto: Thomas Allen, $1.75.

This novel by a new Canadian author has been exceptionally well received, notably by the head of the American Library Associations department having to do with books for young people.

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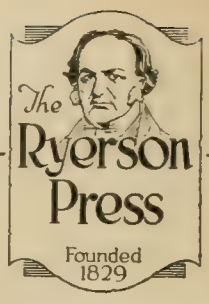

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89 Resolved, That the Labor Unions, As They Now Exist, Are on the Whole Beneficial to the American People.
90 Resolved, That the Policy of Collective Bargaining Through Trade Uuions, Should Prevail in the United States. (Neg.).
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THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

FRENCH SECTION

Editorial Committee: Mde W. A. Huguenin, Mme. E. Circé-Côté and P. Alfred Daviault.

Prière d'adresser la correspondance, pour tout ce qui concerne la rédaction et l'administration, à M. P.-Alfred Daviault, 559, rue Chambord, Montreal.

EN REGARDANT L'AVENIR . . .

Nos horizons s'élargissent. Le souci clairement manifesté par nos dirigeants d'améliorer l'enseignement du haut en bas de l'échelle nous permet de croire aux destinées des générations qui lèvent. Nous ne saurions trop louer le gouvernement actuel du Québec qui s'est donné la belle tâche de faire mériter à notre minorité le titre d'élite intellectuelle du Canada auquel nous prédestinent nos origines latines. Alors que le gouvernement qui l'a précédé s'est appliqué à développer nos ressources matérielles, à sillonner la province de routes remarquables, à ouvrir des cantons nouveaux aux colons, celui-ci, autorisé par l'état de prospérité de la province, dirigé par un homme d'une haute culture intellectuelle, et que secondent l'activité énergique et l'enthousiasme fécond d'un tout jeune ministre de l'Instruction et des Beaux-Arts, n'hésite pas à se créer de nouvelles ressources, de façon à accomplir dans le domaine de l'éducation nationale, le rôle qu'il s'est tracé. Et ce rôle est l'encouragement à l'étude, la reconnaissance des talents méritoires, et la création de bourses qui permettent à nos jeunes professionnels d'aller se spécialiser, dans les grandes universités étrangères, notamment en France. Tous les ans, nous voyons nombre de nos jeunes médecins, au prix de sacrifices très lourds, mais conscients de leur valeur, et de la nécessité d'ajouter à leur éducation classique et universitaire, se diriger vers la France à laquelle ils aspirent depuis longtemps. Les bourses crées par le gouvernement Taschereau faciliteront la poursuite de ces études si appréciées, et espérons qu'elles seront uniquement distribuées parmi les jeunes gens méritoires que la fortune n'a pas encore favorisés, et qui méritent, à tous les titres, l'attention de nos mécènes. Dans un pays comme le nôtre, où les fortunes sont rares, surtout chez les intellectuels et les professionels, plus épris d'idées que d'affaires, il se trouve dans nos milieux les plus distingués sous le rapport de l'éducation, des jeunes gens aptes à servir merveilleusement la science et leur pays, pourvu qu'on leur donne l'appui qui permet l'ascension à la supériorité. Cet appui, le gouvernement de notre vieux Québec veut le donner largement, et nous pouvons espérer que les résultats en seront brillants.

Mais afin de rendre effective toute cette générosité officielle, il faut aussi préparer à ces spécialistes que la France nous rendra, leur vraie place dans le domaine scientifique, afin que le pays profite de leurs travaux et de leurs études. Si nous comprenons bien, le but essentiel du gouvernement Taschereau, en disptosan généreusement de bourses pour les universités françaises, est la préparation des professeurs de l'avenir dans les domaines où chacun se sera spécialisé. Ainsi nous concentrerons des forces qu'il convient de ne pas laisser se disperser. Il n'est naturellement pas question de bouleverser, les services actuellement dirigés par des autorités, mais de ménager tout simplement les successions, de façon à assurer le succès de nos corps scientifiques, et à accentuer ne plus vigoureusement notre marche vers le progrès. La répartition des bourses, cette année, indique clairement du souci de fortifier chaque branche médicale, puisque nous voyons favoriser les études en chirurgie, laboratoire, maladies infantiles, et les maladies nerveuses et mentales. Cette spécialité s'impose à l'attention, puisque de plus en plus nos cours de justice auront besoin des services d'experts pour discerner de la culpabilité des accusés, et que ces experts ne pourront jamais disposer de trop de connaissances et médicales et légales pour remplir un rôle utile et provoquer des solutions justes. Si le côté médical est l'objet de spéciales attentions de la part du gouvernement Taschereau, nous aurions tort de croire que les autres branches scientifiques, les arts et la littérature soient négligés. Dans tous les domaines de l'activité intellectuelle l'attention de M. David, le brillant Secrétaire de la Province, s'exerce judicieusement. Il convient de signaler parmi les récentes créations du ministère provincial, celle d'une Ecole des Beaux-Arts où, tout d'abord, des ouvriers d'art vont se former, de façon à ce que dans toutes les branches de nos industries, nous puissions employer des hommes du pays, pourvus d'une compétence égale à celle des Européens et des Américains. Cette innovation va marquer un grand progrès, qui nous permettra de soutenir la concurrence, non-seulement sur notre propre marché, mais encore avec les pays étrangers.

Tous ces prix, nous demande-t-on, doivent-ils aller à de jeunes gens, et dans certains cas, le gouvernement ne pourrait-il prêter son aide à des personnes qui ont déjà fourni de l'expérience, et manifesté des qualités pour telle ou telle spécialité?

Cette réflexion nous était déjà venue au sujet du prix de musique toujours accordé à un élève, alors que bien souvent des professeurs l'accepteraient, heureux de cette occasion d'aller se retremper dans une atmosphère vraiment artistique et de puiser les connaissances qui permettent d'améliorer les méthodes et d'élever le niveau de l'enseignement.

Ce sont là des problèmes qui sollicitent l'attention que nos gouvernants ne manqueront pas de leur accorder. L'essentiel est que ces faveurs soient accordées à de véritables valeurs intellectuelles et morales, qu'elles soient dispensées à des spécialistes sérieux, et non à des fantoches, et qu'un contrôle soit exercé, de manière à ce que les boursiers emploient leur temps et leur travail à s'outiller pour l'avenir, en vue de rendre à leur pays les services qu'il attend d'eux.

Nous voyons donc luire toute une ère de progrès, grâce à ces heureuses innovations qui nous promettent pour l'avenir toute une pléiade d'hommes formés à bonne école. Il faudra savoir utiliser ces hommes, à leur retour chez-nous, et leur donner l'occasion de témoigner qu'ils ont su acquérir une science solide et puissante, ou un art profond et compris Autrement, tous ces efforts resteraient stériles au point de vue du progrès général, et ne serviraient qu'à rendre la vie plus aimable et plus facile à quelques-uns, sans favoriser l'avancement de la race, le développement des sciences et des arts, et l'élévation,au niveau supérieur, de l'enseignement artistique et scientifique.

"Formons des spécialistes" a décidé le gouvernement Taschereau qui s'est attaché là à une bien belle et méritoire tâche. Et nous ajouterons: "Faisons de ces spécialistes les professeurs et les experts de demain, afin que ces hommes rendent vraiment à leur pays, la part de leur travail et de leur talent qu'en bon patriote, ils doivent lui offrir."

Nous ne saurions assez hautement louer le gouvernement qui manifeste de si nobles préoccupations envers l'éducation, car n'oublions pas que non content de s'occuper généreusement de l'enseignement supérieur, ce même gouvernement a déjà accordé aux études secondaires, des montants considérables qui permettront de grandes améliorations dans les collèges classiques du Québec.

Il reste à doter les institutrices et les instituteurs de nos campagnes de salaires raisonnables et équitables. Comment s'y prendront le Premier Ministre et M. David pour accomplir tous ces bienfaits, alors que les municipalités scolaires ont jusqu'ici mainifesté tant de mesquinerie et de mauvaise volonté? Nous n'en savons rien, mais ils réussiront parce qu'ils sont des hommes de pensée et d'action, et qu'ils ont à cœur d'élever leur province jusqu'aux destinées qui l'appellent! —Madeleine.

(De la Revue Moderne).

UN BEAU LIVRE DE POESIES

"Les Signes sur le Sable," poemes d'Emile Coderre, Preface de M. Alphonse Desilets

Ce livre est un hommage à la gloire du rêve, aux bienfaits de la solitude et à la douceur de l'amour. C'est l'œuvre d'un jeune à qui la haute culture artistique et littéraire ont permis de produire un des plus beaux livres qui aient été publiés depuis quelques années. Ses poèmes sont délicats, élégants par la forme et d'inspiration élevéc. L'originalité qui les caractérise ne dépare en rien la profondeur de la pensée et l'évocation des images. Tous les amants de la saine et pure poésie aimeront l'œuvre et l'artisan.

Le poète s'adresse aux âmes qui affectionnent la méditation devant la grande nature, à ceux qui se complaisent dans la vie intérieure, à ceux qui souffrent, qui aiment et qui recherchent ce qui fait le charme de la vie, le beau dans le bien. L'auteur des "Signes sur le Sable" s'élève d'un seul coup vers les hauteurs de la saine et belle littérature. Il se range dès son premier recueil parmi les meilleurs et les plus aimés de nos poètes du Canada-français. On fera une fête à ce premier-né que notre lauréat québecois M. Alphonse Desilets, présente au public dans une jolie préface.

La toilette typographique de ce livre est attrayante, dans les deux éditions. Le tirage régulier a été fait sur papier Off set, simili-parchemin blanc et se vend 80 sous l'exemplaire. L'édition de luxe sur Byronic superfin, nuance crême, numératée de I à 200 contien un portrait de l'auteur en hors-texte, sur cépia froment, et se vend $1.25 l'exemplaire.

On peut adresser les commandes, par chèque ou bon postal, à l'auteur M. Emile Coderre, 177 rue Marquette, Montréal, ou encore à M. Alphonse Desilets, 35 avenue Cartier, Québec.

SI VOUS VOULEZ CHANTER . . .

Si vous voulez chanter, il faut aimer d'abord:
Aimer le ciel d'azur où se perdent nos rêves,
Aimer la mer immense aux flots battant les grèves,
Aimer le bent qui verce au loin les moissons d'or.

Si vous voulez chanter, il faut aimer d'abord
Tout ce que Dieu créa pour embellir la vie,
La terre généreuse à nos soins asservie
Qui sait donner le pain à qui sème l'effort.

Si vous voulez chanter il faut pleurer d'abord.
Oui, sachez-le poète, on pleure quand on aime.
Les larmes, voyez-vous, sont la note suprême
Qui traduit tout l'amour en un sublime essor.

—Emile Coderre.
"Les Signes sur le Sable."

"AUX TEMPS HEROIQUEA"

Poèmes par l'abbé Arthur Swindon, p.s.s., 1 vol. 286 pages et 12 hors-texte en demi-ton d'après les tableaux de l'auteur. $1.00.

Dans ce volume, le poète à écrit, en marge de notre histoire, des vers de bonne facture et animis d'un grand sentiment patriotique. M. Swindon n'a pas produit des poèmes où passe un grand souffle épique; mais il sait nous communiquer son émotion it il a parfois des accents qui nous touchent profondément. Et c'était là, nous semble-t-il, son seul but. Il l'a atteint. Au point de une matériel. "Aux Temps héroiques" est un beau volume illustré avec goût.

L'HISTOIRE

"La famille Chouinard—Histoire et généalogie," par Jacques de Gaspé—1 vol. XCVI—336 pages; nombreuses gravures. $1.25.

Oeuvre de patiente et vaste érudition, où l'outeur présente l'histoire très documentée de l'une des belles familles canadiennes, qui a fourni dans l'espace de 225 ans plus de 6,000 descendants, depuis l'arrivée de Jacques Chuisnard, venant de Beaumont-la-Rouce, chantée par Ronsard. En plus de la généalogie de cette famille, remarquable nou seulement par le nombre mais aussi par les hommes éminents qu'elle a donnés au pays, ce livre contient un tableau vivant et fidéle de la vie de nos ancêtres. Il est écrit en une langue correcte et il est bien ardouné. La préface que M. H. J. B. Chouinard, docteur ès lettres a écrite pour ce volume dénote un esprit fin et cultivé.

Some prominent people in connection with the final days of the All-Canada Prize Novel Competition, won by Gordon Hill Grahame, with "The Bond Triumphant." From left to right: F. F. Appleton, manager of Hodder & Stoughton and the Musson Book Co.; Professor Ralph Hodder-Williams, chairman of the Judging Committee; S. Morgan Powell, noted reviewer of the Montreal Star; Charles J. Musson, Canadian publisher and chief mover in the awarding of a Canadian prize, and C. C. Jenkins, newspaper novelist and professional reader, representing "MacLean's Magazine."

The Toronto Public Library has opened a Library for Boys and Girls at 40 St. George Street, which is the first of its kind in Canada and the second in America.

Henry, E. A., D.D.—"Little Foxes." Toronto: Thomas Allen.

Here is a Canadian book of five-minute bed-time stories deserving of selection by Canadian parents for the real service which Dr. Henry has done them in providing stories so bright, so original and so wholesome for little listeners.

W. LACEY AMY (LUKE ALLEN)
Author of "The Return of Blue Pete," another tale of the Royal Mounted.

Books for the Little Folks

Children need books, but they need good books. The books listed here have been chosen with the future of the Canadian boy and girl in mind. They are safe books, the kind you can heartily recommend, and will help make for you a big success of Children's Book Week.

The Arabian Nights
Padraic Colum. $2.75.
Beautifully illustrated tales of wonder and magnificence, presenting the picture of the life and literature of those far off days as complete and varied as possible.

The Turned About Girls
Beula Marie Dix. $2.00.
It is about Lacquline, a headstrong tomboy, and Caroline, a timid music loving child.

The Children Who Followed the Piper
Padraic Colum. $2.00.
They follow him, according to the famous old story, to the other side of the hill. There the most magical adventures begin.

Solario, the Tailor
Jennie Hall. $2.25.
A delightful story of the magical adventures of the old man in the Spangled Coat.

Including Mother
Margaret Ashmun. $2.00.
Miss Ashmun's new book is about two young girls and a temperamental young mother, in a new-old house, in a town near New York.

Wisp: A Girl of Dublin
Katharine Adams. $2.00.
Wisp is the story of a little Dublin girl of fourteen who lives in a dingy tenement called Jeffers Court.

Working Through at Lincoln High
Joseph Gollomb. $2.00.
Jimmie Lee was glad to be through with school. Work pleased Jimmy and when, by great luck, it was newspaper work, it pleased him even more.

Puppy Dogs' Tales
Selected and Edited by Frances Kent. $1.65.
Splendid bedtime stories full of many pictures of real puppies, kittens, ponies, donkeys, parrots, lambies, goats, etc.

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Constance Johnson. $2.00.
A story of a wonderful vacation in California, by three real children, Mary, Dave and Trix.

Dutch Courage and Other Stories
Jack London. $2.00.
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Rainbow Gold
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Gaylord Johnson. $1.50.
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Written and Illustrated by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell. $1.10.
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CANADIAN BOOKMAN

To Our Readers

IT is proposed to broaden the scope of "The Canadian Bookman" and the management invites the co-operation of all the readers of the journal in helping to make it increasingly interesting and helpful to the cause of literature in Canada

An announcement regarding editorial policy and activities centering about "The Canadian Bookman" will be made in the January issue.

--The Publishers

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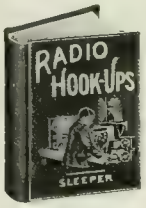

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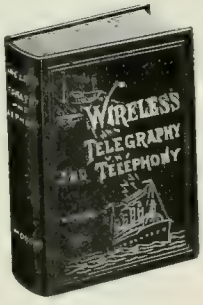

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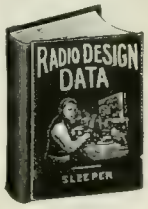

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The Second Book Week

IT would be quite impossible within the limits of this magazine to present anything like an adequate account of the innumerable activities by means of which the members of the Canadian Authors Association, from end to end of this Dominion, and in many places outside of it, strove during Canadian Book Week to assert the utility of a national literature and the need of co-operation between authors and public for its production. Not a branch of the Association failed to throw itself into this work with energy and conviction, and with methods and devices peculiar to its own local character and the special needs of its territory. It is in work of this kind that the unique constitution of the Association, with its strong central authority for dealing with national questions and its constant emphasis on local autonomy for the branches in all other matters, is seen at its best. In the organizing of Canadian Book Week the head office could do little except determine the date, enter into understandings with one or two other national bodies (notably the Librarians), offer a few suggestions as to methods and text for propaganda, and give the word Go. The real work was done by the locals. Probably from four to five hundred persons participated actively in the campaign of oratory, library exhibits, bookstore displays and other devices by which the Week was this year carried on. The newspapers of the country were literally loaded for three weeks or more with articles on Canadian books and Canadian authors, and with reports of speeches on similar subjects. Nearly a hundred members of the Association spoke, some of them to as many as eight or ten audiences. The retail book trade, under the leadership of Mr. A. T. Chapman of Montreal, co-operated most judiciously, with full recognition of the fact that the Week's object was not a commercial one, that of the selling of books, but rather a spiritual one, that of promoting a more sympathetic relation between Canadians and their authors.

The chief share of the head office in the observance consisted in the booking of certain long-distance tours for speakers, notably those of Mr. Basil King through the Maritime Provinces, and Dr. Archibald MacMechan in Ontario. Both of these tours we believe to have been productive of very important results. Mr. King was given an extraordinary welcome on his return to the land of his boyhood and youth, and left wherever he went a profound sense of literature as something going on in the hearts and minds of the people as a whole and not of their authors alone. Dr. MacMechan brought to Ontario the story of the early and intensely native development of literature in his adopted Province of Nova Scotia—a literature which was the natural fruit of a high local culture. Ontario had also the advantage of several addresses by Mr. H. Gerald Wade of Winnipeg; and the presence of Judge Emily Murphy in the East, though not due to Book Week, was taken advantage of by several branches of the Association. We cannot refrain from mentioning the names of three branch officers who (aided ,as we are well aware, by devoted fellow-workers), seem to have achieved really surprising results, though in naming them we are perhaps doing injustice to equally brilliant workers at a greater distance from the head office. But any association which can enlist the services of such executives as Mrs. Madge Macbeth in Ottawa, Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs in Toronto, and Miss J. G. Sime in Montreal, can count on "getting things done." It is perhaps not inappropriate to remark that both of the ladies in question, in their different metiers, are striving sincerely and successfully to put something of the real Canada into the Canadian novel, and that Mr. Eayrs, once a writer and now a publisher, has shown exceptional courage and enterprise in bringing out the works of new Canadian writers.

French Verse From the West

WE desire to draw the attention of all our readers who can apprehend the merits of a French stanza, to the remarkable poem by Georges Bugnet, which appears in our French pages. We hope to publish from time to time, perhaps with some regularity, examples of French verse inspired and written in Canada, which seem to us to deserve the attention of both the French and English reading public of the country. It is not to be expected that either section of our community will read all or much of the verse written by the other section; and if we can include in our French section the ten or twelve poems of each year's output which are most worthy of English-Canadian attention, and hold them up for admiration by our English readers, we shall surely be performing a useful service. Mr. Bugnet's poem is the more remarkable in that it is written in and about, not the Province of Quebec nor Acadia, but the new country west of Manitoba.

Fact and Fiction

FOR the last thirty years, the west has been like one of those childish playthings of bits of colored glass. One minute you look through the opening and see a highly colored design, beautiful or ugly but distinct and apparently fixed. A slight turning of the little kaleidoscope and an absolutely new design appears. It is the same glass, the same colors, but they are changed, relations and values differ so that the whole presents a new design to the eye.

Just so, the west has been changing. The things of last year are different from this year. The country and people of five years ago are very much different, and if we go as far back as even 1910 it isn't the same place at all.

What is fact to-day is fiction by to-morrow. Changes are rapid, decisive and obliterating If we stop to ask ourselves what is fact and what is fiction we get no nearer the solution. Fact is the present and fiction is the past or the probable future.

But that does not quite explain it. What are the facts of western life to me, are not the facts to my neighbour. I may see the west as a place of great promise, the realization of all agricultural hopes. He may see the west as the hopeless end of the trail where rainbow hopes have faded into dust and disappointment.

So we come to the opinion that after all there are no facts, even for to-day. Life is mental and spiritual and the material things that surround us take their reality and substance from our valuation of them.

For several weeks I have been making a study of western people as shown in to-day's books with life as I see it and know it here on a ranch in the Foothills of the Rockies. They are all so different and yet all true, and soon all will be just fiction.

The boom age of ten years ago with its rough hotels, cowboys, guns, drinks and shootings is so far behind us that it might be a hundred years ago. In Robert Stead's story "The Homesteaders" he describes a small town in the west that had all of these attractions with the C.N.W. Mounted Police to control the bloodshed. All true of 1905, even true in 1910 or 1912, but gone, absolutely gone to-day. Maybe it is true up in the far north yet, but I doubt it. Peace and ordinary life are there instead.

I can distinctly remember the boom days of Calgary, the oil rush of the Black Diamond, also the opening up of the country the C.N.R. has followed north-east of Calgary. Ten years ago life was of the rawest, around that new mining district. To-day farms of hundreds of acres are growing wheat, and ordinary people are living the farmer's useful, busy life.

These stories of the west are but pictures of a day. Soon we will call them historical novels.

The homesteader life moves on and on like a tide up a beach. As it advances, the first comers always go through about the same privations. What Robert Stead describes as the life in Manitoba in 1882 was true then, was also true of Saskatchewan in 1892 and of Alberta in 1902, or Northern Alberta in 1912, of the Peace River District in 1918, and likely is now true of the Fort Norman district, 1922. The tide moves on: the brave pioneers, lured by the hope of a freer, newer life and home and substantial living, live in their little shacks and face the same privations.

The pictures of the prairie west as drawn by Arthur Stringer in his series of "Prairie Wife, Mother and Child," are more lasting. They are true of to-day and may be true of fifty years from now. His novels are more a study of the reaction of certain temperaments to their environment, rather than a picture of western life. Of course his background of the life is true to conditions, but it is not the main thing of the story. His family is not even typical of most western families. The thing that Stringer missed and that the average farm family feel is that the land is the master. The husband, the wife, even the children, are but slaves to it. Like galley slaves, chained to their seats, they must work and work and work while they stay in the boat, or on the farm. Suppose a farmer does have five hundred acres of wheat; it is wealth perhaps, but work, endless work for everybody. Only by cutting his chains and getting off the farm can he escape the desire to work fourteen hours every day of summer.

Ralph Connor, in his novel "The Major," has given us pictures of people living in the mining district. His people are exactly as they would have been if left wealthy and prosperous back east. Except for the art of riding, the west has made but little difference in their daily life.

And after all, that really is the truth, or at least part of the truth. The westerners are but eastern people moved west. The leopard doesn't change his spots whether he is in a barnyard or a wild, free space, though I imagine he would change his actions. The "reaction of his temperament to his environment" would be soon and plainly seen.

This is the basic difference between easterners and westerners. Out here we dare to be more ourselves, and as yet the lines of class distinctions, of conventions, of habit and community customs are all in the forming and not yet distinct, and each man stands out for what he is.

I have been trying to decide which ones are types of this western life. A type, as I understand it, is a composite personage that comprises what is common to a great many. Take all the west from this standpoint, and there are at first glance two types both in real life and in the novels written about it.

There is first the type of the Pioneer. What is true of his feelings as he pioneered in eastern Canada in 1800 is true of his grandchild who pioneered in Manitoba in 1880 or of the man of to-day who pioneers in 1922. They must be men of high ideals, of courage and persistent work, dreamers, who under the stars of Heaven have glimpsed the greatness of Eternity and infinite spaces, who see for themselves, in the land they are going to, the great promise of the future. They are men of imagination. They joy in the creation of a new thing; the turning of the first sod is full of romance to them. They feel they are one with God's

work, one with God's brown earth. They press on with their labors, following a flame as truly as did Moses' men in the wilderness. Their life, their habits, their homes, their hopes are the same, whether we find them in Ontario in 1882, or in the Peace River in 1922. Let us call them the first generation, the pioneers.

In "The Homesteaders," Robert Stead has given us a splendid picture of just such a family, pioneers of the middle west in 1882; Elinore Pruett Stewart gives us a similar picture of the settlement of Wyoming in her "Letters of a Woman Homesteader;" Margaret Lynn tells us of early pioneer life on the prairies of the Missouri Valley in her book "A Stepdaughter of the Prairie"; Gertrude Page tells of pioneer life in Rhodesia, South Africa, in her "Jill on a Ranch." All over the world we find them told of in many books, but always with the same spirit, the same courage and the same privations, far from railways and the comforts of civilization.

Then comes harvest after harvest, the country fills up, people and more people arrive, railways, towns and modern life fill the country side. This is the second generation, the second type. In the "Prairie Mother" the change from poverty to wealth came in a few years. Sometimes it does. Generally it is not till the children are in their twenties that the full reward is reaped. So that the type of children depends more upon their generation than the locality of their farm. It is the second generation now in Manitoba. Beulah would have felt the same dissatisfaction if her parents had lived in Ontario as Mr. Stead pictures her in Manitoba. The old ideals had gone from the home; the cloud by day, the flame by night no longer led the father on in the joy of being one with the Creator, making a new home, a new farm. The monotony of endless seedtime and harvest, of spring chickens and fall turnips, the prosaic humdrum life of the ever-recurring, ever-insistent labors of existence had made of him a man of material interests instead of high ideals. The almighty dollar was his evening star. We see this type following the pioneer everywhere. And we see their children as this Beulah Harris, discontented with farm life as they find it. Why? Because it is the instinct of young things to place ideals before wealth. Money, mere money, is of little value to them. They want life, experience, to know, to feel, to test their own possibilities, in fact to "work out their own salvation" as their fathers did amid new scenes, new people.

Chaddie McKail, in Stringer's "Prairie Mother" and "Child," comes under neither of these types. She is a personality, distinct in herself. She is never a type of the western woman. True, we do have hundreds of women who come from wealth and culture to live the raw life of this new land, but they cannot be called a type of the women of the west. They are individuals and do not all react in the same way to the same environments. Chaddie stands out as a very real, a very lovable woman. I don't understand, myself, how she could so utterly blot out the past from her life. The world of culture, new books, new magazines, must of necessity have been shut off from her. Was she not rusting when she forgot them all? Does not sorrow always follow when one centres her life interest inward instead of outward? The child was part of herself, the rest of the world was, for the time being, blotted out. We don't know her ancestry, so perhaps such motherhood was true of her people before her.

There are a few other types that are absolutely western, that seem to react to similar circumstances in much the same way. One is the woman school-teacher. We see her all over the west, married to prosperous farmers. Her intelligence and education are being woven into the young minds of her children. She will be counted as one of the factors that mould this west.

Then there is the English woman, the English man. It would take a Dickens to properly put them into literature. They are not only English but a certain kind of English. They have hardly been touched by all the life of the west; they are as English now as when they came, and often suffer more from the discomforts of pioneer life than their more adaptable neighbors. Perhaps we might say the same of the Americans, the Scotch, even the Russians. What they were when they came, they still are—true to the types of their country, their ways, their habits of thought. But the kind that pioneer are like to each other.

Then come the children; ay, the children. There is seen the difference. They are not like their parents, either in speech, habits or ideals. They are Canadians, a new and distinct race of themselves. They combine the stability of the old countries with fluid adaptability to conditions as they find them here, and the result is a composite, a blending of all things and a distinct new race. It is time we Canadians recognized ourselves as such, and took our place in the world not as our ancestors' children but as ourselves—Canadians.

That is one thing that is very noticeable, once one starts noticing it: that Canadians seldom are spoken of as Canadians. Out west, there seem very few Canadians. This man is Scotch, his neighbor is English, the next farmer is Irish or American. All are new-comers, but with such a strong feeling still for their motherland that their nationality is never obliterated. If a Canadian happens to be in such a neighborhood, he seldom says, "I'm a Canadian." He says, "My grandfather was Scotch," or whatever his nearest old-country ancestor happens to be. The reason of this is that we are in the first generation. We are the first comers to the land of the west. And we come from the old country even more than we do from Ontario. The real Scotch, the real English, the real Irish are here, not their descendants. One of the first questions one man asks another is, "When did you come over?" and a mere Canadian that wasn't ever "over" is really, you know, not up to much.

We had this fact very forcibly impressed on us at the taking of the two last censuses. My husband is a third generation Canadian; I am of the fourth generation; our children, then, are fourth and fifth, or at least four and a half generations Canadians. The census taker refused to put us down as Canadians. "We are not counting Canadian ancestors," he said, "go back to your earlier ancestors." We laughed. For my part, I told him that I had a Scotch grandparent that was a

U. E. Loyalist and came to America about 1760, my Welsh grandparent came to Canada about 1810, an Irish grandmother's family came about 1750 and were U.E.L. also, while the English grandparent's date was unknown. I insisted that I was Canadian. So he put me down as Welsh and my children as Scotch. There isn't a drop of Scotch blood in their father. His people were English American about 1780 or so.

This is just an incident to show that Canadians as Canadians are not yet in existence. Even the Census doesn't recognize us.

There is one thing that the writers of the Canadian west, and writers of immigration literature should be very careful about, and that is to tell the whole truth when they can. They paint the west in such rosy hues, the easy land, the great harvests, the beautiful climate, that those back in the old country are lured to this country as to a land of promise, this rainbow west. Often they come and never find the rainbow. Sometimes they die broken-hearted from a futile search.

If the tales were written of the things the returned soldiers who have taken up land have endured of their poverty, their sicknesses miles from doctors, their crop failures, the hail, the drought, the blasting winds, the awful cold of winter and the dust-storms of summer, the country wouldn't pat itself so much on the back for the great rewards it had handed out to these deserving boys.

If these boys are good stuff, they have made good in spite of all these things, but they needed real money and plenty of it, real work, real courage and large ideals to win out. It's been no easy thing, and few expected what they got.

When we talk with the Russians or the Germans or other people from Europe and ask "Why did you come?" they tell us of books they read about Canada.

It is time Canadian writers stopped painting the west with the things of hopes rather than the things that have actually been true. It discredits Canada's fair name when these foreigners find the west not what the books and immigration literature said it was.

That is why, too, Canadians should be doubly proud of the writers who have had the eyes to see and the pen to write of things just as they are, of people just as they see them, of reverses and disasters as truly as of romance and success. Canada has a score and more of such writers, and we do well to be proud of them.

E. LANGLEY JACOBS.

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

LIFE has broken toys, half-forgotten fairy tales, fairy godmothers. "Nain" was my aunt and my god-mother—my fairy god-mother. Almost before I can remember anything I can remember her crooning me to sleep in firelight. She told me bedtime stories. She told me all I knew before I read, of magicians and ogres, princes and giants, enchanted forests and talking birds. Her arms were a sure defence against terror and darkness, her sympathy was deeper than love. When there was no place to turn, no one to go to in trouble, then there was Nain, believing all the best of you, seeing what was in your heart, seeing and believing. Scarcely a year ever divided us, from that far Once Upon a Time when she sang her "rosy nephew golden-curled" asleep in her arms, to yesterday when she herself slipped into a sleep as gentle. Our companionship kept pace with the years, has outstripped the years, yea is immortal .. .. It should be easy to be strong with such companionship .. .. ..

Nain was old-fashioned enough to love her relatives and trust her friends, come what may. Her door was open to the world, man or dog, child or kitten, and no one was turned empty away. If the world would only give as generously as it receives! But when vicissitudes came upon her her gentleness failed to turn their edge, her frailty brought no fair play. Faith in humanity proved a sorry reed, sentiment a sham. She reached out in the darkness for the sheltering arms .. .. ..

Perhaps she found them after all. Her world was not our world. Ours is a rather commonplace affair, intensely practical, mundane, while hers was plotted with rose gardens, and those who dwelt therein were **sans peur et sans reproche.** She inevitably wandered there when she wrote:

"I think the realm of dream
Is true as the realm of day;
The houses our souls have built
Border the dreamland way . . ."

How could a singer from Faery Land compete with the Modern School? How could the stuff of dreams reach men boasting of blood and iron? Of course they were foolish dreams, of dancing firelight, of baby fingers, of friendship and of immortality—dreams that are past. But God help the world when its Dreamers too are past. If their vision is clearer than ours, their faith more sure, then when a Dreamer goes out to his Land of Dreams humanity will have sustained a loss indeed:

"Beyond the golden gates of song
Who treads with reverent feet shall find
The dreams and visions cherished long,
The loftier longings unresigned..

"And so to win our lives' release
From out the world's tumultuous throng,
We pass, with lips that sue for peace,
Beyond the golden gates of Song."

LLOYD ROBERTS.

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL

An important arrival this month from the Ryerson Press is an autobiography, "My Life and Some Letters," a human document of exceptional interest by an actress whose fame is known throughout the English-speaking world.

CATALOGUES

24th annual list Canadiana, Theological, Collectors, Legal. Books out of print traced.

R. JAMES

P.O. Box 176, Vancouver, Canada

"The Ninth Vibration"

THE title of L. Adams Beck's new book promises delight of an unusual kind and does not disappoint the reader. After finishing the last page he can look back to the title with much the same satisfaction that a prophet feels when a prophesy has been fulfilled, which is assuredly an infrequent satisfaction. "The Ninth Vibration" is the title of the second longest story in the book and lends its name to the whole volume, but it is more than that; the other eight vibrations may be important, doubtless they are, but the ninth is a supreme state of mind or soul, and whether the gifted author intended it or not, it pervades and elevates the whole book. These tales are tales of India told by a master of Eastern cult, by a master-mind that has brooded long on the subtle mysteries of the orient, by a master-heart whose tenderness is strong enough to interpret that ancient and most mysterious life. Yet there is nothing obscure or recondite in the book; readers of the Atlantic Monthly and the other periodicals in which several of the stories appeared will remember the interest they aroused by their novelty as well as their beauty. In the first two, the longest stories in the book, there is a mingling of western with eastern thought, a clashing, if that is not too noisy a word, of the ideals of our civilization with the more subtle philosophy of theirs. No doubt clashing is too strong a word, for the contact in both cases is through the affections and the eastern thought and aspiration absorbs the western. The prototypes of the latter are captivated by a more powerful idea and become content to await the unfolding of destiny through long ages of preparation rather than grasp at an undeveloped happiness. There is manifold beauty and varying depth in both these tales—beauty in description of the sublime scenery of the Himalaya Mountains and the entrancing scenery of the alley of Kashmir, and depths in the delineation of the emotions and experiences of the few characters whose development is so absorbing. But to the reviewer the other stories, there are six, are more important. Here we have, without any intrusion, the pure product of the East; here is no tax on our credulity, for the tales although marvelous and dream-like in their beauty are of one weave, consistently of one invention, and we seem to be overhearing some oriental story-teller, oblivious of all our western follies, entertaining a circle of his own people, entertaining and fascinating us as well.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

For it will be no easy task to disclose a more fascinating story than "The Incomparable Lady;" or a more touching than the "Building of the Taj Mahal;" or a more moving and tragical than "The Hatred of the Queen;" or one more delicately, lightly humorous than "The Round Faced Beauty." If these tales are original inventions they are marvellously invented, and if they are legendary tales retold they are marvellously retold; but I fancy they are original. It is indeed cheering to know that such work is being produced here; work that is important and authoritative, and we welcome it not only because of these facts but because it introduces a new atmosphere and therefore makes for variety. We know it to be a competent and beautiful book and we are neither glad nor sorry that there is nothing specially Canadian about it. We know that it is a real addition to our literature and that is all we are concerned with. As if to emphasize the fact that the book is a product of Canada, the author has added to his signature, beneath the usual acknowledgment to the publishers of the periodical in which the stories first appeared, the word Canada, thus—"L. Adams Beck, Canada." We would commend this course to our writers as it nationalizes our production and puts the word Canada where it ought to be more frequently, on works of art and literature.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS"

Whatever the view may be as to whether "The Black Candle" is a book that is entirely worthy of the artistry the possession of which "Janey Canuck" has so amply demonstrated in other writings, there is plenty of support for the idea that Judge Emily Murphy has said something that ought to be said by giving its message to the public. "More important than any other Canadian book this season," is the estimate of Candide in *Saturday Night*. "It is plain to be seen that her love for her fellow creatures is the moving power of her crusade against the drug evil," says the Toronto *Globe*. The Vancouver *Sun* thinks that this book "must move the authorities to drastic action." The Montreal *Witness* says: "The book should be read and perused by every minister of religion and every police magistrate should have a copy. It should be branded on the soul and conscience of the community."

The Toronto *Star* points out that the book very conclusively disproves the oft-repeated assertion that the spread of the drug evil is due to the prohibition of liquor.

Among the notable novels of the season, Kathleen Norris's "Certain People of Importance" has had a great reception by the critics, including other novelists. For instance, the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" hails it as an epic book reminding her of Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale." Harry Leon Wilson speaks of it as the best novel he has read since "The Old Wives' Tale."

The New York Times says: "We actually live in San Francisco from 1849 to the time preceding the fire—actually live—for Mrs. Norris absorbed in her work, sympathetic with it, not merely in the attitude of a cool observer, gives us what comes near to being 'the great American novel'."

The New York Post characterizes it as "an epic of American life." The *Nashville Banner* sees in it a history of an obscure family through five generations so successfully done as to make it the only similar achievement since Dickens. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* sees in it the seeds of immortality because of its "thoughtful depiction of American life and an important period of American national history."

Recent Fiction for Girls

(Continued from November issue.)

One of the most frequent requests librarians receive is for mystery stories. I, for one, often have difficulty in satisfying the demand, and my children's-librarian conscience at the same time. However, with Katherine Adams' "Midsummer" and Cornelia Meig's two books, "The Pool of Stars" and "The Windy Hill," we can feel fairly safe. In "Midsummer" the happenings during the holiday two American children are spending with their Swedish grandfather in his gloomy castle make a very interesting story; also the characterization, particularly in the case of the Swedish peasant lad who proves the centre of the mystery, is unusually good, and throughout the book there is quite a Scandinavian atmosphere with a good deal of incidental information about the customs of various classes of the people. The two Meigs stories are very similar in plot—a selfish and ungrateful relative who has obtained a mean power over a more generous member of his family, is brought to repentance, the trouble cleared up and the mystery solved by the young heroes and heroines of the books. The overdrawing of the villains and the improbability of properly-minded grown-ups accepting with such unconcern and eventual gratitude, the interference of youngsters in their most intimate and complicated affairs are inconsistencies for which other features more than compensate. The natural companionship between the boy and girl in "The Pool of Stars," based on common interests, the happy life of the mysterious bee-man and his twelve-year-old daughter on the "windy hill," the underlying appreciation for the romance of the past and the introduction of several splendid short stories ("The White Dogs of Aran" in "The Pool of Stars" being particularly good), and the general literary quality of the books, place them above the average. I cannot help wishing, however, that Miss Meigs would give us more books like her much superior "Master Simon's Garden."

Besides these three worth-while stories, the other mystery tales—Seaman's "The Dragon's Secret," Turpin's "The Old Mine's Secret," and "Treasure Mountain," previously mentioned, and Johnson's "Mary in New Mexico," do not compare very favorably. "The Dragon's Secret" is not too bad of its kind, better than "The Crimson Patch," though not so good as the "Sapphire Signet," but these later Seaman books make one almost forget that the same author wrote "Jacqueline of the Carrier Pigeons" and "When a Cobbler Ruled a King." "The Old Mine's Secret," another of the hackneyed German spy stories, is interesting enough in plot, though I find it rather obvious, but it has no particular merit to recommend it. "Mary in New Mexico," seemed rather futile. With the reason for all the excitement never satisfactorily disclosed, and irrelevant moving-picture sort of encounter with bandits introduced at the end, little local color and less literary worth, it has not much to commend it to consideration. The best that can be said for all of these is that they could be used where there is urgent need of new titles for girls who have not yet developed a capacity for books requiring a little more intelligence to read.

More insistent and persistent than any other demand from girl readers is that for school stories. There are, fortunately, two of fairly recent date that the children's librarian can welcome: "Mehitable," by Katherine Adams and "Honor Bright" by Laura Richards. In "Mehitable" as in "Midsummer," the author preserves local atmosphere; France, Scotland and Belgium are neither all of a piece with America, nor are they as lands of some planet remote from our own. The school-girl escapades are not unduly exaggerated and the book is generally well written, with the personality of the individual girls brought out. Mehitable herself is most likeable. She has what Opal Whitely calls the understanding soul—imagination, love of beauty, a sense of the romance of the past, and a genuine appreciation of her historic surroundings in the old French chateau that is her school-home—with a balancing love of fun and a strong interest in the people and happenings about her. I was positively relieved, after being forced to notice so many heroines' filmy frocks and smart suits, to find Mehitable's independent aunt refusing to let the wealthy friend who is educating her niece do more than pay expenses, so that, in consequence, Mehitable wore plain, home-made clothes, which she hated but had to endure, and the gift of one pretty dress was an event to her. Honor Bright, in Laura Richards' book, is also a nice and not faultless little girl, and the slight story gives not only a good picture of school days in Switzerland and of Alpine peasant life, but conveys an impression of the grandeur and beauty of the mountains and a sense of true values in life. It compares favorably with Laura Richards' earlier stories and as in them books are frequently mentioned in such a way as to interest readers in them—often an effective means of opening out paths of more advanced reading to girls.

Stories of family life are fairly common, but there are none than can approach "Little Women" or even "Dandelion Cottage." "Then Came Caroline," by Lela Horn Richards, makes light and not very profitable reading. At first, one is inclined to consign it to the "Pemrose Lorry" class and to judge of the irrepressible heroine that the exercise of the parental rod would be better for her character than the loving consideration and indulgence with which her escapades and thoughtlessness are overlooked. However, as the story proceeds, matters improve, and so does Caroline—a little. The book has also this one merit that it shows up, in the case of Caroline's sister, how utterly ruinous to character being adopted by a rich relative may prove, a probability frequently overlooked by authors who thus provide for their heroines. Even this much cannot be said for Katharine K. Taylor's "Real Stuff"—"Real Trash" would have been a less misleading title. When, in addition to perpetual family friction, and the usual emphasis on clothes and desire for wealth, you have a girl continually glancing in the glass, powdering her nose and patting her hair, jilting a poor lover to carry on a flirtation with the nephew of her employer, and the like, till you wince at every page, you cannot forgive or justify, even when general reformation takes place in the end.

In very striking contrast with these are the books by Edith Ballinger Price, who shows more literary ability than any other present writer of girls' books, with possibly the exception of Cornelia Meigs. Her first story, "Blue Magic," was a delight, and the same dear small boy invalid appears in different guises in each of her three books since. The latest, "The Happy Venture," is a very unlikely but likeable little story. The preceding one, "Silver Shoal Light," has all its pleasing qualities in a greater degree and is generally of more consequence. How we love Garth with his vivid imagination, his dreamy love of stories and music and verse, his passion for the sea and ships, and his heroic courage and cheerfulness under the physical disability that cuts him off from the active joys for which he longs; and how we admire the understanding, companionable father and mother from whom he inherits these things.

New historical stories are rare. "Diantha's Guest," by Knipe, is quite well done, but though a story of the rush to the gold mines of '49, one regards it less as an historical story than as a pure adventure tale. "A Mayflower Maid," by the same author, is also good, and in this one there is historical atmosphere. The story-interest, though it drags here and there, is stronger than in "A Pilgrim Maid," by Taggart, and the character drawing is much better.

To find one remote book that might be considered a real contribution to literature for girls, we have to go back to a nineteen-nineteen publication. This is Tarn's "Treasure of the Isle of Mist." It is an unusual book for the unusual girl. I mention it only by way of again reminding ourselves through it of the values we are looking for in our books for girls and of the ideals we wish to keep before our girl readers. In the book we have humor and fancy, strong and attractive personalities, high standards and emphasis on the worth of things not material; in its heroine, Fiona, with the "warm heart and largeish size of shoes," we find "youth and freedom and the joy of life, wonder also and dim imaginings of unseen things." Our girls would be

(Continued on page 329.)

Among Authors and Bookmen

Calgary was particularly happy and successful in its observance of Book Week. The Women's Press Club achieved a brilliant success with its Halloween Cabaret at the Palliser, when they staged a Book Pageant consisting of little girls dressed to represent the outstanding works of Canadian authors, from Sunny San to the Pipes of Pan and from Anne of Green Gables to the Conquering Hero and Maria Chapdelaine. Another most interesting feature of the week, and one which might well be copied widely for future occasions of the same sort, was the "Canadian Authors Series" of 250-word appreciations of eminent literary Canadians, prepared by members of the Canadian Women's Club, under the organizing management of its literary secretary, Mrs. A. W. Gordon, and printed in both the Herald and the Albertan; these were admirably written, and received excellent "position and display" in the two newspapers throughout the week. Mrs. Gordon is herself a novelist, her story of the Okanagan Valley, now in the writing, having received the approval of such judges as Professor Allison and Mrs. Francis Reeve.

Captain Gennaro Como, of the Calgary C. A. A., whose translations of d'Annunzio and other Italian writers have been appearing in New York periodicals, has been asked by a prominent publishing firm to consent to their production in book form. Captain Como, who is ranching near Calgary, comes of an old Italian family and highly distinguished himself in the late war.

Mr. A. T. Chapman, member of the Montreal C.A.A. and president of the Retail Booksellers Association, achieved the unusual when he secured a hearing for the cause of Canadian authorship from so little literary a body as the Montreal Produce Merchants' Association. Mr. Chapman brought to the attention of the Produce Men a number of the more important of Canadian writers, including some who are not yet dead, and was heartily applauded for his address.

Professor James A. Roy, of Queen's University, is contributing to the Kingston Standard a series of articles on his recent extended tour in Europe. He found English life somewhat nervous and frivolous, at least on the exterior, and deplores the oft-heard excuse of "war nerves."

The November Forum contains some excellent poetry by H. K. Gordon, and a criticism of Marjorie Pickthall's poetry by R. K. Gordon. The latter complains that Miss Pickthall has lately received much "uncritical praise," ascribable to "patriotic silliness;" but as he finds plenty of occasion for his own critical praise we need not bother to ask for the names of the patriotically silly. We do not feel sure that Mr. Gordon is right in calling "The Bridge" "a limp, thin story, which seems as if it was trying to be like Conrad." We intend to read it again in a year or so, and we rather expect to enjoy it more than we did at first.

An interesting feature of Canadian Book Week this year was an exchange of speakers between Winnipeg and Toronto. Mr. H. Gerald Wade of the former city gave an illustrated lecture on Canadian authors to seven audiences in Toronto and Ontario towns, while Mr. Vernon McKenzie, editor of Maclean's Magazine, addressed the Dickens' Fellowship, a meeting in the Public Library, and various clubs and schools in Winnipeg. One of his addresses was entitled, "Some of the More Human Characteristics of Canadian Authors." We hope the good example set by Winnipeg and Toronto will be followed by other cities next year.

The most amusing thing that the week produced was certainly the Monday "Colyum" of "As You Like It" in the Manitoba Free Press. This, as some of our readers may not be aware, is the work of D. B. MacRae, editor of the Free Press Evening Bulletin, and Mr. MacRae certainly excelled himself when he conceived and executed the idea of "The Western Canadian Novel, as Written at San Diego, California, Goes on Parade" and depicted it in diagram form, commencing as follows:

Flash of
Scarlet
Lone Mounted
Policeman
(on foot)

Huskies Huskies
Huskies Huskies
Huskies Huskies

Rough-boned
Settler
Carrying
Banner

"Winter came early
that year to
Big Shine
River"

Etc.

Dr. Wilfred P. Mustard, Professor of Latin in the Johns Hopkins University, has been elected Corresponding Fellow of the Royal Virgilian Academy of Mantua.

Mrs. Florence Ayscough, co-author with Amy Lowell of "Fir-Flower Tablets," the very interesting volume of "translations" from the Chinese poets, will remove from Shanghai in the spring and take up her residence at St. Andrews, N. B.

A prize of $100 is offered for the best Canadian play submitted by February 1, 1923, to the Halton Players, an energetic body of amateur actors and producers, whose headquarters are at Oakville, Ont. The only condition is that the play must have "Halton County, Ontario, as its background." Communications may be addressed to the Secretary, who will supply competitors with "a historical outline of Halton County and a list of reference books." The executive includes Mr. Ellsworth Flavelle, son of Sir Joseph Flavelle. The Players hope to produce the winning play and will pay royalties as well as prize money.

Robert Norwood, D.C.L., has issued a prospectus of lectures under the direction of the Philadelphia Forum. Dr. Norwood, it will be recalled, was very successful in readings from his own works in many Canadian cities recently. His titles include "Modern Canadian Poetry," with interpretative readings from several poets, "The New Reactions in American Poetry," and "The Victorian Myth."

The University of Toronto Press has produced for the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal, N. S., a "Book of Remembrance" containing verbatim proceedings of the Triple Celebration at Fort Anne in August, 1921. The issue is limited to 300 copies, cloth bound.

Daniel Macmillan, a partner in the firm of Macmillan & Co., Limited, London, England, and a shareholder in the Canadian company, The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, was a visitor in Toronto in November. He has been making a somewhat extended stay in New York and is on a special mission to the New York company on behalf of his own, the English company. Mr. Macmillan, who was accompanied by Mrs. Macmillan, was, unhappily, only in Toronto and Ottawa for a space of a week altogether. He was greatly delighted with what little he saw of Canada and hopes to make an extended stay here next year. He has links with Canada, in particular through his younger brother, Mr. Harold Macmillan, who was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Devonshire.

The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, announce a somewhat new departure. Michael Sadleir, the author of the very brilliant novel, "Privilege," published two years ago, instead of disposing of his Canadian market as part of the American market, or as part of the English market, has sold it direct. The Macmillans are setting up, printing, and manufacturing his book, "Desolate Splendour," in Toronto. It is announced for February publication.

Louise Morey Bowman, whose volume, "Moonlight and Common Day," is being very favourably reviewed both in Canada and the United States, has received honourable mention in the competition for the Blindman prize of $250, offered by the Poetry Society of Southern Carolina, with Miss Amy Lowell as sole judge. Only eleven out of more than three hundred competitors received honourable mention. Mrs. Bowman's competition poem is entitled "Oranges."

American Book Auction Prices

VOLUME 27 of "American Book Prices Current" (Dutton, New York, covering the season 1919-20), lists 14,034 books or lots of books which realized $5 and upwards, and 752 "Broadsides" and "Autographs" which brought $50 and upwards. But these represent only a tithe of the items which exceeded the minima named. The compiler, Mrs. Luther H. Livingston, had to select from 80,346 items to get the volume within approximately 1,000 pages.

The season was notable for the number of important sales, and the setting of new records for many books. Among the important sales was that of the Americana library of Henry F. Dupuy, including a collection of the Jesuit Relations, Paris, 1634-88, all first issues, and 34 of the 42 in their original vellum binding, which sold as one lot for the record price of the season, namely $19,000. The highest price for a single book was $8,000 for a copy of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories and Tragedies," published by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount in 1623, a fine tall copy in levant morocco, edges gilt on the rough, by Riviere, but with title and preliminary leaf in facsimile. Other high prices include:

The first Coverdale Bible, London, 1535, $3,700.

Boswell's "Johnson," original proof sheets with author's autograph annotations and corrections, $2,200.

Burns, first edition of "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," Kilmarnock, 1786, $2.200.

Dickens, first issues of first edition parts, London, 1836-7, $3,500. Another, condition not so good, $2,800.

Keats, "Lamia, Isabella, Eve of St. Agnes and Other Poems." First edition, London, 1820, present from Keats to Fanny Brawne, $4,050.

Shelley, "Adonais," first edition, Pisa, 1821, original paper covers, $2,050.

Shelley, "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson." Oxford, 1810 (A. L. S. inserted), $6,750.

Walton and Cotton, "The Compleat Angler," first edition, first issue, London, 1653 (some top margins trimmed, Allis copy), $2,200.

The items listed above are, of course, "high spots," among what are known as "collectors' books." It would be difficult to explain at brief length for those who have not felt the lure of book collecting why it is that men are ready to give for books prices which to others represent the height of folly; but it must be said that there is reason in the seeming madness of such men, as there is in the seeming madness of most other men. One thing must be made clear, however, and that is that the book collector does not pay any old price for any old book, unless he is totally ignorant of books and values, which is to say that he is not a collector. Every book worth anything at all has a certain general value, and brings approximately the amount of that value under practically all circumstances—provided, that is, that certain necessary factors are present. These factors are that the book is in as nearly the original published condition as possible, that it is a first or other important edition, that it possesses all the requisite "points," etc. The chief things entering into and determining the value of a book, however, are first, the importance, or relative importance, of the author, next the rarity of the volume, and next the number of men who are seeking to acquire it.

It may be of interest to give also the prices brought by some books of less bibliographical importance than those already listed, but important for all that. Not all collectors are interested in the very costliest class of books, or in any one class of books; in fact there is more variety in book collecting than in any field of collecting:

Boswell's Johnson, first edition, 2 vols., London, 1791, original boards, $212.50.

Bronte, "The Professor," first edition, London, 1857, $80.

Byron, "The Waltz," first edition, London, 1813, $875.

Carman (Bliss), "The Gate of Peace," first edition, New York, 1907 (112 copies printed but all except 24 destroyed by fire), $32.50 (autograph inscription).

Conrad, "Allmayer's Folly," first edition, London, 1895, $34.50 (worth twice that sum to-day).

Fielding, "Tom Jones," first edition, London, 1749, 6 vols., $750.

FitzGerald, "Omar Khayyam," first edition, London, 1859, original paper covers, $975. Ditto, second edition, original paper covers, $305.

Hardy, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," first edition, London, 1895 (autograph inscription), $117.50.

Lamb, "The King and Queen of Hearts," first edition, London, 1805, $640.

Masefield, "Salt Water Ballads," first edition, London, 1902, $42.

Meredith, "Poems," London, 1851 (autograph presentation copy, his first book), $260.

Noyes, "Songs of the Trawlers," first edition, London, 1916, $70.

Sterne, "Sentimental Journey," first edition, 2 vols., London, 1768, $225.

Stevenson, "Child's Garden of Verses," first edition, London, 1885, $80.

Swinburne, "Queen Mother; Rosamond," first edition, London, 1862, $130.

Thackeray, "Vanity Fair," in original parts, London, 1847-8, $640.

Whistler, "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," Paris, 1890, $100.

A few items coming under the head of "Canadiana" may be given here for the particular benefit of collectors interested in that class of literature:

Bayard (Nicholas), "Journal of the Late Actions of the French at Canada," London, 1693, $900.

Boucher (Pierre), "Histoire Veritable et Naturelle des Moeurs et Productions du Pays de la Nouvelle France," Paris, 1664 (dedication copy from Colbert's library, with Huth bookplate), $600.

Christie (Robert), "Memoirs of the Administration of the Colonial Government of Lower Canada," Quebec, 1818, $46.

Dobbs (Arthur), "Account of the Countries adjoining to Hudson's Bay, London, 1744 (George Bancroft's copy), $67.50.

Lescarbot (Marc), "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," Paris, 1618, $200.

"Reglement de la Confrerie de l'Adoration Perpetuelle du S. Sacrement," Montreal (Mesplet et Berger), 1776 (said to be the first book printed in Montreal), $32.50.

"Report of the Proceedings concerning the Disputes between the Earl of Selkirk and the North-West Company," Montreal, 1819, $47.50.

Smith (William), "History of Canada," 2 vols., Quebec, 1815 (boards, vol. I. in uncovered state without back strip; presentation copy), $60.

A personal word in closing this notice will perhaps be pardoned. A good many years ago—fifteen or more—while reading one of the hodge-podge catalogues issued by John Britnell, the Toronto second-hand bookseller—one of the last survivors of the old school of such men—I came upon an item reading about as follows:

"Nicholson, Margaret, Posthumous Fragments of, small 4to, bds., Oxford 1810, $1."

Posting to the old man's shop at the earliest possible moment next day, and assuming as casual an air as I could, I asked for this item, only to be told that it was already sold. The gentle reader who perchance has not read the first of the above lists any too attentively, may have failed to notice that "The Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson" appears there as a book by Shelley, which brought the huge sum of $6,750. A facsimile reprint of this book was issued in a small edition in 1877; but whether it was a copy of this reprint or of the original edition (one of the rarest of nineteenth century books) which got into that catalogue of John Britnell's, perhaps heaven alone can now determine. But if the book was really the original, somebody, whether he knew it or not—and the chances are that he did—got a real bargain.

R. H. Hathaway.

A THOUGHT.

SMALL as we are and insignificant,
The gods themselves
Have need of you and me,
That they
May continue immortally.

Maurine Ayer.

Some New Children's Stories

The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, have issued some most engaging books which should go a long way towards solving the perennial problems of what to give to the children. For those between the ages of four and six (and even older) is "Puppy Dogs' Tales," an exhaustive compilation by Frances Kent ($2.00) of stories about puppies, kittens, birds and other "strange wild-fowl," with pictures that would charm away many hours of the dullest day in bed.

For the six to eight-year-old is a no less enthralling tale by Padraic Colum (price $2.00) called "The Children who followed the Piper," which, of course, is a marvellous account of what happened to the children brought by the Pied Piper of Hamelin to the faery land beyond the great rock.

The damsel of ten or twelve will find in "The Turnedabout Girls," by Beulah Marie Dix ($2.00), a lively story of two small New England girls who changed clothes, names and possessions while en route to some unknown relatives, being inspired thereto by the tale of The Prince and the Pauper; and Sara Teasdale in "Rainbow Gold" ($2.50), has produced a delightful and comprehensive anthology of verse for children from ten to twelve especially, though one feels that they will not be the only ones who will browse contentedly among its leaves.

Hodder & Stoughton present "Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes," by Carol Cassidy Cole (75c), purporting to be the adventures of one Eric, a naughty, animal-teasing child, who is changed into an elf, lives among the birds and animals, finds their ways and habits vastly interesting and becomes so fond of them that when he returns to his normal self he gives up his tormenting ways and thereby surprises his parents. The book is teeming with facts that will be fascinating to the young mind.

Macmillan's have also issued "Dutch Courage and Other Stories" by Jack London, with foreword by his widow and illustrations by G. M. Richards (2.00). The volume includes London's first published writing, and several other stories not hitherto obtainable in book form.

Thomas Allen publishes "Little Foxes" by E. A. Henry, D.D. ($1.25), with an introduction by "Ralph Connor." Dr. Henry is pastor of Deer Park Presbyterian Church, Toronto, and has been very successful with his sermonettes to the juvenile portion of the Sunday morning congregation. A selection of these sermonettes is here presented in print, and should do the youngsters quite as much good in that form as when spoken.

"Trapper Jim" by Edwyn Sandys, (Macmillan, Toronto, $1.00) is brimful of most useful information for boys of ten and over. I defy any boy to open its pages at any place and remain coldly indifferent for more than two minutes. Trapper Jim, from the city, acquires the most astonishing amount of lore regarding trapping, fishing, swimming, boxing, mounting birds and animals, handling a rifle, and ever so many other interesting things, and his thrilling adventure at the other side will excite the envy of any lad. Essentially a book to be bought, not borrowed.

Katharine Adams in "Wisp, A Girl of Dublin" (Macmillan, Toronto, $2.00) has produced a charming tale for girls from twelve to fourteen. The reader feels that she has at least a bowing acquaintance with the streets and surroundings of Dublin so real has the author made them appear; and in addition to the two girls from America, waiting in Ireland till their father returns from Salonica (the Great War is going on at the time) there are cousins from India, an old bachelor uncle who takes them to pantomines, a young girl, very poor but equally fascinating, around whom the story revolves, and enough Sinn Feiners to make a little excitement

CAROL CASSIDY COLE

Author of "Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes," a new book for the littlest Canadians, profusely illustrated by Dudley Ward. Stories for children about furry and feathery friends. A Hodder & Stoughton issue.

towards the end. What more could one want?

"Judy of York Hill," by Ethel Hume (Thomas Allen, Toronto, $1.75), is that rather unusual product, a thoroughly Canadian book for girls of the "'teen age," with its scenes laid in Toronto, and an excellent portrayal of Canadian schools and school-girls. Just the thing for the worried bachelor uncle to give to his young niece.

Christmas in Many Lands. Boston: The Page Co. This is a substantial volume of 254 pages presenting descriptive articles by different writers, about Christmastide in Canada, Denmark, Japan, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland and the U. S. The illustrations include six full page plates in color

Chatterbox, 1912 edition. Boston: The Page Co. For forty-four years this annual volume has come to please the children in thousands of homes. The new volume is true to type with its wealth of contents rich in variety including stories, pictures, verses, and informative special articles appealing to boys and girls of all ages.

When Fairies Were Friendly, Evaleen Stein. Boston: The Page Co. This is a fanciful tale that will appeal to child readers; fairy tales with fidelity to the laws of fairyland, laws which every child knows. It is an attractively made volume and has a series of illustrations by Thelma Gooch adding appreciably to the interest of the stories.

The Road of the Loving Heart, Annie Fellows Johnston. Boston: The Page Co. This is a delightful new juvenile tale by the author of the famous "Little Colonel Series." The book is plentifully illustrated with black and white sketches and the pages are all decorated in color.

Children's Book Week

CHILDREN'S Book Week was observed with greater enthusiasm than ever in Canada this year and a notable feature of it was the increased representation of children's books of special Canadian interest, this being an important development from the growth of Children's Book Week in Canada, especially the great impetus to the idea given to it by the aggressive campaign last year. The increased activity of Canadian publishers in providing Canadian books for children, essays to supply a need which, however, still falls far short of what ought to be provided, according to those in charge of Children's Departments at the Public Libraries.

As usual the Children's Department of the Toronto Public Library was in the van with a most complete exhibition of books for Children's Week and it was visited by a greater number of people than ever, an interesting circumstance in this connection being the effective manner in which those in charge co-operated with Toronto booksellers to whom visitors to the exhibition were directed for the purchase of volumes they desired to obtain as the result of seeing and examining them here.

This Children's Book Week work is becoming more widespread each year among the public libraries in Canada.

Hamilton was well to the fore this year and in that city Cloke's Bookstore made it the corollary of the opening of a Children's Book World occupying the second floor of this firm's new store at 18 King St. E.

Mr. Fred Cloke, in this departure, has realized an ambition that he has long contemplated. The Children's Book World leaves little to be desired in comfort and comprehensive variety and provides an object lesson for other cities and towns. There are splendid facilities for display and inviting chairs and tables, big and little, to aid selections of books by parents and the little folk themselves. The appointments throughout are most engaging and Mr. Cloke's enterprise is to be commended.

Current Work by Canadians

Barring John Murray Gibbon's startling "Pagan Love," separately considered elsewhere in this issue, the leading item in the Canadian novelistic output this month seems to be the work of a new writer, Beaumont S. Cornell, whom we understand to be a resident of one of the lakeshore cities of Eastern Ontario. Not that "Renaissance" (Macmillan, Toronto, $2) is a good novel in the strictly artistic sense of the word. But it exhibits, in a measure unusual in a first novel, certain of the qualities which make for wide popular success, and it will not surprise us in the least to find Mr. Cornell soon taking rank somewhere between Jack London, William Le Queux and Will Levington Comfort as a purveyor of works that the critics will dislike and the public will rave about. In the first place Mr. Cornell takes himself with absolute seriousness, no matter how fantastic the matter that he is telling. We are certain that he is in deadly earnest in believing that major clashes between Capital and Labor are brought about by just such individuals, with just such mental processes, as he depicts in his Thorne Murray and his Lebedoff, and that they can be stopped by just such a speech as he reports, delivered by just such a personality as his Dr. Calvar. To us, these men, their psychology, their mystic influences, appear simply preposterous; but many readers (not perhaps of this book, but of the yet more ardent and cleverer books that Mr. Cornell will write later) will see them through the glamor of their creator's own faith, and say, "This is Truth." In addition to this earnestness Mr. Cornell has many other attributes calculated to win the faith of the unsophisticated. He knows much of modern medicine, physiology and psychology—and always uses his knowledge so as to impress. With this genuine knowledge he freely mixes the terms and concepts of the psychic cant which is so popular with a vast body of readers; thus, Calvar and his lady-love, after the great meeting at which he saved England from Revolution by a single phrase, wander to St. Paul's and become "aware that their minds had already learned the greater marriage, and that from the contact a thought-child was born in the world." And his dialogue has a solemnity that is almost overpowering. We back Mr. Cornell to win the popularity stakes, but his field should be rather England than Canada.

Archie P. McKishnie continues to tell of the lives of the wild creatures of Ontario lakes and woods in his new volume "Openway" (Musson, Toronto, $1.25), and the book with its 19 separate episodes is probably the best thing Mr. McKishnie has done. Plots—human plots—are always the worst thing about nature stories, and Mr. McKisnie's plots were no exception. It is gratifying to find him reverting to short sketches of animal behavior, somewhat in the Roberts' manner. "Openway" may possibly be a "juvenile," but it is quite readable for adults.

Victor Lauriston's "The Twenty-first Burr" is of its kind entirely first class. It is a mystery tale, opening with an indescribably eerie death-scene and moving rapidly through all sorts of false scents, conspiracies and counter-conspiracies, love-making and fighting, to the rout of evil and the triumph of good. Mr. Lauriston's characters are for the most part remarkably human, and their talk is easy and natural, so that the very intricate network of events holds our interest and credence all the way. The scene is laid mainly in the author's home territory, the Ontario peninsula between the lakes, with excursions (and alarums) to Buffalo and Detroit. Mr. Lauriston should be able to make an excellent income out of this sort of work and at the same time do no serious harm to the cause of literature—for he is an honest craftsman.

The Musson Co. has issued the "Canadian Treasury Reciter," edited by Anne Elizabeth Wilson. An All-Canadian Section occupies the first 36 pages, and ranges from Haliburton to Service. The remainder of the 120 pages is culled from the standard material, including two of Dickens' death-scenes, Tom Sawyer's whitewash stunt, and "The Night Before Christmas." If there must be recitations, why not these?

Hodder & Stoughton announce a new English edition of Robert Stead's "The Homesteaders," whose descriptions of early settlement in Manitoba are authentic and colorful history of those stirring times. In these days, when most books are forgotten before they are a year old, the re-publication in England of "The Homesteaders" six years after its first publication is something of a literary event. The great success which has been suddenly achieved by Mr. Stead's latest book, "Neighbors," is undoubtedly attracting to him the attention of an increasing circle of book readers.

GULLS AND DREAMS.

WHITE ocean birds that seek the land
Before the storm—a drifting band
Dipping and rising on the gale
With wings unstirring, impotent
To stem the wind that makes them sail
Sideways as if their force was spent—
Against the aureate sunset light
Grow vague, vanish and reappear,
One moment silhouetted clear,
The next, elusive, lost to sight.
So all the fair imaginings
That fain would flock on futile wings
To the calm haven of my mind
And leave the stress of life behind
Are caught and wafted far astray
By that eternal wind of truth,
The breath of heaven's ageless youth
That sweep the sophistries away:
Till they are lost amid the glow
Which finite words cannot express
Nor mortal minds aspire to know—
The universal loveliness.

Lionel Stevenson.

C. C. JENKINS
Author of "The Timber Pirate"

OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY
Author of "The Making of a Premier," the first story in book form of Canada's Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, telling of his academic achievements, industrial and social researches, his literary work, and his political career.

MARIAN KEITH
Author of "The Bells of St. Stevens," the background of which is a prosperous church in a prosperous town.

PROPOSAL TO CHANGE NAME.

The Regina Branch of the Canadian Authors Association at a meeting held on October 17 passed the following resolution, which the General Executive has been asked to bring to the attention of members of other branches:

"That the name of the Association be changed from its present form to The Canadian Writers Association, and that the Secretary of the Association be asked to make this resolution widely known among the various branches, it being felt that the name 'Writer' is much more applicable to the majority of the present members and to the majority of those who may make application for membership in the future."

The above proposal could not, of course, be made effective except by an amendment to the Constitution, duly adopted at a regular or special meeting of the Association, the call for which included a notice of the proposed amendment. The Regina branch has not as yet, nor have any of its members, given notice of intention to propose such an amendment, and presumably the object of the resolution is to provoke discussion.

The officers of the Brandon branch of the Canadian Authors Association are as follows: President, W. B. Beer, 431 Twelfth Street; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss G. Irene Todd, 402 Sixth Street; Executive Committee, Mrs. A. Shewan, 1335 Victoria Avenue; Miss S. MacMorine, 428 Fourth Street.

CANADIAN WRITERS DEAD.

The death has occurred of a fine and distinguished member of one one of Canada's foremost literary families, in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, daughter of the late Canon G. Goodridge Roberts, sister of Charles G. D., William C. and Theodore G. Roberts, cousin of Bliss Carman, and mother of C. Goodridge MacDonald. Mrs. MacDonald was a leader of Canadian thought in many fields, especially in regard to the political duties of women, and in the revolt gainst the hard materialism of current thought. Among her books are "Dreams, Verses and Others" and "Our Little Canadian Cousin." A great mass of critical and appreciative writing in the current press is also the work of her indefatigable pen, and much of it would well pay for collection and permanent embodiment.

The death also took place recently of E. Douglas Armour, K.C., of Toronto, author of "New Lyrics" and "Echoes from Horace," both of them fine examples of a type of high and quiet culture which seems to flourish particularly in the law, and perhaps most so in families which have been devoted to the law for generations.

The death occurred recently of Robert Reid, of Montreal, who under the penname of "Rob Wanlock" was the author of a large number of Scottish and Scottish-Canadian poems. Most of these may be found in one or other of his two volumes, "Moorland Rhymes," published in 1874, three years before he came to Canada, and "Poems, Songs and Sonnets" published in 1894. His best known work is the poem entitled "Kirkbride," which won for him the Kinnear wreath, open to the competition of all North America.

RECENT FICTION FOR GIRLS

(Continued from page 324.)

how much the richer if in their reading they got more of the spirit expressed in the old peddlar's words to Fiona: "You have spoken face to face with bird and beast and with beings who knew and loved the land before your race was. To-day you have the freedom of the island and of all living things on it; they are your friends forever. All that is there has passed into your blood, the old last loves, the old impossible loyalties, the old forgotten heroisms and tendernesses; all these are yours and yours are the songs that were sung long ago, and the tales that were told by the fireside; and the deeds of men and women of old have become part of you, you can walk now through the crowded city and never know it, for the wind from the heather will be about you where you go; you can stand still in the tumult of men and never hear them, for around you will be the silence of your own seas." That is the Treasure of the Isle of Mist. That, too, describes very nearly the treasure we believe good books can bestow upon our girls, and though we so often seem to be losing them in the mazes of the poor and mediocre and unable to find for them the approach to the open roads of literature, we dare not grow weary of leading in "the Search."

Annie I. M. Jackson.

A Surprising Surprise

There are some novels which it is absolutely impossible to review, because any adequate account of them must necessarily reveal to the reader some inkling of facts which, for the effectiveness of the story, it is imperatively necessary to keep undisclosed until a certain stage in the narrative. The complete "surprise novel" is, perhaps, less common than the "surprise play," probably because the theatregoer cannot spoil the effect by turning to the last act when halfway through the first. But the surprise novel does not exist, and John Murray Gibbon's "Pagan Love" (what a priceless movie title!—and by the way, if the censorship gets itself mitigated or abolished, what a priceless movie is this whole story!) is decidedly the most surprising that we have read in a dog's age. We are an innocent-minded though fairly experienced reviewer, but we usually develop at least a suspicion of the clue to the mystery before the dramatic moment of its revelation. In the case of Frank A. Neruda, the New York efficiency millionaire, we had scarcely even guessed that there was a mystery, when crash! the revelation burst upon us and we realized that what we had been taking for a sociological study of American business methods was—well, what is it?

No, we must not, now, discuss what it is. For to do so would be impossible without giving the reader some idea of the nature of the surprise, and that must be avoided at all costs. Even now we may be telling you, gentle reader, far more than it is well for you to know. We ourselves had the immense advantage of reading the entire novel at a sitting, without pause for reflection and without having read one single line or word of published criticism—we had even omitted the publisher's blurb on the "jacket," and now perusing it after the novel we feel that even that would have given away too much. To the honor of the artist who executed the jacket drawing, we hasten to state that he at least has revealed nothing of the volume's contents. Take, therefore, O gentle reader, the advice of a friend and read no more even of this review until you have read "Pagan Love" itself.

* * *

All those who have not read "Pagan Love" having now stopped reading this article, we can speak a little more freely. That which makes it so surprising to find that "Pagan Love" is a surprise novel, is the fact that it is written throughout with that extraordinary and realistic wealth of detail that has always distinguished Mr. Gibbon's novels, and that makes him look like a sociological investigator when he has least desire to be one. There is not an element of the fantastic in the story—except the whole story. As usual the reader will obtain, in addition to his dramatic thrills, an immense amount of reliable information about how the other 99 per cent. of the world lives. We were ourselves a little surprised to learn that charity fancy-dress balls in New York tolerate quite so much nudity, or that Felicien Rops is quite so naughty; but we take Mr. Gibbon's word implicitly. And on the charm of evening on the Terrace at Quebec, as well as the methods of trade journals and "house organs" in securing advertising, Mr. Gibbon is, of course, an unrivalled authority.

Honestly, this is a most amazing yarn. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto; Doran, New York.)

Famous Leaders of Character, Edwin Wildman. Boston: The Page Co. This book for boys by a former editor of "The Forum," deals with incidents in the boyhood of famous men who have impressed their personalities upon the life and history. There are twenty-four of these sketches and portraits of all the subjects of the sketches. They have much to do with the making of character and the author points out that the necessary qualities are not always born in a man but are often gained by a continual struggle to overcome that which is unworthy.

Books Received

Poole, Ernest, "Millions." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. A first-rate piece of psychological study in the reactions produced by the expected death of a young millionaire and the transfer of his wealth to a distant (and poor) relative. The effect of this situation upon many characters is brilliantly displayed.

Looms, George, "Stubble." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. Difficult to get into and technically weak in structure, this is an important piece of writing in the field of studies in American discontent. This particular discontent is in Kentucky, where we rather thought the current disease of the age had not yet penetrated; we were wrong.

Douglas, O., "Ann and Her Mother." Hodder, Toronto, $1.75. To one who has not read this author's "The Setons," that inimitable account of life in a Scottish clergyman's family, this volume presents a very pleasant picture of such life, but we feel that the author yielded against her own judgment to the public demand for what is called in the Metrical Psalm Book "another of the same."

Fletcher, J. S., "The Middle of Things." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. A plotty novel by an acknowledged "master of plot," beginning with a delightfully mysterious murder and ending with a delightfully romantic marriage.

Bishop (John Peale), and Wilson (Edmund, Jr.), "The Undertaker's Garland." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. A typical Borzoi book, irregularly illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, and containing a number of "pieces" of the young-American intelligentzia type, all about death, which the authors maintain is too seriously regarded in American art—which is probably true.

Jewell, Edward Alden, "The Moth Decides." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. A clever and interesting study in young-girl psychology, in the family of a Middle Western "minister of the gospel." By the author of "The White Kami."

Ervine, St. John G., "The Ship: A Three-Act Play." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.40. The drama of generation against generation—the industrial father and the artist son. Not on the level of "John Ferguson," but a good actable play.

Hanshew, M. E. & T. W., "The Riddle of the Spinning Wheel." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. Further exploits by the marvelous detective, Hamilton Cleek, who in past volumes solved the respective "Riddles" of "the Frozen Flame," "the Mysterious Light," and "the Purple Emperor."

Richmond, Grace S., "Foursquare." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. The amiable sentimentality of the author of "Red Pepper Burns" is here directed towards the life of "the small college, with great ideals." The ladies, especially those who have not gone through any college, will love it.

Bellamy, Francis R., "A Flash of Gold." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. Nancy Van Wyck was a flirt (on her mother's side), and she rather imprudently married a public-spirited and hard-working doctor, and then she flirted with the local financial magnate, Forrester Stone, and then the war began (date of 1917, please), and then there was a strike, and the wicked capitalists became more and more wicked—etc. Happy ending.

Brown, Alice, "Old Crow." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. A wealthy Pacifist, female, of New England and of fine old family, dying, leaves all her fortune unconditionally to a very red-blooded and unsentimental male relative, accompanied by a private letter imposing on him the solemn duty of using it to promote Pacifism. Just the kind of situation that the author of "The Wind Between the Worlds" handles to perfection.

McAlister, Frank A., "The Last Mile." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. The revolt of a thinker and a returned soldier against "100 per cent. Americanism." Probably only those living in the United States can fully appreciate the terrible character of the phenomena that have provoked this very able novel, and the last half of "Babbitt," and many other recent writings.

White, Stewart Edward, "Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. A biography, with much historical background, not a novel. One suspects Mr. White, though he nowhere expressly admits it, of writing with an eye to the young person of less than 21.

Lewis, Wilmarth, "Tutors' Lane." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. A psychological and socialogical study of life in a small New England university town. No sentiment whatever, and not a bit like Grace Richmond's "Foursquare." Clever—perhaps a little too clever.

Shedd, George C., "Cryder of the Big Woods." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. He was a strong-hearted man, and he tackled the great lumber company in its own domain, and thereby won the lovely lady, all just as any sensible reader would expect from the title.

Morley, Christopher, "Where the Blue Begins." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. By giving his characters the physical aspect of dogs but the minds of human beings Mr. Morley is enabled, as many a greater satirist before him, to utter many ideas which would shock some readers in a tale avowedly human. But they are good ideas.

CAPT. GEORGE C. F. PRINGLE
Author of "Tillicums of the Trail," full of Northland romance.

HUGH WALPOLE
Whose new book, "The Cathedral," is a study of power and human destiny.

JESSIE ALEXANDER
Her volume, "Encore," is an entertaining contribution to Canadiana.

Stephens, James, "The Crock of Gold," drawings by Wilfred Jones. Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. An admirably illustrated new edition of one of the most exquisite works of Irish fantasy that this century has produced. Written in 1912, this book has steadily risen higher and higher in the esteem of critics and the discerning public.

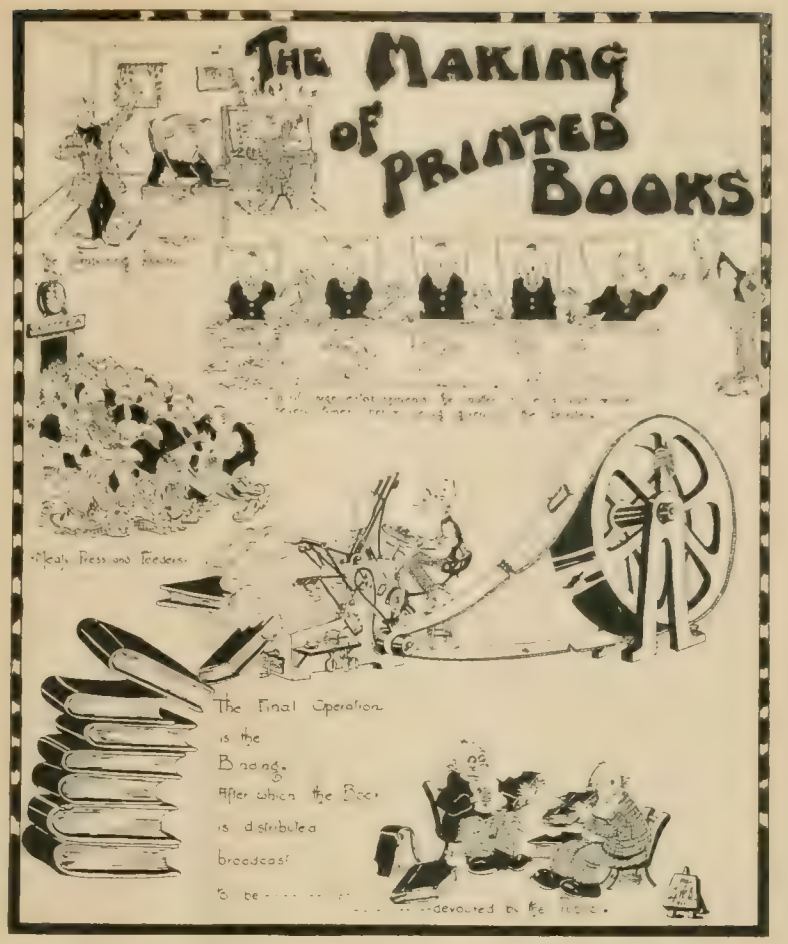
Traprock, Walter E. "My Northern Exposure." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is another Kawa story and an equally entertaining burlesque—an exciting and riotously funny expedition in search of the North Pole.

Bill the Bachelor, by Denis MacKail. Toronto: Thomas Allen, $2.00.

The author of "Romance to the Rescue" in this book, which has been characterized as "that type of light and sparkling fiction that might be termed the champagne of letters." Who that enjoys pure comedy will want to read this tale.

McFee, William, "Command," Toronto: S. B. Gundy. A study in character "showing up sharp and clear the perplexing variations of the bygone indiosyncrsy—patriotism." The general background is the Mediterranean, the hodge-podge peoples of the Greek ports, and British mariners in the greatest hours of their lives. It is dramatic narrative written with wit and power.

Binyon, Laurence, "Selected Poems." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.20. The best of the contents of the dozen or more small volumes embodying this poet's work in the English editions. Mr. Binyon's note is not very personal, but it is humorous and cultured.



This Cartoon is the work of Guy W. Rutter, of "Goblin" fame, who drew it for his father, Mr. A. F. Rutter, of Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto, whose institution is a hive of industry in the printing of books.

RADIO AND CHRISTMAS.

The remarkable development of radio during the present year and the big Radio library represented by the many books that have been published, will be bound to make Radio Books popular for Christmas gifts this year. The widespread interest in the subject makes it easy to awaken enthusiastic interest in books devoted to this enthralling subject.

To-day, following the establishing of Radio broadcasting stations, many an enjoyable evening is spent around the family radio set. The radio set to-day is becoming as popular as the phonograph although it is believed that it will never supplant it. In days gone by the amateur experimenter, alone, delved into the seeming mysteries of radio but to-day not only he but the business man and woman, the wife, the boy and the small children are receiving the advantages of the recent advance in the art of communication—Broadcasting. The following books have been received from Norman W. Henley Publishing Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York. These are most interesting books which deal with their respective subjects in a practical manner, written so that the novice and amateur experimenter alike can understand them and make use of the information.

"RADIO HOOK-UPS," by Mr. Sleeper was written for those who wished to try many different ways of connecting up parts of radio apparatus and discusses the advantages of each hook-up. Price, 75c.

"RADIO DESIGN DATA" by M. B. Sleeper enables the amateur and novice alike, so clearly is it written, to design his or her receiving equipment from the formulas, data and tables contained between its covers.

For those desiring to listen to the Transcontinental high power stations "CONSTRUCTION OF NEW TYPE ATLANTIC RECEIVING SET" by Mr. Sleeper is an excellent book. Among other interesting things the subject of Loud Speakers, Relays, etc., is thoroughly dealt with.

For the novice and amateur who wants to build his own equipment "CONSTRUCTION OF RADIOPHONE AND TELEGRAPH RECEIVERS FOR BEGINNERS" by Mr. Sleeper gives one a world of ideas.

"HOW TO MAKE COMMERCIAL TYPE RADIO APPARATUS" by M. B. Sleeper is well illustrated with commercial type of equipment and is an excellent book for the man who wants to make his equipment the equivalent of the commercial type.

"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY and TELEPHONY" by Mr. A. P. Morgan is an excellent book for the beginner who desires to get a picture of the workings of radio telegraph and telephony.

"A. B. C. of VACUUM TUBES USED IN RADIO RECEPTION" by E. H. Lewis is a book, clearly written, which will initiate the novice into what goes on inside the receiving vacuum tube and will give the experimenter a better understanding of Vacuum Tube phenomena by presenting it from a different angle.

"EXPERIMENTAL WIRELESS STATIONS" by P. E. Edelman, is a standard book on this subject and anticipates every need of the reader who wants to know about radio. The book has been endorsed by foremost instructors for its clear accuracy and dependable designs.

"THE RADIO EXPERIMENTER'S HANDBOOK" by Mr. M. B. Sleeper fills the need for a book which tells in a concise and clear way the "Why" of Radio—What makes it work—How to build simple transmitters and receivers. Throughout the preparation of this book, one purpose was kept in mind—Answer the practical questions of the "novice," of the "beginner" and the more advanced student. This book also helps in the selection or construction of simple apparatus for the transmission and reception of radio telegraph and telephone signals.

These books form a very valuable library for those who have just become interested in Radio as well as the experimenter.

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN

FRENCH SECTION

Editorial Committee: Mde. W. A. Huguenin, Mme. E. Circé-Côté and P. Alfred Daviault.

Prière d'adresser la correspondance, pour tout ce qui concerne la rédaction et l'administration, à M. P.-Alfred Daviault, 559, rue Chambord, Montreal.

Vieux Papiers

La Propriete Litteraire au Canada

Nous avons établi dans le dernier numéro du "Bookman," par des preuves irréfutables que l'Empire Britannique tout entier a fait partie de l'Union internationale dès le commencement, l'adhésion à la Convention de Berne ayant été précédée de la promulgation d'une loi impériale spéciale, du 25 juin 1886, ainsi que d'une consultation préalable et favorable des colonies, y compris le Dominion de Canada. Bien que le Gouvernement britannique se soit réservé, dans le procès-verbal de signature de la Convention de Berne, la faculté de la dénoncer séparément en tout temps pour une ou plusieurs de ses colonies ou possessions énumérées une à une, il n'a jamais fait usage de cette faculté, si bien que la Convention de 1886, déploie légalement ses effets sur tout le territoire de l'Empire britannique.

La preuve officielle la plus positive de ce fait se trouve dans le Procès-verbal de dépôt des Actes de ratification des décisions de la Conférence de Paris de 1896. Ce procès verbal signé à Paris le 9 septembre 1897 et portant pour la Grande-Bretagne la signature de Sir Edmund Monson, contient le passage suivant, après avoir constaté que dix pays unionistes ont ratifié les deux actes, savoir l'Acte additionnel et la Déclaration interprétative du 4 mai 1896:

"La Grande-Bretagne a ratifié seulement l'Acte additionnel **pour le Royaume Uni ainsi que pour toutes les colonies et possessions britanniques.**"

Rien, absolument rien—aucun acte d'ordre intérieur ni aucune déclaration ou notification adressée au Conseil fédéral suisse—n'est venu modifier cette situation péremptoirement établie et il est vraiment surprenant qu'en présence de textes aussi précis, on ait osé lancer des affirmations contraires, si faciles à démentir. Du reste, l'existence des liens qui lient le Dominion avec l'Union, a été reconnue officiellement au Canada, tout aussi bien que la difficulté de les couper, et cela presque dès le début du régime unioniste; voici dans quelles circonstances: Le 2 mai 1889, le Canada avait adopté une loi amendant le chapitre 62 des Statuts revisés, par lequel il voulait faire dépendre toute protection du droit d'auteur dans le Dominion d'un enregistrement préalable à toute publication au dehors et de la réimpression de l'oeuvre au Canada dans le délai d'un mois; ces conditions étant absolument incompatibles avec le régime de l'Union, le comité du Conseil privé du Canada sollicita du Gouvernement de la métropole une double mesure: l'approbation de la loi et la dénonciation de la Convention par une ordonnance en Conseil particulière. Il importe de citer à cet égard l'exposé de feu M. Thompson, ministre de la Justice, contenu dans le Blue Book publié et soumis au Parlment anglais de 27 juin 1895 sous le titre "*Correspondence on the subject of the law of copyright in Canada.*" Voice ce que dit M. Thompson, l'adversaire le plus résolu de la Convention, dans son rapport du 3 août 1889 (p. 4):

"Toutefois, par le fait que la législation impériale adoptant la Convention de Berne en matière de copyright s'étend à toutes les possessions de Sa Majesté et doit continuer à être applicable au Canada jusqu'à l'expiration d'une année à partir de la notification de la dénonciation, il devient nécessaire qu'avant que la proclamation (approuvant la loi de 1889) soit promulguée, le Gouvernement de S.M. soit prié d'annoncer la dénonciation du Traité d'Union par rapport au Canada et qu'une année s'écoule après cette notification, et il faut qu'avant que la loi votée dans la dernière session soit mise en vigueur, une ordonnance en Conseil soit obtenue qui dégage le Canada des effets de la loi par laquelle la Convention de Berne est rendue exécutoire dans tout l'Empire (*Statute which makes the Berne Convention operative throughout the Empire*)."

M. Thompson explique à plusieurs reprises que la loi dont il y aurait lieu d'affranchir le Canada est la loi impériale de 1886 "*giving effect to Berne Convention.*" Et Lord Stanley of Preston, en transmettant, le 16 août 1889, la demande du Gouvernement canadien à Lord Knutsford ajoute que la promulgation de cette ordonnance en conseil "déclarant la convention non applicable au Dominion au bout d'une année après la dénonciation" doit avoir lieu en vertu de l'article 9 de 1 "*Imperial International Copyright Act 1886*"; quant au dit délai d'un an, il est prévu par l'article 20 de la Convention, article qui est également cité par les autorités canadiennes. Celles-ci insistèrent encore deux fois sur leur postulat ou voeu de se séparer de l'Union, et cela dans une adresse à la Reine, signée par le Sénat et la Chambre des communes du Canada les 29 et 30 septembre 1891, ensuite dans un rapport du Comité du Conseil privé, approuvé par le Gouverneur général le 23 janvier 1894.

Ces démarches restèrent sans succès. Les raisons de la ferme attitude du Gouvernement impérial se déduisent d'un rapport que lui soumit le 20 mai 1892 une commission spéciale composée de Lord Balfour, Sir Henry G. Bergne, John Bramston et C. P. Ilbert et où nous lisons le passage suivant:

> "La dénonciation de la Convention de la part du Canada serait fort regrettable, car elle porterait une sérieuse atteinte au régime de la protection impériale et internationale du droit d'auteur, établi par la législation de 1886. Ce serait une mesure rétrograde qui placerait le Canada dans une situation d'isolement et d'antagonisme vis-à-vis de la communauté des Etats civilisés devenus signataires de la Convention de Berne."

En fait, la loi canadienne de 1889 n'a jamais obtenu la sanction impériale; le pourquoi est clairement indiqué dans une dépêche de Lord Knutsford à Lord Stanley of Preston (25 mars 1890) en ces termes: . . . . . "*the Act can have no validity in so far as it is repugnant to an Act of the Imperial Parliament extending to the Dominion of Canada.*" Le rapport cité ci-dessus constate également que, d'après l'avis des jurisconsultes de la Couronne, pris le 31 décembre 1889 par Lord Knutsford, "les droits de légififérer, accordés au Parlement du Dominion par le British North America Act, de 1867, ne l'autorisent pas à modifier ou à annuler, en ce qui concerne le Canada, une loi impériale qui confères des privilèges sur le territoire canadien."

D'autre part, la loi de 1886 et l'ordonnance du 28 novembre 1887 concernant l'entrée en vigueur de la Convention de

Berne dans l'Empire britannique sont toujours en vigueur au Canada. "La Reine peut" dit le même rapport, p. 53 "édicter, sur la requête du Canada, une ordonnance destinée à faire cesser l'application au Canada de la loi de 1886 et de l'ordonnance de 1887, mais la loi et l'ordonnance subsistent ou to-tombent ensemble, et si le Canada se soustrait à la loi, il doit se soustraire à l'ordannance et réciproquement." Ni l'une ni l'autre de ces éventualités ne se sont produites. Le Gouvernement impérial n'a jamais révoqué l'ordonnance de 1887 quant à son application au Canada, comme il l'a fait, par exemple, par une ordonnance spéciale (8 août 1899), lorsque le Monténégro s'est retiré de l'Union.

* *
*

Nous pouvons donc résumer la situation légale et conventionnelle du Canada ainsi:

1. Dans le régime intérieur, sont applicables la loi du 8 avril 1875 (38 Vict., chap. 88), formellement sanctionnée par la loi impériale du 2 août 1875 (38é et 39é a. Vict., chap. 53) et incorporée aujourd'hui dans les "Statuts revisés du Canada, 1886, chapitre 62" (49 Victoria, chap. 4, Acte concernant la propriété littéraire et artistique), puis la loi du 18 juillet 1900 (Acte modifiant l'Acte concernant la propriété littéraire et artistique) qui a également obtenu la sanction impériale. Ces deux lois forment, ainsi que l'a déclaré, avec sa haute autorité, M. J. B. Jackson, chef de service d'enregistrement du droit d'auteur, la législation fondamentale canadienne; elles ne sont applicables qu'aux oeuvres publiées dans les limites du territoire de la colonie, comme cela résulte péremptoirement de l'article 8, no 4 de la loi impériale de 1886 ("droits à accorder, dans les limites de cette Possession, aux auteurs d'oeuvres produites pour la première fois dans ladite Possession)".

2. Quant aux rapports avec les autres colonies et avec les pays étrangers, ils sont déterminés par la loi impériale de 1886 et par l'ordonnance du 28 novembre 1887. Cette ordonnance entrée en vigueu le jour après la mise à exécution de la Convention de Berne, soit le 6 décembre 1887, dispose (art. 1er) que ladite Convention exercera son effet plein et entier dans les possessions de Sa Majesté (*through Her Majesty's dominions*); conformément à l'article 3, les auteurs unionistes jouissent des mêmes droits de propriété littéraire et artistique et pendant la *meme periode* que si les oeuvres avaient paru pour la première fois dans le *Royaume-Uni*. C'est ce qui fait dire aux rédacteurs du rapport cité déjà plus haut que l'auteur d'un livre publié pour la première fois dans un pays unioniste jouit du *copyright* dans toutes les possessions de la Reine pendant le délai fixe par la loi anglaise, c'es-à-dire pendant 42 ans à partir de la première publication ou bien, si ce délai est plus long, jusqu'à sept ans après la mort de l'auteur, ou alors pendant un délai plus court si la loi du pays d'origine de l'oeuvre est moins libérale que la loi anglaise. De même, l'ordonnance en conseil du 7 mars 1898 donne effet plein et entier à l'Acte additionnel de Paris "*throughout Her Majesty's dominio ns*" et elle maintient formellement les dispositions précitées de celle du 28 novembre 1887. Ce sont là les deux seules ordonnances promulguées dans ce domaine et aucune d'entre elles ne contient une disposition indiquant que Sa Majesté a fait usage des droits qui lui sont conférés par la loi de 1886, de suspension ou de modification des lois générales en faveur d'une colonie quelconque et notamment du Canada. La durée de protection garantie aux auteurs unionistes est celle du Royaume-Uni, comme l'indique aussi le préambule de la loi de 1886 (*not exceeding the period during which authors of the like works first published in the United Kingdom have copyright*).

Pour le reste, les auteurs unionistes sont protégés, comme l'a exposé Sir Henry Bergne "*aux termes des lois imperiales existantes.*" Cette protection est subordonnée uniquement à l'observation des conditions et formalités prévues par la législation du pays d'origine de l'oeuvre (art. 2 de la Convention), et ce principe a été corroboré par une prescription particulière de la loi de 1886, destinée à faciliter l'exercice du droit d'auteur conformément à l'esprit de l'article 11 de la Convention, et à "pourvoir au moyen qui servît à établir devant les tribunaux anglais l'existence du droit à la protection assurée dans un pays étranger" (Bergne). Voici le texte de l'article 7 de la loi de 1886, qui est intitulé "De la constatation du droit d'auteur étranger":

> "Lorsqu'il faudra établir l'existence ou la propriété du droit d'auteur sur une oeuvre produite pour la première fois dans un pays étranger auquel s'applique une ordonnance rendue en conseil en vertu des lois sur la protection internationale des droits d'auteur, il sera admis,—à titre de preuve des faits allégués,—un extrait d'enregistrement ou un certificat ou quelque autre document constatant l'existence du droit d'auteur ou indiquant la personne titulaire de ce droit ou considérée comme en étant investie pour l'emploi des voies légales dans le Royaume-Uni, pourvu que ces documents soient légalisés par le sceau officiel ou la signature d'un agent diplomatique ou consulaire britannique dans ledit pays; tous les tribunaux prendront notification juridique des sceaux officiels et signatures, tels qu'ils sont mentionnés dans le présent article, et admettront à faire foi, sans qu'il y ait lieu à autre preuve, les documents légalisés de cette manière."

Quelles sont les lois impériales existantes que peuvent invoquer les auteurs unionistes dans l'Empire britannique au profit de leurs droite. Elles sont clairement désignées dans la première annexe de la loi du 25 juin 1886; ce sont, outre cette dernière loi, la loi de 1884 dont l'article 3 s'occupe de la protection des livres, l'article 4 de celle des oeuvres d'art et l'article 5 de celle des oeuvres dramatiques et musicales, puis la loi de 1852 promulguée pour mettre à exécution le traité littéraire franco-anglais de 1851—seuls les articles 7 et 9 de cette loi concernent les auteurs unionistes,—enfin la loi de 1875 concernant l'interdiction des adaptations ou imitations des pièces dramatiques ou compositions musicales étrangères, interdiction qui a été prononcée en faveur des auteurs dramatiques unionistes par l'ordonnance du 28 novembre 1887 (No. 6).

Or, la loi principale concernant la protection internationale du droit d'auteur celle de 1884, prévoit expressément l'application, en faveur des auteurs étrangers des pays désignés par une ordonnance, de la législation en vigueur dans le Royaume-Uni, notamment de la loi fondamentale du 1er juillet 1842 concernant la protection des oeuvres littéraires. D'un autre côté, l'article 12 de la loi du 29 juillet 1862 qui règle la matière de la protection des oeuvres artistiques prescrit que cette loi comprend celle de 1844, de la même manière que si les dispositions de cette dernière en faisaient partie, et cet article 12 a été expressément englobé par l'article 1er de la loi de 1886 dans le groupe des "Lois sur la protection internationale des droits d'auteur" (*International Copyright Acts*). Les artistes étrangers peuvent dès lors également se prévaloir des prescriptions tutélaires de leurs droits qui sont en vigueur depuis 1862 en Grande-Bretagne.

Le memorandum explicatif concernant le bill de 1886 qui avait été envoyé, à cette époque, aux colonies définit donc fort justement le régime dont bénéficient les auteurs unionistes dans l'Empire britannique, ainsi: "Les lois impériales qui se rapportent à la protection littéraire et artistique internationale donnent aux auteurs de livres publiés pour la première fois dans un pays avec lequel la Reine fait une convention à ce sujet, les mêmes droits, "*valuables pour l'Empire,*" que ceux qui sont garantis aux auteurs de livres publiés "*premierement dans le Royaume-Uni.*" Il n'y a qu'à changer changer dans cette déclaration pour ainsi dire interprétative le terme "livres" en celui d' "oeuvres littéraires et artistiques," car, ainsi que nous l'avons exposé tout à l'heure, la loi anglaise de 18

concernant les oeuvres des beaux-arts s'applique formellement (art. 12) aux artistes étrangers. Aussi le fait que cette loi a été déclarée inapplicable au Canada par la jurisprudence canadienne, confirmée par la plus haute instance anglaise, ne saurait-il atteindre les auteurs unionistes dont les droits sont garantis par la loi de 1886 et l'ordonnance de 1887; en vertu de ces actes, la protection de toutes les lois anglaises concernant la protection internationale, y compris la loi de 1862, leur revient en plein droit, quant à la jouissance, à l'exercice et à la sanction de la propriété littéraire et artistique.

* * *

Comme on le voit, pour guider les tribunaux dans l'application des lois, la jurisprudence était abondante; mais les contrefacteurs canadiens, enhardis par l'hésitation des auteurs à les poursuivre, se moquaient des lois, quand la Société des Gens de Lettres de France, se décida d'agir.

Nous dirons dans un autre article comment cette intervention s'effectua et les résultats qu'elle donna.

—ED. MONTET.

L'Oeuvre de Jules Fournier

Avant de commencer cette courte revue je dois dire d'abord, que j'ai été pendant une dizaine d'années l'un des plus fidèles amis de l'auteur de "Mon Encrier," Jules Fournier, enlevé à la fleur de l'âge et à une époque où son rare talent brillait du plus pur éclat. En y relisant quelques-uns de ses meilleurs articles j'ai retrouvé de si chers souvenirs que mon jugement pourra paraître trop favorable à ceux qui n'ont connu que l'écrivain et ont ignoré l'ami et l'homme de coeur, qui n'ont pas partagé l'intimité de celui qui, au sens d'Asselin, possédait l'intelligence la plus complète et la plus fine qui ait encore paru parmi nous.

"Mon Encrier" n'est qu'un recueil d'articles de divers journaux, surtout du "Nationaliste" et, sauf deux pièces malheureusement inachevées, ses amis les avaient déjà lus de 1904 à 1915, pendant la trop courte période où Fournier illustra notre journalisme canadien. Les deux pièces inédites, surtout "La Faillite du Nationalisme" montrent des qualités d'observation et une connaissance des choses et des gens peu ordinaires chez un homme de l'âge de Fournier. Il n'a donné là que le commencement de ce qui devrait être une histoire détaillée de cette politique nationaliste qu'il ne nous appartient pas de juger. Ce travail, s'il avait pu être terminé, aurait donné une parfaite mesure du véritable talent de Fournier.

Néanmoins, ses articles trop courts permettent aussi de se fermer une opinion de son talent. Sa prose est si soignée qu'elle parait facile. Cela semble couler de source, mais on verra tout à l'heure comment il travaillait et peinait pour arriver à un but que, selon lui, il n'atteignait jamais. Sa verve ironique et parfois goguenarde faisait de Fournier un dangereux adversaire. Estimant que le ridicule est la meillure arme contre les sots, il ne l'a pas ménagé mais s'en est servi avec succès dans divers portraits tracés avec un souci des détails et un esprit inimitables.

Critique sévère et juste, il ne peut comprendre cette habitude que nous avons de jeter des fleurs au premier venu sous prétexte qu'il est l'ami de Un Tel u Une Telle, ou parce que c'est un bon garçon, ou parce que la critique lui ferait de la peine. Partout où il trouve le mauvais français, le défaut d'idées ou le mauvais goût, Fournier est impitoyable. Son article de critique sur un livre de l'abbé Roy et un autre sur un roman canadien inepte sont des preuves de cette sévérité qui a paru de la cruauté même à certains de ses amis.

Ce genre de critique était nouveau dans le pays où l'on ne connait que des louanges outrées pour des talents de sixième ordre et il créa vite de nombreux ennemis au courageux journaliste. Celui-ci, cependant, n'en avait cure occupé qu'il était à lire, à travailler ou . . . à paresser.

Fournier, en effet, avait des moments de dépression et d'abattement physique et moral où il lui était impossible de faire quoi que ce soit. Venait ensuite une crise de travail que rien ne décourageait et il passait deux ou trois nuits blanches pour terminer à son goût un article; corrigeant sur quatre épreuves et deux revises avant de donner son bon à composer; arrêtant les presses pour faire reprendre l'édition parce qu'une phrase n'était pas de son goût.

A cette époque je faisais des chroniques soi-disant humoristiques dans le journal de Fournier et, parfois aussi, de petits articles que Fournier relisait avec un soin méticuleux avant de les envoyer au prote, repassant toutes les phrases deux fois, coupant et ajoutant à son goût. Cette petite manie m'amusait et, pour tâcher de l'en corriger—je croyais qu'il avait besoin de l'être—je pris dans Jules Lemaitre une phrase d'une dizaine de lignes que j'ajoutai à mon article au moyen d'adroites soudures. Fournier ayant pris ma copie, je le surveillais du coin de l'oeil et, arrivé à la phrase en question, j'allais regarder par-dessus son épaule. Il changea un verbe, déplaça un complément, supprima un synonyme, enfin trancha à son gout dans la phrase jusqu'au moment où je lui dis:

Sais-tu qui tu corriges?

Toi, parbleu.

Pas du tout, c'est du Jules Lemaître.

Mais sans s'émouvoir, il me répondit très calme: "Ce n'est pas de ma faute si Jules Lemaitre ne sait pas écrire son français." Puis il éclata de son large rire si communicatif.

C'est là une des boutades dont il était coutumier, car Fournier était pince sans rire à ses heures. Plus tard, après sa fâcheuse incursion dans la politique municipale, son caractère changea, se transforma et on le vit devenir sceptique, morose, triste et de plus en plus mélancolique. La politique lui avait montré les hommes de trop près et il s'était dégouté de la politique comme des hommes. Nature d'élite, ceux qui auront le plaisir de lire son livre entendront battre ce coeur franc et sincère, comprendront ce caractère parfois si difficile pour ses amis et reconnaitront qu'en le perdant le Canada a perdu peut-être son plus agréable prosateur.

—P.-M. BERNARD.

"FEUILLES EPARSES"

"Feuilles éparses"—par Lise—Chroniques de chez nous. Etudes et impressions. Couverture illustrée et en 2 couleurs; 40 dessins de Dubois, 120 pages.

Ce recueil de chroniques est l'oeuvre d'une femme qui sait voir et méditer; et cette femme est aussi une mère qui, devant son encrier, songe à ses enfants, et anime ses pages du plus haut sentiment moral. Ecrites sans prétention, ces chroniques dénotent un joli talent. Elles sont dignes des ouvrages du même genre dont on a publié un si grand nombre, ces dernières années.

—P.-A. D.

Membres Canadiens-Francais

NOUS sommes convaincus que nos membres Canadiens-Français, qui, actuellement, n'encouragent pas leur compagnie, pourraient le faire, s'ils étaient au courant du fait que nous pouvons prendre soin de leur correspondance française.

Comme notre personnel français est très limité, ceci ne s'applique qu'au cas ou on ne pourrait le faire clairement en anglais.

Nous sommes à votre service

Apres la Bataille

La seconde semaine du livre canadien est terminée. Il peut être utile de jeter un regard en arrière et de récapituler brièvement les initiatives que nous avons prises à cette occasion. Il ne s'agit pas de s'adresser des compliments; mais bien d'établir un document qui nous servira dans l'avenir.

Le but de la semaine du livre canadien n'est pas tant de vendre un nombre considérable de volumes pendant cette période, que de créer un mouvement d'intérêt dans le public. En organisant une publicité bien conduite et active, en faisant du bruit autour de notre littérature, nous réveillerons nos compatriotes de leur indifférence et le livre canadien prendra une importance qui l'élèvera, de sa position de parent pauvre, à une place honorable dans les rangs de la grande famille littéraire. Certes, on ne peut atteindre ce résultat en une semaine ni même en deux; néanmoins, comme le clou qui finit par entrer à force de l'enfoncer, une idée s'impose par la répétition fréquente qu'on en fait, par l'obstination à la mettre devant le public, à chaque occasion. La semaine du livre canadien ne constitue qu'un article du vaste programme que se trace l'Association des auteurs canadiens pour faire l'éducation du public. Ce programme forme un ensemble assez imposant et qui acquiert de la puissance.

Notre devoir était donc d'organiser beaucoup de manifestations en l'honneur du livre; parler et faire parler de lui. Nous n'y avons pas manqué. Des discours furent prononcés en plusieurs endroits; des articles, nombreux, étendus et très suggestifs, furent publiés dans la plupart des journaux de la province. Et, à ce sujet, nous ne saurions trop remercier les directeurs qui nous ont aidé de toutes manières. Des messages par radio ont été lancés aux quatre coins de l'Amerique; en effet le puissant poste de la "Presse" avait été mis à notre disposition pour les besoins de la cause. La semaine du livre y fut inaugurée par le président de l'Association et le secrétaire de la section française. De plus une "soirée des auteurs" y fut organisée, au cours de la semaine, et où des orateurs et des artistes nombreux se firent entendre; entre autres, Mlle. Cécile Sorel et M. Albert Lambert, de la Comédie française; Mme. Huguenin, MM. Victor Morin, Lionel Léveillé, Ae. Fauteux, etc. . . A cela ne se bornèrent pas nos activités. Des expositions nombreuses furent ouvertes durant toute la semaine. Aux bibliothèques Fraser et municipale, on exposa de vieux livres. A Saint-Sulpice, la section réunit les volumes de luxe prêtés par des bibliophiles complaisants; ce fut là, nous pouvons le dire, le triomphe du livre. Les libraires avaient établi, eux aussi, des étalages très élaborés.

La section française employa même les méthodes de publicité les plus avancées. Un concours-devinette, auquel étaient attachés des prix intéressants, fut organisé.

Pour couronner le tout, une brillante réception mondaine et un grand dîner de clôture, au Cercle universitaire.

Les sous-sections de Québec et Ottawa ne restèrent pas oisives et firent la campagne dans leurs district respectif.

Un beau succès a couronné tous ces efforts. Ce n'est pas encore l'idéal. 'Il nous appartient de continuer notre travail et d'améliorer encore nos méthodes. C'est ce que nous ferons l'an prochain.

—P. ALFRED DAVIAULT.

BIBLIOGRAPHIE

Pour rendre service, et aux lecteurs et aux auteurs, la section française a décidé, lors d'une récente assemblée, d'établir un service de librairie. C'est-à-dire, que son secrétaire recevra les commandes pour tous les livres étudiés dons les pages françaises du "Canadian Bookman," on mentionnés sous la rubrique, "Bibliographie." On se chargera également de faire parvenir tout autre livre canadien.

Nous insistons sur le fait que la section ne veut aucunement établir une concuren ence au détriment des libraires nous aiderons plutôt ces derniers, car nous remplirons les commandes reçues par leur intermédiaire.

Voici une première liste: Paul Morin—Paul Morin—"Poèmes de cendre et d'or, $1.10.

Jules Fournier—"Mon Encrier," 2 vols., $2.20.

Emile Coderre—"Les Signes sur le sable," $1.10.

Abbé Arthur Tuindon—"Aux temps héroiques," $1.10.

Jacques de Gaspé—"La famille Chouinard," $2.10.

Lise—"Feuilles éparses," $0.70.

Eugène Corriveau—"L'Anti-féministe," comédie, $0.25.

M. P.-Alfred Daviault, secrétaire de la section française, fera parvenir ces livres sur réception du prix marqué. Adresser à 559 rue Chambord, Montréal.

LE COYOTE

Ne Appropies huc . . . Losuc Enim, in Quo Stas, Terra Sancta est

Liber Exodi III., 5.

I.

Sous la nuit qui descend, hors la rude broussaille,
Le coyote est sorti, silencieusement.
Il allonge le cou, regarde, hume le vent,
Il pointe son oreille et, par moments, tressaille.

Dans ses veines, ce soir, son sang a fermenté.
Ce soir, l'instinct puissant l'emporte à l'aventure.
Ce soir, il a senti que sa force était mûre.
Il s'en va, consommant l'âpre fatalité.

Il trace dans la neige une ligne très droite; (I.)
Aucun bruit n'avertit les silences songeurs,
Il glisse, ombre vivante, en de mortes lueurs,
Et son pas s'assourdit, comme étoupé d'ouate.

Une lumière brille à l'horizon lointain . . . .
Espérant, d'un désir farouche, insurmontable,
Apercevoir le front de l'être formidable,
Le loup, avidement, flaire l'effluve humain.

Brusquement, il s'arrête et s'écrase en la neige.
Une odeur inconnue a frappé ses naseaux.
Il écoute un instant et frémit jusqu'aux os
Sous la vague terreur du redoutable piège.

Toutefois il est prêt pour le suprême effort. . . .
Nul bruit. . . Et, dédaignant les hantises funèbres,
Le coyote, éperdu, rampe dans les ténèbres
Vers l'inflexible appel du vertige de mort.

II.

C'est fait. . . Au fond des bois, dans la sombre ravine,
Il râle sourdement, sur la neige étendu,
Le coeur triste, ulcéré, lourd du fruit défendu,
Le corps arqué, roidi, par l'amère strychnine.

III.

Et, comme lui, cherchant, sans cesse, votre seuil,
Seigneur, et frémissant à l'appel du mystère,
Lassé d'incertitude, écrasé de misère,
Ne trouvant ici-bas que la nuit et le deuil.

L'homme, ainsi, s'est rué dans l'éternelle brume
Espérant découvrir un moderne Noël . . . .
Son rêve est avorté, comme l'autre Babel,
Et son coeur s'est empli d'une immense amertume.

—GEORGES BUGNET.

Rich Valley, Alta., mars 1921

(1) Le coyote, en marchant, pose les pattes l'une devant l'autre et sa trace est remarquablement rectiligne. (Note de l'auteur).

Note de la Rédaction—Ce poème, "Le Coyote," où l'on remarque la profondeur du sentiment, unie à l'élévation de la pensée et à la beauté de la forme, est extrait d'un volume de vers qui paraitra bientôt. Nul doute que ce livre sera reçu avec la plus grande faveur, car M. Bugnet se révèle comme l'un de nos meilleurs poètes.

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Vol. V. TORONTO, JANUARY, 1923 No. 1

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

1923

THE present issue includes articles by T. G. Marquis, J. E. Middleton, Albert E. S. Smythe, and Merrill Denison, who will be regular contributors.

During the year, in addition to interpretative and critical articles on Canadian literature, and news of publishing activities in Canada, "Canadian Bookman" will run a descriptive series on the work of Canadian Little Theatres, commencing with Hart House, Toronto, and will devote attention also to other creative arts.

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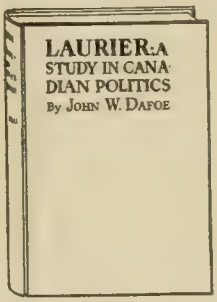

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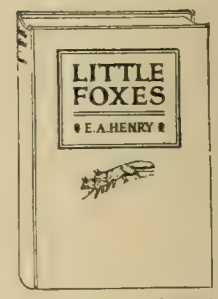

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TO OUR READERS

WHILE "The Canadian Bookman" will remain, essentially, a magazine devoted to the cause of literature in Canada, we feel that it is impossible to divorce the arts, or to restrict discussion to only one form of creative expression if we are to consciously understand the rapid development of a national aesthetic expression which is taking place in Canada.

We are convinced that there is a possible field for a journal of critical appreciation of the Arts in Canada, in which all shades of opinion may find an outlet. It is expected that these opinions may be often in violent conflict but, whatever their tenor, "The Canadian Bookman" will welcome them so long as they touch, soundly, on the essential problem of a national expression.

We hope to include, also, news and comments on the work of the various Little Theatres which have sprung up during the past few years, and provide a means whereby a knowledge of the scope and value of the movement and its related significances may be appreciated other than locally.

In the present issue Merrill Denison develops the theory that we suffer from our over-educated whom he believes are so unique as to justify the coinage of a new word to describe them—the Omniscienta. While disagreeing heartily with a number of his sweeping generalities, there is a great deal of penetrating truth in his analysis.

THE COPYRIGHT DELAY

CANADA is one of the few countries of the world in which, owing to failure to bring the copyright law up to date, the manufacturers of certain mechanical devices for the reproduction of sounds or sights are able to employ the words, the music or the ideas, as the case may be, of the original creative artist, and to sell mechanical means for reproducing the "prformance" of the same without paying one cent to the originator. That this is a gross injustice is not denied by anybody; in the hearings on the 1921 Copyright Act even the manufacturers of the devices admitted the principle of payment to the author, though they took exception to the amount which they were to be charged in respect of works made public before the date of the Act and already in use in these mechanical instruments. Thus the idea that the making and selling of a phonograph record or a piano-player roll involves some obligation to the original creators of the work of art, and not merely to the performers of it, is now unanimously accepted in the Dominion.

But the longer the old Copyright Act can be kept in existence, unreplaced and unamended, the longer will the makers of these devices be able to go on employing the work of the brains of musical composers and poets and dramatists and paying nothing whatever for them. They have no hope of retaining that privilege when once there is a new Act in force; indeed they have expressly renounced their claim to it. They cannot therefore ask in so many words for the continuance of the old Act, nor the omission of the royalty clauses from the new one. There is, however, good reason to believe that they are pursuing the same object in a much more subtle way. So long as they can secure the continuance in the new Act of a single clause or group of clauses which will violate the principles of the Berne Convention, so long they can make it impossible for the authors, the most profoundly interested parties, to do anything but ask that the Act be not at present proclaimed, the result being an impasse which might conceivably last for several years. Every one of those years means a revenue of at least $100,000 taken from the composers and writers of works which, under the old law, can be lawfully reproduced in phonographs and similar instruments without any payment to their authors. And strangely enough, the beneficiaries by this state of affairs are not confined to the manufacturers and sellers of records and rolls in Canada; owing to the reciprocal nature of copyright in the United States, no Canadian can obtain any royalties on records of his composition made and sold in the United States, unles he becames a resident of that country. Thus the legalized robbery system applies to all composers in respect of the Canadian market for mechanical reproductions of their works, and to Canadian composers also in respect of the American market.

A saving of $100,000 a year is worth achieving, even though admittedly illegitimate, and it is worth spending some money to achieve. The amount of energy displayed at Ottawa by the advocates of the Compulsory License system has long seemed somewhat disproportionate to the rather limited profits which could conceivably be made by a few printers in the business of printing "licensed" editions of works whose authors have not provided for a Canadian printing. But the same amount is moderate and very reasonable indeed, if expended for the purpose of keeping the new Act unproclaimable, and if expended by people who make $100,000 a year out of its not being proclaimed.

There is only one way in which the legislators at Ottawa can meet this situation and avoid being hoodwinked by people whose sole object is to postpone the day when they will have to pay to the creative artist his acknowledged due. It is to enact a law which will conform to the Berne conception of copyright and will thus be capable of being proclaimed without any further delay.

The Theatre in Canada

AS is usual at this time of the year, there is something seriously wrong with the theatre. After spending great effort and huge sums of money in educating the New York public to appreciate the finer things of the stage and after meeting with very splendid success, the New York managers find that the provinces refuse to take any interest at all in the better drama. Play after play has been pulled in from the road after a short and disappointing tour. Of the great successes of last year in New York, only A. A. Milne's "Mr. Pim," and Molnar's "Liliom" have been successful, and even their success has not been so pronounced as to justify a producer in sending out the best products of New York without seriously considering the possibility of failure.

The enthusiastic Little Theatres must view with a sinking feeling this betrayal of the loftier purposes of the drama by the outlying portions of the country because it belies, more or less, one of the theoretical justifications for the amateur theatre. This was that the commercial stage could and would not produce plays of purely intellectual or aesthetic character. The Little Theatre was supposed to owe its existence to a desire on the part of the public to see this very type of play.

Now it appears that the public, outside of New York, has little or no wish for anything of the sort, and it may be just as well that this fact has been discovered. It may be the means of correcting certain of very precious tendencies in the Little Theatre which would sooner or later be the means of ruining its usefulness.

That there is an audience for the finer things of the theatre goes without saying and it is well to realize that most New York theatres seat between seven hundred and one thousand people while provincial theatres often have a capacity of two or three thousand. The almost prohibitive expenses involved in moving the smallest company from city to city, the difficulty of playing to capacity houses in large cities, the discouraging response that magnificent productions have had, are all working to bring about an entirely new method of theatrical production on this continent and one which should have a very fine effect on the whole business of the theatre.

In the larger cities, especially those between New York and Chicago, the visiting company will continue but in the smaller cities the development of stock companies or repertory companies, with a possible exchange system for visiting stars, is a matter of a short time. To the person interested in any form of the amateur theatre, whether it be an experimental theatre for the playwright and the artist, or whether it be run for the sole purpose of satisfying a certain demand, or whether it be like so many little theatres, a cross between a golf club and a Browning society, the establishment of the stock company should be most welcome.

In Canada it will give the amateur group a chance to compete on something like equal terms in a way that it never could with the New York production and should be a most healthy influence. The theory that the Little Theatre is a thing apart, a finer, better expression than is found on the commercial stage has always been an absurdity. To any worker in the amateur theatre who has been whole souled in his efforts, the ultimate goal has been the professional stage.

In the smaller centers, if there is to be any theatre at all, it will have to be provided by amateur or semi-amateur groups. Considering the long distances in Canada, the comparatively few cities of a size large enough to support even a permanent stock organization, the poor quality of the road company that reaches these towns, if only by accident, it seems as if the theatre might disappear entirely. But as one studies the growth of the Little Theatre movement throughout Canada in the last few years he is led to the conclusion that a stronger need for expression through the theatre exists than through any other channel.

The persistent belief that Canada can, or should, develop a theatre of her own has been growing steadily for the past decade in spite of the apparent hopelessness of the idea and the material difficulties that lay in the way. With the abandonment of the road as a field of exploitation by the New York manager the development of a native theatre becomes not only a possibility but a necessity. As a necessity, it will be a spontaneous growth and will serve the same communal need that spelling matches and debating societies did in an earlier day. It will be free from certain inherent evils which have often vitiated the good intentions of the Little Theatre up to the present time, since it will have a definite and easily recognizable purpose.

Mr. Vincent Massey, in a paper delivered at Queens and published in the Queen's Quarterly Review, discusses in a very comprehensive and able manner the possibilities of a Canadian dramatic literature and while his enthusiasm is nicely tempered, he finds many hopeful signs and comes to the conclusion that we are well on the way. A close student and patron of the Little Theatre, he is better acquainted with the pitfalls that beset its progress than any one in Canada and his views on the subject might well be studied and adopted by every amateur group.

It is the writer's opinion that the Little Theatre should always be experimental in its method and should embrace in its directorate, the general director, the artist or architect, the playwright and the actor. It should never accept the illusion that it has arrived. . . it should always be trying out new things. Either new productions or old productions in a new way. Let it become static, let it arrive at point of mediocre excellence, and its value disappears. The theatre, back stage, should always be in a state of flux, a place of strident argument and discussion and youthful enthusiasm.

In such theatres, created by objective necessity, dotted throughout the country, a national type of expression would have to arise. There seems to be no way of avoiding it and whether their contribution will be great or significant in a universal sense or will satisfy only a purely local need, depends entirely on the scale and abilities of the individuals they draw into them. The means of expression is at hand, whether it will be used worthily or not, can only be decided with time.

—M.D.

The Omniscienta

WHEN a person views, dispassionately, the Canadian accomplishments of the past year in the fields of artistic expression he is very apt to become discouraged. If his sincere enthusiasm for the country, and his belief in her, leads him to search beyond his meagre findings for an explanation which might lessen or soften his discouragement he is asked to accept unimaginative platitudes which explain nothing and are coldly unsatisfying.

Appealing to the native omniscienta, to explain the lack of a significant Canadian expressionism, he receives nothing but class worn answers that are in reality poor excuses but which throw an illuminating light on the entire problem. Considering the country and its possibilities they drive one to the conclusion that in an intellectual sense it suffers from a profound sense of inferiority, which is fostered, both consciously and unconsciously, by the very class one would expect to welcome and strengthen any budding national expression in the arts.

This class, known in other countries as the intelligensia, the intellectual, the high brow and the cognescenti, exhibits certain native peculiarities induced by the timidness of its cultural faith which makes it necessary to find a new descriptive word for it. None of the others will do. All fail to convey a sense of the complacent finality with which it gives its judgments, compounded of equal parts of a major diety and Dr. Pangloss. Omniscienta is the only word.

They point out that this is a young country and that it is passing through a clearly defined evolutionary phase which is adolescent, self conscious and imitative. They seem to feel that we are doing very nicely for the shape we're in and that, all things considered, we might be a great deal worse off. Having rationalized themselves into a comfortable state of non-resistance, they are in a position to go ahead and point out how hopeless and futile it is to expect any significant art contribution from either Canada or a Canadian for another few centuries, at least. The best that can be hoped for is that we run along the old ruts and when we are big enough we will be able to see over the edge.

With such a point of view, in order to justify it and give it weight, it is necessary to look on native work as one does on an exhibition of handicraft by kindergarten pupils and patronize it with a kind of unctuous superiority—or damn it utterly. It hardly matters which, for neither follow the middle course of constructive appreciation which should be both critical and generous and, above all, understanding. Without such an audience the work of the creative artist tends to become both puerile and mediocre for he feels that his work will not be discussed on its merits in any case but that its success will depend on the caprice of his public. Whether the work is good or bad makes little difference, his main problem will be to get it done, and trust to heaven it will get by. He expects nothing big of it and is never disappointed.

It is true that Canada as a country is young in the sense that few years have passed since Confederation, but culturally she is as old as the United States. Both are adolescent and imitative but while American art shows the qualities of youth there is very little to be found in Canadian work. Her youngness does not explain her lack of youth nor does it explain why, when imitative, she should work from uniformly bad models or why her adolescence should confine itself to kind of academic ennui which is seldom graced by even the virility of the sophomore.

The worst influence Canadian art suffers, whether it is architecture or literature, painting or the drama, is that of her educated classes. . . . the omniscienta. For some unfathomable reason the Canadian University, when it touches a student at all in an intellectual way, turns him out prematurely old and sour. It does something to him that sucks away the enthusiasm, the vitality, the joy of experimentation that should be the heritage of the Canadian and is, before the academies have regimented his thoughts to run down well worn grooves and dusted his social instincts with an alum like propriety.

Where the Canadian youth escapes early enough from the environment of intellectual inertia he finds in his own country and seeks one that is positive in one way or other you find him doing fine things, leave him here and he slowly atrophies. Instead of opposing influences of British and American culture meeting in a natural union whose product might contain something of the best of each the very opposite is often the case. We develop the sterile conservatism of transplanted British mediocrity and obtain little of her magnificent and perpetual pioneering ability.

Racially, we are becoming negative in our consciousness. We match the eagle's scream by having the beaver flap his tail, in the belief that the latter, as for some hidden reason, is a more aesthetic accomplishment, while, in truth, there is very little to choose between the two. If anything, the initiator has the advantage of starting first.

Seldom is a national artistic impulse found as a positive thing, invariably Canadianism is only a synonym for anti-Americanism. Too much creative energy goes into combative effort, too little into creation.

No other factor seems to be such a deterrent to artistic expression in this country as this one fact, (the total lack of a positive belief in ourselves as a national entity with something to express), and in the main it is confined entirely to the educated classes. As such it is a purely psychological influence—an inhibition. It is not the prohibitory product of our youth and adolescence and since it is not a reality but an illusion, it can be broken. Certainly, the inertia in artistic fields is not reflected in other lines nor is it common to all individuals. Neither in our political consciousness, as organizers, as developers does one find the same sterility and timidity that one does in our aesthetic expression.

If the theory of a cultural inhibition is correct it should be substantiated by an examination of the

arts which are least imposed upon by outside influence, and we find this the case in architecture. Here the objective necessities are so rigidly confined that the architect is forced by them into a natural subjectivity to the problem at hand and is protected from the vitiating influences which weaken the work of the artist and writer. Among the arts, architecture is certainly on a far higher level than any other in Canada. While imitative, it reflects sincerity, knowledge and a definite appreciation of its own purposes which is notably lacking in most Canadian painting and writing. The architect has his goal definitely before him and he makes for it with complete indifference to everything but the needs of the problem.

In no other art is the artist protected as surely as he is in architecture, in none other has he a more intelligent audience, probably because it knows less. In none other are his subjective processes less influenced by the extraneous critical judgments of the omniscienta.

In painting there is one small group of men working along sound and vigorous lines. They have been explorers, experimenters, influenced clearly and consciously by the country they are living in and not by the people who live in it. Their collected work is of extreme importance because it is Canadian and could have been produced in no other place than Canada. Good, bad or indifferent it reflects courage and belief. One can sense, however, the distracting necessity of combating the educated, which is forcing the group to develop a philosophic justification for their point of view and waste their time propagating it. What an utterly absurd necessity it is that a painter of Canada should have to defend his painting Canadian landscape to other Canadians.

In all probability the members of this particular group will be forced to exhibit in the United States and forget the Canadian audience which should be here for them but which is not. Perhaps, okey'd by New York, their work may wander home long after they are dead and be prized, not because it is good, or because it is Canadian, but because some other country was told that it was Canadian and said it was good.

In the field of literature there is less promise in one direction and more hope in another. Canadian authorship is organized and has an extremely sympathetic and progressive publishing body through which to reach its public, but while it has provided a slogan to guide this public it seems to have made no particular effort to provide a slogan for itself. It has said to its public, "Buy Canadian books, read Canadian books." But has it ever said to itself, "Let us write Canadian books"?

Appealing to the public to realize the splendour and magnificence of the Canadian environment in its individual types and seasons, to understand and appreciate this environment, it has made no appreciable effort to understand the environment itself nor to transmit the significance and quality of that environment into terms of literature. Up to the present time Canadian authorship has made herculean efforts to sell Canadian books and very little effort to write them.

The cultural influence of the omniscienta are quite evident in their effect on Canadian writers. Lacking any belief in the immediate potentialities of the country to produce capable artistic expression it has failed to create a standard of appreciation to which work should attain. In its place one finds either indifference or an unthinking enthusiasm which is equally harmful. A parallel might be found in the New England influence on American literature which never expressed itself in native terms until the center of influence was shifted to the south. Who knows, perhaps the main thing wrong with Canada is too much Toronto, or, paraphrasing Nietzsche, "Toronto,—all too Toronto."

Up to the present time the most significant piece of Canadian writing has been done by a Frenchman who lived in this country only a short time. He has written simply and directly of a certain type of Canadian life and left a work of true and lasting beauty. His work stands by itself as the one contribution from Canada to universal literature and as such should prove a mighty inspiration and guide to the host of Canadian writers.

Like the architect, and the group of painters we have mentioned, he was beyond any influence but the truth of his own observations. He wrote, as it were, from the inside out. Stephen Leacock once wrote a great book in the same way and both added a new significance to the word Canadian.

Writing from the depths of one's own observation, freed from any consideration of the selling appeal, there is no reason why valuable literature cannot come out of Canada but it is first necessary to eliminate, once and for all, a superimposed and artificial nationalism which does not exist and give expression to the fundamental and natural nationalism which does exist.

—M.D.

TO SHELLEY.

("Obiit VIII Jul. MDCCCXXII.")

WHAT other voice in all the Muses' choir—
Ranging from lullaby to sound of thunder—
Could match the strains of thy melodious lyre,
When hearts were thrilled, and eyes were filled with wonder?

With passion didst thou drink to Liberty,
And fling a challenge to each rude oppressor!
Ah! had'st thou lived, the truth had found in thee
An advocate; the wronged, a great redresser.

But while too early fell thy golden head,
And dark Fate ended all thy high endeavor,
Since round Affection's lamp thy words are read,
Whate'er betide, thou shalt abide forever.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

MOUNTAIN THOUGHTS.

I CLIMBED the high Herculean shouldered hill
That overlooks the lake and east and south
Saw myriads of blue mountains by Time's mill
Turned smooth, stretched miles to the horizon's mouth.
And fitfully from the valley came the high
Crescendo shrieking of a saw swift-turned,
While further west where the settlements lie,
White rose the smoke from smouldering stumps slow burned.

And dreaming on thy summit, round me pressed
Visions of those old Spaniards whose fierce eyes
Cast on Granada's battlemented crest,
Saw but the guerdon of a high emprise,
Heard in the great Alhambra Moorish cries
And God to Infidels made manifest.

—Arthur S. Bourinot.

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page

SELDOM has any biographical work been received with such universal and unstinted praise by the press as has "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." Even that staid old conservative journal, "The London Spectator," speaks of it as having passed "out of the class of a mere clever chronicle of the times into the realms of permanent literature." The high character of the two volumes is due mainly to the letters of Page; letters that are works of art, revealing at once the spirit of the times and the heart and mind of the writer. Col. E. M. House, to whom many of their letters were addressed, speaks of them as "destined to become classics." Their finish and power tend to make the reader overlook the excellent character of the biography as a whole. Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, the author of this notable work and the editor of the letters and papers, has performed his task with admirable taste and judgment. Page's letters are worthy of all the praise that has been given them, but the narrative portions of the volumes are equally praiseworthy. Mr. Hendrick has treated his subject with sympathy and reverence; his matter is skilfully organized; and his style throughout is at a high level.

Page will go down into history as the great ambassador whose lot it was to be stationed in England during the testing time of the Great World War, but by his fellow-countrymen he will also be remembered as the man who above all others did much to raise the Southern States, where he was born, from the slough of despond into which they had fallen after the Civil War.

As a youth Walter H. Page was an industrious student and early achieved distinction in the classics. He likewise was thoroughly versed in the great British writers and delighted in Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. All this was to serve him in good stead in his diplomatic years, as it enabled him to meet, as their equal, such men, statesmen and scholars, as Sir Edward Grey, Balfour, Asquith, and Lord Morley. Page, early in life, entered journalism and rapidly rose to a first place among the editors of the time. He took hold of the "Forum" when it was struggling for existence and breathed into its dry bones the breath of life and made it one of the most successful and influential magazines of the last century. The "Atlantic Monthly," the "most successful exponent" of American literature, was unquestionably on the decline. Page was called in to rejuvenate it, and the magazine promptly took on new life. Later he established and conducted with equal power, "The World's Work," a magazine better suited to his genius and ambition. Ellery

Walter H. Page.

Sedgwick, his successor as editor of the "Atlantic," admirably portrays the man who was "the incarnation of the qualities we love to call American." "A sort of four-squareness, bluntness, it seemed to some; an uneasy, often explosive energy; a disposition to underrate the fine drawn nicenesses of all sorts; ingrained Yankee common sense, checking his vaulting enthusiasm; enormous self-confidence, impatience of failure—all of these were in him; and he was besides affectionate to a fault, devoted to his country, his family, his craft—a strong, bluff, tender, man." The qualities here given made him a successful editor, and were afterwards to make him a wise, far-seeing ambassador at the greatest court in the world.

While Page was engaged in editorial work, the land of his birth was uppermost in his mind. There were the "Forgotten Man" and the forgotten country, a race and a land that had not recovered from the effects of war. With indomitable energy and unremitting perseverance he took up the cause of the South, and did not let up till schools and colleges sprang up in every section, till agriculture was put on a sound basis, and the natural resources were developed. Page more than any other man of his time brought education to the "forgotten men" and the "forgotten women," white and black, and made the waste places of the South to blossom forth into new and abundant life.

He was soon to find new scope for his energies. The Democratic Party, wrecked by Bryan, needed an entirely different type of man at the helm. It was in no small measure due to Page's urging that Woodrow Wilson finally consented to stand for the Presidency of the United States. Page found him his campaign manager and confidential secretary, Col. E. M. House; was the main force in his publicity work; and had a hand in the formation of his first cabinet. When Wilson was installed in office, he promptly appointed Page, a man without political or diplomatic experience, as his ambassador to London.

The Ambassador arrived in London in 1913. From the commencement he showed the highest admiration for England and Englishmen. "I can't see," he says in one of his early letters, "that the race is breaking down or giving out." He recognized that they had "the art of living sanely developed to a very high degree." "When they make their money," he writes, "they stop money-making, and cultivate their minds and their gardens and entertain their friends and do all the high arts of living—to perfection." He was at home in the land of Wordsworth and Tennyson and through his broad education met the most cultivated Englishmen on common ground.

But "The Grand Smash," the outbreak of the Great World War, brought out all that was best, strongest, and most statesmanlike in Page.

His letters, bearing on the war, to President Wilson, Col. House, and others fill a large part of the

two volumes, and these show a clarity of judgment, an international outlook, and a prescience in marked contrast with the parochial vision of President Wilson. From the commencement he was pro-Ally and clearly sets forth the faith that is in him. His position was a delicate one. As an ambassador of a neutral nation he had to be neutral, and how neutral he was is admirably shown by one incident. Congress had passed a bill admitting foreign ships to American registry. An attempt was made to place German interned ships under the American flag, and send them with cargoes to German ports. The hyphenated Americans were eagerly seeking a cause for America to break off diplomatic relations with Great Britain. The German ship **Dacia** was selected as a test case. The enemies of England knew that this vessel would be seized and a break would be caused. Here Page stepped in. "Why not," he said to Sir Edward Grey, "let a French vessel seize the **Dacia?**" This was done and the action did not cause "even a ripple of hostility." This was neutrality with a vengeance! and it is characteristic of Page's activities during the entire course of the war. He, more than any other American, military or civil, helped the British "win the war." The strain of the war cut short his life, and, as his biographer remarks, "he was as much a war casualty as his nephew Allison Page, who lost his life with his face to the German guns in Belleau Wood.

In his letters to Wilson he endeavors, as openly as he dare, to make him take sides with the Allies; in his letters to House and others in the confidence of the President he is more outspoken and urges action to maintain "our self-respect, our honor, and the esteem and fear (or the contempt) in which the World will hold us." His letters bristle with such sentiments and show a supreme impatience with the do-nothing policy of Wilson. These letters will for all time serve as a historical mine of wealth, showing the character of the British people, the wisdom and courage of British statesmen, and the diplomatic intricacies inevitably associated with a great war.

There are other letters that reveal the man, the letters to his sons and his business associates; the intimate letters bubbling over with tenderness and humor, with insight into nature and character —every one of them a work of art.

T. G. MARQUIS.

"Stevenson at Manasquan"

A BOOK of considerable interest to Canadians, and one which will particularly appeal to collectors of unique items relating to Robert Louis Stevenson is "Stevenson at Manasquan, and the Fate of The Casco," containing a picture of the famous Scottish writer when visiting the New Jersey coast, and the story of the last voyage of the Casco, the sturdy little ship on which Stevenson sailed away to the South Seas.

The book is particularly of interest to Canadians because the two writers who furnish the bulk of the volume are Canadians. Charlotte Eaton, wife of the late Wyatt Eaton (1849-96), one of Canada's most famous painters, is a poet of power, and her volume of verse, "Desire," first published in 1904, was so well received as to call for a second large printing in 1918. Francis Dickie is a British Columbia writer of novels, short stories and animal tales.

Aside from the fact that two Canadian writers appear as authors, the book links Stevenson up in a way with Canada for the first time, for it was in Canada that his famous ship, the Casco, spent many, and perhaps the most interesting, years of its existence.

In his "Fate of the Casco," Mr. Dickie gives some exceedingly interesting facts, which are of such a nature that it is a pity they had not been dealt with at greater length. The story of the Casco in relation to Robert Louis Stevenson has heretofore been entirely overlooked; but the little craft had even a more interesting history after it left his hands, much of which occurred in Canadian territory. Judging from the things hinted at by Mr. Dickie, a whole book might well have come from his pen on the subject, for his ability as a writer of adventure stories has been well shown in his various tales of western Canada, of the mounted police, trappers and other men of the wilderness, and the residents of Canadian boom towns.

Francis Dickie is one of the younger of what can be really called "Canadian" writers, with three generations of Canadian parentage. His mother journeyed to the Portage Plains in the late 70's by Red River cart. His father was a writer and political speaker well known throughout Manitoba in the pioneer days. Francis Dickie was born at Carberry, Manitoba, in 1890, and after leaving high school at 14, followed railway surveying and lumbering, travelling widely over the north and west. Finally entering newspaper work as a reporter and later editor, he saw life in several of the big boom towns of the Canadian west, one of which places he pictures so graphically in his novel, "Who Pays The Piper?" which ran serially in True Story Magazine last year, and which, under title of "The Aim in Life." is slated for early publication. His stories of the mounted police, which have appeared in Popular, All-Story, Wide World, The Canadian and other American and English publications, picture Canada and the people of the west as they really are—a relief from the long procession of fiction of the "north-that-never-was" type, which has poured out about the Canadian Northwest, often by American writers never west of Chicago.

As a writer of animal stories, both in fictional and special article form, he is known to a wide public from his stories in St. Nicholas, Boy's Own Paper, Onward Weekly and many other juvenile publications.

The book "Stevenson at Manasquan," has also a few striking poems of Stevenson character, by George Steele Seymour, one of the founders of the Bookfellow Society of Chicago. As the edition is a limited one, the book is likely to be prized by collectors of "Stevensonia," and Mr. Dickie is to be congratulated on writing something quite different from any of the previous works relating to the famous Scot, whose works still find favor among all classes of people.

Frank Burnett, Senior.

Margot Asquith: An Autobiography

LITERATURE has for so long and almost completely been the production of masculine brains that when women begin to produce it, not in imitation of the masculine article, but as an original product out of their own observation and reflection and from their own point of view, we need not be surprised when the whole race of masculine critics find fault with it and decline to see any merit in it. There has been a change of standards going on for the last fifty years and the new standards are not to be judged by the old but by the eternal measures of truth and honor. Women have a different and in their own way a higher appreciation of these things than some men, but their conceptions do not always appeal to the case-hardened critic. It is not for nothing that the most vital and forceful writers of fiction in the English language to-day are admitted to be women. They look at the old life and its old affairs, its oft repeated incidents and complications, from their own new independence, and the result is a new delineation. Women will re-write history and it will be as different from the old histories in its way as John Richard Green is from Froissart's Chronicles.

This is what strikes one in reading Margot Asquith's Autobiography, the second half of which has appeared. Many people cannot read it without identifying the author with E. F. Benson's Dodo, a creature which is now extinct, and only ranged within the bounds of Mr. Benson's lively field of imagination. The wife of the former Prime Minister of Great Britain is of a somewhat different calibre, though every whit as lively as the extinct Dodo. Perhaps this is the amazing quality of this autobiography. They are not always so. Mrs. Asquith finely dismisses the Dodo-ites who cannot distinguish between "vitality and frivolity." Here is a serious woman who has lived through the greatest period of our history among the greatest minds of our age, and her record is one that will persist. It is brilliant. It is absorbing. It is true. It furnishes facts and summarizes situations. It never forgets the Eternities while it does not get outside the range of every day. It is intimate with the great, but it is above the level of the snob. Consequently the snobocracy detest its views of life, while they are piqued by its accurate information. There are some inaccuracies, of course. It is not given to humanity—even female humanity—to be infallible. So when Mrs. Asquith goes outside her own knowledge and relies upon the reports of others she has been sometimes misled. The wise will perceive the occasions.

These later volumes open with the Jameson Raid, speak of her marriage, the birth of her children, the formation of the Campbell-Bannerman Government, the tussle with the House of Lords, the death of King Edward, the opening of the Great War, Lord Kitchener's services, the Coalition, Cabinet intrigues, Lord Lansdowne's letter, the Maurice letter, Armistice Day, and end with an epilogue giving "Aftermath of the War." One remarkable feature of the volumes is the wifely loyalty indicated, as well as exhibited, on every opportunity. How much finer the relation between this husband and wife than the old Victorian relation as illustrated by the Grand Old Man and his spouse, ideal as that was after its fashion. One moves here in a high and refined atmosphere. The Asquiths—even if Margot occasionally insists upon it—are gentlefolk. They are distinct from the people "of no sort of judgment and far too fond of money," who are in the majority.

There are a few pages on a mother's duties (35-38) in the third volume which are suggestive enough for any family to read, although Margot wed found out that spinsters are not always right. She quotes Lady Jane Grey in a passage that should be more familiar. That poor lady preferred Plato to sporting in the park. So she was beheaded. There is a great deal of useful advice from the point of view of the new motherhood included in the records of her children's education. She does not forbid undesirable books but guides the tastes of her children. At seven her daughter chose the Canterbury Tales to read aloud to her mother. There is much other evidence of her precocity. On religion Mrs. Asquith wishes "the clerical guides to Christ would emphasize the development rather than the destination of the soul, and avoid the Heaven and Hell part of their teaching," another evidence of the practical mind of the new womanhood. A remark on her contemporaries touches the point already alluded to: "I realized as early as the spring of 1916 that Henry was not working with gentlemen on whom I could build an absolute trust." The eminent names which sprinkle the pages describing her more intimate life indicate that she had ample opportunity to make comparisons and form judgments. Her husband is always, however, the first gentleman in the land for her. "He realizes what will make for peace, and, having no vanity or wish to give his enemy a pat, he can deal with the most subtle situations as if they were of no personal interest to him." Her triumph comes in entering No. 10 Downing Street.

Throughout the volumes there is that which reminds one of her membership in the Society of Souls, if a late comer, and that Tennyson and Gladstone found her a competent companion. "I believe you might as well go out hunting in an omnibus as try to find what I value in religion through the intellect," she says. "There is nothing that I have read in matters of advice comparable to the sayings and teachings of Christ." This is not to be taken as patronage, but the verdict of one who has thought earnestly and deeply on life and conduct. Of her son, she writes—"I want Anthony to meet life in the spirit of Christ, whose authority rested neither upon His knowledge, or His position, but upon the Love and Faith to which His life was dedicated." And again—"So much did our Lord believe in Self-departure that He startled the world by the greatest of all sayings: 'Love thine enemy'." An honest attempt without hypocrisy to reach this ideal does not promote popularity, but it does create a basis for fine literature.

Albert E. S. Smythe.

An Author Retorts

THE following letter, reprinted from the American "Bookman" for January, is one of the most able criticisms of the final-judgment school of literary criticism that one could imagine. Rupert Hughes is one of the leading musical critics in the States, as well as a very widely read writer. He expresses what many another writer has probably felt when reading a certain type of criticism and his letter should prove interesting to the layman as a possible antidote for both critic and author.

To Carl Van Doren:

In a published quotation from your "Contemporary American Novelists," I note that you not only pluralize me as the "Rupert Hugheses," but accuse me of "good intentions" and "a fatal lack of true distinction." You find it difficult to "dispose of" certain other writers and you regret that one of them transmutes no "lasting metal."

Now, do you really imagine that you really "dispose of" authors? Doesn't the frightful power terrify you? And since you know, will you please tell me just what you mean by "true distinction," how it differs from plain or untrue distinction, and how you came to be sure of just what is "lasting?"

Dr. Samuel Johnson did not stop at saying that "Tristram Shandy" was not lasting. In his grandest manner, he said, "It has not lasted!" It was a serial published in six volumes at long intervals and Dean Farmer told the silly students who liked it, that if they sought for it twenty years later, they would have to go to an antiquarian for it. I wonder what you will say when you are as far off from your tripod as Dr. Johnson from his. Johnson also called Fielding a barren rascal.

Locke called Blackmore, whoever he may have been, "the everlasting." Hobbes said that "Gondibert" would last as long as the Iliad. Byron called Rogers "immortal already." Anna Seward said that "Madoc" would outlive "Paradise Lost," of whose author Winstanley said that "his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff and his memory will always stink." Voltaire called "Paradise Lost" "this obscure, eccentric, and disgusting poem despised at its birth." Coleridge said that not twenty lines of Scott's poetry would reach posterity and called "Ivanhoe" a "wretched abortion."

Sterne and Fielding and Whitman—and how many others of the immortals!—were called "low" and "vulgar" and doomed to speedy extinction by most of the critics who took their mission seriously.

Putnam's book published in 1845 to prove that America had writers did not include either as poet or prose writer the fellow Poe who was winning prize contests with both stories and poems. A few years later a cyclopaedia gave him only three lines. Putnam admitted that America had as yet produced no great poetry. Have you read his selection of the best of our authors then? "The Quarterly Review" said that Shelley was "too impatient of applause and distinction to earn them in the fair course of labor." Would you have said that Shelley had "true distinction?" Aristophanes said that all of Euripides' lines had gone to hell with him. Euripides had also a "fatal lack of true distinction."

Aristotle practically ignored Æschylus in his "Poetics;" a Sicilian poet ridiculed him for his bombast, and that great critic Quintilian called him "rude and inelegant." Æschylus himself complained that the old poets were venerated above himself, and he

RUPERT HUGHES

had to wait fifteen years for his first prize. Once when he was acting one of his own plays the audience rose and would have lynched him, if he had not clung to an altar.

But I will not go on compiling instances of critical horrors. The history of criticism is paved with bad guesses as to what is lasting. If I were a critic by trade, I would avoid prophesy as a major symptom of dementia.

Of course, I don't know what posterity will think of me, if anything, but I wonder if you are really posterity's advance agent, and who signed your credentials and guarantees your decisions. My training and my toil and my ideals have been founded in much deeper and longer scholarship and artistic experience than your own or those of most of the authors you are dusting off for posterity. Why have you and they "true distinction," and I only a "fatal lack?" I don't pretend that scholarship and experience give distinction. But I marvel at your pretense of knowledge and your audacity in pinning immortal medals on chests of your own choice.

I am seriously—and not at all angrily or impatiently—eager to know just how you define "true distinction." To my benighted brain, judging from some of the laurels you award and your apparent reasons for them, distinction seems to be something synonymous with preciosity, pomposity, grandiosity, professorial levity; something antonymous with informality, hilarity, gaiety, optimism, or cheerful cynicism.

What books of mine have you read? and wherein are they ignorant, cheap or base, truckling or insincere? Have you any real suspicion of my program, my creed, my methods, or my fitness for my high task?

In Shakespeare's time wouldn't you have found "true distinction" in Lyly and agreed with others that Shakespeare had a country bumpkin uncouthness and barbarity? Wouldn't you have placed Fletcher higher, as "the majestic Denham" did, or agreed with Rymer (who was as great a critic in his day as you in yours) that the neighing of a horse had more humanity than the tragical flights of Shakespeare? John Dennis, another big critic, found Shakespeare "utterly void of celestial fire." During the long period after his death when he was thought of without reverence, wouldn't you have exclaimed: "He has not lasted!"? Would you have held him in any higher esteem than Dryden did? or Pepys? Addison did not even include Shakespeare in his "Account of the Greatest Poets." Would you have given him space then?

Please do not use the evasion that you are merely expressing personal reactions. You do not write with deprecation as of prejudices; you write as Sir Oracle. Some of your work has such dignity, earnestness, charm, and unusual catholicity for a pundit, that it pains me to see you tormented with a mania of grandeur and so bad a dose of your own distinction.

Just how do you define "true distinction" and how do you know that even if some of us lack it, it is "fatal?" Are you quite certain that you yourself do not suffer from a fatal lack of true vaticination?

Yours anxiously,

RUPERT HUGHES.

CATALOGUES
24th annual list Canadiana, Theological, Collectors, Legal. Books out of print traced.
R. JAMES
P.O. Box 176, Vancouver, Canada

Vachel Lindsay's Recital in Regina

A CRITIQUE

By Austin Bothwell

Vachel Lindsay, the poet, was a holy wonder
His eyes were shut and his voice was thunder;
He chanted his poems to Christian men,
And he was the lion in the Daniel's den.

Vachel, the vagabond, wore a white front,
He grinned and began to do his stunt;
He waltzed down stage; he bowed to the floor;
He said that Babbitt was a damn big bore.
And Vachel kept a-praying, Lord curse Babbitt,
And Vachel kept a-praying, Lord curse Babbitt,
Curse him! curse him! curse him!

Vachel was old Appleseed, tin hat on head,
He crossed the Appalachians,
He crossed the Appalachians,
On naked feet that bled.
He planted his orchards in the golden west,
Northern Spies and russets were his behest
As he passed on in his passionate quest
Of the beauty that he dreamed. He is now at rest
With St. Francis of Assisi in the islands of the blest.
Then came a sweet potato and common spuds five,
They danced so entrancingly they seemed alive.
And came a little turtle who lived in a box,
John Littlehouse the red-head rolled up his sox,
Serenaded Polly Ann, Polly Ann
Till she took him for her man, for her man.
And Vachel kept a-praying, Lord curse Babbitt!

Mid mist and haze
O'er winding, rocky ways,
Through a meadow sweet with hay,
Over the hills and far away,
Along the Milky Way,
The Lame Boy and the Fairy journeyed far—
Far to the North Star
And the Golden Whales of California,
Shouted Gold! Gold! Gold! with a hip hooriah,
While Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan,
Perpetual candidate, sketched a silver Zion,
And Vachel kept a-praying, Lord curse Babbitt;
Vachel kept a-praying, Lord curse Babbitt.

And Lucifer sang an anthem of glorious scorning,
The Song of a Son of the morning;
While John L. Sullivan,
The strong boy,
Of Boston,
Chased the Deacon that stole the cow,
And the sea serpent chanted—glorious row,
In praise of the maiden of Kalamazoo
With the harum scarum innocent heart,
And Vachel kept a-praying, Lord curse Babbitt.

The poet then hiked the Sante Fe trail,
And bitter, bitterer, bitterest was his wail;
And he rued the desecration
By the Babbitts of the nation,
Of the grandeur and the glory
Of places famed in story,
Each piling a tin can on
The heap in the canyon
Of the Colorado, as they whizz
By—Liz. after Liz, after Liz,
Slithering and dithering,
Spluttering and muttering,
And we heard the boom horn, tomb horn,
The blare horn, scare horn, poom horn, doom horn,
The squeak of the Buick,
The klaxon of the Saxon,
The farm-yard of the Panhard,
And the sad, mad, bad death riot
Of important men of Buffalo and Detroit
On the primrose way,
Hell bent for leather
In all kinds of weather.
For the everlasting bonfire.

Then Vachel let the wind sing, the stars sing, and the grass
Silently sing [sing,
And the little Rachel Jane
Sing on in the lane
Of the silent places, of the dreams
Such as the youthful poet dreams
On summer eves by haunted streams,
Of beauty, when no man regardeth,
For he follows the fitful fever gleams
Of Gold, that naught rewardeth.

Then we saw the Congo gleaming through the black,
The boom lay boom lay boom of the crack
Of doom—
Big black bucks in a bar-room pranced
And naked savages madly danced
'Mid the gloom of the forest primeval and vast
While the poet boomed on to the ultimate last.

Whee whim
They were sorry for him.
The Babbitts I mean—
Rotarians lean
And fat.
And that's that.

THE PRAIRIE.

NO summit shows in sharp austerity,
No forest nurses here grey moods of night,
Full smooth this grassy cheek all hooded bright
By yon pale edge of Heaven's blue canopy:
Soon Autumn o'er this virgin waste shall write
The Harvest's joy in golden charact'ry,
Fair as yon Homestead's first few sheaves that light
This vacant face to glad expectancy.

So lights the face of my fond dreams and hopes,
Life's little harvest, golden-lipped, that opes
In golden praise and promise still of praise,
When Life outlives these first few Homestead days,
Where Time with tasks eternal vainly copes,
And summer frosts despoil and strength betrays.

—Dudley H. Anderson.

THE GLAD HEART.

NEVER you knew so it did not harm you,
I could not have borne to have made you sad;
Love like mine might have hurt or harmed you,
And it was ordained that you should be glad.

It was ordained from the far beginning
That you should touch earth for a little space,
And then pass by with laughter and singing,
And dear rare happiness in your face.

There are enough for weeping and sorrow,
Plenty enough for the shedding of tears;
I was ever fearful lest some to-morrow
Should show you the sad way of the years.

Now you are safe! you are quietly sleeping
With the south wind blowing above your head,
And I do not grieve and I am not weeping,
You are only asleep; you are not dead.

—Beatrice Redpath.

MY PALACE.

DID Ahab build his house of ivory!
How round each airy arch and casement clomb
The ancient sun, and kissed caressingly
The quaintly-chiselled cheek of spire and dome.
More beauteous here I've built my palace-home,
Born of the breath of quiet reverie,
Sweet shaped of song and fancy, fondly come
Upon the tuneful wings of poesy.

What joys and griefs these walls to beauty move;
What hopes their trembling turrets point above;
What pageants of this heart's unuttered things
Shape aisle, and arch, and iv'ry throne of love,
Where Earth, adoring, ageless homage brings,
Circling my soul with courts more fair than kings'.

—Dudley H. Anderson.

Romantic Canada

By J. E. Middleton.

PEOPLE travel in a thoroughly scientific manner in our day. They set out on schedule time, cross an ocean or two, glance at twenty cities and are back again within six weeks. They catalogue the commonplaces of the journey, assemble the "lions" they have visited in the cage of their memorandum books, and then are fully equipped to address Study Clubs, to lecture Chatauqua audiences, and to receive votes-of-thanks from stay-at-homes.

Yet travelling (like making love), is not a science. It is an art, demanding many graces of temperament and temper. The man or woman who burns with indignation because a room with a bath is not instantly available, forgets that doing without a bath may be considered as an adventure. Adventure is the reason for travel; the aim and end of it all.

Of course comforts are desirable. Therefore are palatial hotels erected at vast expense, that people who move from place to place may have filet of sole properly cooked, may have an abundance of towels, an infinity of soap, down comforters and box-spring mattresses—that they may forget the fact of their absence from home. Devotees of the big hotel are tourists, and enjoy themselves after a fashion.

Real travellers are of a different sort. They are in no hurry. Indeed, they are inclined to dawdle, to linger along the way, to poke the inquisitive noses into corners of beauty that the speedy tourist is sure to miss. It is their habit to regard with no great excitement the stock wonders of a community, but to exclaim at the glory of the commonplace. The tourist clamors to know the exact height of Sir Donald in the Selkirks, jots down the figures, and goes on to the next giant. The traveller sees the glint of a cold moon peeping over Sir Donald's wintry brow and trembles with exultation. That is to say, a real traveller is likely to have the soul of a poet.

Books of Travel also are of contrasting types. One may be like Baedeker, another like Byron. One gives information, another conveys impressions. One assembles statistics, another picks out oddities of custom and habit. One deals with things, another with people. Miss Hayward's "Romantic Canada" is a book of the better sort. Nowhere in its placid pages can a column of figures be found. One cannot discover how many quintals of mackerel are shipped from the Magdalen Islands, but one learns that the women of the Islands dig clams with the three-tined fork and supply bait to all the fishermen.

That instance may serve to illustrate the trend of this book. Miss Hayward and Miss Watson have dawdled through this magnificent Dominion, and have found it a land of wonders. They have seen beautiful people and have remarked their beautiful ways—women drying codfish, spinning snowy wool, weaving radiant coverlets; men tarring boats, carving wooden figureheads for ships, making barrels, and doing the day's work in contentment.

So they have wandered in the Maritimes, tracing the life-history of that grey equilateral triangle known as the commercial cod, watching the great tides of the Fundy ebb and flow, kissing hands to the men who go down to the sea in ships. So they have come to Quebec, tasting the cup of peace which that noble Province offers to every visitor, and discovering M. Jobin of St. Anne de Beaupre, carver of religious figures. So they have glanced at Ontario, denying that it is prosy, and being right as usual. So they have passed to the prairies where Doukhobors and Mennonites have contributed to their store. Then to the mountains and the Pacific Coast they have fared, finding a Madonna in the Kootenays and Japanese at Steveston.

There are inaccuracies in their story, but the atmosphere is true. To call Mount Baker, Mount McKinley, is a splendid error—almost a bull. To call Sault au Matelôt, the Quebec street, "South Matelot" is a blunder of parts, whether editorial or typographical. One remarks also a curious omission of accents in such

ONE OF THE FINE ILLUSTRATIONS IN "ROMANTIC CANADA."

La Croix, the Age-old Milestone on the Quebec Highway
—Photograph by Edith S. Watson.

French phrases as are used. The effect is irritating. Further, too many such phrases are lugged in, not to the advantage of the narrative.

Despite these imperfections and others, "Romantic Canada" attains the end of the true book of travel. It gives its readers a desire to go and see all these wonders of out-of-the-way places and uncommon people. It is not great literature, but it is appealing writing in the style of after-dinner conversation. The photographs are superb and the reproductions worthy of the subjects.

As an achievement in bookmaking, "Romantic Canada" is sumptuous. It is a Royal Octavo bound in half buckram, the boards being in a radiant orange tone. The paper is a glorious sample of hand-made stock, of the thickness and weight of blotting-paper. The typography is admirable, though the pages would have looked better if the paragraphs generally had been longer. The "breaks" are uneven. On the whole, nevertheless, the publishers may be forgiven for the feeling of pride manifested in their special Foreword.

"Romantic Canada," by Victoria Hayward, illustrated with photographs by Edith S. Watson. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto.

Historic Caughnawaga

THE Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., author of "Historic Caughnawaga" (Messenger Press, 1300 Bordeaux Street, Montreal, cloth $3, paper $2.50), has for many years been publishing Canadian sketches, notably a series of lives of the early Jesuit missionaries martyred in Huronia and the Iroquois cantons, and has also produced "Across Widest America" (in English and French), "Fireside Stories," "The Training of Silas," etc. The present work, a volume of about 450 pages, including a very exhaustive and valuable analytical index, crowns his previous efforts, since he has provided for students of Canadian ethnology and history much new material of the highest importance.

Caughnawaga is opposite Montreal on the south side of the St. Lawrence, but its story is of continental, not local, interest. "Historic Caughnawaga" tells of the growth of the most important settlement of Iroquois on this continent from 1667 to 1922. It covers a wide field. For while the writer traces the village life of these Christian converts, refugees from the Iroquois cantons in what is now New York State, who lived under the control of the Jesuits until 1783, then under the secular clergy and finally again under the Jesuits from 1903 until to-day, his work is by no means a mere missionary record.

For his documents the historian of Caughnawaga falls back upon his own Order's "Relations," the Dominion Archives of Ottawa, the diocesan archives of Quebec and Montreal, the Caughnawaga archives, and those of Laval University, the histories by the Jesuits Charlevoix and de Rochmonteix, and ten volumes of documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York, and many other sources, having had access also to manuscripts left by the missionaries, Jesuits or otherwise. Among the Jesuits, there were some bearing famous names in North American history, made known by Parkman, Bancroft, Gilmary, Shea and others, such as Fremin, Chaucetiere, Cholenec, Bruyas, de Lauzon, the Lambervilles, Lafitau (the discoverer of ginseng in Canada and the author of "Les Moeurs des Sauvages Ameriquains"), whom Parkman considers the most satisfactory of the elder writers on the customs of the aborigines of this continent; and Charlevoix, the historian of New France. Of the other missionaries contributing to the history of Caughnawaga, there must not be forgotten the documents of its pastor, Marcoux, and especially the unwearied delving work in the field of genealogy left by the Abbe Joseph-Gillaume Forbes, who spent fifteen years at the settlement before becoming Bishop of Joliette in 1913. This missionary found that Eunice Williams, one of the Deerfield captives of 1704, has left a posterity of one hundred descendants living in Caughnawaga: that the young boy Silas Rice, who was captured at Marlboro, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1703 and had married into the tribe, had a living posterity in the year 1900 of over thirteen hundred descendants, and that Jacob Hill and John Stacey, the two boys taken near Albany in 1755 and adopted by the tribe, had become the ancestors of fifteen hundred of its members.

All these sources have helped Father Devine to present a unique history of Caughnawaga, not merely as a missionary village, but as the home of the "praying Indians" made familiar to us by Parkman, the source of all the dreaded detachments of braves who joined in the French raids on the British colonies and whose names cast terror everywhere. These Iroquois, being blood relations of the Iroquois in New York State, who had espoused the British cause, have entered largely into the story of the struggle for supremacy on this continent. The author has perhaps given a clearer and more intelligible explanation of the Indian problem of early Canadian days than anyone else. He has specialized on the Canadian missionaries of the time and has come prepared for his present task. The statesmen of Old and New France in their endeavors to disentangle Indian affairs in the seventeenth and eighteenth century, had perforce to hear often of the obscure village of Caughnawaga on the St. Lawrence. The political loyalty of the dusky allies was often in dispute, though their allegiance to the faith of the French was never questioned. But when it came to following the French in attacks on the British when their own relations were with them, Father Devine has to point out that blood told and they often found ways and means to come into the fight too late. Again, Caughnawaga being near the border line, it was a listening post for New York, and illicit trading with Albany took place extensively in spite of severe enactments by the Governors of New France, thus keeping the village in the light of publicity. After the cession of 1760, however, the Caughnawaga Indians, mainly through the influence of Sir William Johnson, yielded entire allegiance to the British Crown, and have remained steadfast ever since.

The story of the village also reveals much material for the student of social science, such as the regulations prohibiting liquor to the Indians, and the unsuccessful attempts of early French governors to gallicise the Indians by intermarriage with the French —a policy which the experienced Jesuits opposed from the start, thereby gaining for themselves the bitter hostility of Frontenac.

For the ethnologically inclined, the ways of living, the adoption of French and especially of English into the tribe, the gradual migration along the St. Lawrence from Laprairie to the present site, and many other points, will give abundant material. For the religious minded, the methods of the missionaries to Christianize the wild children of nature will show successful results, as in the case of the conversion of Athasata, known as Kryn the Great Mohawk, and of the Indian maiden Katheri Tekakwitha, who died in 1680 leaving behind her a reputation of sanctity which survives to this day. She was known as the "Lily of the Mohawks," a sketch of her life being published in 1717, while Charlevoix devoted an entire chapter to her in his "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" (1744), and in 1784 Chateaubriand glorified her memory in his volume "Les Natchez," by coupling her name with St. Genevieve of France. Interesting legends are recounted, such as that of the present church bell, suposed to have been brought from the Derfield raid, and that of Eleazer or Razar Williams, a white child, who was brought to Caughnawaga about 1795 and adopted into the tribe. Afterwards he became an Anglican missionary at the Indian reserve of St. Regis and later on in life at Green Bay, Wisconsin. This man was supposed by some to be the young Bourbon prince, Louis XVII., but by others to be an arrant impostor who knew how to keep his name before the public.

William Henry Atherton.

Sir Douglas Haig's Command

A BOOK that ranks with the most important since the war and one that is causing a storm of controversy in Britain and across the Channel is "Sir Douglas Haig's Command," published in two volumes, by Longmans, Green & Co. It is the work of Col. J. H. Boraston, secretary to Sir Douglas Haig and George A. B. Dewar, a former editor of the "Saturday Review."

The book sets forth that the bulk of the hard fighting after the French losses at Verdun and following the failure of the French attack under General Nivelle, was borne by the British Army, the Somme and Ypres battles of 1917 wearing down and eventually breaking the German strength.

Further postulations are that Foch became supreme commander largely through the support of Haig, that Haig subsequently in a perilous situation had to disregard orders given by Foch, eventually convincing the latter of the soundness of the viewpoint of the British Commander in Chief; that the plan of the final allied offensive was attributable to Haig rather than Foch and that Haig, in fact, after overriding Foch, exercised supreme command himself.

As the "Manchester Guardian" points out, this opens up a controversy almost illimitable.

The same journal in an exhaustive article on this book, after pointing out that it was written from fuller knowledge than anyone else has yet shown of Haig's actions and feelings during the three years of his command, says:

"If accepted as wholly convincing it would gibbet Mr. Lloyd George as an impressionable sciolist who nearly lost us the war by capricious meddling in technical matters beyond his power to understand.

"It would depress Foch to the rank of a highly fallible general whose crude strategic plans had to be repeatedly overruled or rendered scientific by Haig.

"It would transfer to Haig the credit for having averted a complete German victory early in that year (1918) by refusing to contribute six or seven of his divisions to the general reserve proposed by the Supreme War Council."

This book vigorously contests the charge that General Gough was responsible for the Fifth Army disaster, the greatest defeat in British military history followed by one of the greatest of all British feats of arms. General Gough is represented as having been given the impossible thing to do. He had lost his army but had not let the enemy through! The sequel, depriving Gough of his command, is characterized as ignoble in that the one authority wholly and clearly unblamable, was made the scapegoat; his tongue being well tied because he was of Haig's breed, which does not whine.

The position taken by the authors of this book is that what led to the Fifth Army disaster was wholly against the wish of Haig—the taking over from the French, a short time before the last German advance, of a long stretch of additional front down to Barisis in the Gobain forest region, at a time when Haig was complaining of lack of men. The move is represented as having been made after the exercise of much pressure upon Haig by British and French politicians.

The book is a spirited defense of Haig against the unending succession of French speeches and books to the effect that Foch thought out all the plans by means of which the British army dealt the final death-blow to Germany.

News and Miscellany

THE widespread interest in the Little Theatre movement in Canada adds significance to the influence in this country of the campaign inaugurated by the Drama League of America, with sponsors including Augustus Thomas, Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Hopkins, David Belasco and other noted promoters of the theatre. This campaign is to interest more people in good plays and to foster the reading and the study of plays. Publicity in connection with the campaign will be especially concentrated on the week of January 21st, with emphasis upon drama books and magazines. January 23rd is to be a special Drama "Book Day." The Drama League suggests that there should be drama books in every library, good plays should be read before seen; a drama list should be available in every library and bookstore.

As with Canadian Book Week, this movement will extend beyond the mere scope of the days of the particular "Week" of the campaign. The emphasis on the drama may be continued throughout the year if the people most interested are so minded. With Public Libraries and Bookstores lending their assistance, 1923 will be a great year for the spread of interest in publications dealing with drama. A fortuitous circumstance is that this year will witness the celebration of the 300th anniversary of what has been termed the greatest event in English literature—the First Folio Shakespeare, in consequence of which a revival of the production and reading of Shakespeare has already begun.

CANADIAN LITERATURE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto for 1923 will be held on Thursday evening, Jan. 11th. This will be Nature Study Night, in charge of Archie P. McKishnie. On Jan. 25th Donald French will give a resume of the best fiction of 1922.

The officers of this organization for 1922-23 are as follows:

Hon. President—Donald G. French.

President—T. G. Marquis.

Vice-Presidents — Miss Marshall Saunders, M. O. Hammond, J. Smythe Carter, Rev. B. R. Strangways.

Recording Secretary—R. W. Magee.

Corresponding Secretary—J. P. Connolly.

Treasurer—Andrew Grant.

Editor—F. W. Hayden.

Assistant Editor—R. A. Payne.

Councillors—S. C. Swift, John I. Hutchinson, Mrs. Boreham, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Ballantyne.

Musical Director—Mrs. Boreham.

Librarian—E. Bunn.

There is a movement on foot to extend the Canadian Literature Club movement, to have similar organizations started in other Canadian cities.

THE "ONE BEST SELLER."

In an address before one of the Toronto branches of the Upper Canada Bible Society, Rev. Dr. Watson, of New York, in reply to the statement of H. G. Wells, that the world needed a new Bible, said:

"The Church does not need a new Bible; all that it needs to do is to read, study and practise what this Book teaches."

Quoting the figures from the annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society and other societies for the propagation of the Scripture, Dr. Watson showed the folly and the error of the statements of Wells that the Bible was losing its hold on mankind. "The Bible has lost its hold—if it ever had any—on H. G. Wells. When Mr. Wells and all that he has written and done are buried in the dust of oblivion, they will be selling this book at the rate of from fifteen to twenty million copies a year," he declared.

Mazo de la Roche, author of "Explorers of the Dawn," will issue "Possession: a Novel." This will appear simultaneously in Toronto, New York, and London, from Macmillan's. Other announcements from the same source include the following: "A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse," by E. K. and E. H. Broadus of Edmonton, is a most important anthology, particularly from the standpoint of Canadian prose. This will be issued in two editions, a trade and a school edition. A re-issue is Edith L. Marsh's "Where the Buffalo Roamed," completely revised with additional chapter and new illustrations. Michael Sadleir's "Desolate Splendour" is written not by a Canadian but about a Canadian. This author is publishing this new novel in

Canada, England, and United States separately under three different houses. The Macmillans have it for Canada. "Indians of the Canadian Rockies," by C. Marius Barbeau of Ottawa, is to be illustrated by fifteen paintings in quadri-colour by W. Langdon Kihn. "If you Were There" is the title of a book of a new type, a series of sketches under the title of "If You Were There," by Lloyd Roberts.

Credit for having drawn public attention to the recreational and cultural value of books, in connection with Canadian Book Week, was accorded the Canadian Authors Association by Chairman Allen in his address to the Book Publishers' Section of the Board of Trade at the annual meeting in December.

The book trade, in common with other lines of business, had suffered by the depression of the earlier months of the year, but there had been marked improvement in the fall, he said. Owing to the fact that books rank both as necessities and luxuries, there was less suffering from extreme fluctuations in this as compared with other lines. A work of real usefulness lay before the publishers in making more widely appreciated the advantages of reading more books and better books.

Officers elected to the Book Publishers' Section for the ensuing year were: Chairman, Thomas Allen; Vice-Chairman, S. B. Watson; Secretary-Treasurer, F. G. Morley; Executive, F. F. Appleton, H. S. Eayrs, S. B. Gundy, John McClelland, George J. McLeod, T. F. Pike, E. W. Walker.

Mr. John Cooper, for many years London manager for W. & R. Chambers, Ltd., of Edinburgh, has retired from active service with this fine old house, and is now resident in Canada, at Inglewood, Ontario. He has not altogether severed his connection with the firm, however, as he is acting in the capacity of special representative, in which connection he was in Toronto last month, "The Canadian Bookman" being on his list of calls.

Mr. Cooper is on the lookout for fresh Canadian talent and, in passing, it is interesting to remark that among the many successful authors who had their introduction to the reading world through "Chambers's Journal" was the brilliant young Canadian writer Beverley Baxter. Alan Sullivan has at present a new novel running serially in "Chambers's Journal."

Mr. Cooper, who has been with the house of Chambers for forty-five years has, of course, a rich fund of reminiscences relating not only to that particular firm, but to the publishing field in general in London. He gave also some revealing facts as indicating the world-wide activities of the house, notably the remarkable trade done with China, Japan and India, which in volume dwarfs the Canadian market.

Among the important recent undertakings is the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopaedia," in ten volumes, the first of which has already appeared. This is the first revision of this comprehensive work since the war. "Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature," in three volumes, has also been brought up to date by revision of the latter section of the third volume, to include writers who have come to the front in recent years.

Toronto book lovers who have wandered down among the village shops on their visits to New York and have wished, perhaps, that the intimate little shop which invites browsing and lazy poking through the shelves might have a local parallel will welcome a new book shop opened on Bay street near the corner of Bloor. "The Little Shop around the Corner" has a quality of charming informality and is so bright and attractive that it should become a Mecca for local people interested particularly in modern books.

Beaumont S. Cornell, author of "Renaissance," was born in 1892 in Athens, a typical Ontario village, near Brockville. Teaching, salesmanship, civil engineering, practising medicine in London, England, and later in Canada, have all left their impress on the mind of Mr. Cornell, and, fortunately, he possesses in rare degree the power of passing on his experiences and his philosophy of life to his readers through the medium of polished but unstilted English prose. His novel, "Renaissance" is one of the season's issues by The Macmillan Company.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WIVES.

"Never lay the fire or chop the kindling—you are establishing a bad precedent."

"It is more important to know what your husband can't afford to do than what he can."

"A man comes home for rest and change, from the daily grind; a woman has to go away. Don't forget your turn."

"Do not buy his neckties then he has no excuse to buy your hats."

"The humane wife always gives her husband the unrestricted use of one hook in the clothes closet—if you wish to be generous, make it two."

"The woman who saves money at the expense of her appearance is frequently providing fine raiment for a second wife."

—From "After the Honeymoon," by Louise Mason.

Cullum, Ridgewell—The Man in the Twilight. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is a tale of the northern forests with an intricate plot characteristic of this author. Two great rival pulp mills with the heroine in one and the hero in the other provide the romance.

Among the Toronto bookmen who were guests at the Canadian Club, New York, during Christmas week were Messrs. George J. McLeod, Thomas Allen, James Murrie, M. G. McLean and F. I. Weaver.

In a letter from Robert J. C. Stead he quotes the following paragraph from a letter received from Miss Margaret C. Cowie, teacher in Aberdeen School, Vancouver:

"Canadian books are featured in the bookstores here more than formerly. It is possible now to make enquiries concerning Canadian work without being stared at."

As Mr. Stead remarks, "we are coming along."

MERRILL DENISON
whose book of plays, "The Unknown North," is to come from McClelland's this month.

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE
Author of "Over Prairie Trails"

LAWREN HARRIS
author of "Contrasts," a book of impressionistic word pictures done in free verse.

Recent Canadian Books

TWO books which in a sense may be considered companion volumes, although from different publishers, are Dafoe's "Laurier: a Study in Canadian Politics" (Allen), and "The Making of a Premier," an intimate story of the career of the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King," by Owen E. McGillicuddy.

J. W. Dafoe, by reason of his long service with the "Winnipeg Free Press," as editor, is one of the most noted of Canada's journalists; a keen observer of political life in Canada and admirably equipped by reason of his analytical mind to do justice to the subject of "Laurier." This book is a remarkably well done story of the life and work of Sir Wilfrid.

The other book has the successor of Laurier as its subject and in a concise and most interesting manner Mr. McGillicuddy relates the romantic story of the rise of Mackenzie King to the Premiership of Canada, the youngest man and the only bachelor to attain that office.

The book throughout does justice to the enormous industry of the man, one of the outstanding characteristics of the present Premier throughout his life.

The story is told of his strenuous political career from the time opportunity knocked in the form of a cablegram in 1899 which reached Mr. King in Italy, offering him the editorship of "The Labour Gazette" at Ottawa and with it the position of Deputy Minister in the Labour Department.

The facts in connection with his progress, with temporary setbacks in North Waterloo and North York, to the attainment of the Premiership following the 1921 election, are supplemented by a rich fund of incidents and accomplishments, sociological and literary, in Premier King's career, with which people have not had the opportunity of familiarizing themselves as in the case of his meteoric rise politically.

Both these books are important contributions to Canadian literature and each volume and their handy size and popular price, $1.25 in each case, will tend to largely increase their distribution, a circumstance which is all to the good.

Canadian Cities of Romance.

Katherine Hale (Mrs. John Garvin) is a keen traveller, an accomplished poet, and an ardent Canadian. No better qualified person in Canada, we fancy, could have undertaken the task of writing down the subtler, more atmospheric and spiritual aspects of fourteen Canadian cities—Brantford, we surmise, was inserted mainly to avoid the fatal number. Not all of the space at her disposal is profitably utilized; there are assertions of crude fact at the end of some of these essays that belong to the guide-book, or worse, to the Board of Trade's "booster" handbook. But we know of nobody who has set down the character, the essence, of our Quebec and our Montreal and our Victoria as Mrs. Garvin has done in the first part of each of these essays—and we who write these words know and love all these and many others of the select fourteen. Toronto must have been the most difficult, and its article is the most guide-booky, of the lot; we are delighted to learn that Algernon Blackwood used to haunt the Grange, and cold to the news that the Conservatory of Music "draws an average attendance of thousands of students a year."

"Canadian Cities of Romance," by Katherine Hale (McClelland, Toronto), is as fortunate in its illustrator as in its author. Dorothy Stevens, probably Canada's best-known etcher, is an artist with a discerning passion for the picturesque and atmospheric "bits" in the harbours and outskirts of old cities, and she has done over a score of pen drawings in which the etcher's sharpness and economy of line combines with the illustrator's feeling for dramatic effect. No better collection of Canadian sketches has been put into one volume before.

Mrs. Garvin's book will be widely appreciated, but it will also do a lot of good. It will demonstrate to many who need the demonstration, that the real interest of our Canadian cities lies not in their population, their wealth, the price of their real estate, the number of their banks or their churches, but in the "romance" that may be found, and should be preserved and developed, in every one of them. On the whole, the book is splendidly produced in the typographical sense; but there are certain of the finer arts of typography which are not readily acclimatised in this country, accurate proof-reading being one of them, and the exact horizontal placing of engravings another.

The Imprisoned Splendour. Murdock Mackinnon, M.A., D.D. London: H. R. Allenson, Limited, $1.25. In this volume of addresses on St. Paul's inspiring exhortation to the Philippians in the nine clauses of his "Whatsoever Things Are True,—think on these things," Dr. McKinnon provides a freshness of interpretation that puts the stamp of unusual merit on this book which is dedicated to the members and adherents of Knox Church, Regina, "whose love and loyalty have called forth the best service I have been able to render in the pulpit and out of it."

SO many superlatives have been exhausted by the present writer, in the columns of this and other periodicals, on the excellences of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins' Canadian Annual Review in past years, that it is difficult to find anything new to say about the Review for the year 1921, which has recently appeared. We must, however, immediately congratulate Mr. Hopkins on having caught up with the time lost in the production of the 1920 volume, which, as will be remembered, was much delayed by troubles in the printing trade. Considering the scope of the present volume, it is difficult to see how it could have been produced, with as good arrangement and as adequate an index, in a shorter time after the close of the year with which it deals.

There is no great change in the scope or subject-matter of the Review, which, however, is larger by some sixty pages, the result mainly of the introduction of a section entitled, "Canada and the Irish Question." The bulk of this section has no particular bearing on Canada, but there is very little else in the book which is not entirely proper matter for a Canadian record—not excluding the pages devoted to the developments in the direction of Nationalism in other portions of the Empire. There is perhaps no better way of gauging the growing extent and complexity of Canada's international relationships, than to compare the pages on international affairs in the 1921 volume with the similar pages in, say, the volume for 1911, and to note how naturally and inevitably the former fit themselves into our history for the year, and how strained an Imperialism was necessary to justify the latter.

There is still a rather decided concentration of attention upon the more concrete type of facts, and particularly upon those which can be expressed in dollars, bushels or votes, as distinguished from the facts of intellectual and spiritual progress. It is somewhat significant that we find no reference to the formation of the Canadian Authors Association, a fairly concrete event in itself, to say nothing of the more intangible developments in the sphere of Canadian literature. Even the Copyright Act is not mentioned. We may as well frankly recognize, however, that the vast majority of those who use the Canadian Annual Review are far more likely to resort to it for facts about dollars, bushels or votes than about the arts or religion or science. Within its sphere, it remains the best example that we know of in any country in the world, and we trust that for many years to come it will continue to arrive in the offices of business men, statesmen, writers and librarians, still bearing the name of Castell Hopkins in gold letters upon the back.

B. K. SANDWELL.

BEST SELLING NOVELS.

December Summary

1. This Freedom —Hutchinson
2. Babbitt —Sinclair Lewis
3. The Country Beyond —Packard
4. Neighbors —Stead
5. Command —McFee
6. The Man Who Lived in a Shoe —Forman

Books Received

Some Impressions of My Elders, St. John G. Ervine. Macmillan's, Toronto.

In a number of informal essays Mr. Ervine throws new light on a few English and Irish authors who have been responsible, to a very large extent, for the moulding of the opinions and ideas of the youth of to-day. The intimate and meticulous way in which he discusses the various men—Synge and Wells; Shaw, Glasworthy and Chesterton, Arnold Bennett and George William Russell,—is so entirely different from most critical appreciation that one feels at first that his analysis is more akin to the dissecting room or the chemical laboratory than the literary critic.

His opinions concerning Ireland and the Irish, the Gaelic movement and the Abbey Theatre are most penetrating and refreshing to anyone who has harbored a suspicion, now and again, that Ireland had been oversold. No one but an Irishman would dare to express such thoughts and sound as they appear to be, and as delicious, one would be a perfect fool to repeat them.

His character sketches are witty but, if anything, over penetrating. The laboratory method seems so very pronounced. It is as if a person isolated two parts of hydrogen in one place, four parts of oxygen in another place, and in still another one part of sulphur, and then, sweeping his hand in the general direction of the isolated exhibits, told you it was sulphuric acid. The same thing seems to happen with his elders. So carefully has he taken them apart that no comprehensive picture remains of them as coherent entities. Which, however, does not detract in the least from the fascinating ease with which he expresses himself or the sureness with which he is able to develop a critical hypothesis, no matter how involved or subtle it may be.

M.D.

Van Vechten, Carl, "Peter Whiffle." Macmillan (Knopf), Toronto, $2.50. Novels written by good critics (and Mr. Van Vechten is an excellent critic of music, cats and literature), have always at least one merit, that of introducing the reader to some other delectable writer. This is an inconsequential yarn, somewhat in the George Moore manner, written in a style which will delight the expert. But what we are chiefly grateful for is the admonition to read Arthur Machen.

The Red Redmaynes. Eden Phillpotts. Toronto, Macmillan, $2.00. Back to the Dartmoor country in this book, Mr. Phillpotts gives another mystery novel as skilfully done as "The Grey Room." It has to do with Mark Brendon, a celebrated detective, who, while on a fishing excursion, is called upon by a young woman to help unravel the mystery of the murder of her husband. Besides the keen interest of the unfolding of the plot there is the strong element of romance added by the two lovers of the beautiful young widow.

A Vision of Giorgione. Gordon Bottomley. London, Constable & Co., This is the first British publication of a volume containing the same poems which was brought out in the U.S. in 1910, although one of the eclogues, "A Pastoral of Giorgione," first appeared in a volume of poems, "The Fate of Smarogdus," published in London in 1904 by Elkin Mathews.

Ovington's Bank. By Stanley J. Weyman. Toronto, Ryerson, $2.00. Weyman continues to provide us with readable novels true to the type of those upon which his fame was built, and that they continue to find a ready audience is evidenced by the liberal manner in which the public buys them.

God's Green Country. By Ethel M. Chapman. Toronto, Ryerson. $2.00. A newcomer in Canadian fiction so far as the novel is concerned, Miss Chapman, by reason of what she has done in this book, will be heard from with another and, we hope, more novels. "God's Green Country" is a tale of rural life in Canada which, in addition to the love story unfolded, presents a most interesting picture of present day rural conditions in Canada, bringing into play such agencies as those of the Women's Institutes and other organizations reflecting the activities of the people who live on the farms of the land.

Peregrine's Progress. By Jeffery Farnol. Toronto, Ryerson, $2.00. This is another most delightful tale in the vein of "The Broad Highway," told in a style which has won for this author a devoted following of readers who enjoy this type of novel.

A Motor Scamper 'Cross Canada. By Percy Gomery. Toronto, Ryerson. Here is a book that presents a kaleidoscopic pen picture of Canada as revealed to the author in driving his motor car from Montreal across the continent to the Pacific Coast; in Canada most of the time, an exception being that at Sault Ste. Marie, he went into Michigan, crossing that state, on through northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, and then into Manitoba at Emerson. Through Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, the reader sees Western Canada with this entertaining traveller. From Eastern British Columbia the route travelled was through the States of Idaho and Washington, and back into British Columbia to journey's end in Vancouver. The journey was a path-finding undertaking in the interests of the King's International Highway, and was sponsored by the Automobile Club of Vancouver.

Velvet Paws and Shining Eyes, by Carol Cassidy Coles. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton Ltd. This Canadian story of the woods and little creatures was a Children's Book Week sensation, being an especially well gotten up children's book.

Hanshew, N. E. & T. W. "The Riddle of the Spinning Wheel." Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

Here is Cleek again. "Cleek of Scotland Yard, Sir," famous for his unraveling of the knottiest problems of human ingenuity—or criminality. For the many who enjoy mystery stories here is one bound to provide the necessary zest.

Tyson, J. Aubrey, "The Scarlet Tanager." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. Probably the best American big-scale detective story we have ever read. But why was it necessary to rehabilitate the character of the arch-criminal and enemy of society, at such frightful cost of plausibility, in the last chapter? The American literary conventions that all criminals are good and noble men annoys us.

The Sky Line of Spruce, Edison Marshall, Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto, $2.00.

Following up his other tales of the North-west, Marshall in this new book provides an equally stirring tale of outdoor life, this time in British Columbia. The manner in which novels of this type are purchased by the public in preference to those dealing with a more domesticated life is indicative of the genuine market that exists for tales of this class among which those of Marshall score a high mark of merit.

History of Don Quixote, Cervantes, London, Constable & Co., 21s.

It is often made a reproach against the gift book of to-day that inadequate, inaccurate or inappropriate texts, labelled with the name of some favorite of childhood, are used as pegs upon which to hang a mass of elaborate illustration.

This edition of "Don Quixote" is open to no such criticism. As much care has gone to the selection and editing of the letterpress as to the drawing of the illustrations. Shelton's classic translation is accepted as the best English version of Cervantes' great romance that has been, or is likely to be, produced. Mr. J. B. Trend, an acknowledged authority on Spanish life and literature, has collaborated with M de Bosschere in producing a book that is at once a worthy edition of Quixote, and an artistic novelty.

The London Spy, by Thomas Burke. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $2.00.

With all the other variety of spy stories extant, it is a pleasure to find here a different variety of spy. The writer spies out things in connection with the most familiar places but in a most unusual and thoroughly entertaining manner. The House of Parliament, for instance, is referred to as one of the places to which the Cockney never goes. Others are the Tower, St. Paul's, the Abbey, the British Museum, Mme. Tussaud's, the National Gallery and Crystal Palace. The House affords much amusement: "Fat men wandered in. Fat men wandered out. Fat men went to sleep. * * * The crowd was a crowd of ordinary people, ill-dressed but well-fed; just the kind of people one goes home with in the tram or the bus; only fatter.

There are eleven chapters, each affording different pictures of London life and written in such a vein as to intrigue not only the fancy of the seasoned Londoner but also those who are strangers to modern Babylon.

McFee, William, "Command." Gundy, Toronto, $1.75. Better even than "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," and in just the same atmosphere.

Auction Bridge in Ten Lessons, by Ella G. Pimm, Montreal.

Mrs. Pimm has written for the beginner and the advanced player, and the book is divided thus into ten lessons, which cover the whole ground, from the efforts of the novice to the wiles of the expert. Simplicity is the keynote of the book, and lucidity that of Mrs. Pimm's writing. We find her expositions are marked by a clarity that anticipates almost every question and smoothes almost every objection. The book is what it claims to be, a book of instruction, but it is instruction presented in a most pleasant and entertaining guise.

McKenna, R. W., "Flower o' the Heather." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. Historic-romantic novel in the form of the hero's diary. Period 1700. Scene, Scotland, amid religious persecutions.

Wister, Owen, "Neighbors Henceforth." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. Excellent journalistic articles for those who desire their anti-Germanism fanned into a fresh flame. Americans will also find in it much able argument to show that their country has "an international destiny," but nobody except the Americans needs to be convinced of that.

Borden, Lucille, "The Gates of Orient." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. An American Catholic novel on Lourdes, pleasingly written.

Webb, Sidney Hastings, "Deedles." Sampson Low, London. A breezy type of Cockney humor, a long way behind P. G. Wodehouse.

Pain, Barry, "If Winter Don't." Gundy, Toronto, $1. This parody is the best criticism of the Hutchinson novels that has ever been produced.

Wiley, Hugh, "Lily." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. "Lily" is the successor to "The Wildcat." Satevepost stuff, adequately amusing, depicting the white American's conception of the humorous negro.

Cather, Willa, "One of Ours." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.50. Women will perhaps not greatly like this very able book. There were three women in the life of Claude Wheeler, the young Nebraskan,—his mother, the girl he married, and the girl who would have married him. But the girl he married is a cruelly accurate portrait of a type sadly prevalent on this continent to-day.

Hergesheimer, Joseph, "The Bright Shawl." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. More and more Mr. Hergesheimer becomes the chief romancist among American novelists. In the Cuba of 1880 what brilliant material for high heroic romance, and how exquisitely utilized.

Hardy, Thomas, "Late Lyrics and Earlier, with many other Verses." Macmillan, Toronto, $2.25. Some 280 pages of verse of varying technical power, but all infused with the characteristic Hardy feeling of the persistence of past events in the human mind—persistence not merely as memories but as living and driving forces. And in some mysterious manner that persistence is partly attached to the places where the events took place.

"Poems From Punch" (intro by W. B. Drayton Henderson). Macmillan, Toronto, $2.25. The best of Punch's poetry from 1909 to 1920 and from Sir Owen Seaman to—well, for geographical distance let us cite Canada in the person of John McCrae. We should have liked an index of authors as well as of titles.

"Voices on the Wind: An Anthology of Today." Merton Press, 11 Gresham St., London E.C., England. Compiled by the editor of "Poetry" (the English one) this volume is unusually comprehensive, especially in regard to the younger and more experimental writers. But the compilation does not increase our sense of the value of what these particular young writers are doing; in fact it only makes most of them seem the more derivative. Except C. A. Dawson Scott.

Burr, Amelia Josephine, "The Three Fires." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. An intensely interesting story of native life and love in Ceylon, full of plotting and tragedy, relieved by a happy fate for the poor little heroine.

Hull, Helen, "Quest." Macmillan, Toronto, $2. "I'm off now, away from all the old years, in quest of what? Love, work, myself," cries Jean Stevens, at the end of the book, as she launches out for herself, away from her old surroundings, her unhappy home, wrecked by the eternal quarreling of her parents. A rather painful but very penetrating study of growth of character from a child to a woman under most adverse circumstances.

Norris, Kathleen, "Certain People of Importance." Gundy, Toronto, $2. The Californians are taking themselves very seriously. This is a domestic chronicle, in very full detail and without any trace of humor or satire, of the career of a "forty-niner" family for three generations—practically to the present time. The work is admirably done, but one questions whether the people concerned were, with one or two exceptions, worth the trouble. Like "Brass," this novel deals largely with people whose lives were failures, in a broad sense, because of their own weaknesses; these can scarcely be the material for "great" fiction in the English sense, though they may be in the Russian.

Anderson, Robert Gordon. — "The Isle of Seven Moons," G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. A tale of romance and adventure, of mystery and suspense, clean and wholesome, that is pure entertainment of the right sort for the many people who seek diversion in tales of fiction giving plenty of thrills and which at the same time present characters that become like personal acquaintances and friends, offset by a villain or two that they can hate in healthy fashion.

Wells, H. G., "The Secret Places of the Heart." Macmillan, Toronto, $1.75. Sir Richmond Hardy was trying to get the world's fuel problem solved by means of the British Fuel Commission, of which he was a member. He was breaking down from worry in June, but in September he returned and simply wound the Commission round his finger, so full of vigor and keenness was he. In the interval (which forms the period of this book) he motor-toured with a psychiatrist and told his life-story, and met a young American millionairess of great charm and personality. It was really the millionairess who rejuvenated him for his work, and Mr. Wells' book is a study of that not uncommon type of genius which requires to be constantly fed on feminine devotion—the devotion of a new feminine every year or two.

Hudson, Stephen, "Elinor Colhouse." Macmillan (Knopf), Toronto, $1.50. This tale is really a preliminary to "Richard Kurt," a previously published novel which we have not read but shall certainly procure. It is an uncompromising study of the manoeuvres of a poor but fair American girl to capture a wealthy and unsophisticated English boy. Mr. Hudson is certainly not sentimental about his women, but we do not think he is bitter either. The English press speaks very highly of the book.

"Out for Character." By twenty-six of the world's thoughtful and great. Ryerson Press, Toronto. Among those who have contributed to the vital messages in this book are: Presidents, Clarance A. Barbour, Ray Lyman Wilbur, E. Y. Mullins, Ozora S. Davis; Bishops Quayle, Brewster, Darlington; Reverend Doctors, Frank Ballard, James I. Vance, Wm. Wirt King, F. B. Meyer, Samuel Z. Batten, A. Z. Conrad; and others of like eminence in the educational and professional world.

Dell, Ethel M. "Charles Rex," Toronto; Ryerson Press. A most readable book enbodying mystery, adventure and love.

Dunsany, Lord. Don Rodriguez, New York: G. P. Putnams' Sons. A highly imaginative tale of the golden age of Spain. A story that brings laughter in its train.

De La Mare, Walter,—"Down-Adown-Derry." Constable & Co., Ltd., London. This is a book of fairy poems with numerous illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop, including four coloured plates. It is a volume of nearly 200 pages and altogether a most attractive production published at 15s.

Sillars, John, — "The McBrides," Ryerson Press, Toronto, $1.75. This is a romance of Arran and a more than ordinarily well-told tale.

Anderson, Isobel L. "Polly the Pagan." Boston. Page & Co. This story presents the lost love letters of the heroine. There is a most interesting foreword by Basil King treating of the international theme of the book.

Sawyer, Edith A. "Devine of the Three Pines." Boston: Page & Co. Another fine story for young people by the author of "The Christmas Makers' Club," "Elsa's Visit Home" and "Our Little Portuguese Cousin."

Back of Beyond

NO matter how far one may travel in Canada from the centres of industry one finds conveniences and comforts in the wilds. The great department stores, with their specialized postal, or, as they say on the western continent, mailing services, send the last invention in bright lamps into the furthest night. The windows of the log cabins of the Mackenzie illumine the snow with the radiance of petrol. Be not astonished, at the Back of Beyond even, to find your hostess appear in a silk gown in the evening in honor of your presence.

A new country makes its beginning with the inventions of its day. The ferry on far Peace River is driven by petrol (which they here call gasoline); and a modern invention of bull-wheels and cable, at once simple and efficient, as most inventions used on the frontier, chugs it from bank to bank. These ferries can carry immense loads of automobiles, (motor cars), drays, people. On many an out of the way lake and river of the great west the "chug-chug-chug" of the petrol ferry echoes among the haunts of coyote and bear. The especial ferry of this article — which is really about Sam Hing, but may best begin thus—is on Kootenay Lake, British Columbia.

I often wonder what Sam Hing thinks of it.

He is a Chinaman from Canton, and has memories of sampans and rice fields and pagodas and temple bells. I am a Scot from South America, by the way of the Auld.

Sam Hing does my washing for me. I may swing an axe all day, or sway rhythmically over a buck-saw, every rasp of which scents the air with the scent of the west —the scent of balsam; or, in Mackinaw coat and Tyrolese socks and khaki shirt snake logs through the crisp snow. But in the evenings it is my foible to wear a "boiled shirt" and to groom myself for sitting down to read. Outside the dry, powdery snow flicks the black pane, and the wind murmurs in the tamarack tops about time and eternity. No one may be coming to smoke a pipe with me and talk, but I dress even for the evening's reading. Hence Sam Hing—"washee man." Once a week I put my used linen in a ruck-sack and, hauling on gum rubbers, go scrunching off to meet him.

A wind tosses a laden fir and throws in air a jet of white suddenly turned to colour, a momentary fragment of rain-bow, or snow-bow! Blue jays scream to

FREDERICK NIVEN
who has a number of novels to his credit and who wrote the accompanying article.

me, worried, it seems, to see me go; for every day they have a dole of food at my door. The clusters of the snow-berries on their bushes are like grapes of alabaster. Flocks of snow-birds, as many as sixty to a flock, sit in the tops of a twiggy cottonwood. They appear, from a distance, like leaves overlooked there by the late Autumn winds. But as I draw nearer I hear them talking away to each other—little birds hardly bigger than sparrows. I draw nearer still; and then, with a sound like the opening of many fans at a ballet, the seeming leaves are no more silhouetted against the bright and cold blue sky, but are wheeling and fluttering in twittering curves and parabolas.

By the time I am half-way to the ferry Sam Hing will be setting out from Nelson in the tram-car for Fairview. Even a little city like Nelson takes advantage of its water-power, and owns two electric cars. What does Sam Hing think of it all? Round about are the white-powdered mountains glittering in the sun. Little creeks tumble down out of them, all arched over with snow that protects them from frost, and so keeps our water supply constant for the winter. No burst pipes here, as in town! Sam Hing. I think of Chinese vases and of Matthew Arnold's lines about the potter of Pekin, the lamp lighting up his studious forehead and thin hands. A phrase from Joseph Hergesheimer's note on Chinese poetry comes to mind, regarding how a poem written "by the sixth emperor of the Han dynasty, perhaps two thousand years ago, is identical with the present complex troubled mind: an autumn wind rises and white clouds fly, the grass and trees wither, geese go south . ." I think of Crosbie Garstin's delightful song (in his "Vagabond Verses") of a little Chinese lady quaintly adrift in Cordova Street, Vancouver. Here in the far west we are almost at the east.

Clerihew, the ferry-man, hails me thus:

"Weel, there ye are! A'm juist gaun tae start up the engine. It's a graund day." (Here, you observe, is machinery, so here is a Scot Abroad!) "Weel, we'll start."

He climbs up into his tower and I ignore the little cabin with the stove-pipe thrust out a-top. The cold of Canada sounds worse than that of home according to the thermometer; but it is blood, not mercury, that is in our veins, and the dryness of the atmosphere makes it almost impossible, to one accustomed to the snell winter days of Scotland (wet winds chilling to the bone over Fife fields in February, keen, cutting blasts that whirl aside the screaming pee-wees on the border moors) to believe that the thermometer is right in registering 2 below zero. I lean on the bulwark and watch the green

ripples swirl into the white reflections. And there is Sam Hing on the shore waiting for me.

"Hollo!" he says.

"Hullo!" say I. "How you do?"

"Velly well. You well?" The Chinese are adepts at inflection.

"Very well, thank you. How you like the snow?"

"Allee lightee. Not too cold. You think him cold?"

"No."

"No. Not me."

I have a copy of Cranmer Byng's "A Lute of Jade," a volume of translations from Chinese poets, at my ranch home; and in the front of it I have pasted one of Sam Hing's "Chinese Notes from a Westee Parcel." It looks good enough to frame and decorate a wall with, giving what artists call an "accent" there. We swap parcels and I go back to the ferry thinking of Li-Po the courtier, poet of the 8th century, and how he longed to be, instead of a courtier, a frontiers-man. Also I think of his song of yellow dusk on the city wall and a woman's face looking out over her loom. I think of Po Chu-I and his song of the peach bloom; of Tu Fu's bitter cry in his verses on "The Recruiting Sergeant." He was another 8th century poet of China, and knew then what the people of Europe know now about the true inwardness of war —and yet may not profit by knowing. I think of his other song, away from affairs (that after all are generally in the hands of rogues and fools), his song of only a gentle rain falling in the furrows. It is a matter of associations, a flick of imagination. To Joseph Conrad all the east will rise up, with lagoon, and prau, and palm-tops above the mist, at "the grave ring of a big brass tray." Sam Hing's washee bill brings up the songs of these, and of Wang Ch'ang-Ling — a kind of Oriental Herrick, who wrote of maidens, it seems, as they were flowers, of flowers as they were maidens.

Leaves of the Nenuphars and silken
skirts the same pale green,
On flower and laughing face alike the
same rose-tints are seen;
Like some blurred tapestry they blend
within the lake displayed;
You cannot part the leaves from silk,
the lily from the maid.

Often I wonder if Sam Hing knows Li-Po, and Tu-Fu, and Po Chu-I, and Wang Ch'ang-Ling. He tittups away (chanting "So-long. Good-bye. Next week allee same. Velly good!") with his bobbing step that looks as if learnt on the tread-mill!

Clerihew chugs me back.

"Yon's a cheery cove, yon Chink washee," he comments. "He's been aroond thae pairts for years. Ah think he must ha' gotten the call of the west intil him. He's aye laughing. He laughs at the mountains and at the ferry. Weel, it's a graund way tae feel. We canna be thankful enough for health and strength and tae be oot and aboot and able to enjoy the warld. It's surely graund."

With a handful of waste, and an oil can, he may croon: "O but I'm longing for my ain folk," while Sam Hing hums, waiting for us, grinning at the ferry, I know not what—perchance the original of:

Cold from the spring the waters pass
Over the swaying pampas grass,
All night long in dream I lie,
Ah me! ah me! to awake and
sigh—
Sigh for the City of Chow.
Cold from its source the stream
meanders
Darkly down through the oleanders,
sigh—
Sigh for the City of Chow.

Yet neither seems to be in a hurry to go home, either to the sound of whirring grouse over the heather and the sight of the hump of Cruachan, or the boom of bronze bells and vision of porcelain pagodas "East is East, and West is West," but there's a glamour here that holds men from east and west.

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Maybe Sam Hing has never heard of Li Po and the rest. And maybe as sensible would it be for me, in London, moved by a sentiment, to stick my char-lady's washing bill inside my Keats! And yet—I don't know! Her bills were not as decorative as Sam Hing's. Perhaps, however, he does know Li Po. Clerihew knew Bobby Burns. I must have this question settled. Next week I shall say to Hing: "You savvey Li Po? You savvey Tu Fu? You savvey Po Chu-I?" But I think it better to write the article this week and leave readers trustful that he does know them, rather than to run the risk of having to end on a sad, instead of at least, a hopeful note. . . . Let us dream that in China the poets are known by ordinary men, are not without honor in their own country, and that my "washee" is conversant, in the original, with these exquisite songs, blown leaves from ancient autumns, that the sight of him, waiting at the ferry (with his almond eyes and Oriental smile) always brings into my mind.

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Canadian Novels of 1922.

SPEAKING before the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto at Sherbourne House on Jan. 25th, Mr. Donald G. French gave a comprehensive summary of the Canadian Fiction of 1922.

The type of novel that is done best by Canadian writers is, he said, what has been termed by some critics the Community Novel. In that class he put "Neighbours" by Robert Stead. Mr. Stead was himself an Ontario boy who went west with his parents while he was quite young and settled in Manitoba, afterwards removing to Alberta, and later taking a post in the Department of Immigration at Ottawa.

He has written a number of novels of western life. In "Neighbours," he begins with the youthful days of his characters in a little country town of Ontario. He transports them later to homesteads near Regina and he gives us some idea of the hardships of homesteading. There are some very good descriptive passages in which we get the landscape and atmosphere of the prairies. The plot is dependent chiefly on a love story interest which can scarcely be regarded a remarkable success. Mr. Stead, like many other novelists, is not always able to get inside his characters and let them live the story. The real artist in fiction forgets that **he** is **telling** a story and lets his characters **live** it. Yet, as a Canadian novel, this is one well worth reading. There are problems and conditions of Western Canada that it is good for the rest of Canada to understand. Our novelists may do valuable work in the unifying of Canada by interpreting the West to the East.

Turning to Ontario, Miss Ethel M. Chapman's novel, "God's Country," was cited as an example of a community novel with the betterment of rural conditions as its theme. Miss Chapman has had experience as a worker among Women's Institutes and has been associated with the editorial end of farm magazines and is thoroughly familiar with her subject. Aside from the matter of the literary quality of the book, the speaker defended it on the score that there was a field for just such propaganda, and that the point to be considered was not altogether the literary style but whether or not the writer had accomplished what she set out to do. He considered that she had done so.

Marian Keith, who has pictured so successfully the rural community of Glenoro, writes of a country town in "The Bells of St. Stephen's," seeing it from the viewpoint of the church and the manse. Few Canadian writers have so keen a sense of humor or can touch upon the humorous aspects of the little happenings of daily life so readily as Marian Keith does. Her books are always full of wholesome fun.

Frederick William Wallace came to Canada from Scotland and is the exponent of the life of the Canadian fishing community. He knows his subject and his characters thoroughly and his "Salt Seas and Sailormen" is a volume of excellent stories told with vigor and vividness.

"The King's Arrow," by H. A. Cody, is a community novel of historic setting. The scene is New Brunswick, Mr. Cody being pastor of a church in St. John. He writes stirring, healthful adventure tales, with a strong blend of humor.

The second class of novels dealt with was defined as "The Novel of Current Problems." Mr. John Murray Gibbon, President of the Canadian Authors Association, shows his extensive knowledge of such current matters of interest as labor, immigration, business efficiency, national ideals, in his novel, "Pagan Love." Beaumont S. Cornell, a new Canadian author, a native of Athens, Ontario, who has lived for some time in England, deals with the age-long but never-ending strife between Labor and Capital in a somewhat fanciful tale, entitled "Renaissance." Miss G. Murray Atkin, in "The Captive Herd," gives us a story of business intrigue in New York City with a Canadian girl as heroine.

Turning then to humorous fiction, Mr. French read some selections from P. O.'D's (Peter Donovan's) new book, "Over 'Ere and Back Home." The

effect upon the audience was sufficient to prove Peter a very successful humorist. Reference was made to P. O'D.'s career as reviewer and special feature writer on Toronto Saturday Night, and his subsequent departure to the "green fields" of London, where he married a beautiful and talented English girl.

In the "Mystery Stories," first place was given to Victor Lauriston's "Twenty-First Burr," which has its setting presumably in Goderich, Windsor, Detroit, Buffalo, Grimsby, and Western Ontario towns and border cities. It is a story in which the mystery is concealed up to the last line of the story, but which will be found to be quite logically developed. A mystery novel of a different type is "The Timber Pirate," by Charles Christopher Jenkins, which has to do with the pulp limits and other timber lands north of Lake Superior. Mr. Jenkins is frankly melodramatic but has produced a good, readable story with a strong suspense element. "Mortimer's Gold," by Harold Horn, deals with treasure hunting on the Georgian Bay, while Frederick Bending in "The Shadow's Edge," writes a mystery story of the Mounted Police.

The Cowboy Story is represented by Luke Allan's "Return of Blue Pete." "Luke Allan," he explained is the pen-name of Lacey Amy, a Canadian journalist, who was at one time proprietor and editor of a paper at Medicine Hat, and who was overseas as war correspondent on the Western Front in the Great War. Coming back to London, England, he there made a hit with an original cowboy character in his story, "Blue Pete: Half Breed." Guy Morton, a Toronto newspaper man, has received much favorable comment for his "Rangy Pete," another cowboy story.

The Domestic novel was represented by Arthur Stringer's concluding book of the Prairie trilogy. Mr. French agreed with the recent comment of a western writer, E. Langley Jacobs, in which he said: "His novels (Stringer's Prairie series) are more a study of the reaction of certain temperaments to their environment than a picture of western life.

Among the Juvenile Fiction, Archie McKishnie's "Openway" was highly praised as a splendid book on animal life for young readers. Mr. McKishnie has been a keen nature lover since his boyhood days and knows personally the animal characters about whom he writes so entertainingly. Charles G. D. Roberts' "In the Morning of Time," conveys interesting information of such things as the origin of fire, the first cooking of meat, etc., in a very pleasing way. A good school girl's story is "Judy of York Hill," by Ethel Hume, and a delightful sort of fairy animal story for the little folks was "Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes," by Carol Cassidy Cole.

In Dramatic Fiction, the appearance of a book of Canadian plays was rather significant. We have had Poetical Tragedies and Dramas in verse, but "The Unheroic North," by Merrill Denison, is about the first book of Canadian plays in prose. Further, it is an example of the beginning of the modern realistic movement in Canadian fiction. Whether we care for realism or not, we must concede that Mr. Denison has done his work remarkably well. His characters are distinctive, convincing, and true to type, and the total effect is clear-cut and vigorous.

A book of stories of the Klondyke, "Tillicums of the Trail," by Rev. George C. F. Pringle, was spoken of as True Story Fiction, the reason being that in all essential facts the stories were actually true, although for publication purposes it is possible that certain additions or alterations may have been made. Mr. Pringle, who was chaplain overseas, had told these stories to the "boys" in camp and dugout. As an example of the nature of the stories, the speaker outlined briefly an incident in which "Soapy" Smith, the notorious Mayor of Skagway, was the leading figure.

Under the classification of "The Alien Novel," Mr. French touched briefly upon the books of 1922 written by Canadian authors, but having a foreign setting. These were: "Caste," by W. A. Fraser, a story of India; "The Ninth Vibration," and "The Key of Dreams," both stories of the East, by L. Adams Beck; "Poisoned Paradise," a story of Monte Carlo, by R. W. Service; "Sunny San," set partly in Japan and partly in the United States, by Onoto Watanna.

"The majority of our Canadian fiction writers are good journalists rather than good novelists," he commented, in speaking of style in Canadian fiction. "They fail to catch the dramatic vision. Of all the Canadian novels of 1922, there are few that could be held up as models of fine writing. Fine writing is not everything, but grace and elegance of phrase, exactness of diction as well as force, are qualities that any good story will be the better for having.

Short passages were read from "The Key of Dreams," illustrating excellence of literary style, and others from a book not named were quoted as "awful examples" of "how not to do it."

In conclusion the speaker said: "It is hardly fair to quarrel with our authors because they do not produce the type of story we like. We are not justified in complaining that a doctor is not a good lawyer, and perhaps we are no more justified in complaining, for example, that Victor Lauriston did not write a Maria Chapdelaine rather than a Twenty-First Burr, or Robert Stead a Cathedral rather than Neighbours. But we are justified in asking that the writer of a story of Canadian community life shall put his best work into that.

"We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that a survey of the novels written in 1922 by Canadian authors shows that our writers are largely content with exploiting their inventive processes of mind rather than the creative. Invention in fiction is the mere mechanical process which sets puppets in action and puts them through complicated movements: Creation evolves characters who act and react according to their innate tendencies and capacities."

As to the trend of Canadian literature, he prophesied that it would probably pass through a period of "realism," but that it would eventually find itself by following the teaching that "the aim of literature should be to show us how to find beauty in life," and that Canadian writers would in time produce fiction of a quality equal to that of English-speaking writers in any part of the world.

The Arts and Letters Players

IN any discussion of the little theatre the work of the Arts and Letters Players of Toronto must be considered before that of any other group. Its beginnings date back to 1905 and were a natural development in the lives of two men who began producing at the age of six in someones barn with canvas bags for costumes and an entrance fee of one pin.

The writer feels that it is impossible to do anything that approaches justice to the story of this group of artists, writers, actors and directors in an article of a few hundred words. It is an impudence to attempt it. At some future date their history must be recorded in some form worthy of their achievements as pioneers of the little theatre movement. However, if this series for the *Bookman* on the community theatre in Canada is to have coherence it is necessary to consider, although with unjust briefness, the work of the parent group.

They worked under limitations which, in retrospect, would seem insurmountable, had they not surmounted them. Even the famous MacDougall Street stable of the Provincetown Players, where almost all of Eugene O'Neill's plays have had their first production, is a perfectly equipped theatre compared with the Arts and Letters Players upstairs club room in the old Court House on Adelaide Street, Toronto.

From the standpoint of the person who regards the theatre as a living medium of expression in which each of the arts has an equal place—who feels that churches are in reality theatres which have run into a blind alley and stopped—the work of the Arts and Letters group has been more important and more valuable than that of all the rest of the little theatres in the country.

Few writers on the community theatre seem to realize that it should owe its existence to a need for expression—to man's insatiable appetite for acting, presentation, mimicry, as old, apparently, as the human race itself. Groups of amateurs which have any other reason for existing than that they can not help themselves are doomed, beforehand, to trivial accomplishments. The theatre is man's oldest means of feeding certain of his most elemental emotional and spiritual appetites. The group to which the theatre is not so much food and without which they face starvation, is invariably amateur in the ugliest sense of the word.

This fact explains why the community theatre should always be controlled and operated by its back stage workers, directors, artists, designers, architects, actors, writers. It exists to serve them. The audience, necessary though it is, is less than half the battle, and let it, through a board of directors, or a single individual, dictate to the director and his co-workers and the adventure sinks to the level of church basement theatricals. America is littered with the graves of splendid little theatre ventures choked to death by committees and boards of syndics which knew nothing of the creative mystery of the theatre.

If anything on earth must have spiritual and craft freedom, it is the theatre. Given these, the physical and material limitations count for little: without them the finest theatrical equipment is of little value.

The Arts and Letters Players had these essential things. They had an absolute freedom in their choice of plays. They could do anything they felt was interesting or worth doing. There was no board of censors, no committees to pass on the plays to be produced. It made no difference whether the play was a success or a failure. Their one adamantine rule was—never to produce anything that had been done in Canada before.

Their theatre was the club room in the old Court House, their stage, 150 movable boxes placed at one end of the room. Each box was a healthy load for one person and before each performance these boxes had to be carried out of the basement of the Public Library on Church Street, a couple of hundred yards away, loaded on trucks, and then carried up two long flights of stairs to the club room. The chairs had to be brought up from the basement. The tables used for luncheon cleared out of the way. Usually the last nail was pounded and the last light hung as the first of the audience was climbing the winding staircase from Court Lane.

There was only one dressing room—the draughty hall behind the stage where the performers shivered with cold while changing and making up or waiting for their calls. There was no proscenium opening, no wings, no scenery. There was no place to put them had they been wanted. Lacking them, it was necessary to solve the problem of settings in a new way. Necessity forced the Players into the expressionist school of stage setting twelve years ago that Kenneth MacGowan now discusses in "The Continental Theatre," as something almost unknown on this continent.

The lighting equipment for a show often consisted of spot lights made with tin wash basins for reflectors, biscuit boxes and lengths of stove pipe to keep light from spilling—on one great occasion a single dimmer borrowed from one of the down town theatres. Costumes, properties, settings, were all made by the Players themselves or by other members of the club. Producing a show meant long and continuous effort under the worst possible conditions—and the best.

The inspiration and driving force behind the group, urging the other members on, working harder than any of them, was Roy Mitchell, later director of Hart House Theatre and, incidentally, the author of "Shakespeare for Community Players," one of the most useful books for the amateur published.

Working with him were: his brother Guy Mitchell, who had assisted in the barn loft productions years before: Arthur Lismer and W. Smithson Broadhead, who had worked together in the Sheffield Little Theatre in England; Lawren Harris, T. G. Greene, Alexander and Cruickshanks, Fergus Kyle—acting, designing sets, arranging lighting, carrying boxes with equal ability and zest. Basil Morgan, Nella Jefferis, Francis Coombs, Ralph Eden Smith were early workers whose names are well known in the little theatre in Toronto.

Maeterlinck's "Interior," Yeats' "Shadowy Waters," Tagore's "Post Office" and "Chitra," Gregory's "Workhouse Ward," Synge's "Shadow of the Glen," Houghton's "Phipps," had their first Canadian—in a number of cases, their first American—production here.

In 1911 and 1912 it became evident that the company needed an adequate theatre where they might have a chance to make the experiments their increasing knowledge of the work made possible. Plans were prepared by Ralph Eden Smith, an architect of the group, for a most ingenious little theatre and art gallery combined.

A plaster dome on tracks, a cyclorama and Fortuni lighting were to have been used on stage with a light and director's gallery over the forestage. The auditorium was to have been lit as completely as the stage so that the audience might be bathed in light in sympathy with the mood and atmosphere of the play. No such far-reaching application of the uses of light to the theatre has been attempted as those embraced in the plans for the Little Theatre.

The project was well under way when war broke out in 1914, when it was abandoned. Later the scheme for Hart House, the student activities building of the University of Toronto, was broadened to embrace the present theatre and, to a large extent, it absorbed the interests of the original group together with its director.

When one considers that these players were the forerunners of a movement that has spread over the entire continent, and one thinks of their early experiments, the sincerity of their work and the great ability of many of the workers, it seems tragic that it all should have become so diffused. Had they been able to continue their work, Toronto would now be the home of one of the great creative centres of the theatre on this continent.—M. D.

The Little Theatres

The Community Players of Montreal

THE Community Players of Montreal, under the directorship of Leonard Young, presented their first bill of the current season at His Majesty's Theatre during the week of January 15th. Two bills were played, one on Tuesday and Wednesday nights and the second on Friday and Saturday.

The first production—Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton"—was very satisfactorily directed and acted. Mr. Bruce Monier-Williams gave a really distinguished and subtle performance, and while it may be that he was very fortunately cast, it seems to me that he has great possibilities in juvenile roles on the professional stage—if he cared to try it. In Miss Dorothy Davis the company has an able character actress. Her role as Tweenie was delightful. The rest of the cast more than successful. The show was lit execrably and the settings uninspired and ordinary.

The latter part of the week was devoted to a bill of three one-acters. Booth Tarkington's "Beauty and the Jacobean," Merrill Denison's "The Weather Breeder," and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France. Tarkington wrote the Jacobean while at Harvard and while it gave Rupert Caplan, one of the ablest actors of the Montreal group, an opportunity to demonstrate his ability to enliven a very long and tedious part, there was no earthly justification for doing it. "The Weather Breeder," one of Denison's Ontario backwoods comedies, lost most of its value through being played on the full width of His Majesty's stage. The characterization of Mr. Pierce and Mr. Laidlaw as youthful backwoodsmen, Mr. Kennedy as a grouchy old farmer, and Mrs. R. L. Stehle as Lize, his daughter, were very good. The barren acres of the huge opera stage gave one a poor illusion of the inside of a log cabin, however, and the play's subtleties went for nothing.

"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" was costumed beautifully, cast rather well, but again the setting played against it. A library set borrowed from some theatre loft so hurt the general effect of the play that what should have been a great success met with only a lukewarm reception.

The Community Players of Montreal have one of the most able group of actors in the Dominion and a very capable acting director in Leonard Young, but they are laboring under a tremendous disadvantage in playing in a commercial theatre. They suffered from all the disadvantages of the big theatre and gained nothing from its advantages. Their productions, on this account, seemed to be distinctly amateurish—not non-professional, as they should have been.

The Ottawa Drama League.

The Drama League, under the guidance of Duncan Campbell Scott, has moved into its old quarters in the National Museum. They have a delightful little theatre which holds about three hundred, is pleasantly decorated, and their stage which is large enough, has the great advantage of having a fly gallery and loft.

Their season opened with a Canadian bill which included two one-act plays, a dancing masque and a prologue. It was a prologue and chroniclers that almost ruined Drinkwater's Lincoln, and at best it is a terrible institution. Dr. Scott's was as good an one as will ever be found and was done by Marian Osborne as the Spirit of the Drama and Dorothy German as the Spirit of the House.

Two Canadian one-act plays, Dr. Scott's "Pierre" and Merrill Denison's "Brothers in Arms," were very acceptably presented. But one of the extraordinary things about the Canadian Little Theatre is the difficulty in finding actors and actresses who have ever observed a living Canadian. In neither of these plays were the characterizations as clean-cut and absolute as they should have been if playwrights are ever to bother their heads writing about Canada.

The bill was completed with a dancing masque of the seasons in Canada. Produced by Diana Hamilton and designed by Maud Brown, it made a pleasant interlude between the two plays, was charmingly done, and gave the bill the balance and variety it would have lacked otherwise.

The players of the Drama League are headed in the right direction and well on the way to do fine things.—M. D.

The Problem of the Canadian Painter

YOUR article in the January issue on the attitude of a distinctly Canadian type of educated person towards native accomplishments in the fine arts is well presented. More criticism of this sort is much to be desired.

While not being altogether in accord with the respect shown for the architect, there is no doubt about the architect's advantage in having an objective, but in place of creative vision he seems to be endowed with an extensive set of traditions and conventions. He can quickly reconcile any period with steam heating, open plumbing and elevators, supply churches — Byzantine, Norman, Tudor, Gothic or Composite; English villas or California bungalows.

Neither the writer or painter are so adaptable. The painter with a similar objective would know more about business conditions; would paint pictures or decorations to order and, by holding tight to tradition, would avoid most of the stupid criticism he has now to contend with. This would do away with the silly spectacle of the annual exhibition—providing societies with an excuse for a social function and the newspaper critic with an opportunity of proving he knows no more than he knew the previous year, and the artist himself with the usual nothing.

However, architecture is a business and painting an adventure, and, like poetry, is not likely to submit to being harnessed up for the furtherance of utilitarianism. Of all the arts painting alone in Canada is a disturbing element. It is breaking away from representation and using native material for subject matter, both serious offences to the upholders of tradition.

Although the critics are mostly certain the direction is wrong, they have no other suggestion to make than to go back to Barbizon.

Art critics, instead of being idealistic and constructive in their attitude, in many cases but pander to the Omniscienta, reflect their views for the benefit of the lower orders. We see these simple souls in art exhibitions going around with clippings from newspapers for a guide, written by critics who hold the sound and sane views and never consciously change them. In ten years from now they will be uttering the same platitudes they uttered ten years ago. "Stability" is their watchword and representation is to them the Alpha and Omega of art. Their chief duty is to protect the public against insincerity, experiment and modern European influences. This relates only to Canadian art. In foreign art they view with equanimity the importation of spurious old masters, junk by auction room specialists, and the studio sweepings of good painters. The auction room and the dealer enjoy the privileges of capital and are sacred. Their definition of insincerity is anything which goes beyond their limited comprehension. The humble colonial should express himself only by methods approved of by time and the Omniscienta. To reflect our day and environment is a vulgar adventure, verging on Bolshevism. We are told we are a young country, but in art we must shun all signs of youthfulness. We are crude in politics, journalism, and about everything else, but in art we must be sedate and conventional. As Canadians we ought to be content to be nothing more than raw material for American movies. If our art cannot be held down to imitation or representation, either of landscape, fruit or dead fish, it must at least be held down to the imitation of traditional forms of painting.

When a great period of creative art draws to its close, it is continued for many years by imitative schools who popularize and degrade it. Lacking inspiration and intensity, it produces paintings which are mere inoffensive articles of household furniture, and this to the lower order of critic is art's mission. Obedient to the tuition of such critics, Canadian art will become a commercialized article, good enough for the home market, but beneath consideration outside our own country—like most Canadian manufactured goods.

This lower order of critic commonly suffers from the delusion that because artists are not imitating earlier schools they must know little about them. They do not realize that an understanding of the fundamentals of a great period in art will in a different time and surroundings produce something absolutely different to it. Cezanne was a fervid student of Delacroix, El Greco and Michael Angelo; Van Gogh of Millet, Daumier and Monticelli, yet the appreciation of fundamental qualities results in no superficial resemblance of these masters in their work. Our critics continually approve of works which show a superficial resemblance to a master and a fundamental lack of understanding of him. Modern art is making demands on the artist which he cannot disregard. Representation, no matter how accomplished, is no longer enough, his work must be a unity of many forces, atmosphere, surface quality, and photographic imitation being of minor importance, while design, form, color and organization are major qualities. This will result in a wider range of activity than painting easel pictures; mural paintings, hangings, posters, stage settings will all give him an outlet for the creative instinct; the easel picture, for which there is no demand, may become a form of experiment or recreation. The traditional forms of painting should be done in shops by experts. In the same way as we order imitations of Jacobean chairs we should be able to order pictures in the Corot or Constable manner. There are many artists who have technical ability, but no imagination, who should make a good livelihood in this way.

M. E.

Four Canadian Books

Reviewed by T. G. Marquis.

"Old Measures." W. D. Lighthall, Montreal, A. T. Chapman; Toronto, Musson Book Co.

For over forty years Mr. W. D. Lighthall has devoted much of his time, energy, and literary skill to creating and fostering a sound Canadian sentiment. By his volumes "Song of the Great Dominion" and "Canadian Poems and Lays" he did much to give Canadians and the English-speaking world generally a knowledge of the poetical achievement of our writers. In his "The Young Seigneur" written about thirty-five years ago he boldly mapped out "a future for the Canadian nation" then "drifting without a plan": in "The False Chevalier" he powerfully portrays life in New France; and in "The Master of Life" he has given us a masterpiece of Indian life—the strongest story in Canadian literature dealing with the Indians of North America.

A new volume has come to hand from the pen of this distinguished Canadian. It is entitled "Old Measures: Collected Verse," and contains the best of the poet's work over a range of 40 years. The first section contains "patriotic" poems and opens with "The Founders," lines in which are presented the character citizens in all walks of life must have if the nation's foundations are to be truly and firmly laid. "The Confused Dawn" and "Canada Not Last," written at the beginning of the author's career, show the poet's sunrise aim, pride in and hope for his "Native Land." "The Pioneers" is a powerful effort that closes with the following striking stanza:

"Each hewed and saw a dream-like home!—
Hewed on—a settlement!
Struck hard—through mists the spire and dome
The distant rim indent!
So honored be they midst your ease
And give them well their due,
Honor to those who fought the trees
And made a land for you."

While Mr. Lighthall is not a nature poet, but rather a poet of life, he has touches that show his keen appreciation of the beauty of our fields and forests. His "Winter's Dawn in Lower Canada" contains a fine picture thrown on a broad canvas.

"Then up a carmine stain
Flushed calm and rich the long, low east, deep reddening till the sun
Eyed from its molten fires and shot strange arrows, one by one,
On certain fields, and on a wood of distant evergreen,
And fairy opal blue and pinks on all the snows between:
(Broad earth had never such a flower as in my country grows,
When at the rising winter sun, the plain is all a rose.)"

The volume contains some of the finest poetry, inspired by the Great War, done in Canada. "The Galahads" is a noble effort.

"They had been known
Till then but as the schoolboys of the camps,
Carefree and merry, warming elder blood
By pranks of diving, reckless climbing feats
Up sheerest precipices, trackless wilds
Knew them as tenters. The shy beaver heard
Their paddles unafraid. Widely they ranged
The peaks and dales uncharted, seeking risks
For love of danger and the jest of death."
At the great call they fared forth
Crusaders of the Grail." Many of them now
"Sleep afar
In fields of glory famed to end of time.
Yet ever shall they clothe these leafy hills
With visions of the noblest deeds of men
And hold before Canadian youths to come
The quest eternal of the Holy Grail."

The volume has also several delightful Indian poems, the most striking being "The Land of Manitou." Its power can best be shown by a few of the opening lines:

"The Manitou—Ewitchi rules the wilds.
He watches ever, and when evil men
Infringe the great laws of the wilderness,
The long range trembles. He who then defies
Must brave the tempest crashing round his path,
Rough giant hemlocks hurled towards him, hail,
Thunders and plunging bolts of fire; huge rocks
Torn by mad torrents hunt him, while around
The indignant precipice reverberates
Stern condemnation.
But those who learn the laws and them obey,
Their breath is e'er the scent of balsam tops,
Their drink the moss-edged, clear and ice-cold springs,
Their wine the tonic of Auroral air,
Their feast of eye the never-ending parks,
Their music myriad forest birds at dawn,
The shimmering lakes their fairy travel trails,
Their wings the mountain top above the mist—
They dwell within the Land of Manitou."

The verse in "Old Measures" is on a distinctly high plane. It shows patriotism, poetic feeling, and ripe scholarship. The publisher is to be congratulated on the volume. The case is so fine that as it is opened the reader is quite prepared for the delicate thought-jewels it contains.

The Key of Dreams, L. Adams Beck, Toronto, McClelland & Stewart.

Lance Dunbar, a hard-working journalist, who during the Great War "nearly went west as a lieutenant of the Fifth Army," found himself on recovery from his wound the possessor of a fortune left him by his cousin and namesake, Lancelot Dunbar, who had been killed in the closing days of the struggle. He inherited more than money; the ambitions and dreams of his cousin—for whom he cared nothing in life—became his, and as the story "The Key of Dreams," by L. Adams Beck, unfolds, the lives of the living and dead interlink and Lance Dunbar

duplicates the life of his cousin in its minutest details.

The "great upheaval," which seemed to shatter western civilization, turned the thoughts of the hero of "The Key of Dreams" to the mysterious East. He had come to the conclusion that: "The state of things obtaining in the West is based on the free play of human selfishness, and can only be reached by giving free play to that quality." He sought peace among the followers of Buddha. What may be called the philosophy of the story is not peculiarly attractive. It gets the reader nowhere, and it is hard to see how Dunbar's investigations and practices are going to uplift humanity.

The story is, however, a most powerful one in several respects. The author has not only made a close study of the literature of Buddhism, but has at first hand examined the institutions of this Eastern cult. He has made the best in a great religion live on his pages and has entered most sympathetically into the lives of the devotees of this religion. His pictures of Buddhistic communities, the mode of life, the religious practices, and the temples are all done in the great manner—the manner of such a writer as Kipling in "Kim."

The character drawing is well done. The hero Dunbar, Haridas the Buddhist monk, Mr. Heron, Sellenger, Lady Lucia Sellenger —The Key of Dreams,—and, above all, Miyuki the Japanese-English mistress of Dunbar, are living characters and not mere puppets.

The book grips and holds the reader. It does this not by the power of its story, or by its teachings, but by its style. It is a masterpiece of good writing. In fact it is a succession of prose poems, in which the East, the men and women of the East, the picturesque temples and the gorgeous landscapes pass in exquisite panorama before the eyes of the reader.

"Our Canadian Literature," Albert Durrant Watson and Lorne Albert Pierce, Toronto. The Ryerson Press.

Periodically, collections of Canadian verse have appeared—a sort of stock-taking of our literary achievement. In "Our Canadian Literature," selected and edited by Albert Durrant Watson and Lorne Albert Pierce, for the first time an attempt has been made to cover the whole field of our literary activity. The collection of verse is a remarkably good one, many new poets appear and the examples show that there has been enormous growth in poetic feeling and art since the days of Dewart's celebrated collection. In the introduction to the poetical section, a fine piece of writing, Dr. Watson remarks that several of the most distinguished poets "are not represented here in their greatest works as they are too lengthy for our purpose." No doubt, the selection of examples from the works of such poets as Roberts, Lampman, and Marjorie Pickthall was influenced by the fact that the most powerful efforts of these writers have already appeared in other collections. This action was not a wise one. What would a "Golden Treasury" of English poetry be like without Shelley's "Skylark," Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" or Keat's "Grecian Urn?" The poets mentioned are represented by commonplace examples of their verse. Lampman's "Heat," Pickthall's "Bega," and Robert's "Afoot," "The Sower," or "Epitaph for a Husbandman," for example, are at once short poems and supreme examples of the writers' art.

The brief prose extracts given show that there is now in Canada a body of men who can express themselves with power and literary excellence. But it is hard to see why Leacock's "My Financial Career" was included in the volume; it is true literature in no sense of the word.

It is to be hoped that a new edition of this useful volume will be brought out and that the publishers will take greater care with the proofreading. Bad errors in a poem are like warts on the cheek of beauty. Such an error as this, in the prose section, is unpardonable: "At Beauport, an untiring General (Wolfe) . . . longed for his adored Candiac, grieved for a beloved daughter's death, etc." Of course, Montcalm is meant. It can be understood how an absent-minded editor might make such an error—it is easy to confuse names; but no expert proof-reader should have allowed the mistake to pass.

The article introducing the prose section is rounded off with this vigorous sentence: "Amid the richness of its variety of cadences and colors, amid the teeming wealth of its imaginative splendor, and the triumphant joyousness of its throbbing, expending, up-soaring life and thought, stand out splendid mountain peaks, some of which are entitled to be accorded a place among the masterpieces of the literature of the world." This is very fine—but where are the mountain peaks? If we except Haliburton's "Sam Slick," a mountain peak of humour, our literature as yet presents a succession of comparatively small hills. Rest assured that when a mountain peak appears, the world at large will not fail to see it. World recognition invariably follows the publication of a true masterpiece.

Tillicums of the Trail, Rev. Geo. C. F. Pringle. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

"Tillicums of the Trail," by the Rev. Geo. C. F. Pringle, is like many recent books, a product of the Great War. The stories were first told to the tillicums (comrades) of the narrator in hospital, on the march, and in the fighting line. They have a twofold interest. Each has an illuminating introduction giving the circumstances under which the story was told, and in these introductions a fine insight is given into the character of Canadian soldiers and officers engaged in the work of war. They were narrated in dugouts and tunnels in front of Lens, in cement blockhouses during the Passchendaele show, in hospitals and rest-houses in England, in the open air and in barns on the triumphant march of the Last Hundred Days, and in a hospital ship.

The style of the author is simple and direct; he makes no pretension at style, and his writing is all the finer for that. His characters are not imaginative creations, but real men and women, most of them of heroic mould. Usually in stories dealing with gold fields, the authors seem to seek out vulgar characters and brutal situations and their pages are marred by coarseness of speech and unnecessary profanity.

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Max Pemberton's "Lord Northcliffe"

By J. E. Middleton

LIKE furious driving, furious living has undeniable merits as a spectacle for the generality of mankind, and as a sport for the one engaged in it. Max Pemberton has written a Memoir of Lord Northcliffe. It is the story of a breathless personage tearing through life, with all speed limits defied. One thinks of the line, "And panting Time toiled after him in vain." Even as a boy there was intensity in his play. He made records as a bicyclist, not on a mere race-track but as a tourist. He "bucked the line" as a free-lance journalist—the line being formed of editorial mandarins armored in use-and-wont. By intensity of observation he found out what the people wanted, namely, news. He gave it to them hot and condensed and the people gave him in return an immense fortune before he was thirty years old. He established "Comic Cuts" and "Answers," profitable trivialities. He founded the Evening News. He established the Daily Mail which sold 397,000 copies of its first issue. He established the Daily Mirror as a paper for women and lost a fortune by it. He transformed it into an illustrated daily and regained all he had lost, piling fortune upon fortune. He acquired The Times and revived it. From "Comic Cuts" and "Answers," ten years was a giant's stride. Continually he sat in judgment upon every publication in which he was interested. New ideas sparkled from his electric brain. Editors were in reality sub-editors pursued by the telephone-demon, for Northcliffe was American in his devotion to the "long-speaker." Towards stupidity in his aides he was implacable. "Make another silly mistake like that and out you go," was not an uncommon remark. Indeed his various staffs were kaleidoscopic; they changed so often. But men with originality, merit, diligence, and loyalty, he rewarded with full confidence and great salaries; salaries such as London journalism had not known before.

Headlong in business he was headlong also in sport. He motored incredible distances. He strode over Europe in seven-league boots—Biarritz, Nice, Paris, he knew as one knows one's front hall in the dark. He fished in Scotland, in Florida, in British Columbia. He golfed everywhere. He even maintained a private golf professional and a private course.

Then came the war, and Lord Northcliffe set himself to learn the facts. He knew them as no one else did, and armed with them he made and unmade ministries, and did much to organize victory. He headed the British mission to the United States, did an immensity of work at his usual speed, and then—died at the age of 56. He had the reputation of being a great man. Mr. Pemberton is sure of his greatness. The conviction appears in every page of the Memoir. Yet one may be inclined to ask if Northcliffe had compassed the first task of greatness; the task of disciplining himself, of subduing that hysteria which made him work like a maniac and wear out a sturdy physique in 56 years. He was a surprising man, a specimen probably unique; a man who could resolve to make his dreams come true and never falter until the task was complete. He revolutionized English journalism by a calculated extravagance for machinery of the most modern type and for the work of the best writers. At the same time it is possible that he greatly enlarged the influence of the counting house on editorial policy.

Mr. Pemberton writes with uncommon smoothness and charm. His story is a tribute to a friend rather than a serious biography and thus he has justification for a discursive method of treatment. Probably only an Englishman would give equal space to the acquisition of the Times and to the golfing of Lord Northcliffe, and then would neglect to say in what year the Times was acquired! But the general story is picturesque and worthy. The anecdotes with which the Memoir is seasoned includes one about a member of the Daily Mail staff who had been discharged by a subordinate and appealed to Caesar, bringing with him four children and saying, "You cannot let these want for bread." This is an old tale, first told of Eugene Field in Chicago.

The book is well-printed, fairly free from errors, and attractively bound. It contains a remarkably fine half-tone portrait of the subject.

THE CANADIAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

"ONOTA WATANNA" addressed the Woman's Canadian Club of Calgary on "The Canadian Spirit in Our Literature," on January 15th, referring to the organization and remarkable growth of the Canadian Authors' Association as the first movement in awakening the authors of Canada to their country's need of them in order to spread abroad a true conception of Canada to offset the false impressions now extant among other peoples.

Replying to the oft-repeated assertion that there is no such thing as a typically Canadian literature, she said:

"In a measure that is quite true. How should there be, when our authors have been living in and writing of another land than Canada? Only the French-Canadian has given us something that we might term typical—the poems of Louis Frechette, Dr. Drummond and others."

She then reviewed accomplishments of many Canadian writers, whose names are known throughout the English-speaking world for their contributions to literature. She gave interesting information also about many whose names are not yet so well known, but whose work would yet bring fame to themselves and to Canada.

She let it be known that L. Adams Beck, author of "The Key of Dreams" and "The Ninth Vibration," is the pseudonym not of a man but of a woman, resident in Victoria, B.C.

Another juvenile for the little children is to come this year from Mrs. Cole, author of "Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes." The new title will be "Sharp Ears and Downy Wing." Mrs. Cole has been in Canada for over twenty years, and is now Canadian not only by adoption but by preference. Her success in writing for children is attributable to her enthusiasm for outdoor life and her passionate fondness for birds and animals.

Mrs. L. M. Macdonald of Leaskdale, Ontario, better known to the reading public as "L. M. Montgomery," author of "Rilla of Ingleside," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Anne of Green Gables," etc., has been honored by the Royal Society of Arts of England, by an invitation to become a "Fellow" of that Society.

Winning a Canadian Background

By Lawren Harris.

WHENEVER anything worth while is created among us we are duly warned against a premature exuberance, admonished not to permit ourselves anything but a mild show of enthusiasm. Evidently we are to bump along and take what comes as a matter of course, be calm and ever ready with a knowing nod, a deprecatory wave of the hand, and a "yes-yes-of-course-but," and occupy our days adding to the sum total of monotony. This is a hang-over from the desire to be sophisticated and to have tasted all life and found it wanting born of the English fear of exposing the feelings. An enthusiast is a suspect, looked down upon as being not quite right. All existing institutions, modes and manners seem designed to maintain the usual and debilitating, and to choke the uprush of enthusiasm for new creations, the zest for living. No doubt this is as it should be, for enthusiasm persisted in, despite the opposition of this dull, dead weight, wins something for the day.

Now if anything warrants enthusiasm it is the creation of a work of art in our midst. It is an event of the highest importance. The work may lack any one of a thousand qualities that work done in other lands, other times, possess, but so long as it lives, so long as it speaks to us with sure voice, it is to us more vital by far than works done in other lands, other times. It means that in our land vision is being found, that conviction is being born. It means that as a people our heart begins to beat. If we imitate the style and mood of the creators in other lands, if we bow to traditions and creeds and taboos imported across the great seas, if we mumble outworn shibboleths and accept the works of other days, other lands in lieu of what we ourselves should create, we permit our powers to wither. We experience to no collective purpose. There is no real life in us.

There can be no real life in us until we create. Until the conviction seizes us that we can create as fine or finer things as any people. That hidden in us slumber unsurpassable glories, capacity for high achievements, aspirations so tremendous that they would force us to scale the heights of all being, shirking no difficulty, no disillusionment; hiding no awfulness, no unsavouriness, no secret sins, nor fearing great beauty. It surely is the function of art to externalize all that in us lies hidden. For art is the living body of life made majestic only by full expression. It is the vehicle of the great, imperious, mysterious creator in man that moves down through the ages leaving a vast heritage in its wake. A heritage only to be known, understood and possessed by a people when the creative is at work or commences to work in that people.

We in Canada are only commencing to find ourselves. People from other lands come to us already sustained by rich, stable backgrounds thinking that these can also sustain us. It is not so. We are about the business of becoming a nation and must ourselves create our own background. This can only mean a complete exposure of every phase of our existence, the building of a unique structure utilizing all our reactions to our environment.

Merrill Denison's book of four Canadian plays, called "The Unheroic North," is the first authentic, entirely indigenous literary work done by a Canadian. It is the most important contribution our literature has as yet received and marks definitely a step in the winning of a background. The nearest approach to it is Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches," but that book does not ring wholly true. It impresses one as the work of a man who feels and knows our small town life, but writes from the point of view and with the easy aloofness of a cosmopolite. "Maria Chapdelaine" we omit. It was written by a Frenchman.

In Mr. Denison's book there is not a sentence or a phrase that is not saturated with the tang of the land, not a character that does not ring and murmur and move true, not a situation that is false or forced. Here is no rhetoric, no smug romance, no varnish, no hiding of the head in the sand. True, all four plays reveal existence in that tired, sparse strip of land that lies between the healthy farming country and the vast northern woods, a country of silent, drab sawmills, rotting lumber camps, stones, stumps, scrub growth and lonely rampikes. The pioneers have pushed farther north, farther west, and with them has gone the zest of life.

The first three of the plays are one-act comedies revealing really humorous and original situations, smoothly and skilfully handled in just the right tempo. They are certain to be popular with players and public everywhere. The last play in the book is a tragedy in four acts called "Marsh Hay," and much less likely to prove popular though it is incomparably the best play of the four. It is a full-rounded, sordid symphony, complete in atmosphere, hard chiseled as a block of granite, inescapably true, tremendously powerful and deeply moving. It will be said endlessly that this play is too sordid. What of it? No limitation as to choice of subject can or should be imposed on a writer. So long as what he writes is an evocation of life, true not alone as versimilitude but also imaginatively, it is surely enough. Any writer who depicts one phase of life is certain to be reminded that there is another, or two, or fifty. There is, however, a remote chance that the writer may be aware of this, but he is subject to the limitations of his art. These demand that one mood, one phase, one idea, one theme shall predominate and color all subsidiary moods, phases and ideas. That his work shall be a structural unit, all of a piece. Indeed, the reaction to a work of art is much the same whether the work be sordid or gay. For its fundamental, basic and most profoundly moving appeal will be its truth, its inevitability, its harmoniousness and beauty as an imaginatively conceived and built up whole. Any other reaction is shallow, stirs only petty pride in opinions or ephemeral, inconsequential dislikes.

The Unheroic North, Four Canadian Plays, by Merrill Denison. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart.

Walpole on Books and Friendship

HUGH WALPOLE is just as charming to listen to as he is delightful to read. He is, too, good to look at. Thirty-eight years old, according to his birthday, but as youthful and fresh-faced as a young man of twenty-eight. Graceful and handsome—we thought what a lovable young rector he might make (if unmarried), and what enthusiasm for church work he might create in any parish on part of the women folk (unmarried or married).

His English accent is just sufficiently pronounced to mellow his enunciation and make it all the more pleasing. His manner is quiet, earnest and sincere. His most significant platform idiosyncrasy is perhaps his little trick of apparently steadying himself by holding both his coat lapels. Dignified enthusiasm is the overtone of his lecture, and yet he has an abundant interest in life and a full appreciation of humor.

He had been, he explained to the Toronto audience before whom he spoke recently, for some time lecturing on the technique of fiction, and he turned with enjoyment to the subject of "Books and Friendship," for, said he, "the more I try to perform my job the more difficult I find it."

The present time he considered the very hardest to pay the attention to the arts which they must have for proper enjoyment and appreciation. Personality in the arts, individuality, and handcraft seemed about to be doomed by the inventions of the age. He might almost call them "the cursed inventions." Privacy was becoming more and more difficult and impossible. There is so much publicity about books and authors that we are often deluded into thinking we read when we do not read at all.

He traced his own adventures in acquaintainship with books, beginning when he was nine years old, when, by an odd impulse, he purchased for one penny at the village shop a paper-covered book which had attracted him by the romantic suggestiveness of its smell rather than by its content. When he had read it and found it to be the entrance to a new world of wonder he discovered that it was identical with a large, blue-covered, forbidding-looking book which had been assigned to him to read for examination purposes and which he had been planning to "crib" by getting some other boy to tell him about it.

Mr. Walpole finds more real friendship in the books of the great English novelists of earlier periods than in those of present-day writers. He is not a realist, in the modern sense, nor is he an admirer of realism. The work of Jane Austen, Fielding, Richardson, Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, and many other masters of English fiction named by him, he maintained had an influence which in some way or other reflected itself even in such modern productions as Babbit, The Bright Shawl, Certain People of Importance. "You can no more escape the past in the arts than you can escape making the future out of the present."

Another concrete way in which he emphasized the "friendship" was by suggesting: "Imagine yourself going down the street and meeting David Copperfield, Tristram Shandy, or any character out of one of the great novels of bygone days? Do you not feel that they would greet you with warmth and intimacy? But suppose you met a character from one of our recent novels. Do you not feel that you would be met with an air of snobbery and self-sufficiency?"

The aim of fiction should be, he contended, the translation of human life into the language of ordinary human beings. Speaking of modern authors, he regretted the atmosphere of deep pessimism shown in their work and in their views on life itself. Recalling a period in his earlier days of writing, when he was so youthful that he spelled forty, "fourty," all through his MS. of "Maradick at Forty," and did not know it was wrong, he told an anecdote of Arnold Bennett. Walpole was bewailing the limitations of life and asked Bennett for some light on the question. The facile novelist's reply was, "M-my d-dear b-boy, after w-watching life for m-more than f-fifty years, I've c-come to the conclusion that the m-moment you're b-born, you're d-done for."

His references to the work of Bennett, Hardy, Wells, Henry James, and other prominent English writers, were a delightful combination of sound analytical criticism with amusing gentle shafts of satire or personal anecdote. "We will have better work," he said, "when our clever writers get a little more heart, and our writers with heart get a little more brain."

Toronto thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Walpole's lecture, and all book-lovers in that city will look forward with pleasure to an early repetition of his visit.

"Omniscienta" Replies

Editor, Canadian Bookman:—Your article entitled "The Omniscienta" in the January issue of Canadian Bookman provokes a reply. It is an attack upon those institutions which form the backbone of what, at the moment, is the only hope of a future Canadian culture founded on sound, traditional standards.

After using up two columns of space in a diatribe of windy gush such as is bound to encourage mediocre writers in the belief that they are producing literature when they write melodramatic clap-trap with Canadian settings, you go on to discuss architecture and in doing so produce arguments on behalf of the very thing you are deriding.

You say that architecture is on a higher level in Canada than any of the other arts. This you add is because the artist is protected, has a more intelligent audience, is less subjected to the influence of your so-called Omniscienta, etc., etc.

Why is this so? Simply because architecture has fixed traditional standards. It is not prostituted by the modern mania to create unusual fripperies in forms and epigrams. Recognized schools are adhered to. If the same were true in the other arts cultured people would not be made to suffer with the monstrosities of verse and draftsmanship appearing in the magazines and periodicals of the day.

The architects have no more intelligent an audience than the painter or the writer. In fact the average Canadian probably knows less about this art than he does of the others. The point is that the public after all usually like a good thing when it is pointed out to them. Marie Chapdelaine was a popular success but owed its popularity largely to the commendation given to it by your despised Omniscienta. Let a Canadian produce such a work and its recognition will not be hampered by the victims of your journalistic spleen.

This book was written by a Frenchman brought up in the school of Classic traditions, the same traditions for which your Omniscenta are the single representatives in this country.

Before attacking the only home influence of a safe and tried culture which Canadians have, would it not be well to reflect on what you have to offer in its place?

"OMNISCIENTA."

Included among the 1923 novels to come from McLeod's are "Blind Cupid," by Josephine Daskam Bacon; "The Meredith Mystery," by Natalie S. Lincoln; "The Public Square," by Will Levington Comfort, and "The Bush Rancher" by Harold Bindloss.

Our attention has been drawn to a typographical error which occurred in the December issue in the reference to the death of E. Douglas Armour, K.C., of Toronto. One of his books, "Law Lyrics," was misquoted as "New Lyrics."

Mr. Wells's "Short History"

"A SHORT History of the World" is Mr. H. G. Wells's latest contribution to democratic intelligence. It is not clear whether he means compliment or censure when he accuses old Herodotus of propaganda. At all events Mr. Wells is a propagandist himself. He adapts history to the Haeckelian evolutionary theory of man's simian ancestry, in contradistinction to the more ancient view that man is a child of light born into darkness and gradually dispelling the darkness. It is more inspiring to trace with the Asiatic royalties one's descent from the Sun than to go back to the mud.

Mr. Wells ignores such evidence as the cyclopean remains in the Malay archipelago and other parts of the world; the very numerous and entirely unrelated and highly organized languages of Africa; and similar philological facts elsewhere; the flora and fauna of Madagascar, of the Antillean tract, of Australasia and of New Zealand, and the fossil remains of the polar regions; the huge statues like those near Bamian in Central Asia and in Easter Island, all implying a vast antiquity far beyond the period Mr. Wells appears to be willing to allow for man's presence on earth. What will be done when de Quatrefages' contention has been confirmed that man dates from the Miocene age preceding the ape? The Neanderthal skull on which Mr. Wells lays such stress is just as far removed from the brute as that of living man. And what about Glacial ages which descend with such unfailing regularity, which wipe the slate clean and present entirely new species with their cyclic disappearance?

"It was amidst the snows of this long universal winter that the first man-like beings lived upon earth," he says. On such grounds the people of fifty thousand years hence, after we have been all swept away by another freeze-up, will be justified in declaring, should they find some of the bones of our present savage contemporaries, that there were no men of the intelligence of Mr. Wells on earth at this period. The savages of to-day and of all past times are not evolving as groups, but are degenerate types, preserving traces of long gone civilizations. The frozen mammoths of Siberia testify that the glacial periods began instantaneously. Only our most accomplished Admiral Crichtons could face such conditions, and a short time would suffice to extinguish all but the hardiest and most adaptable. From favoured spots in the next world springtime the new humanity would spread once more over the earth. Such, at least, is the world-wide tradition.

For the rest, Mr. Wells has given us a narrative which he says "is meant to be read straightforwardly almost as a novel is read." It is a good deal more readable than most novels, and the reader, even if a novice, has the satisfaction of being a leading character in the novel, and is bound to absorb a more exalted opinion of humanity than he has had before. Mr. Wells is almost as great an admirer of great men as Carlyle himself, and wherever we have historical records we hear that great men existed. All national or tribal life begins with great men. Mr. Wells believes they were afterwards erected into Gods, but these great men have to be accounted for, and evolution does not account for them. All stages of human development are now in existence, and it won't do to arrange them in series and say that the highest came from the lowest. Savages are the result of demonstrable degeneration. None of them could have invented the boomerang, nor the wheel, nor any other basic element of civilization, nor have discovered fire, which is everywhere regarded as a gift from higher beings.

When Mr. Wells comes to consider the Hebrew prophets he recognizes fully their importance. "They were men of the most diverse origins. The Prophet Ezekiel was of the priestly caste and the Prophet Amos wore the goatskin mantle of a shepherd, but all had this in common that they gave allegiance to no one but to the God of Righteousness and that they spoke directly to the people. They came without license or consecration." It is just as easy to accept the tradition of such men at the beginning of human history as at any other epoch, but the Haeckelian hypothesis will not permit it.

On Mr. Wells's own evidence we might contend that the whole race has been degenerating since the sixth century B.C. For several thousands of years great civilizations had been growing up. Men like Sargon and Hammurabi had lived one or two milleniums previously. The architecture of Egypt, Persia, Greece; their art; their literature and philosophy, attained supreme heights. In India and China, less familiar to us, Gautama, Confucius and Lao Tse were contemporaries of Socrates, Plato, and Isaiah. From that time we declined into the dark ages following the defeat of Saracen culture in Europe, and perhaps have turned the corner with the renaissance and the scientific progress of our time. Military war has been succeeded by other forms of intolerance, and those who read Mr. Wells's book to the end, as all who begin it will, must be oppressed with the sense of failure and disappointment that dwells in human history. Mr. Wells hopes that "presently our race will more than realize our boldest imaginations, that it will achieve unity and peace." But he does not take account of the unswerving operation of cyclic law which his previous pages expound. Yet it is a great book and a noble piece of printing enriched with illustrations that are all new and unconventional—for example, that of the great pyramid at page 81. It is written in a rational and open-minded spirit and will give the reader a consciousness of his common interest with the rest of the human family. In making objection to Mr. Wells' views on evolution one had no other fault to find. Accepting that, the book invites only superfluous praise. The last picture is of a peaceful garden in England, with the words—"Given wisdom, all mankind might live in such a garden." At least Mr. Wells has pointed the way.

Albert E. S. Smythe.

A Short History of the World: H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co., Toronto.

What is Psychoanalysis?

A Layman Explores

Studies in Psychoanalysis: Charles Baudouin. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. $4.00.

CHAS. Baudouin's "Studies in Psychoanalysis," purports to be a book for the general reader as well as for the expert in mental science. It is rather as a layman I shall approach it than as one versed in psychoanalysis. Much has been claimed for this new branch of psychology. In reading various books on the subject, I am reminded of a discussion I once had with a doctor on cures and medicines. "There is no medicine," he said, "which will cure all diseases. We look for the specific cure for the specific case." And so we must be prepared, not to find the cure for all mental ailments, or the explanation of all mental abnormalities (or even normalities) in psychoanalysis. There is no doubt that Jung and Freud, as well as Coue, have contributed valuable new theories in psychology, but they, or at least their disciples, are too prone to try to explain everything by their particular theory.

"All roads lead to Rome," is a favorite proverb. Too many experts, both in physical and mental science, think that there is only one road to the Rome which is their goal. Baudouin, however, recognizes that mental life is not based solely on one human instinct, and that psychoanalysts who try to interpret everything in terms of the sex instinct are as far from the truth as would be the man who said, "There is one and only one road to Rome."

But what is psychoanalysis? In the preface and general survey of this book, this is, I think, very lucidly explained. It is the study of the subconscious or unconscious mind—it is the investigation of what goes on in our minds as it were "unbeknownst to ourselves." And the object of this study is not necessarily pathological, says Baudouin. It is not merely because our minds or our bodies may be in some way diseased and that we search for cures that we apply psychoanalysis. It is in order that we may understand the normal workings of the mind.

The law of association of ideas has long been known to students of psychology. It has been applied practically in many ways. It is the chief foundation structure of systems of memory training. It is the basis of mental tests used by alienists and character analysts. It figures largely in "laboratory work" in psychoanalysis, but what Baudouin emphasizes is that instead of associations being based on the laws of similarity, contiguity, and contrast, those which are of value in "case studies" are called "affective associations." Possibly a short excerpt from the text will make this point clear: "The states of consciousness are linked, not because they have previously occurred together, nor because we perceive similarities between them, but because they have a common affective tone. Joy, sadness, love, hatred, surprise, boredom, pride, fatigue, etc., each become a centre of attraction, grouping representations or events which are devoid of any intellectual interconnection, but which have the same emotional tinge—joyful, melancholy, erotic, etc. This form of association is common in dreams and in reverie, that is to say, in a state of mind in which the imagination works in perfect freedom."

And so, as with most other psychoanalysts, the study of dreams plays a very significant part in Baudouin's "clinical" studies. Here, I must confess, I follow at times with some difficulty, if not with some feeling of skepticism. It would appear sometimes, that the analyst reads his interpretation from what he already knows, as one might name the cards held by another person from seeing them reflected in a mirror. But that may be only because I cannot follow his deductive processes—they seem so frequently arbitrary rather than logical.

This is, nevertheless, an admirable presentation of the subject for the beginner—it is sane and well balanced, and the presentation of concrete cases is most valuable both for beginner and for the advanced student or the expert. The weakness with so many books on psychology is that they theorize and theorize until the reader is hopelessly lost. Here the author advances by well defined stages and has numerous illustrative "cases" whereby to apply the theories.

The "case histories" presented illustrate studies of: children; the crisis of adolescence; attitude towards parents; the instinct of self-preservation and the instinct of motherhood; typical nervous disorders; mental disorders; sublimations; the search for a guide. A glossary defining the technical terms used in the book is a useful addition, also a comprehensive index and a bibliography. Without being too diffuse, the book is prepared in such a manner that it will serve admirably as a class text book and yet be thoroughly interesting to anyone desirous of following this most important and most revealing advance in the direction of the understanding and mastery of our own minds.—**Donald G. French.**

ENGLISH LITERATURE LECTURESHIP.

In connection with the inauguration of the National Lectureship on English Literature, a definite part of the programme of the National Council of Education, Sir Henry Newbolt arrived at St. John, N.B., on Jan. 29th, to tour Canada from coast to coast.

Starting out from St. John, Sir Henry's itinerary includes Fredericton, Moncton, Halifax, Wolfville, Windsor, N.S., Truro, Sackville, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, reaching Toronto in time to give a public lecture in Convocation Hall on the evening of Friday, Feb. 16, his subject being "Literature in Relation to Life." This lectureship scheme has as its object the bringing before the public of a constant source of information and inspiration concerning the wider aspects of education.. Its actual projection has been made possible through the co-operation of the Canadian Universities and the initiative and support of Sir Robert Falconer of Toronto and Sir Arthur Currie of McGill.

Sir Henry Newbolt is a distinguished poet, author and educationist. He was chairman of the special committee created by the British Board of Education, which recently issued its report on "The Teaching of English in England," a report of far-reaching importance, because it deals with the relationship of the teaching of the mother tongue to the whole educational process and its purpose.

A Literary Donnybrook

"And I lathered him wit' my shillalegh,
For he tread on the tail o' me coat."

THIS quotation from an old Irish song stands as a fitting summary of our recollection of the recent visit of Robert Norwood to Toronto as lecturer to the Canadian Literature Club at Sherbourne House. In responding to the introduction by the chairman, Dr. Norwood confessed to a keen consciousness of an Irish ancestry which, when he thought of the treatment of Canadian poets (including himself) at the hands of the critics, impelled him "to saunter forth and crack crowns." "I am glad, now, I didn't," he continued, "for I might have spoiled my stick. Also I might have lost some very great friends."

Three of the most difficult audiences in the world, he said, were Boston, Halifax, and—well, when he was through he would know whether or not to include Toronto in the trio, but we scarcely think he did include Toronto, although we have no direct statement from him to that effect. But, even in the face of his assertion that he was "not in any sense of the word militant," we shall always picture that evening at the C.L.C. as one in which a big Irish boy pummelled his opponents individually and collectively as he stood surrounded by a ring of cheering admirers. And we quite understood his remark that "the only reason why a man publishes a book is because he is lonely—we all love to be praised." Robert Norwood had surely nothing to complain of in the receptiveness of his audience; it hung upon his every word; it roared at his witty sallies; it sat in spellbound silence under his tensest passages; it almost shuddered in anticipation of an emotional cataclysm as the lecturer fingered the daffodils adorning the platform table to work off some of his electric energy and "get his Irish under control."

Nor had the audience anything to complain of in Robert Norwood. It is true, we believe, that he was announced to speak on "Modern Canadian Poetry," and perhaps he did, but his method of presentation was both Irish and boyish. It ran largely like this: "You say we have no Canadian literature?" "I'll show you * * *" "You say we have no Canadian poets?" "I'll show you * * *" And critics and "callow professors" fell in heaps under the blows of that Irish left.

In establishing his position with regard to the existence of Canadian poetry, Dr. Norwood said: "I have a deep-rooted belief in the soul of the Canadian people—where there is a soul there must be a voice—he who says there is no voice is a blasphemer. . . . To say that we have no Canadian literature is to say that we have no Canadian heart throbs and no genuine Canadian experience. You cannot have a people vital and sincere without some singing."

He combatted vigorously the idea that our poetry is alien in its origin, or derivative, or imitative. Out of Toronto of to-day are going forces, he said, that are being felt in Philadelphia, New York, throughout Massachusetts, Connecticut and Virginia (at least in Richmond). As outstanding examples he mentioned the work of Beatrice Redpath, interpreter of moods; Louise Morey Bowman, of singular beauty and high artistic craftsmanship; Florence Randall Livesay, for her excellent translations of the Ukrainian; Mazo de la Roche, for her exquisite story of children. Wilson Macdonald, "the melancholy Dane"; "Katherine Hale," the American Sappho; Dr. Albert Watson; Merrill Denison, a new and original force in the Canadian drama.

Some Norwoodisms.

An enemy is a great friend whom God is preparing for one.

* * *

Canadian critics are, after all, no better than Canadian poets, and that is not saying much. Canada will have greater critics when she has greater poets.

* * *

God gives none of His secrets to haters.

* * *

Toronto of ancient theological conflict. . . . Toronto, with its uncanny Scotch sense for heresy. . . . Toronto, paying tithes of mint and anise and cumin, and neglecting mercy and justice and tenderness.

* * *

When I was introduced by Dr. —— in the city of ——, he was exceedingly non-committal. I admired the dexterity of his introduction. It was a marvel of courteous vacuity

* * *

One never can quite say why a woman does anything.

THEATRE AND DRAMA.

"Library Service," the Detroit Public Library's fortnightly bulletin for January 15th, is devoted entirely to the theatre and the drama. O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" is to be produced at the Odeon in Paris. The first American play to be presented at the historic French theatre. Thirteen plays are listed as the Season's Most Interesting plays, and of the thirteen it is hardly likely that more than three will ever leave New York. Reference is made to the new stagecraft, together with the three most notable books on the subject—Kenneth MacGowan's "Continental Stagecraft," and "The Theatre of To-morrow," and E. Gordon Craig's "Toward a New Theatre."

GARDENING AND BOOKS.

There is something lacking in the life of the writer who has not gardened at some time in his life. Lost is the gardener who has not written, has failed to live his life fully. It is probably because gardening forces accurate observation of the inert basic truths upon him and in time the accumulations of these develop such a congestion that the gardener must write in self preservation. With the writer gardening offers a happy escape from those tortured hours when the pencil is chewed inch by inch downward—the waste basket filled to the brim with copy paper and the surrounding rugs and furniture littered with cigarette ashes. Pushing a wheel hoe through moist brown earth in the early morning, pondering mightily (or wondering idly) about the sky and green-growing things and warm rain is really a far better way of spending the hours necessary to seduce inspiration out of its hiding place.

For those who agree, who have gardened or raised flowers, or thought of building a boathouse, a home, or chicken run in the country, the catalogue of publications of the A. T. De la Mare Co., 438 West 37th St., New York City, should be received with gratitude. For the present writer, at least, it was most welcome to find compilation of all the books he needed along these lines under one cover.

FOR "BROTHERS-UNDER-THE-SKIN."

The other evening a dyspeptic, childless, and almost buttonless husband was reading aloud with much glee, to a group of married society women, an article in the "Toronto Star," describing the formation throughout the United States and Canada of branches of a certain society the membership of which is composed entirely of married men and the purpose of which is to fight the evil outcome of the modern society woman's lack of interest in her husband, her child—if she has one—and her home. The society is known as "Brothers-Under-the- Skin."

When he finished reading, the women's faces were perfectly white with anger . . . no, not white with anger . . . just perfectly white from a heavy coat of paint. And one of the women—who was knitting a sweater (for a dog) indignantly exclaimed:

"Then, we ladies will fight 'em to a finish. We'll form an opposition society to defend our rights against man!"

Another married woman—whose bare knees were coquettishly peeping out at the only bachelor in the room, languidly added:

"But for Heaven's sake don't let's call it 'Sisters-Under-the-Skin'; because that would be copying the men, and besides it's vulgar."

A third married woman, excitedly puffing away at a cigarette, suddenly announced:

"Why, there's Mr. Heming, a bachelor, and an author, too; he'll champion our cause, and he'll give our society a proper name."

"But, remember Mr. Heming," demanded a fourth married woman—a peroxide blonde of very delicatessen hue:

"Our society's name must sound romantic, and have a poetical and musical ring."

"And of course," replied the author of 'The Drama of the Forests,' as he gazed at their faces, "it should be founded on truth. So why not call your society: 'Sisters-Under-the-Kalsomine'?"

P.S.—But the distinguished bachelor is running yet. He hadn't even time to grab his hat. Though most married men fear for the worst; the wireless operators report: "When last seen Heming was heading north again, breathing hard, but still going strong."

THIS cave of mine is getting on my nerves. In the first place it's too open. Every artist, writer, or anything that goes by sees me. Once they see me—it's awful. Anyway, I hear some good ones now and then. You may appreciate this bit of news about Newton McTavish.

You know his "Canadian Magazine" has moved into the Jenkins' Art Gallery Building. You never saw such class! The company has been expanded and re-capitalized, and when I went into the office the other day I was pluralized. (Maybe you don't understand that word. The best use I ever heard it put to was by a cullud ge'man who said he was lying proselite on the ground pluralized with fear.) Well, it's a real sanctum. Shortly after Mr. McTavish got into this rarefied atmosphere, he was called to Ottawa to be appointed on the Committee of the National Gallery. Saturated as he was with the Jenkins' vibrations, he went home to change before taking the late train. When he got to Ottawa he found he'd mixed his coat and pants. They weren't the same color. Perhaps they thought it just art in Ottawa, if not design. Anyway, he says they might have been a worse blend.

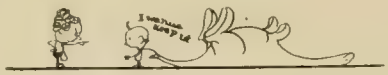
Isn't it funny how those old nursery rhymes will crop up every now and then? I clipped this from "Saturday Night":—

> And I am very grateful to the reader who took enough notice of the John Cotton-Three Nuns item to contribute the following:
>
> There once was a monk of Siberier,
> Who found life getting dreary and drearier;
> So he burst from his cell
> With a hell of a yell
> And eloped with the Mother Superior!

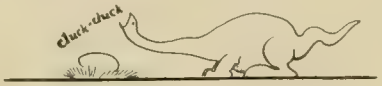
Then I clipped this from "The Border Cities Star":—

> TRANSLATING DIARY
>
> Walter Prichard Eaton says he is planning a translation of the recently discovered diary of the Monk of Siberia, a distinct departure from anything he has hitherto published.

I'm expecting any day to see that Margot is getting after the Mother Superior's Diary, if she was so amateurish as to leave one.



Columnists can't be original. Now me—I'm deadlier than the male, but I'm no better in that way. Of course I've got a page instead of a column, that's something new—but you know Don Marquis has his Archie the Cockroach, and Candide over here has his cat Henry. I've got my Dynosaurus, Cleo, you might as well know it from the start. She's all right as a pet, too. The only thing is she won't stay home on Saturday night—and she doesn't give much milk.



The mail was rather heavy this morning.

A dear little girl that sometimes comes around here to play with Cleo, wrote me this uncanny bit of human comment yesterday. She calls it "Poppa and Mamma"—a very strong title, I thought.

My Pa woiks on a paper,
  My mother writes all day;
I do not get no rest at night
  Because they always say:—

"You've got to loin the game, dear,
  So let your nightie keep.
You'll never get no fame dear
  Unless you don't need sleep."

When I begin to blossom out
  I hope I'll know the way
To woik all day and woik all night,
  But never get no pay.

Cleo's skin is so sensitive—can't seem to stand anything hot. Just out of sheer buoyancy this morning I threw "The Code of the Karstens" at her. She cried like a baby, and it raised a blister. I'm embroidering the cutest jacket for it in asbestos.

They say the flu is increasing the crime wave. My slave, Francois, had it and made life simply hideous for us for about a week. His attitude toward Cleo was awfully trying. The poor thing can't help her disposition—so emotional, you know—and she **will** fight with that nasty little ichthyosaurus next door. Now she's threatened with congestion of the lungs herself since Francois emptied his mustard footbath on them. I know it had his germs in it.

I've been reading Carl Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle," and am pleased to print below a specially selected list of Van Vechtiana. For the best set of definitions by a Canadian author an original cut-out of me in wood will be awarded. (We put you on your honor about the dictionary, but we must have mother's or father's signature about the author business.)

KOPROLOGNIAC
ANSERINE
ADSKITITIOUS
BURKED
STRIATED
BOLE
TABES
CALID
CORTILE
EIDOLON
VATICINATE
AGAMOUS

Address everything to "The Cave Woman." Nobody else will see. (This is our big feature for the March issue, so please do something.)

Monthly Records of New Books

Published in Canada

FICTION

Above Suspicion, Robert Orr Chipperfield (Goodchild), $2.00.

Alcatraz, By Max Brand (Ryerson), $2.00.

A novel written around and about horses by a master of the art.

Beloved Vagabond, The, illustrated edition, by W. J. Locke (McC. & S.), $3.50.

Best Short Stories of 1922, Edward J. O'Brien (Goodchild), $2.00.

Best British Short Stories of 1922, edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos. Toronto, (Longmans), $2.00.

This is a volume of over 300 pages presenting over a score of short stories selected by the editors, Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos as being the best short stories by British authors published between July 1921 and June 1922. Incorporated in the book is "The Year Book of the British and Irish Short Story," presenting addresses of periodicals publishing short stories; roll of honor presenting a list of short stories by British and Irish authors from July 1921 to June 1922; a list of articles on the short story appearing in British periodicals in the same period and a list of the volumes of short stories published in Great Britain and Ireland from July 1921 to June 1922.

Builders, The, Story and Study of Masonry. J. Fort Newton (4th Impression (Longmans), $2.50.

Carniss & Co., by Henry St. John Cooper (Ryerson), $1.75.

The author of "Sunny Dukrow" perpetrates another story of an unusual young woman with special gifts in money-making.

Captive Herd, The, G. Murray Atkin (McC. & S.), $1.75.

Miss Atkin repeats the literary treat provided in her former novel. This one, like the other, is rich in that epigrammatic expression that repays more than a leisurely reading of her stories.

Charing Cross Mystery, The, by J. S. Fletcher (Ryerson), $2.00.

Another of those breath-taking mystery stories characteristic of this author.

Church of the Avenue, The, by Helen R. Martin (Ryerson), $2.00.

A dramatic story of a rising young minister with an interesting, progressive wife, who has his difficulties under modern day conditions.

Crimson Circle, Edgar Wallace (H. & S.), $1.75.

Code of the Karstens, Henry Walsworth Kinney (H. & S.), $2.00. (Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.)

Dancing Fakir and Other Stories, The, by John Eyton (Longmans), $2.00.

Diary of a Drug Fiend, The, by Aleister Crowley (Ryerson), $1.75.

A hair-raising novel filled with thrills of the type suggested by the title.

Dim Lantern, The, Temple Bailey (C. C. Co.), $2.00.

Chicago and New York both provide the scenes of action in Temple Bailey's latest book. It has to do with people who abuse the possession of wealth by pursuing only pleasure and leads through tense hours when love seems set at naught by the great god, Money.

Dominie Abroad, A, by A. S. Neill McC. & S.), $1.50.

Enchanted April, The, by Elizabeth (Gundy), $1.90.

Escape, by Jeffery E. Jeffery (Ryerson), $1.75.

"Escape" from the spiritual thraldom of modern, civilized society is the theme of an interesting novel.

Feathers Left Around, Carolyn Wells (Goodchild), $2.00.

Five Jars, The, Dr. M. R. James (Longmans), $2.00.

Flight, Muriel Hine (McC. & S.), $1.75.

"1492," by Mary Johnston. Toronto (Longmans), $2.50.

This novel of Columbus and the discovery of America is told as by an eye-witness and participant, one Jayme de Marchena, who because of his Jewish grandmother and his own excursions into the world of philosophy and science, had come under the ban of Holy Church. So as a seaman he sailed in Columbus's caravel, later becoming physician and trusted friend of the great adventurer of whom a wonderful picture is given with a colorful combination of romance and history, presenting the life of the time both in Spain and in the strange new lands of his discovery.

Fury, Edmund Goulding (McC. & S.), $1.75.

A stirring tale of the sea and how it tears men's souls and emotions with action that moves on to a dramatic climax.

Genevera's Money, by E. V. Lucas (Ryerson), $2.00.

A characteristic Lucas story introducing two or three of the characters in his other books.

Globe Trotter, The, H. I. Phillips (Gundy), $1.50.

God's Green Country, by Ethel M. Chapman (Ryerson), $2.00. (Written and made in Canada).

An all-Canadian novel showing how conditions in rural life may be improved by the application of modern methods.

Guarded Flame, by W. B. Maxwell (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Heart's Justice, by Amanda Hall (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Hirondelle, Henry C. Rowland (H. & S.), $2.00.

Jurgen, James Branch Cabell (Goodchild), $2.50.

Kingdom Round the Corner, Dawson (C. C. Co.), reprint, 85c.

Lochinvar Luck, by Albert Payson Terhune (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Lost Mr. Linthwaite, The, J. S. Fletcher (Macm.), $2.00.

Man's Country, Peter Clark Macfarlane (C. C. Co.), $2.00.

The story of a man whose god was Business and a woman who asks herself, "Did I marry a man or a Business?" Incidentally the story deals with the romantic growth of the automobile industry. Came a day when the wizard stood on the brink of financial failure when he needed comfort and sympathy—but she was at a Country Club.

Messer Marco Polo, Donne Byrne (Goodchild), $1.50.

Miss Mapp, by E. F. Benson (McC. & S.), $1.75.

Moon Endureth, The, John Buchan (Nelson), $1.25; also in limp leather at $1.75.

Mother Machree, Martin J. Scott (Macm.), $2.00.

Neighbours, Robert Stead (H. & S.), $1.75.

North, by James B. Hendrix (Ryerson), $1.75.

Peter Jameson, by Gilbert Frankau. Toronto, The Macmillan Co., $1.25. (Kuopf, N.Y.)

This is an entirely new edition of a novel which has had such a wonderful run of popularity, that this new edition at a popular price has been issued in most attractive binding. The size is slightly smaller than the regulation volume of fiction, suggesting almost "a pocket edition."

Patuff's Career, Beatrice Harraden (H. & S.), $1.75.

Penitent, The, by Edna Worthly Underwood (Allen), $2.00.

Pilgrim's Rest, by F. Brett Young (Ryerson), $1.75.

Set in Johannesburg, South Africa, just before the war it gives a picture of fascinating life in the Rand and in the mines.

Pit-Prop Syndicate, The, by Freeman Wills Croft (Ryerson), $1.75.

An ingenious detective story by the author of "The Ponson Case."

Rosemary, by Josephine Lawrence (Ryerson), $1.75.

The story of a characteristic, interesting family of three girls of which Rosemary is the eldest. It is intended to teach the best life principles.

Rulers of Men, Savi (Goodchild), $2.00.

St. Luke of the Nineteenth Century, A, by Mrs. Russell Barrington (Longmans), $2.00.

Seven Conundrums, The, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Seven Ages of Woman, Compton Mackenzie (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Already famous for the women of his novels the author adds further to his reputation with this new volume which, in effect, is an epitome of the life of every woman and which will meet with the affectionate interest of all who read it. The seven critical periods in the life of Mary Flower form the basis of a most interesting life-story.

Snare, The, by Rafael Sabatini. Toronto: Thomas Allen, $2.00.

In this tale of the Napoleonic wars Mr. Sabatini revivifies the distant scenes, the characters, especially Wellington, being broadly sketched. It is difficult to recall a novel that holds a stronger grip on the attention of the reader who desires a story of

strong action. It is interesting to add that this book is to be followed up in March with a Canadian edition of "The Sea Hawk" by the same author.

Shadow on the Glass, The, Charles J. Dutton (McC. & S.), $1.75.

Here is a mystery tale of the sort to delight the many who delight in reading tales that present engrossingly new and original ideas in detective fiction.

Swami's Curse, F. E. Penny (H. & S.), $1.75.

Tillicums of the Trail, Geo. C. F. Pringle (McC. & S.), $1.75. (Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.)

Town & Gown, Lyn & Lois Seyester Montrose (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Treasure of Golden Cap, by Bennett Copplestone (Allen), $2.00.

Two Windows, Mary Cleland (H. & S.), $1.75.

Under the Law, Edwina Babcock (C. C. Co), $2.00.

Vanishing Point, Dawson (C. C. Co.), reprint, 85c.

Wanderer of the Wasteland, Zane Grey (H. & S.), $2.00.

Whelps of the Wolf, George Marsh (C. C. Co.), $2.00.

Wildcat, The, Hugh Wiley (Macm.), $2.00.

Wounded Name, The, by D. K. Broster (Ryerson), $1.75.

A story of daring and love and high adventure in the "hundred days" of 1815.

Wolfville, Alfred Henry Lewis (McLeod), $2.00.

New edition of a novel long out of print.

NON-FICTION.

Across America by Motor Cycle, by C. K. Shepherd (Longmans), $4.00.

Advertising Year Book for 1922, Noble T. Praigg (Gundy), $2.00.

After the Honeymoon, by Louise Mason (McC. & S.), $1.00.

Alaska, Our Northern Wonderland, Frank G. Carpenter (Gundy), $3.00.

Americans in Eastern Asia, Tyler Dennett (Macm.), $5.50.

Anatole France and His Circle, Paul Gsell (McC. & S.), $2.50.

Ancient Hebrew Stories and their Modern Interpretation, W. G. Jordan, B.A., D.D. (H. & S.), $2.25.

Astrological Birthday Book, J. S. Ogilvie (McC. & S.), $1.00.

Autosuggestion and Its Personal Application, by J. Herbert Duckworth (McC. & S.), $2.00.

The author of this volume is a member of the Lorraine Society of Applied Science of Nancy, France, and in this book is an attempt to explain in non-technical terms the means by which the average person may relieve himself or herself of mental and physical ills by the practice of autosuggestion.

Ballad of St. Barbara and Other Verses, G. K. Chesterton (Longmans), $2.50.

Book of Letters, The, Mary Owens Crowther (Gundy), $2.00.

Book of Quaker Saints, L. V. Hodgkin (Macm.), $2.50.

British Sporting Artists, by Walter Shaw Sparrow (Ryerson), $15.00.

Business of Writing, The, by Robert Cortes Holliday (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Canada as a Political Entity, by Alexander O. Potter, Ph.D. Toronto (Longmans), $1.50.

This book of over 150 pages, the work of a brilliant young Canadian, presents a study in which it is attempted to indicate the position among the nations which Canada enjoys at the present time.

In an impartial manner the author seeks to accurately indicate the actual status of Canada as a political entity, no mean undertaking in view of the conflicting opinions, contentious and otherwise, that exist among the different schools of political thought in this country and abroad.

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Colonial Policy of William III., G. H. Guttridge (Macm.), $3.00.

Confessions of a Book-Lover, Maurice Francis Egan (Gundy), $2.50.

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Down-a-Down-Derry (Fairy Poems), Walter de la Mare (Longmans), $5.00.

Eight Chapters of English Medieval Art, E. S. Prior (Macm.), $1.75.

Elementary Water Colour Painting, J. Hullah Brown (Macm.), $1.10.

Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life, by Dowager Countess of Jersey, C.B.E., illustrated (Longmans), $6.00.

Finders, John V. A. Weaver (Macm.), $1.50.

First Friend, The, 1400 B.C. to 1921 A.D., an Anthology for Those Who Love Dogs, compiled by Lucy Menzies (Longmans), $1.50.

5,000 Miles in a 27-Tonner, Aemilius Jarvis (McC. & S.), $1.50.

From Tangier to Tripoli Frank G. Carpenter (Gundy), $3.00.

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"Good Manners for All Occasions," by Margaret E. Sangster (Ryerson), $1.50.

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History of the Inquisition, 8 vols., Henry G. Lea (Macm.), $22.00.

How to Play the Piano, Mark Hambourg (McC. & S.), $2.00.

In the Wake of the 1812-rs., C. N. J. Snider (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Journal of John Woolman, Amelia M. Gummere (Macm.), $5.50.

Lamp of Poor Souls, Marjorie Pickthal (McC. & S.), $1.50.

Leadership of Advertised Brands, Geo. Burton Hotchkiss and Richard B. Franken (Gundy), $2.00.

"Law of Negotiable Instruments in Canada," by J. D. Falconbridge (Ryerson), $2.50.

Laurier, a Study in Canadian Politics, Dafoe (Allen), $1.25.

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Log-Cabin Lady, The, Anon (McC. & S.), $1.50.

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Making of Australia, Thomas Dunbabin (Macm.), $3.15.

Man and the Attainment of Immortality, Prof. J. Y. Simpson (H. & S.), $2.25.

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My Experiences at Scotland Yard, Basil Thomson (Gundy), $2.50.

Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, J. T. Sheppard (Macm.), 65c.

Old Diplomacy and New (from Salisbury to Lloyd George) (1876-1922), A. L. Kennedy, M.C. (Longmans), $6.00.

Our Canadian Literature, by A. D. Watson and Lorne A. Pierce (Ryerson), $1.50.

Reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Paradoxe Sur le Comediere, Diderot (Macm.), 55c.

Paul's Epistles to Corinthians Combined, Riggs & Reed (Macm.), $1.75.

Peeps at the C.P.R., Peeps' Series (Macm.), $1.00.

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Prolegomena to Analytical Geometry, Eric Harold Neville (Macm.), $9.00.

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Reminiscences, Lady Battersea (Macm.), $6.25.

Robin Hood's Barn, Margaret Emerson Bailey (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Scrap Book, A, George Saintbury (Macm.), $2.25.

Note—A few titles had to be held over for next issue.

The Livest Book List in Canada

THE BIG FOUR

Among the Winter Fiction

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The Code of the Karstens

When one remembers the stir and commotion caused by "Three Weeks," fifteen years or so ago, and then compares it with this first novel by an American foreign correspondent, one realizes that we are growing up. "The Code of the Karstens" is infinitely more erotic than was the former book but we doubt, very much, if it will cause anything more than a ripple where the effect of "Three Weeks" might be likened to a tidal wave. If the progression holds good, as it probably will, in another decade it should be possible for an English writer to treat sex as broadly and ironically as Rabelais and Boccaccio did. We have reached the point where it may be discussed with absolute frankness as long as one approaches it with sepulchral seriousness and sentimental intensity. Jurgen approached it satirically and fell by the wayside but he is back again and at two fifty a copy.

But we are running away with ourselves. Mr. Kinney's novel contains no philosophic discussion of sex; only a series of erotic adventures which prove nothing in particular except that they might have happened. One might expect a novel built around such a code of honour as the Karstens to have an unavoidable satirical quality. "Not to covet a friend's wife or daughter or a maid, and not to do anything to cause sorrow to a woman." What a splendid code. How unlimited the more delicate ramifications of social contacts under it. One wonders how it would work out. Suppose after having coveted a wife, with success, one should become her husband's friend? Ought one to wait, where the interest is in a maid, until she is married, avoiding with scrupulous care, however, any overtures of friendship on the part of her husband?

It seems to us that Mr. Kinney has approached his narrative with too deadly sincerity. He seems to have a self conscious fear of becoming light and flippant. His leading character, which the jacket describes as a brilliant man and a gentleman, is worth nothing better than flippancy. One would have to have a blind spot to treat him seriously. He isn't worth it.

The author is a man of wide travel and quite deep observation and he takes the reader from Copenhagen, where the story is given a slightly historical twist, to San Francisco and finally to the Islands and Japan, tracing the curly headed Eric through this series of erotic adventures from which he learns nothing. One is always diffident about criticizing a first novel but here is a man who quite evidently can write and write well, who has a fine narrative sense and the ability to draw colorful, glamorous backgrounds, who has travelled sufficiently to have gathered a large store of experience and who seems to deliberately suppress the humor which would have saved his book and made it worth while. He had a superb story to ridicule and because he has failed to do it we have a suspicion that in the failure he becomes a little ridiculous himself.

The Code of the Karstens, by Henry Walsworth Kinney. Toronto, The Musson Book Company.

BABYLON.

BABYLON is hanging in the image of a cloud.
Hang down, Babylon, old Babylon the proud.
Babylon is swinging down in a dreamy shroud.

Babylon is dangling
All glittering
Ikarus-winged;
Rose-terraced
And turreting;
Tapestried, gold-garmented,
Goblin gated dream aswing.

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Hang down, pretty thing!
Lean down, Babylon, many-veiled and proud.

—Lyn Tallman.

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WHAT we think will come to be regarded as the outstanding non-fiction book of 1923 is the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill's THE WORLD CRISIS. We have the Canadian market; publication day about March 1st. Canadians have been waiting for a second novel by that brilliant author, Mazo de la Roche. It will be ready in March and is called POSSESSION. If EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN slew its thousands, we expect POSSESSION to slay its tens of thousands. Another Canadian author with a new Macmillan book is Charles G. D. Roberts, whose WISDOM OF THE WILDERNESS is to appear shortly. And by long odds the choicest book in its field is E. K. and E. H. Broadus's A BOOK OF CANADIAN PROSE AND VERSE. We predict a smashing sale for Michael Sadleir's DESOLATE SPLENDOUR. All we have to say is that Sadleir was the author of PRIVILEGE. Watch for Mr. Wells's MEN LIKE GODS. Irving Bacheller's new novel is THE SCUDDERS; a keen satire. There are new novels by Padraic Colum, Eden Phillpotts, Edgar Lee Masters, John Ayscough, et al. Arthur Machen has become the rage. New novels by him are THE HILL OF DREAMS, FAR-AWAY THINGS, and THINGS NEAR AND FAR; and titles by that great artist, W. H. Hudson, are RALPH HERN and BIRDS AND MAN. Harvey Ferguson's CAPITOL HILL will start Ottawa talking. John Russell, "the best short tale debutante since Kipling," comes out with IN DARK Places. There are two new J. S. Fletcher mystery stories. You should read Chekhov's LOVE AND OTHER STORIES. Hugh Wiley has two new books, THE OUTLINE OF HELL, and a novel, THE WILDCAT. Nothing apparently can stop the sale of Willa Cather's ONE OF OURS. The educational edition of Henrik Van Loon's THE STORY OF MANKIND will be out in a few days. The best first novel for many a year is John T. Frederick's DRUIDA. New plays by St. John Ervine, Israel Zangwill, John Masefield. New verse by Vachel Lindsay, John Masefield, Marguerite Wilkinson, Harriet Munro, John V. A. Weaver, Floyd Dell. We cannot keep enough stock of "A. E.'s" THE INTERPRETERS, nor of George Saintsbury's A SCRAP BOOK. Our religious book list is better than ever. Philip Kerr's THE PREVENTION OF WAR is a keen analysis of war-causes indeed. These are just a few titles from the best Macmillan list ever. If you ask us we will send you a catalogue.

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Canadian Bookman

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The Silver Stream

By Merrill Denison

IT has its sources, the Silver Stream, hundreds of thousands of them, in all the little glassed-in ticket booths scattered up and down the Main Streets of the world and it flows from them into branch banks, to the main offices, past the clearing houses and on to Hollywood. By the time it reaches Hollywood its size is appalling, monstrous, incredible. It almost crushes one to think of it—to share in the responsibility of spending it must make life out there a very hectic thing.

The great strength and reason for the movies, the silver stream that keeps pouring in without cessation, is its greatest evil. It is the cause of the pollution that occurs at the source and at the mouth. It is the reason why the movies have not developed in aesthetic power as they have mechanically. They are too infernally profitable.

These enormous returns have attracted exactly the same type of people that rush into other big money schemes; new gold camps, oil stock promotions, fake correspondence school courses and the finer forms of burglary. Although one can find traces of a sincere desire to raise the standards of its artistic and cultural worth from within, the industry seems to be much like any other and has developed a set of ethics which are between those of the meat packing business and the patent medicine business,—not as high as the former, a little better than the latter.

The tragedy of the movies seems to lie in the silver stream that for some reason makes men of artistic integrity despise the screen. The artist seldom interests himself in anything where there is a promise of large returns, whether he has a temperamental fear of engaging in the battle necessary to win great rewards or because to do so he must come in contact with people whose attitude toward life is entirely different from his own, who speak a different language and have a sense of values which shocks him, is a question.

WHAT can Literature represented by literary workers of the day, offer the Silver Screen now so submerged in the Silver Stream?

How may Literary Expression be helped by Motion Picture Production?

Can a common understanding be reached that will reconcile the artistic sense with the commercial instinct?

Certainly the movies are waiting for a Craig or an Appia. For a director who will realize the undreamed of possibilities of the camera and will consciously know its limitations. A director who will use it in terms of itself,—who will not continue to build brick houses and paint them to represent clap-boards,—which is a fair architectural analogy of the artistic value of the movie up to the present time.

Whether the producer or the public is the more to blame is just as impossible to decide as whether the hen or the egg came first. The public holds the ultimate power. If it ceases to support the movies, a change must come. On the other hand the producer, if he cares to do so, may lead the herd wherever he wants it to go.

As Alice Duer Miller has pointed out, those who go to the movies never criticize them—those who criticize them never go to them. They suffer from a lack of sound general and technical criticism more than other art. Their most violent critics stand aside and sneer with the snobbish contempt of the omniscienta toward all the things the mass adores; the Sat-

pr[illegible] tw[illegible] two feet deep: large enough to put on a[illegible]

urday Evening Post, the comic strip, Fords, vaudeville, the radio, chewing gum, Harold Bell Wright, jazz, public dance halls, Canada's most beautiful child and Emile Coué. They sniff and say the movies are not an art. Any means of expression is an art. . . that is all that art is concerned with, and when you have found a means of expression which is universal, which can transcend the barriers of language so that a film produced in the United States may be played with minor changes in China, Spain, France, Holland and be seen by millions of people you have an art with supreme potentialities.

If there could be a Theatre Guild of the movies it might be a fine thing but then the movies need creative effort and the Theatre Guild is after all an importing organization—a kind of aesthetic commission house and when one goes to its source of supply where creation takes place, one realizes that while you may put on a play with small financial backing you cannot take moving pictures with a two dollar Brownie and a developing tank. The silver stream is very necessary.

An endowed experimental movie lot supported by the various companies might help, but the problem then would be to interest the men who had the brains, imagination and artistic integrity to carry out experiments. The tragedy seems to be that the men who have the artistic integrity despise the screen—and know nothing about it. The conference of novelists, artists, dramatists, editors, educators, etc., to be held in New York in the near future by Adolph Zukor of The Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation, for the purpose of formulating a set of principles for the artistic development of the movies, may help considerably, although one smiles a little at Mr. Zukor's ambition to make the conference the same thing to the moving picture as the Royal Academy is to British Art!

One hope lies in the public growing tired of innocuous films. It is not a very real one. Another in the growing danger to the producer in investing huge sums of money in any one star, now that a wave of high morality is sweeping the country. If the public demands that every screen Magdelaine be the mother of a family of six and be married to her first husband, and refuse to patronize any film in which these conditions are not fulfilled—it is hard to predict how far reaching the effect would be. Certainly no company would gamble more than fifty cents on a star's name. To give them more would lead them astray and, once astray, their drawing power is at an end. It makes us hopeful concerninf Ontario. We have the necessary outlook to aid in bringing this about.

Letters of Franklin K. Lane

Reviewed by T. G. Marquis

IN this age of electricity and typewriters, letter-writing has become almost a lost art—the terse, brief, matter-of-fact note taking the place of the studied epistle of bygone days. That the art has not been entirely lost is amply proved by the magnificent letters of Walter H. Page, recently reviewed in the "Bookman," and now those of Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior in Wilson's cabinet, further proves that letters revealing the writer and his times, letters of high literary merit can still be written.

Lane, on this side of the imaginary line that separates Canada from the United States, is sometimes spoken of as a Canadian. True, he was born in Prince Edward Island on July 15, 1864, but he went with his father to California when seven years old and seems to have forgotten all about his native land. His letters prove him to have been in every way an American, taking great pride in his adopted country and its institutions. Only twice in the course of the letters is Canada mentioned. So popular was he with the Democratic party that in 1912, but for his birth, he undoubtedly would have been in the running for the Presidency. In one of his letters he remarks: "If I had not been unlucky enough to be born in Canada I could be nominated for President this year." Again during the Great War the remark was made: "I think Lane ought to have been appointed Secretary of State." To this remark ex-Secretary Nagal replied: "Oh, my God, that would never do, never do; born in Canada." "So, you see," comments Lane, "I am cut out from all these great honors. Is this visiting the sins of the father upon the children?"

He began work at the age of eleven and by his own energies put himself through college and the Hastings Law School. Meanwhile he was engaged in journalism, the greatest of all schools for a politician. On graduation from the Law School he did not immediately take up the practice of law but continued in newspaper work, acting as a correspondent for several years in New York and afterwards editing a paper of his own in Tacoma, Washington. His paper was a reform journal in the best sense of the word, but due to the financial depression which swept America in 1893-94 Lane found himself a bankrupt. However, it was not all loss; his strong support of labor made him a host of friends on the Pacific coast. He returned to San Francisco, continued in journalism for a time, but in 1895 began the practice of law with his brother.

In 1898 he was elected City and County Attorney and re-elected for a second and third time and was later a candidate for the Governorship of the State. He was now somewhat of a national figure, and was regarded by friend and foe as a clean energetic, forceful public servant. President Roosevelt recognized his worth and in 1906, appointed him a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He proved himself an efficient and pains-taking official, being equally fair to the railroads and the shippers.

Letters of Franklin K. Lane: Edited by Anne Wintermute Lane and Louise Herrick Wall. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.; **Toronto:** Thomas Allen.

March

When Wilson was elected President it was taken largely as a matter of course that Lane would be a member of his first cabinet. Lane did not want the job, but was finally "drafted" into service by Wilson.

Wherein lay Lane's strength? "His life was work." "I hold with old Cicero," he wrote, "that the glory of virtue is in activity." He once said, "There is only one way to do a thing, and that is to do it." To him public life was "a big man's game." "A public office," he wrote, "is not a job, it is an opportunity to do something for the public." He overdid it and his early physical collapse was due to his "steady years of drive and struggle to help a lot of people to get justice or a chance." He never saved himself: "Doesn't it," he wrote, "after all, just come to this,—to spend or to be spent—isn't that what life is?"

In a letter to Col. House he said of John H. Wigmore, Dean of the Law Department of the Northwestern University:

"Wigmore is a Progressive democrat with a capital "P" and a small "d"; can give reason for his faith based on his philosophy of government. He has national vision and has rare good common sense . . . He is practical, wise, in the sense that this word is used by the boys on the street; knows men and how to deal with them; never lets theory get the better of judgment; commands as much respect for his strength as for his reasonableness; has the enthusiasm of a boy for all good things; and has infinite capacity for hard work; can say 'No' without developing personal bitterness; and above all is a gentleman in face, manner, and nature."

In this passage we have a perfect presentation of Lane's own character. In addition, he had a fine sense of humour, without which no man can be truly great. He was a pronounced Democrat. To him the new Democracy was "a party aggressive, filled with the reform spirit and right in the direction it takes." The great need is "to make life happier and steadier for these poor women and men who toil and never get beyond a piece of meat and a cot. There is justice here for a social-economic revolution, and it will come, too, if things are not bettered." According to him it was the part of Democracy to find a more equitable distribution of wealth "without destroying individual initiative or blasting individual capacity and imagination." He was "for a world in which personal initiative is kept alive and at work." According to him greater justice was needed in the economic world. But he did not want it at the expense of society, "for that means Bolshevism and Bolshevism means paralysis."

He put his faith into practice and made the lot of millions easier by his activities. "Our prison system," he wrote, "is silurian and unscientific." The penitentiaries degraded men, and he did much to reform the prison system. The Indians, "half captive, half protege," appealed to his sympathies and he did all in his power "to have a great people."

Of greater political interest are the letters written during the progress of the Great War. At first he was lukewarm towards the Allies, but when America declared war he went into it wholeheartedly, taking great pride in the fact that his son, who did heroic work overseas, was the youngest lieutenant in the American army. His action is in striking contrast with that of President Wilson. He tried to be loyal to his chief and wherever he could praised him, but always with a reservation. He quotes early in 1917 that: "The President said that he didn't wish to see either side win,—for both had been equally indifferent to the rights of the neutrals—though Germany had been brutal in taking life, and England only in taking property." To him Wilson seemed "headstrong, arbitrary, positive" and talked "too much like a professor and too little like a statesman." He is evidently hitting at Wilson and hitting hard when he writes: "We have talked Princetonian English to a waterfront bully." Wilson's patriotism was "covered over with a film of philanthropic humanitarianism, that certainly does not make for 'punch' at such a time as this" Lane was all for preparedness, and worked night and day to that end. When in the fight he realized that the Allies were battling "to get rid of the most baleful survivals from the past." "We are here," he cried out on more than one occasion, "as conquerors not as pacifists." At one time he seriously considered resigning from the cabinet, but he was "stopped by the thought: Give no comfort to Berlin." Lane's letters and the letters of Page give strong condemnation of Wilson as man and administrator.

After serving the public for twenty-one years Lane, in 1920, "found himself at fifty-five without a dollar, in debt, and with no assurance as to the future." He resigned from his cabinet position to provide for the future of his family and himself. But during his long years of drive he had burned the candle at both ends, and now suffered a physical collapse and was compelled to undergo a series of critical and painful operations.

He once wrote: "I wish that I had the literary endowment—ideas, plus style, plus energy." During his illness he produced letters that show literary style to a marked degree. His descriptions of nature on the Maine Coast, in the Minnesota woods, and among the Californian hills are done with a literary finish and in a mellifluous prose, caught from dancing waters, swaying trees, and purpling hills, rarely equalled. His prose sketches "Work, Work, Work" and "Lincoln's Eyes" are masterpieces. While he wrote these letters, Death sat by his bedside, but his spirit remained bright and buoyant. He sketched his hospital surroundings, the nurses, the doctors, and his own physical conditions with a humour worthy of Mark Twain. These letters are a spiritual tonic and no one could read them without being brighter, better, nobler for the reading.

Adolph C. Miller of the Federal Reserve Board, a friend of many years, writing to Mrs. Lane, has penned a worthy epitaph for this American of Canadian birth:

"He Lived Greatly While
He Lived.
And Died Nobly When
His Life Was Spent."

two feet deep; large enough to put on

Religion and Modern Poetry

By J. E. Middleton

DESPITE the literary tumult of the times a poem is still measured by its content. If it is the faithful expression of the Poet's emotion in contemplation of some phases of life or of Nature the form may defy all the rules of the schoolmen without inducing a single Critic to bare his scimitar. Thus far has the Spirit of Revolt brought us; to an acknowledgement that form must have a secondary place and that content of itself is of supreme importance.

It is not a novelty in Literary History. The Lake Poets assailed the Pontifical notion that mild essays in pentameter couplets made the only true poetry, and that anything else was vulgar and unworthy of notice. English Poetry has a vitality that French Poetry has never reached because English poets have been able to triumph over formalism, and at the same time to devise new excellences of rhythm and new melodies of utterance. Invariably a fine poem in the making takes unto itself suitable garments of form and rhythm and becomes, in completeness, an expression of the Poet's experience or perception.

Dr. R. H. Strachan of Edinburgh is one of the first critics to make a definite attempt at the analysis of Modern Poetry so far as its content is concerned. No one can doubt the knowledge of the author. He is steeped in Poetry. He knows Wordsworth, Meredith, Browning, Hardy and the Modern Moderns. By quotations from various poems or from prefatory essays by the writers themselves he has reached an approximate of each Poet's Philosophy. Thus armed he sets on foot a series of enquiries on The Meaning of Life, on Good and Evil in Poetry, on the Spirit of Revolt on Death and Immortality, accepting De la Mare's dictum that the Poet is a man who has stayed awake while his neighbors sleep and that his conclusions or intuitions must be of the fabric of Prophecy.

Dr. Strachan's mathematical method of procedure, and his wilful detachment of mind in the process give the book an uncommon dryness in its earlier chapters, but suddenly it becomes of high interest with the discovery that the trend of Modern Poetry is Religious. The author summarizes as follows: "Powerful motives in contemporary thought for a decline of faith in immortality are a deepening sense of the service we owe to our fellows, a quickened social conscience, and the growing zeal for the progress of the race. In the light of these the desire for individual immortality seems selfish and ignoble. In view of the vast and spacious ends that are being served in the world's advance, it seems entirely presumptuous for the individual life to establish any claim on the universe whatsoever. There has been developed a completely self-forgetful passion . . . The essential nobility of this selflessness in the interest of Beauty or Truth is not to be denied."

The author implies, though he does not say directly, that this very spirit is the essence of Christianity, and who can deny it? He does say, with justice, that neglect of the worth of Personality, which might be a corollary of this spirit would mark a distinctly downward progress in our conception of the nature of life—and this he proves, still in the mathematical manner.

Modern Poetry is a revolt against Dogma, against Convention, against the conception that all things are settled, but it stresses the brotherhood of the race and the necessity of Justice. By those who conceive of Religion as Other-worldliness enwrapped in spacious and lovely Ceremony the author's conclusions will be violently rejected. Others, finding in Religion the means of self-mastery and the apothesis of Love in principle and practice will find the book stimulating, and tending towards a just optimism in the essential benevolence of the Creator, and in the Life of Man.

There is uncommon interest in the fact that this conception of the inherent Religion of Modern Poetry has been reached simultaneously by Dr. Caroline Miles Hill who has just published a remarkable anthology entitled "The World's Great Religious Poetry." Imagine our grandfathers finding anything Religious in Emily Dickinson's poem:

Some keep Sunday going to church,
I keep it staying at home
With a bobolink for a chorister
And an orchard for a throne.
Some keep Sabbath in surplice,
I just wear my wings,
And instead of tolling the bell for church
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches, a noted clergyman,
And the sermon is never long.
So instead of going to heaven at last
I'm going all along.

That would have been called Sacrilege instead of Religion. Yet it must be agreed that a Religion big enough for the needs of all mankind is bigger than the biggest Church. Did not the Master of Life himself say "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold?" An anthology which includes Carl Sandburg's acid poem about the changing taste in gods and his ferocious attack upon Billy Sundayism "To a Contemporary Bunkshooter" as well as Vachell Lindsay's glorious "General William Booth enters Heaven" is assuredly worthy of any man's possession and study. Of course it includes all the noblest hymns and canticles of the Church, certain of the Psalms, the splendours of Milton, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Robert Burns and the apostolic succession of true poets: 800 pages of verse scientifically classified and splendidly indexed.

The Soul of Modern Poetry, by R. H. Strachan, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton).

The World's Great Religious Poetry, compiled by Caroline Miles Hill, Ph.D. (The Macmillan Company).

Hart House Theatre

By Merrill Denison

IN the February issue of *The Canadian Bookman* the development of the little theatre movement, which grew, finally, into Hart House Theatre of the University of Toronto, was traced from the early productions of the group later known as the Arts and Letters Players to the plans that had been developed for a Little Theatre and Independent Art Gallery combined. When these had reached a definite form and were virtually under way, all work had to be abandoned because of the war.

It is unfortunate this happened. It is hard to believe that the theatre could not have carried out its work better outside the collegiate walls. The Canadian university is not sufficiently distinguished for the warmth and enthusiasm of its human atmosphere to have become even the foster mother of any creative art undertaking. But the movement had created too intense an interest to come to a full stop, no matter what hapened to its building plans, and Mr. Vincent Massey, who was in charge of Hart House for the Massey Foundation, believing that it should not be allowed to die, made it possible to include the present theatre and to equip it so elaborately that it is easily the most perfectly equipped little theatre in America—one of the best in the world.

Hart House, which is the students' activities building of the University of Toronto, is designed in the manner of English Collegiate structures, around a quadrangle. The original intention, I believe, was to put a small lecture hall under the quadrangle and when later the thought of enlarging this into a theatre grew, partly through the existence of a Players' Club in the University, but mainly through a desire on Mr. Massey's part to give an adequate home to the little theatre movement, Roy Mitchell was called in to design and supervise the installation of its technical equipment.

The theatre is not connected with the other parts of the building used by the undergraduates, but is reached through two separate entrances on the south side of the building—one of these leading back stage and the other into the auditorium, which is reached through a long corridor. At the back of the auditorium is a good-sized foyer and along one side of it a promenade. Off the foyer are cloak rooms and in it a very interesting collection of theatrical momentoes and a book stall.

The auditorium is an ideal size, seating about 450 people in easy, comfortable chairs, and the whole has been kept very simple and restrained in design, the only relief being found in the decorative treatment of the lighting fixtures, the dark notes struck by two reading pulpits which emphasize the front wall and the applied ornamental crest of the Players' Club on the seat ends.

In front of the proscenium opening is a forestage, at a slightly lower level, from which large portals lead at either side, through the raked piers flanking the main opening, to the forestage wings. The proscenium is about thirty by fifteen and the stage two feet deep; large enough to put on almost any production. In Alcestis a cast of over seventy was used.

Back stage the equipment is very elaborate. There are seven dressing rooms, all more comfortable and roomy than those ordinarily found in a commercial theatre, storage and lamp rooms, and upstairs a green room, the costume rooms and the director's private office. There are wind, thunder, rain and noise machines; carpenter, hardware and paint benches designed as interlocking units which may be used on stage for raised platforms, terraces, stair landings and so forth. The loft is equipped with a complete set of lines, and above the forestage is a narrow gallery on which lights may be hung.

The theatre is so equipped that all costumes can be designed and executed in the theatre workshops; all scenery, designed, built and painted on the stage; all properties manufactured there.

While such an equipment is enough to make any theatrical craftsman interested in experiment, incoherent at the thought of using the theatre freely, it is the lighting equipment which is truly extraordinary. There are only two or three theatres in America with as complete or as large a stage switchboard. It has more than sixty switches with an elaborate system of interlocking dimmers by the use of which any group of lights or combination of lights may be controlled at will, dimmed gradually or rapidly, or fixed with any desired intensity of light. The number of wall and floor pockets, used for plugging in wiring connections at various points around the stage, and the forestage projecting gallery gives great mobility. Almost any grouping, control and variety in color is possible. The lamp room is well stocked and includes large flood lights, spot and baby spot lights and troughs. There is a permanent cyclorama or sky cloth hung on rollers without which it would be impossible to obtain any feeling of depth or distance in outdoor settings.

The only real disability from which the theatre suffers is due to the absence of a fly gallery or loft. An afterthought in the general scheme of the building, the theatre had to accept what space was left for it and the stage, unfortunately, is bounded above by the terrace of the quadrangle and below by the top of a drain down which runs an old and, except when it overflows, forgotten creek. It is impossible to swing scenery overhead and in lighting a production it is necessary to hang all lights from the overhead maze of lines and leave them hung until the production is closed. There is no chance of changing the media which determines the quality and color of the light during a show nor is there any chance for experimentation except with each successive one. It is necessary to wait before profiting by mistakes; they cannot be corrected immediately.

The first production was a double bill in November, 1919, including Dunsany's "The Queen's Enemies" and the "Farce of Monsieur Patelin" under the direction of Roy Mitchell, who has been mentioned in the previous article as the leading figure in the little theatre movement in Toronto. Live-

with a great flare for the theatre, a natural ability to gather around him an enthusiastic group of workers in all phases of stage craft, who submerged their individualities to the work as a whole, he was a far more able technician than he was an acting director.

During his two years at the theatre continual experimentation was carried on. Certain of it, had it been carried further, would have produced far-reaching results. The first use in America of Appia neutral colored screens with color applied through the light instead of paint, was made in Alcestis with results that showed great possibilities for the use of this technique. In Rostand's "Romancers," and in "Cymbaline," these experiments were carried further with especial attention paid to the development of a surface which could be as easily applied as the cotton scrim usually used on flats of scenery, but rid of its smooth monotony.

Among his outstanding productions were: "The Chester Mysteries," played during Christmas week. It was set most beautifully by J. H. MacDonald and marks in many ways the high point of Hart House achievement up to the present time—beautiful and moving, a reverent, dramatized Church service. "Matsuo," a grim, powerful tragedy from the apanese, set by Arthur Lismer, in which Basil Morgan and Nella Jefferis did a superb piece of acting. Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," and MacDonald Hastings' "The New Sin," both set by Lawren Harris, the latter being a particularly fine interior set. "Alcestis," "The Romancers," set by the riter. "Cymbaline," set by the writer and Arthur smer, in which Lorna McLean first attempted, th success, a heavy role. "The Trojan Women," ove's Labor Lost," Ben Johnson's "The Alchem-"—a show few professional companies would re attempt—a bill of three Canadian plays were ong the remaining productions of the first two ars.

It is impossible to do justice to the people connected with the theatre—the artists, musicians, actors, carpenters, lighting and stage crews whose brains and efforts counted for so much. Arthur Lismer, Lawren Harris, A. Y. Jackson, J. H. MacDonald, all of the group of seven, contributed their skill and ability to the problems of setting and lighting. Charity Mitchell and Jocelyn Taylor took care of the costumes and properties. James Cowan, William Johnson, P. A. Deacon, Colin Tait and many other undergraduates worked like galley slaves shifting scenery, doping flats and hanging lights.

In the company of actors were: Basil Morgan, the dean of the non-professionals in Toronto; Nella Jefferis, whose Alcestis was one of the fine things of the theatre; Dixon Wagner, a character actor of great ability; Capt. Larkin, Ernest Morgan, Leslie Hodder Williams, Prof. Dale, Charles pson, Heasell Mitchell, Elizabeth Forgie, y Hart, who has since begun a promising pro- nal career, Walter Bowles, Vincent Massey, McLean, Madelaine Galbraith. . . Healey was the musical director.

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eatre had its by-product, too. "The Gob- anadian humorous magazine, which has meteoric journalistic success, had its in- k stage in Hart House.

At the end of two years Mr. Mitchell resigned and was succeeded by Bertram Forsythe, an English actor and playwright. In valuing Mr. Forsythe's directorship it is imperative that one realize the tremendous obstacles under which he has worked. Unknown and knowing no one in Toronto, essentially an acting director, he succeeded a brilliant technical director, and found himself the innocent inheritor of much disaffection and ill feeling. The manner in which he has carried himself and the theatre through a difficult and trying two years is a great tribute to his personality, and intelligence.

Held to the most rigid economy, playing a season's bill which lacked the interest of other years, without the competent technical assistance his predecessor had, his work must be judged in the main from the standpoint of acting—which has steadily improved under his directorship.

The season of 1921-22 included Dunsany's "Night At An Inn," Barrie's "Pantaloon," Mr. Forsythe's "Playbills," a Georgian masque and "White Magic," Chesterton's "Magic," Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," the "Chester Mysteries," differently done from the preceding years, and "The Tempest." The last was set by Frederick Coates in an interesting and post-eresque manner, and was clearly the best production of the year. Here Mr. Forsythe really found himself, and the productions of the present season have been on the same high level, although one finds a certain monotony in the treatment and settings. The last production, Masefield's translation of "The Witch," was one of the best things ever done at the theatre. It was more the type of play such a theatre should do and the settings and lighting were more in the mood of the art theatre than the previous three plays.

While many of the company of Mr. Mitchell's time have been working with other groups, a number have remained and many new ones been added. Lorna McLean, Madelaine Galbraith and Pouff Acklow have developed tremendously under his training, while Monro Greer, Ivor Lewis, Henry Button, Francis Coombs, Grace Webster, Dorothy Walker—all capable people—have been added. Mr. Coates as the Art Director of the theatre, has done some very fine costume designing, executed by Mrs. Letchford. Mr. Reginald Stewart is the present Musical Director.

It is difficult to estimate, as yet, with the nice precision one would like, the worth of Hart House Theatre, Toronto. Regarded as a purely local achievement, which has suffered from its inception form a variety of hindering influences ranging from a storm sewer to the University of Toronto, it ranks as the only successful artistic creation to survive the deadly mixture of Scotch and U.E. Loyalist Puritan provincialism and appreciative sterility which curses the intellectual atmosphere of Toronto. It is one of the few local accomplishments to which the travelling Torontonian, away from the home grounds, may point with pride.

As a Canadian institution it has exerted a stimulating influence on other community theatres throughout the country. It has pointed the exead. The example of a finely equipped little the in actual operation, has made it easier for other ps

to crystallize and give a definite form to their aspirations. It may have piqued the local pride of other cities, too, and created aspirations where there were none before.

Observing the work of the group of people connected with the theatre, from one production to another, one feels that it is of great value as a training school for acting. A capable and sincere company has been formed which is assuredly non-professional rather than amateur. The manner of production, however one may object to the interpretation or the choice of play, is always capable and is always free from the faults which make so many amateur dramatic efforts ridiculous.

These words of praise may be said and written without any qualification whatever. Viewed in the light of its attainments, against a background which is, in the main, a dull and ordinary grey, Hart House Theatre stands out full of color and vigor. Considering that it has fought against the general apathy and indifference and lack of understanding with which any attempt toward indigenous artistic creation is received in Toronto, there is something quite magnificent about it.

But a critic, unless he be an unmitigated scoundrel or a poverty-stricken typewriter tapper, forced to express opinions on subjects of which he knows nothing for his daily bread, must pay to the thing he discusses the compliment of treating it seriously and sympathetically.

When one realizes that Hart House is equipped in such a way as to make it the finest theatrical experimental laboratory on the continent, one feels that it is falling far short of its possibilities; that it should be doing infinitely more than it is. While it may be contributing something to the theatre in Canada, which is not a very difficult task, it is certainly contributing nothing whatever to the theatre, as, for instance, the Provincetown Players or the Theatre Guild are.

Most people will consider it a fantastic flight of the imagination to picture Hart House entering the same class as the Theatre Guild, but there is no reason why it should not try to do so. Actually it should occupy a place in the North American theatre between the two and it should not rest satisfied until it has done so.

To-day Hart House has reached a point of mediocre excellence which would lead one to believe that growth was at a premium, were it not for the fine production of "The Witch" made last month. It marked the first break in a succesion of imitative offerings based on imitations of itself; a routine, acceptable to its audience, but one which was leading nowhere. Its repertoire has been that of any stock company whose main worry is in the box office and which judges the success of a play by its receipts.

The writer may take this business of the theatre too seriously; perhaps he does, and, if that is the case, there is nothing more to be said. It seems to him, however, to be the most ample, varied and richest means of expression the race has ever developed. With the theatre as a medium the artist can use forces far beyond the range of any single art, for he must embrace literature, music, sculpture, painting, architecture—life itself.

The theatre is in a state of flux, far reaching changes are taking place in its technique and purpose; it is going some place, and Hart House is situated so that it might help and give direction to its growth. Experiments could be carried on there which would permeate and influence the world of the theatre as the great German and Russian experimentalists have, if the controlling influences in Hart House did not insist that it exist for its audience alone instead, as is proper in a theatre of this type, of the audience existing for the theatre.

The vast field of lighting in the theatre is virtually unexplored. Only tentative experiments have been made, even in the Continental Theatre, but these experiments lead one to believe that when the possibilities of mobile colored light, which may be changed in chroma, value and hue with the mood of the play, not only on stage but in the auditorium itself, are fully exploited, a revolution, now dimly felt, will occur in stage expression. At the present time the theatre is working with electricity in the terms and with the limitations of the kerosene lamp.

These experiments must be carried on. The insatiable desire for progress that marks a developing art demands it and Hart House is the only place on the continent where they can be carried out. It has the opportunity to contribute something, be it ever so little, to the world, by honest, fearless craftsmanship, and yet it has been satisfied for two years to confine itself to competition with the uptown and downtown stock companies.

Hart House Theatre should be the most dynamic force in the artistic life of Canada, it should be a focal point for the creative life of the country, to which all art would find itself irresistibly drawn and from which, in turn, would pour out a vital flood of artistic achievement. That this is not the case is clearly due to the lack of courage and vision and imagination of its controlling Board of Syndics and the sterility of the University which surrounds it.

Any director, no matter who he may be, what his abilities are, or his initial enthusiasm, will find himself powerless against these two atrophying influences.

THE VANISHED TREES.*

(Book Rights Reserved).

THEY have cut down the old elms in the graveyard,
The maples and acacias,
Because they were defacing the graves.
It is true:
One might not decipher
"Stranger, tread lightly here."
Mould hid the name of Lucinda Gerry
Who died in the flower of her days
So long ago—Is that "37"?
Scrape off the mould from the stone—
"Also, her infant daughter, Almira."

O Trees, ancient and gracious ones,
Bending over the tombs!
Would you give with your blessing a bane,
The drip of your young leaves' rain
To stain and make void the last trace
Which the dead may leave behind?
Who was Lucinda Gerry, lying beneath your boughs?

Her grandchild sighs for the vanished trees
And the huge, gashed trunks, half a century old,
Are such bleeding, pitiful things,
Worse than the stones, all blackened by mould.

Time had made them as one
With the gray dust below.
Man has made of you, Trees,
Gaunt Ugliness—Death!

—Florence Randal Livesay.

*EDITOR'S NOTE. This poem is in a new volume of Mrs. Livesay's poems, shortly to be brought out.

Letters Re "Omniscienta"

Editor Canadian Bookman:

LET not the "Omniscienta" think they are altogether misunderstood by the "mediocre writers," who "in the belief that they are producing literature, write melodramatic clap-trap with Canadian settings." It is more in sorrow than in anger that we read the nagging letter of "Omniscienta" in answer to a previous article in The Bookman; but it is not actually the dearest ambition of some of the strugglers in the field of Canadian fiction some day to win the plaudits of these self-anointed ones.

We Canadian writers are not entirely without vision, nor are we unconscious of our shortcomings. We know, too, that we must creep before we walk. If our vision is not awry, Canadian literature is in its earliest formative stage. We are the pioneers of that literature, and, like our grandfathers and great grandfathers, who made the first clearings in the Canadian wilderness and made possible the comforts and conveniences, which at least some of the "Omniscienta" came later to enjoy, we must face the hardships and disappointments that are the portion of pioneers, well content if by our best effort we make some little progress in clearing the way for those who come after, and who may, out of the worth that is in our experiences, bring forth distinctive Canadian novels when we and the "Omniscienta" are perhaps forgotten.

And like our sturdy forbears, who labored with little reward to build the foundations of a nation, we at least have courage—we have faith, we tell you, in ourselves and the future of Canadian letters. You, the "Omniscienta," cannot daunt that faith with your ill-considered scorn; we will, however, accept what is sincere and worth while of your criticism and benefit by it.

You, the Omniscienta, set yourselves up as the Alpha and Omega of Canadian literature, the court of final approval and the guardians at the gate. We would have no quarrel with you there. We must have standards and we must have judges. Our quarrel with you begins when we sense insincerity, injustice, a tendency to snobbery and a woeful lack of native ideals. Some of you are Canadians only in the matter of residence. Your feet are on our soil, but your love for it is a hollow thing, and we are not deceived. Your souls seek to cramp themselves in the mouldy atmosphere of an over-crowded past, in times and lands in which we are not interested. When one of you arises and strikes the true note of Canadian expression we will all take off our hats. But mark you, no such appreciation will await you while you continue to write letters to American papers lamenting and apologizing to our neighbors because no worth-while Canadian novel has been written.

The best news you tell us is that "there is yet no Canadian literature. That means there is a vacuum which Nature will take care of if assisted by continued, concentrated effort on the part of native writers and constructive criticism from their leaders. We are groping toward a goal. In the dark, with little in the way of homeland tradition and precedent to guide us, we stumble into false trails; we lose ourselves in the maze, and are no doubt often ridiculous in your sophisticated eyes.

You, the "Omniscienta," come rushing in where the angels have not yet deigned to visit us, to jeer at us, make fun of our best efforts and tell us, "It can't be done." You have made no scruples about letting us see ourselves as you see us, but perhaps you will be slightly interested in seeing yourselves as we see you.

You say we have created no outstanding Canadian novel, and we do not argue that we have. We reply that, barring, perhaps, Donald G. French's survey of the Canadian novels of 1922, there has been no outstanding criticism of our work.

We would be the better of real leadership — sympathetic leadership that can be kindly as well as stern—leadership that will inspire and has the ring of sincerity in it. But if we cannot have that, for heaven's sake let us alone!

On the other hand, if the pastime amuses you, continue to hurl rocks at us; sneer about "melodramatic clap-trap" and "hammock literature"; gnash your teeth and yell "trash" until your throats grow hoarse. We connot stop you—nay, there is a certain melancholy diversion in pausing now and then in our struggles to listen to your hysterical taunts and diatribes that we might miss if you ceased. You openly express your disgust over our attainments; we express no such resentment over yours. We are merely diverted for the moment in a study of your vanity and quite thankful if there be now and then a crumb of bread mixed in with the stones you offer us in lieu of nourishment.

Charles Christopher Jenkins.

Editor, Canadian Bookman:

One of the most hopeful things about art and literature in Canada is the fact that we look forward instead of back. The critic of the Omnissienta class is as a rule an individual who does not himself create. His knowledge of the subject he is criticizing is purely academic. He places poets, painters, and other artistic craftsmen according to schools. He is safe so long as he sticks to the past, but let the academic mind attempt to judge a new work of art, one that breaks away from traditions and creates fresh forms of expression, and he is nonplussed. He regards contemporary work as great only as it approaches the standards of a given school. As a rule he does not like new work because he sees a breaking away from all that he has taught himself to hold precious. Not only does he dislike the new, but he frequently regards it as harmful to the body of art in the country where it is produced because, if it is popular, it creates what he terms a bad influence.

This "lowering of standards" as one critic speaks of modern free verse, is surely a myth. No creative artist is going to set out to copy anything because the minute he commences to copy he ceases to be creative.

The native North American who tries to express himself in literature is bound to find himself diverging from the moulds of Englishmen and Europeans. He cannot avoid this. It is not right that he should.

Speaking at a dinner a few nights ago Sir Henry Newbolt made the remark that this country's literary pedigree goes directly back to Chaucer and Shakespeare. In a sense this is true, but it does not seem to me that the background of Shakespeare is our background. Neither is the background of Tennyson, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, or A. E. Housman. They breathe in, and in turn express an envirement that does not belong to the American continent. Shakespeare's mood is feudalistic in spirit; Tennyson and other Victorian poets with their knights and fair ladies are a long way from our thought processes. The spirit of this country is pioneering. The spirit of England is traditional.

Housman in his preface to "Last Poems" strikes unconsciously the attitude of mind to which your "Omniscienta" hold. I have not the actual words before me as I write, but, in essence, this is what he says: "I think it well that I should publish these poems while I am alive to supervise the **spelling** and **punctuation.**" Such a mind will never be satisfied reading the poetry produced by Canadians, and the same is surely so in the other arts.

From one point of view we must admit that Canada's literary pedigree does trace back to Chaucer, but spiritually it is rooted here in our own soil with the grimness of the North American Indian as a background. If **we** must have concrete traditions to fall back on, we will approach nearer to our own mood in the literature of Scandinavia rather than among the English and classical schools.

F. B. Housser.

"CRITICS — OMNISCIENTA."

They sit about a table
Talking "Art"—
They strap its pulsing body
Warm before them—
And with the microscopic glass
Of their intellect,
And the delicate steel
Pincers
Of their tongues, they
Examine canals and arteries,
Ligaments, tendons,
Respiratory organs
And mode of digestion;
Its reproductive value
Social and monetary.
They stop-watch
Life.
Nodding knowing y
Over the carcass.

A. C. S.

Contests Now Running

A Guide For Writers

As set forth in greater detail in a previous issue of "The Canadian Bookman," the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire offers $200 for the best short story and $100 for the best one-act play. Contests close April 1st. Manuscripts should be sent to the National Educational Secretary, I. O. D. E., 238 Bloor street east, Toronto. These will be annual competitions.

In the American Magazine the March contest is: "My Hobby, and Why I Recommend It." For the best letter of not more than 400 words three prizes are offered. 1st, $20; 2nd, $10; 3rd, $5. Competition closes March 20th. Winning letters will appear in the June number. Letters should be addressed to the Contest Editor, American Magazine, 381 Fourth avenue, New York.

By kind permission of the editors of "The Writers' Monthly," the following data is published dealing with contests now running.

New Pearson's, 799 Broadway, New York, announces nine prizes amounting to $1,500 for best stories, essays and poems submitted before noon of May 1, 1923. There are three prizes for each contest: Short stories—First prize, $500; second prize, $150; third prize, $100. Poems—First prize, $200; second prize, $100; third prize, $50. Essays—First prize, $250; second prize, $100; third prize, $50. The conditions of the contest are as follows: The three contests are open to anyone residing on the American continent, no one contestant, however, to enter more than two short stories, three poems, or one essay. Short stories entered for the contest should be approximately 5,000 words; poems, 300 lines; essays, 3,500 words.

The American Historical Association, 1,140 Woodward Building, Washington, D.C., offers the Herbert Adams prize of $200 for the best monograph or essay based upon independent original investigation in the history of the Eastern Hemisphere, dealing with any aspect or phase of that history. Contest closes July 1, 1923.

Prizes of $50, $25, $15, $10 and $5 will be paid for the five best letters received before May 1, 1923, telling how to improve "The Embryo Musician." For further particulars address Russell Snively Gilbert, 83 Cleveland street, Orange, N.J.

For the best "little story" of not more than 300 words the Atlanta Journal's Sunday Magazine will pay $5; and $1 each for all others published. For the best original or hitherto unpublished jokes submitted they will pay $1; and 50c for all others published.

Our readers are urgently requested to send us notices of any contests suitable for insertion in this magazine. We will also be glad to receive such news from other papers or magazines.

The Boston Post, Boston, Mass., offers each week prizes of $10 and $5 for the best short stories submitted by women. Stories should not exceed 1,000 words, and must be written on one side of the paper only. The author must sign her own name and indicate whether Miss or Mrs.

Editor and Publisher, 63 Park Row, New York, will pay $1 for each acceptable idea which can worked up into a local feature by the managing or city editor of a newspaper, for their department "Hunches."

Judge, 627 West 43rd street, New York, pays $10 for the best, and $5 for the second best, original, unpublished, short humorous story accepted each week.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx, of Chicago, offer in 1923 four prizes for the best studies in the economic field. A first prize of $1,000 and a second prize of $500 are offered to contestants in Class A. A first prize of $300 and a second prize of $200 are offered to contestants in Class B. Contributions and enquiries regarding further particulars should be addressed to J. Laurence Laughlin, Esq., University of Chicago, Chicago. Contest closes June 1, 1923.

In entering for these competitions please mention that you read about them in "Canadian Bookman."

NEWS AND MISCELLANY.

At a recent meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Women's Press Club, several enthusiastic speeches were made in regard to the Canadian magazines and the support that should be accorded to them. Let us hope that the expression of good will may shortly crystallize into good works.

The second competition for Canadian authors held within the last few months resulted in the award of five hundred dollars being made to Miss Jean McIlwraith, of Burlington, Ont., for "The Little Admiral," a story for boys and girls, founded on historical fact. Miss McIlwraith is a well-known journalist and writer, and it is the more interesting that the prize was donated anonymously. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have also purchased two other mss. submitted in this competition, "Bee Good," a story of the War of 1812, with an international viewpoint, by Mrs. E. A. Taylor, of Toronto, and "The Valley of Color Days," by Miss Helen B. Sandwell, of Invers, B.C. Mrs. Taylor is well known as a constant contributor to the Canadian magazine "National Life."

Miss Ethel Porter, late of the Canadian Home Journal, now of the Woman's Home Companion, New York, recently wrote a very interesting little paper for the Toronto Press Club on "Marketing Canadian Mss. in the United States." Copies may be secured from the Cor. Secy., Miss Blanche B. Hume, c/o The Methodist Bookroom, Toronto. By arrangement with Miss Porter, the proceeds are to be devoted to the Club mss. fund.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association will take place on April 27th and 28th. Votes are now being received that will decide the place of meeting, which will be announced through the press.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association will take place shortly. Members will be notified of the date by mail.

A dinner has been arranged by the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, to be held on March 20th, when the guest of honor will be Mr. Arthur Acheson, one of the foremost research students of the life of Shakespeare in the world today. Mr. Acheson is a Canadian, although at present living in New York.

Writing of Today, Dr. J. W. Cunliffe and Dr. G. R. Lomer (Century Co., N.Y.), $2.00.

A third edition of this work has been issued—a complete revision of the original. Some sections have been wholly recast. In the main, new articles of recent publication have been substituted for selections appearing in the former editions. A special effort appears to have been made to select examples likely to be of service to young students of the art of writing, and, at the same time, to include material which fairly illustrates the variety and excellence of the articles appearing day by day in the principal newspapers and periodicals. One of the authors, Dr. Lomer, is a member of the faculty of McGill University and treasurer of the Canadian Authors' Association.

PICKTHALLIANA.

"Acta Victoriana," the under graduates' magazine of Victoria College, Toronto, in its January issue presents several hitherto unpublished poems by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall in connection with an article on "The Poetry of Marjorie Pickthall, from the Lincoln Hutton Essay for 1922-1923. In this article Miss Pickthall is ranked as almost the equal of Bliss Carman as a lyricist, as rivalling Lampman as a nature poet, and comparing favorably with Duncan Campbell Scott as a stylist.

The three unpublished poems referred to were written in her 'teens, and accompanying the fac-simile reproductions is a contemporary photograph of the poet, together with one taken shortly before her death in March, 1922.

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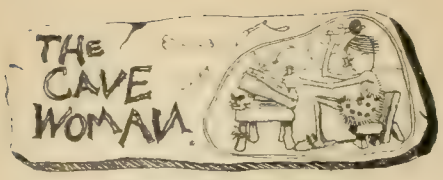

March.

LITTLE did I think when that last issue went to press that I'd be in a class with Percy Stickney Grant before next setting chisel to stone. That's my status now, though. In no boastful spirit and with no desire to outstrip any department of this paper in popular controversy, I may say that that **Omniscienta** business isn't in it with the row that is scentering, I mean centreing, around me. Yet out of the rain of blows there have evolved a few crystals of dew. Among these I number kind words from such mentors of our literary weal as Mr. Sandwell, Arthur Heming and Charles Christopher Jenkins. You can't beat that trio, you know. And let me tell you, boys, no thirsting flower of the desert ever appreciated heaven's moisture any more than I did those reviving drops.

You've noticed, of course, by this time that I'm not a full page any more, but only an ordinary column. The fact is we got so much advertising as a result of that debut of mine that they had to cut me down to carry it. That's all. Think what you will.

But why carp? There's always one worse off than you are. Only this morning I heard that Gordon Hill Grahame had been appointed on the Citizens' Committee to select "Miss Peterborough."

Dear Baldy: I haven't space enough any more to print your rather personal question, but in reply will say that if it's all the same to you I'd rather not put it down in writing. Is "The Timber Pirate" any relation to Wood Alcohol?

The Carl Van Vechtiana "Peter Whiffle" prize has been awarded to Simon Hopewell, Toronto, with the following list of definitions:

Koprologniac—Means a sense of drowsiness occasioned by looking from a small hill towards a sunset.

Anserine—A reply to a question in a female voice.

Adskititious — Irresponsible or giddy, from the Russian words adskit, meaning moon and tious—shine.

Burked—A debased form of barked or skinned. It is only a matter of time before the letter "a" will be abandoned altogether and the letter "u" substituted.

Striated—The pucker between a potato's eyes—caused by astigmatism.

Bole—In this word the letter "e" should be accentuated. Synonymous words are "spiffy," "top-hole," and "like a million dollars."

Tabes—A fringe or adornment derived from the Greek—**Ta**—goat and **Bes**—whiskers.

Calid—The Esquimaux for cold. The "d" is pronounced "id" on account of the teeth chattering.

Cortile—A sense of decency prevents the writer from giving the proper meaning of this word.

Eidolon—A make of victrola common in Queen Elizabeth's time.

Vaticinate — Vaccination which leaved a "T"-shaped scar instead of the ordinary baseball diamond variety.

Agamous—Meaning bright and demure—shy—quaint—a corruption of the famous Doctor Johnstown's classic expression, "Aggie's a mouse."

Dear Simon: If you will send me your address I'll mail the cut-out. (If we can afford to make the plate I'll get you all a picture of this for next number.)

Now what are your reactions, reading thus far? Uncontrolled vindictiveness? Sympathetic response? Faint response? Ecstacy? Nausea? Electra complex? Write one way or the other, because the strain is beginning to tell. Cleo is teething again. This is her thirteenth set of bicuspids. Do you really think I ought to take the advice of one enemy (unknown) and seek my own level? He doesn't know how high-class I am.

Hilaire Belloc

HILAIRE BELLOC, English Parliamentarian, Thinker, Writer, Essayist, Novelist, Historian, spoke to a large audience at Massey Hall, Toronto, March 5th, on the factors that make for difficulty in European readjustment.

Sir Bertram Windle, who introduced the speaker, applied to him what was said of Goldsmith, who

"Left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn."

Mr. Belloc, who set the time and the place for the interview with the "Bookman," set its tone by saying with deprecating courtesy:

"I never give interviews. I do not like them. I am no good at them. I am too often misrepresented. I have to be very careful of what I say for publication. My books (published by a variety of firms, Doubleday, Page & Co., have my "Marie Antoinette," Mr. Doran my last book) stand for what I think, I write with great care, exceedingly slowly, weighing every word. I am no good at interviews."

"You spoke last night of Parliaments as being unlikely to last much longer, because of the dissatisfaction of the mass of the people with that form of Government. What do you think will be set up in their stead?"

Mr. Belloc: "I cannot say."

"A return to Monarchy?"

Mr. Belloc: "Possibly. I cannot say."

"Do you consider that the trend of modern literature is to uplift, or otherwise?"

Mr. Belloc: "I read so little of it. I know so little of it. I really cannot say."

"What is your opinion of the literature of this continent—the general intellectual trend of the people?"

Mr. Belloc: "It is so different. I have not been here long enough. I do not know enough of it to express an opinion. I really cannot say."

"What do you think of contemporary art as expressed by our Comic Supplements?"

Mr. Belloc: "Sometimes they make me laugh."

"Will you—"

Mr. Belloc (really distressed): "I am sorry to have put you to this trouble. I am no good at interviews. I prefer to write what I have to say."

The interviewer rises. Mr. Belloc rises. It might be called concerted action, except that Mr. Belloc's courtesy allows the other the illusion of having started the great movement. On the order of going, Mr. Belloc expresses no opinion in words. But (without wishing to represent him) there is no mistaking his cordial agreement.

"Mr. Belloc, do you think any writer is justified in writing—if he has nothing vital to say?"

Mr. Belloc: "Oh, to get a living by writing, as by carpentering, is perfectly justifiable—**for those who like it.**"

Concerted Action—Mutual handshake. Mutual bow. Mutual Exit in opposite directions.

Mr. Belloc thinks as all sensible men think, that sensible men never tell.

Century Vocabulary Builder, Garland Greever and Joseph M. Bachelor. New York: Century Co. $1.25.

This is a book which essays to provide a practical means of obtaining a mastery of words and an ability to use them effectively. The day-by-day method is recommended for increasing one's vocabulary. Shades of meaning between words in frequent use are pointed out and also the exact sense of similar or opposite terms. There are chapters on "Analysis of Your Own Vocabulary," "How to Look Up a Word in the Dictionary," "Prying Into a Word's Past," and "How to Acquire Synonyms."

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Honors for the Quick and the Dead

March

EVERYBODY at some time or other has been asked to write in a Birthday Book and been pleased or put out by the verse printed opposite the signature. Many an expansive soul has hated to sign on the dotted line opposite the quotation, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," and a confirmed bachelor has been known to blush right to the back of his bald head when forced to publicly confess himself "a perfect woman nobly planned." Some attempt will be made here to make the celebrity fit the rhyme, which will be chosen from his or her own writings. It is not possible for us to discover the birthdays of all the authors and all the poets at once. So we hope that our friends will come to our rescue, the Quick being (very naturally) so much harder to locate than the Dead.

A blank birthday book is a dull affair. If anything in this little column amuses you, please contribute a name on the chance of passing on a pleasure.

March 1st.

The first of March is sacred to St. David, titular Saint of Wales. He was so much a poet that a snow-white dove came and perched upon his shoulder whenever he preached. History does not state that he had a wife, but it is written in an old book that he had "an angel to minister to his wants and contribute to his edification and relaxation." He wrote a "Book of Homilies" and a "Treatise against the Pelagians." The Encyclopedia succinctly has it that the Pelagians are now extinct. Whether the treatise of the Poetic Saint exterminated them as a Sect "I do not know, nor does it matter," as another poet remarks. But it is good to think that their cheerful, innocent, healthful doctrine (probably fostered by the Dove and the Angel) is largely incorporated in modern thought and teaching.

March 11th.

On this date in 1702, "The Daily Courant," the first daily paper published in Britain, was started by E. Mallett, near the site of the present "Times" office. It was a single page of two columns, supplying foreign news only. No editorials—the buoyant E. Mallett supposing other people to have sense enough to make comments for themselves. Editors to-day lack this faith. Only the presidents of railways seem to have preserved this high ideal of the brains of mankind. (See Railway News Bulletins.) In 1735 the paper was absorbed by "The Daily Gazette."

March 3rd.

Edmund Waller. Born March 3rd, 1606. Died, 1687.

"Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired."

A politician in the poorest sense of the word. Returned to Parliament at the age of sixteen and many times after. "His popularity in Parliament was great, though he did not study to understand its business, but only to gain applause, being a vain and empty, though a witty man." An authority writes, "His poetry is destitute of great qualities, though celebrated for elegance and polish **at a time when these graces had been little studied."** (What price the Elizabethans?) Of his charming poems, those to "Sacharissa" (Lady Dorothy Sydney) are the best known.

March 6th.

Thomas O'Hagan, who was born in "the Gore of Toronto."

"But all the music of the past, and the wealth that memory brings
Seem as nothing when I listen to the Song my Mother sings."

Brought up on a farm. Studied in ten universities, taking Degree or Honors or both in most of them. He has published five volumes of verse, and several of essays. Among other activities, he was for some time Editor and Director of "The New World," Chicago. But with the homing instinct so strong in Canadians, returned in after years to Toronto.

March 10th.

Peter McArthur.

"A man! A man! There's a man loose in Canada!"
—The Stone.

Born at Ekfrid (which is the real name of a real place, though some people have been known to think that Peter invented it). Most people will guess that he is of Scotch descent. Any person who does not know that he was brought up on a farm, does not read the Globe. As a journalist, he lived in New York, and London, England, but came "back to the land" to plough the typewriter to the great pleasure of a large circle of readers. Among his books are "To Be Taken with Salt," "The Prodigal, and other Poems," "Pastures Green," "The Red Cow and Her Friends," "The Affable Stranger." He is a writer of advertisements of an unusual kind, and among journalists and politicians he has a position all his own."

March 27th.

Robert W. Norwood.

"My Love is like a spring among the Hills,
Whose brimming torrent will not be confined."
—"His Lady of the Sonnets."

Preacher, Teacher, and Poet. Among his books are: "His Lady of the Sonnets," "The Witch of Endor," "The Modernists," "The Man of Kerioth" and "Bill Boram."

Soon after he commenced his clerical career, he was called to Montreal, then to London, Ontario, and later to Overbrooke, Philadelphia, his present home. He revisits Canada yearly, to renew old associations and to make new ones.

An artist in the pulpit. A specialist in friendship.—K. K. B.

Parodies on Walt Whitman, compiled by Henry S. Saunders, New York. American Library Service. $2.25.

This is an attractively gotten up volume, compiled by Henry S. Saunders, of Toronto. There is an engaging preface by Christopher Morley, in which he scores the point in Whitman's favor, that in this collection of over a hundred and fifty pages of parodies on Whitman, the poet emerges unscathed by the ordeal, most of the numbers being imitations of Walt's manner rather than genuine parody exhibiting the poet's mind engaged with trivial things in the same spirit as Walt himself dealt with great things.

Mr. Morley deduces from the fact that Whitman, seemingly the broadest target ever offered to a jester, has run the gauntlet of the fire of the parodists without even a smell of scorching on his garments, "must be even a greater man than we thought."

The numbers in the book run from a burlesque of Whitman from the "London Examiner," in 1857, to "Profiteers! O Profiteers," from "Nation and Athenaeum," 1921.

Happiness and Goodwill, J. W. Macmillan (McC. & S.)

The title of this book is that of one of ten essays on Christian living, an arresting and original series of essays on human conduct linked up with the practices and teachings of Jesus. Dr. Macmillan is professor of sociology at Victoria College, Toronto.

THE LAYMAN'S LIBRARY.

"Faith in God" is the second volume in the Layman's Library of Practical Religion, published on the authority of the Church of England in Canada, having been preceded last autumn by "Some Essentials in Religion." In this new volume the contents include: "The God shown us by Jesus Christ," by Bishop Farthing, of Montreal; "God and You," by Bishop Richardson, of Fredericton; "God, Religion and Evolution," by the Very Rev. J. P. D. Llwyd, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Nova Scotia; "God in the Old Testament," by Rev. Prof. F. H. Cosgrave, of Trinity College, Toronto; "The Holy Trinity," by Rev. Dr. W. W. Craig, Vancouver; "The Holy Spirit," by Rev. Prof. E. A. McIntyre, M.A., B.D., Wycliffe College, Toronto, and "God in Regard to Pain and Affliction," by Rev. E. F. Salmon, Ottawa.

This book is published in the light of God, ever seeking to reveal Himself to man and man's unceasing efforts to discover God, and is based on the self-revelation of God in Jesus Christ, satisfying the great quest. Two more volumes are to come, the third at Advent, 1923, entitled, "Jesus Christ," and the fourth in the 1924 Lenten season, under the title of "The Bible," completing the series.

Mr. and Mrs. Padraic Colum are at present sojourning in Hawaii. In the autumn Mr. Colum's book of Hawaiian legend and folklore is to be published.

MARGOT IN AMERICA.

MRS. ASQUITH would have been more than human to have spent two months in America and not have written a book about it. She is not more than human and so we have the book. It is a publisher's book and written to order, but it has a good deal of Margot in it and not the worst Margot either. She shows sufficient contamination by her sojourn to refer twice to her colored brethren as "niggers," which is not altogether on the high democratic platform of the wife of an English Liberal leader. She is fairly well pleased with the people and the country, though she dislikes iron beds and accuses American women of "worldiness and fashion." Did she intend this or mean "Worldliness?" There is another obvious error on page 205, where "presents" appears for "presidents." There is a chapter about Toronto and Montreal in which she pays tribute to Rev. Byron Stauffer, who died since hearing her address. She follows Samuel Butler in his judgment of Montreal. In Canada's "capital," a term which is apt to be misleading to neophytes like Margot, she recognized the tuft-hunting element, and conciliates everybody by complimenting both Meighen and King. The Premier, however, is "a man after her own heart; shrewd, straight, modest and cultured." She adds, "if he can make himself known to thinking men his administration ought to prove successful." There are two difficulties here. The thinking men may be the worse. Mrs. Asquith only found herself really at home when she met the only intelligent class of people in America—the newspaper men. She proves conclusively that the newspapers of this continent might be the fountains of all wisdom if they had another class of proprietors. "Journalism over here," she says, "is not only an obsession, but a drawback that cannot be over-estimated. . . . I would like to make it clear that it is not the reporters, but the owners of the papers that should be censured. With the exception of a few garrulous and gushing geese, who think it smart to ask pert and meaningless questions, the male reporters that I have met have not only been serious and intelligent, but men with whom I have discussed literature, politics and religion; but it would not pay their editors, I presume, to publish conversations of this character." She presumes aright. "If editors would only realize it, following public opinion instead of guiding it is ultimately dull and makes monotonous reading." She gives examples. "I sat down at once to talk to the reporters, among whom I observed one man of supreme intelligence. Caustic and bitter, he interrupted the females and asked to be allowed to return to us after dinner." She had previously met another paragon of the same profession in Pittsburgh, while the second was in St. Louis. They both deprecated the editors. Undoubtedly they meant the city editors. She concludes her reflections on this matter by saying, "It passes my comprehension to understand why those that I have met are content to write for papers that seldom print what is either informing or interesting. A. E. S. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE REINE PEDAQUE.

WHEN, in 1893, Anatole France produced his masterpiece, "At the Sign of the Reine Pedaque," he was in his forty-ninth year and at the flood-tide of his genius. He had had early training as a journalist, was for a time an attache of the library of the Senate, had won a wide circle of readers through his brilliant critical studies, "La Vie Litteraire," and by "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," crowned by the Academy, took rank among the greatest novelists of France.

The book under consideration added much to his reputation. It is in many ways his supreme effort. In the Abbe Jerome Coignard, Anatole France created an immortal character, who will undoubtedly have as permanent a place in literature as Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff. The adventures of Abbe Coignard detailed by his Boswell, Jacobus Tournebroche, make up almost the entire interest of the novel. The Abbe is introduced with the words: "Under his grey hair he looked in the prime of life and strength. His mouth laughed, his eyes sparkled. His rather heavy jowl and triple chin sloped with majesty on to his clerical bands, become, by sympathy, no doubt, as greasy as the neck which overhung them." Not a pretty picture! And yet that laughing mouth and those sparkling eyes inspire in the reader an affection for the old reprobate. "He drinks, he brawls, he cheats at cards; . . . he 'borrows' half a dozen bottles of wine from an inn, and runs away with his employer's diamonds," as Sir John Falstaff would have done, but his actions arouse no indignation, merely amusement. He is a strange combination, all flesh and all spirit; a man of vast capacity for worldly enjoyment, but at the same time a man of vast learning and spiritual insight. The reader soon realizes that the Abbe is but a strange instrument through which Anatole France studies the human heart and recreates the past. When the Abbe says: "What is a woman compared with an Alexandrine papyrus?" it is his creator who is speaking. The book amazes by its profound scholarship; Greek, Latin, Egyptian, and Patristic literature are familiar to the author. But scholarship flows naturally from the lips of his creation; it is never obtrusive. A brilliant imagination keeps the narrative from ever becoming pedantic. The Abbe's end was not unlike that of Falstaff. When death came to the old English roue he "babbled of green fields," the Twenty-third Psalm evidently haunting his dying moments; and when the Abbe was on his death-bed he warned his Boswell that: "The Kingdom of God lies not in words, but in virtue."—T. G. M.

At the Sign of the Reine Pedaque. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfred Jackson, with illustrations and decorations by Frank C. Pape, and an introduction by William J. Locke. London: John Lane, the Bodley Head, Limited. Toronto: Macmillans.

The Canadian Almanac. Edited by Arnold W. Thomas, Toronto: Copp Clark Co. $3.50.

One of the most valuable of annual volumes, "The Canadian Almanac," has come to be a national institution, this being the 66th yearly issue. With its data pertaining to commercial, governmental, financial, educational, ecclesiastical and other activities in Canada, it has a place at the desks of business and professional men and women, serving a good purpose indeed, as many a man knows who has occasion to want information on the spot regarding the Customs Tariff, which appears in full. Postal information is also fully set forth and there is a complete list of post offices and railroad stations in Canada. There are lists of barristers in Canada and of all banks and their branches. There is also a Canadian newspaper and periodical directory and nearly thirty pages with data about educational institutions. The book has 512 pages.

Tumbleweeds, Hal G. Evarts. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. $1.75.

Donald Carver, ranch foreman, is the hero of this tale, in the course of which from "a human tumbleweed" he is transformed into a leading spirit of the new era of law and order brought about mainly through the influence of Molly Lassiter, who woke within not only chivalry, but also the home instinct of the male.

The City of Peril, Arthur Stringer. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

A swift story is this, incredibly swift, with an inordinately wealthy young man as the central figure of the action, who, spurred to life by the mocking thrust of a girl, jumps into a mystery of the New York underworld involving machinations of the Reds and incidentally meets there a girl with brown eyes who is apparently involved in the network of the nefarious underground pursuits and practices of the enemies to society. How he wins out holds the reader's breathless interest, leaving no time whatever to pick flaws in the story which, unquestionably improbable and highly melodramatic, is nevertheless most engrossing, and that is its salvation. It does not pretend to be anything else than genuine entertainment.

The Gray Charteris. By Robert Simpson. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

Another adventure tale of the African swamps, with the central figure a man of mystery—a white man with silver locks and the face of a boy—a silent man who travels alone and who is in turn feared, worshipped, respected, distrusted, and withal untouched by love of woman—a character personifying wild adventure.

Alan Sullivan's "The Rapids" is being produced in the motion picture theatres.

Joseph Conrad is to visit America in April or May. His new novel, "The River," appears this spring.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views, Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker

Sir Henry Newbolt

An Interview

WHAT is a poet? The Oxford Dictionary says: "Writer of poems; writer of verse, especially one possessing high powers of imagination, expression, etc."

The Bible says: "Now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." To these I would add:

"A poet is one who translates the spirit of a nation into words and then transposes these words back into the nation so that they may bring forth actions"; which is offered as at least a partial definition of Sir Henry Newbolt, ergo, a definition of a Poet.

In "Vitai Lampada"—more easily recognized by its stirring refrain, "Play up! Play up! and Play the Game!" And in "Clifton Chapel" Sir Henry has translated the Spirit of the Public schools of England—the Spirit of the English nation in embryo—into words that will stand for generations as an epitome of Young England, a National Anthem of the British character at its finest.

. . . . . .

The river of Death has brimmed its banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
Play up! play up! and play the Game.'"

* * * * * *

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth—"

It is touched again, and emphasized in "The School at War," "Commemoration," and "The Best School of All," and finally perhaps in that silver line drawing, "He Fell Among Thieves."

Again he has caught and crystallized the Spirit of those older boys of a larger school, the seamen of the navy, in the ringing tales of tall ships and the men who manned them, "The Little Admiral," "Drake's Drum," "The Fighting Temeraire," "Admirals All," and many others; tales that only carry more conviction because of their swinging, swaying rhythms, where the lusty rhymes "beat to quarters" in a way that sets the heart astir. Here is the clean, gallant, romantic, pugnacious ideal of the true sailor set in lines as clean-cut and convincing, as full of nervous force, as the lines of a battleship.

Carried to its fullest expression, the outspoken faith of many a silent soul, it becomes the creed of many strong, simple men in "Admiral Death" and "Sacramentum Supremum."

And then you come on a verse like:

"Fainter than stars in a sky long grey with the coming of the day-break
Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown of warfare
And life of all its longings kept but one.

"O to be there for an hour when the shade draws in beside the hedgerows,
And falling apples wake the drowsy noon;
O for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human in the twilight,
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon."

Or again:—"like the laugh of one you love."—The Faun.

After these he has taken up the harder task of the poet, not merely to transfuse the words of this Spirit back into the hearts of the nation, but to cause it to be accepted by the Nation's intelligence so that it will bring forth deeds: to uplift the Spirit of the Nation by enlightened education.

"And what **is** Education?" asked the Inquiring Mind (always heretofore true to the definition. "Education is the development of the power to choose the best.")

Sir Henry gave that little, quick lift of the eyebrows and mouth that is his smile when he is being interviewed, and which makes the difference between H. N. making a speech to people and H. N. talking to a person.

"Education is any set of circumstances that makes a dress that fits. Such a quantity of so-called education isn't applicable to life! What would I advise teaching? Informative subjects. The English language. The English language."

He said it twice, from which I gathered that he did not mean **just** rules of grammar with the sentences housed in architectural structures that look like the family trees of the ape-men, and have no bearing on conversation and literature, but the English language as spoken and written by its greatest exponents, from the Venerable Bede right down to Walter Pater, and John Masefield, and H. G. Wells, and Michael Sadleir, and a great cloud of their contemporaries; also that he would have the acquaintance with literature so true a thing that the children would learn the clear thinking that is expressed in the clean-cut speech that comes to those who are intimate friends with a wide vocabulary.

I may not have grasped all that Sir Henry meant by that one short sentence, but even at that it shows what a man can do with three words when he is master of them!

Well then, the English language. And after that—

"Natural science, good literature, and the ordinary arts of life."

"But you **would** have good manners taught?"

"Good heavens, yes! One of the most important things in the world!" cried Sir Henry with a look that told me that he felt I had failed to master the rudiments of the English language if I did not understand that good manners were incorporated in the ordinary arts of life as yeast is incorporated in wholesome bread. Personally, I did understand that. Heartily. Thoroughly. But I did not think it would do any harm for this Silver Trumpet of the National Council of Education to give the fact forth in one clear note. Because, judging from workaday experience, good manners do not seem to be naturally incorporated into the curriculum of our Public schools in this country. They are so rare as to be conspicuous. When good manners make a child conspicuous in the educational factories of Canada, it gives one food for thought.

Continued Sir Henry:

"And, of course, I'd have French taught. Everybody should know at least two languages, and French is naturally the second language of the Canadians. There seems to be some fear of its interfering with English. I wonder why? After all, you only acquire understanding of a man when you can speak **his** language." A sentence that conveyed the impression that the man who desired to dominate could only do so with lasting effect by "understanding."

The majority of French-Canadians (certainly all those who consider themselves really educated) speak French and English. The majority of other Canadians do not.

Sir Henry did not say this. The last statement is original with me!

"Examinations?" he went on, rapidly; "they are not true tests. What one wants to find out by examination is not how much rote-knowledge can be given out in a certain time at a certain period, but what **the examined individual is fit for.** I know of only one examination that does this exactly. It is one conducted by the appointments depart-

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COLLECTED POEMS, Sir Henry Newbolt. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, 60c.

ment of the Colonial Office. They are constantly asked to pick out men, not for Canada or the Dominions, but for places where we **govern.** Sometimes they will have to find as many as eighty specially qualified men for entirely differing parts and posts, in a fortnight; for special jobs in special places—far-off alien places, among different peoples. First, these examiners make an exhaustive study of special recommendations, testimonials of character, etc. Then they have the men up. Talk to, and are talked to by them. In three years they have never misplaced a man."

I wanted to ask pertinent details about the education the examiners had received, but there was not time.

He touched on his books for younger children. The earlier part of the series: "The Book of the Blue Sea," "The Book of the Red Line," "The Long Trail." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"After a man is full grown his record belongs to the world. That is why I have tried to interest the children in the men of whom I have written by writing of them as children, so far as I could; the pursuits, the feelings, the ambitions and traditions of their childhood. Girls? They do not need the same education as boys. Because they are fitting for a different life-dress. Too many of them spend much time in studying subjects they do not need. Their right education matters so much more than that of the boys! For the boys can get through, if they do get knocked about a bit. It does not matter so acutely if they have to spend some time throwing useless cargo overboard. . . . But the girls! All they learn does matter so enormously. For it is the women, their morals, their standards, their beliefs, their tastes, their views of life, that really form the world. They mould the men, guide them in the way they go."

"In the way they **want** to go!" I threw in.

"No, no! Woman makes life livable, bearable, beautiful for man. She lets him lead when she is very young perhaps, when she wants to attract. Afterwards she doesn't need that. She knows well enough that she colours his views, sets his standards—"

Oh, Sir Henry!

—"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also to her husband, and he did eat with her."

Do you suppose for a moment that she risked Paradise for any other reason than because she thought she had found something "good, pleasant, and to be desired," that she thought would please her man?—K. K. B.

Michael Sadleir's "Desolate Splendour"

By Mazo de la Roche

AMONG the young writers of England there is no more brilliant and intriguing figure than that of Michael Sadleir. His graceful yet somewhat sinister personality stands out brightly against the post-war bleakness. Those who came under the spell of his first important novel, "Privilege," will not rest until they have acquired his new novel, "Desolate Splendour." Nor will they then rest. For it is a disturbing, hectic tale—flamboyant, he calls it in his dedication, full of subtle disquiet, and veiled horror that calls to mind in places Arthur Machen's "House of Souls."

Michael Sadleir is a master of striking first chapters. No one who read "Privilege" could forget the opening scene of the burial of Black Whern, the dripping skies, the sombre figures of his children with their strange destinies awaiting them. Impending tragedy hangs over them like a pall.

"Desolate Splendour" opens with a masterly description of the great house of Malvern, and of the deeds and misdeeds of the Pletherns, who for centuries had lived there. The author has the grand manner. His patricians are convincing even in their vice. Charles, the present owner, a middle-aged bachelor, is true to the traditions of the Pletherns, who had been in their times cavaliers, exiles, Jacobites. He, for all his apparent lightness, has one absorbing passion—that of increasing the greatness of Malvern. From time to time he adds some fields or a valley from a neighbouring farm or estate, but looks with peculiar covetousness upon the land of the Earl of Rockarvon, a traditional enemy of his house.

His twin brother, James—Puritan, Whig, Hanoverian—is the father of a daughter and a son, Christopher, the latter to inherit, he hopes, Charles' estate, which is not entailed. James is the favourite of the mother, who had never been able to forgive the trick played by her own pregnancy, which made Charles lord of Malvern.

The character of Mrs. Plethern is meticulously and wonderfully drawn, from the moment when she selects one gloomy tower of the great house as her isolated abode (to which she bade her cowed and bewildered husband, three years after they are formally united, for the real consummation of their marriage) to her tragic death. In all English fiction I know of no more repulsive character than that of this ghoulish old woman whose pastime is the collecting of salacious pictures and playing cards, with which she decorates the walls of her lonely tower.

Into this strange household comes Viola Marvell, an English girl, who happened to have been born in Canada because her father had left England under the shadow of an unfortunate marriage with an inn-keeper's daughter. He and Charles had been friends in Oxford days. He had saved Charles' life, and Charles had sworn that he would do anything in his power to repay the act. Thus his opportunity comes when Marvell, dying in Toronto, commends his orphan daughter to the care of his old friend. As the Pletherns are taking tea on the lawn Viola makes her first appearance, and Charles knows his ward for a beautiful girl that will be a handful indeed for a bachelor to chaperon. Viola is equally impressed with the gracious beauty of her new home.

"Is it really true?" she asked, almost pathetically.

"True, my dear? Is what true?"

"This lovely place, this old, old serenity. If you knew the rawness of it over there."

Thus poor Viola.

In his attempts to put Canadianisms (if such things there are) into the mouth of Viola, the author is not very successful. I think no Torontonian, living or dead, ever said that he "visited cousins 'way up country." Another thing I doubt is that Viola ever saw a stuffed Jesuit burned in a no-popery bonfire in Canada. Really it isn't done.

Happily, however, she is able very soon to forget, to drop like an old garment this rawness of Toronto. In a short time she has acquired the English grace and dignity which befit her position as Charles Plethern's ward. She acquires poise, and withal a certain conceit and snobbishness.

Indeed, the heroine in this transition period is not wholly attractive. She "gurgles" to her guardian, and he "purrs his proud joy in her." But matters improve. A trip to Paris and Rome broadens her outlook and impresses her at last with the insignificance of even so beautiful and alluring a creature as she. In Paris she meets Lord Rockarvon, a sickly, yet persistent roue, who, in a transport of desire, offers to Charles the coveted valley of Rockarvon in exchange for his lovely ward. Charles indignantly rejects the offer, but old Mrs. Plethern (who fears that Charles will marry the girl) and the Earl, becoming acquainted at the shop of a Jewish dealer in the monstrous trifles which they both collect, plots with him for the ruin of Viola. From this on the story moves with feverish, yet restrained, action to the final tragedy, the overthrow of the plotters and the splendour of the heroine's love rising triumphant from its desolation.

How much in earnest is Mr. Sadleir? Not altogether, one feels, when reading certain passages. But one is sure that he has hugely enjoyed himself, and he has given another of his brazenly beautiful romances to his ever-increasing public. And if the brilliant pattern in which his ideas are clothed sometimes becomes garish, we shall not captiously complain. "Desolate Splendour" is a flaming poppy, a flower of much captive beauty, and—some poison, too.

DESOLATE SPLENDOUR, Michael Sadleir. Toronto: Macmillan's.

Mr. Lloyd George

E. T. Raymond's Book

IT is said that in personal appearance Mr. Lloyd George is "a demi-god to the fourth or fifth button of his waistcoat, and below that of quite ordinary clay." It has been objected that Mr. Raymond, in his extraordinarily clever dissection of this unusual figure, unusual more because of the upper than the lower part, has not tried to enlarge the torso nor diminish the limbs. Mr. Raymond appears to have acted somewhat on the principle that inspired the editor of the first British daily paper, who presented the news without comment because he considered that "other people would have sense enough to make comments for themselves." It is hardly necessary to mention that this is no longer the guiding principle of our most successful editors, who would seem to have long outgrown this naive belief. The great mass of readers prefer to have at least the outline of their opinions sketched for them; an architectural plan on which to build. They can then take it or leave it. But they are not forced to work out the adjustment of the details for themselves.

The book is far from being a continuous eulogium. It is still less in any sense of the word a disparagement. And the concensus of Mr. Raymond's own opinion seems to be that if Mr. George is a demigod only to the fifth button of his waistcoat, other men's limbs "of quite ordinary clay" reach almost to their armpits.

Beginning with Mr. Lloyd George's birth and boyhood, Mr. Raymond notes the salient facts that have gone to the development of his character and his place in the world.

"A Welshman born outside the English tradition, he was never really the child of the people" in the sense of belonging by birth to the servile or abject poor—but essentially a product of the middle classes, the order which of all others offers the largest freedom and widest choice of self-development."

Tracing Lloyd George's early days, he shows the influence of the surroundings and events of his boyhood, on his later character. His leadership of the school strike, a revolt of the Non-conformist boys against the Established Church teaching on creed and catechism day early "displayed the fierce resentment which coloured his political youth and determined the manner of his entry into the House of Commons. His other passion, a hatred of Landlordism, was no doubt nourished by his boyish collisions with keepers and other agents of the dominant caste, perhaps by physical attentions from some angry squire in person." Practical experience taught him more practical economy than many lectures might have done. He early learned the "dreadful importance" and "pitiful impotence" of wealth. The fact that he and his brother were the only boys in Llanystumdwy who wore knickerbockers, distinguished them from the "genuinely 'common' children." Perhaps the results of this distinction had something to do with Mr. George's ability in after-life to realize that if knickerbockers command respect, it is just as well to take them a little seriously! He had no inborn passion for wearing them, but he was fully alive to their value.

Though there was no question of the possibility of giving David a "formal education" in the English Public school sense of the word, there was equally no question of his adopting any manual trade. But it was not only because it was a respectable calling, but partly because both David and his mother actually believed that it would give him large opportunities for unselfish service to the oppressed, that he entered the law. The obstacles in the way were money and education. Both were overcome by the generosity and "high emprise" of his uncle, Richard Lloyd, who to this purpose devoted all the small savings of a painful thrift, and, French being compulsory, but an unknown tongue in the little Welsh village, set himself and his nephew to the study of the language, by what must have been almost entirely phonetic methods. The results were sufficient to pass the lad with the examiners; but, although Mr. George reads French easily, he neither talks nor apprehends it fluently as a spoken language. Mr. Raymond remarks that had he been able to do so, the history of peace and war might have been considerably modified; that had he had three years at Oxford, his influence at the Peace Table would have been somewhat altered. In fine, had Mr. George been a different character, there would have been different reactions!

At a little over sixteen, he was articled to the junior partner of a "considerable firm" at Portmadoc. At seventeen he was a man. At 21 he was formally admitted as a solicitor. At 24 he married. At 27 he had finally emerged from local to National politics and been elected to the House of Commons. The ten years had been ten years of bitter struggle and from that day forward, for many years, he carried on a triple battle, the battle for a firm hold on Wales, the battle for recognition in the House of Commons and the battle for bread.

Upon this latter point, the Author has some trenchant remarks, to which attention is specially recommended (pages 44 and 45).

From this time onward, Mr. George's character and career are illumined by a series of chapters on some of the great events in English political and national life, during the past thirty years.

His position, during and after the Boer War; his stand on education and religion; his position in the Cabinet; his introduction of the People's Budget, his unparalleled dominance of the situation, the Public and the Imagination during the Great War and the lesser Peace with the changes that came from what appears to have been an unappreciated exhaustion of the Public Mind, are vividly and convincingly portrayed, with a precision that may sympathize, but never falters. In the dissection of this unique figure of demi-god and human, Mr. Raymond may admire, regret, or even scorn, some of the integral parts. But he is essentially the surgeon performing a magnificent operation on a beautiful case with a steady hand.

Lesser surgeons, upset by the personality of the patient, might refuse to undertake the operation, kill the patient by a well-meant over dose of anesthetic, or be too greatly influenced by his charm, his temper, or his whims. But withal, Mr. Raymond has the sympathy that comes from a very true comprehension. And he unequivocally places Lloyd George as the man who obtained unified command, in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, when that alone could win the war; as the only man who could have obtained this and therefore the man who achieved Victory. He is less patient than Mr. George making peace!

The book will never be a best seller among those who want their thinking done for them. But it presents an immensely interesting array of characters and facts and a lucid clarification of episodes, situations and epochs to the mind capable of constructive thinking and the formation of personal opinion. Thus it makes a subtle flattering appeal to all those who think they think! Its ironic humor is extremely stimulating.

When the immense emotions Mr George has experienced, caused, and created, are taken into account, this balanced appraisement of his character and its effect on his own times is surely a masterly achievement.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, By E. T. Raymond. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. $4.00.

Druida, John T. Frederick. The Macmillans in Canada. $2.50.

Druida is the story of a girl's life from her birth as a love child on a prairie farm in the Western States through her experiences in a small prairie town—a Gopher Prairie, possibly; her education at the Normal School to her return to the land again. It is an absorbing and well-written book, and for a first novel introduces a talent from which a great deal should be heard. The locale and incidents are exactly the same as those which find their way into most Canadian novels of the land, but when one compares them with the sharp truth, the accurate observation and the simple, direct prose of Druida one blushes at their lack of these essential qualities. Mr. Frederick's is not an epic, but it is a very good novel. It is done with the sureness of a good craftsman, whose mind can register accurately the facts of life about him. It is a sincere and able piece of work, one more addition to the rapidly accumulating record of the cruelty, the ignorance and the shallow intolerance of those who live in the great open spaces.—M. D.

Elizabeth Again

The Enchanted April

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has written another delightfully light and happy book. It is the story of four Englishwomen who escape, for different reasons, to a chateau in Italy for a month—an enchanted April. One of them, the originator of the scheme, finds an advertisement in that bulwark of English fiction, "The Times," which sets forth the advantages of a furnished and staffed chateau in Italy—at an absurdly low figure. She desires to escape from a husband she isn't very much in love with, and finds, as her first companion, a social service worker who has taken to service to forget her love for a husband whose interest in her has reached zero.

The two other characters are a young and beautiful Englishwoman who wishes to escape from the horde of suitors who are following her, and an elderly lady who lives in the memories of a Victorian literary past. The character drawing of the four women, totally different and yet fundamentally the same, is done in a very charming and brilliant way as is, in fact, everything connected with the book. The author's sense of the ridiculous and her highly sophisticated though kindly running fire of satirical comment gives one a warm and pleasurable glow when reading the book.

It is a story one wishes one might have been an actor in oneself. The characters are so real and so whimsically humorous, so thoroughly enjoyable. The atmosphere of the Italian spring with its orgy of beautiful bloom and sunshine and perfume, is drawn most cleverly. There is an outstanding piece of description where the first two women arrive at the little Italian railroad station late at night and drive to the chateau through a warm, gentle spring rain. It is the gentlest, the warmest, and the most pleasant rain ever captured within the covers of a book. An enjoyable rain, and in retrospect one imagines having taken the same walk oneself, with the collar of one's coat turned well up.

The blaze of daffodils which greets Caroline the next morning captures the happier mood of the story and the one which is held to the end. There are a number of pieces of arrant sentimentalism in the book, but "Elizabeth" tempers the treacle of her characters so nicely with the salt of her own comments that one enjoys them where ordinarily they might be boring. The concluding pages of "The Enchanted April" trail off rather weakly, but it is hard to see how that could be avoided. The opportunity for a sequel is very evident and if a subsequent book should appear, written with the same sureness and easy charm, it will find an eager public waiting for it.

It may be that her metier is in this particular type of light fiction, but one wishes "Elizabeth" would turn her hand to a study of English social conditions. One feels a brilliant and observant mind back of "The Enchanted April," and wonders just how penetrating it would prove when engaged with a weightier problem.—M. D.

The Enchanted April, by Elizabeth. S. B. Gundy, Toronto, $1.90.

Two Competitions

"Public Opinion"—"Heroic Canadians"

BEGINNING with the April number "Canadian Bookman" will carry two prize competitions, the first a "Public Opinion" review for everybody, the second a "Heroic Canadian" essay competition for boys and girls under seventeen. Three prizes will be awarded in each competition.

The novel selected for the first Public Opinion review is "The Proud Lady," by Neith Boyce (Macmillan's, Toronto.) The three prizes offered in this contest are "Desolate Splendor," by Michael Sadleir; "Possession," by Mazo de la Roche, and "Where the Buffalo Roamed," by E. L. Marsh.

Mr. Fred Jacobs, literary and dramatic critic of the Toronto "Mail and Empire," has kindly consented to act as Judge for the first competition.

Rules for Contestants.

Reviews not to exceed 600 words.

To be written or typed on one side of the paper only.

Names and addresses of contestants must be clearly written on a separate piece of paper, and attached (clipped or pinned) to the Review, as the manuscripts will be numbered and sent to the Judge without names.

Mss. should be addressed to Kathleen K. Bowker, for **"Canadian Bookman,"** 140 Rosewell Ave., Toronto. The competition closes on April 15th. The Winning Review (first prize) will appear in the May number, side by side with the "Bookman's" own review of the same book.

As contributions to this contest cannot be returned, competitors should keep copies of their reviews if they wish to preserve them.

The competition is not open to any member of the "Bookman's" staff.

"Heroic Canadians"

is a contest for Boys and Girls under 17 years of age. The character chosen for the first of these competitions is the French-Canadian heroine, Madeleine de Vercheres, whose stirring and touching story has been so dramatically told in the gallant verses by Dr. Henry Drummond. The Librarian of the Children's Branch of the Public Library, Toronto, has kindly provided the following references, all of which may be found in books at the Boys and Girls House at the Public Library, St. George St., Toronto, and in Public Libraries in many other towns:

Marshall, H. E., "Canada's Story." Thos. Nelson and Sons, Toronto.

Herrington, W. S., "Heroines of Canadian History." Ryerson Press, Toronto.

Hendrie, Lillian M., "Junior History of Canada." Educational Book Co., Toronto.

MacPherson, Katherine L. Scenic Sieges and Battlefields of French Canada. Valentine and Sons., Montreal.

Willson, Beckles, Canada. (Romance of Empire series.) Thos. Nelson and Sons, Toronto. (The story is very briefly told here, taking only about one page.)

The Children's Librarian of the Toronto Public Library is interested in this effort to stimulate further interest in Canadian History, and has kindly promised to speak of the Children's Competition through the Librarians of their various branches. We hope that other Librarians in other towns will be willing to extend the same kind co-operation in this matter.

Rules for contestants are the same as those in the other Competition. The closing date is the same and the Essay winning First Prize will appear in the May number of the **Bookman.**

Prizes are:

First—"The Book of the Grenvilles," by Henry Newbolt.

Second—"The Book of the Long Trail," by Henry Newbolt.

Third—"The Book of Good Hunting," by Henry Newbolt.

Miss Lilian Smith, Librarian of the Boys' and Girls' House, has kindly consented to act as Judge on this occasion.

COME ON, BOYS AND GIRLS!

What Makes a Best Seller?

About Zane Grey

Why do certain people like certain Books?

What makes a Best Seller?

Fruitful questions, at whose roots it is always interesting to dig.

"What do YOU like best to read?" I asked a rather haggard looking man to whom I had brought a brass candlestick to be mended, and a silver dish to be replated. We had travelled from business to pleasure during the transaction.

His rather dingy "shop" was suggestive of some corner of the Spanish Inquisition, only used when the best Torture Chambers were overcrowded. There were long vats of dark liquid, steaming apparently of their own volition, and giving off an acrid odor. Here and there lay heaps of twisted metals, like remnants of old racks. The full light of day never lit up the place, shadowed as it was by two high buildings. The windows were incredibly dusty and cracked for a place that was really doing a steady business. And the owner of it, with metallic colored sallow face, hollow cheeks, and hair dank and unkempt from the steam, seemed to fit the morbid flight of imagination.

But at the direct question, his face lit up.

"Oh, I read a lot. Nothing rests me like a good book—takes you sort of out—of yourself it does, if you get the right kind. I like a story that takes me right away from things I've known, into places I never go, among people I'll never meet. I like 'Western' stories" (he had always lived in a small Ontario town). "I like nothing better than a book by Zane Grey."

And in that, I think, he voiced the reason for the hundreds of thousands of readers, who are ardent admirers of this prolific writer.

In his latest book, "Wanderer of the Wasteland," Mr. Grey introduces us to people we will never meet, in places we will never visit; partly because the story begins in '78 and ends about '93, and partly, well, we all know how things have changed in the West since that time!

Adam Larey, a lad of eighteen, with the potential powers of a great man mentally and physically, quarrels with his brother over a little "greaser" girl with the temperament and beauty of a young panther, and the morals of a rabbit. He shoots his brother, and wounds the Sheriff, and, pursued by a posse, makes his get-away by almost superhuman efforts only to come to the verge of thirst-madness in the Desert. Rescued by Dismukes, a singular prospector, he later, by an accident, loses the burro and outfit with which this broad-minded-and-shouldered stranger had provided him. Again for days he dallies with Death by starvation, and is saved by Indians, who accept him as a superior Brother. Parting from them because he cannot accept the love offered him by the Chief's daughter, for fourteen years he wanders through the Wastelands, building up an extraordinary reputation for himself as "Wansfell the Wanderer" by his prodigious strength, his indifference to wealth, and his aloofness from personal relations to women, though he is the champion of them all. Not that very many come into his life, but those who do, one and all, good and bad, succumb to his gentle ironclad charm. He is a bit of Knight Errantry with a Stetson instead of a steel cap; the terror of evil-doers, yet haunted forever by abiding memory of his own sin.

JEAN McILWRAITH

Who won a $500 prize with her new juvenile story, "The Little Admiral"

The Adventure of Death Valley—the Adventure with the Claim-Jumpers—the Adventure with the Orphan Child—each one contains material sufficient to make an ordinary book. And many an episode in Adam's life is merely indicated which Mr. Grey may yet develop into a soul-stirring novel.

The readers who do not find this type of book to their taste may scoff because, during the first 150 pages, the Hero, when not "sweating" from gigantic labors, is "thrilling" from gigantic thoughts. It suggests Hercules in an attack of "flu." Such readers may also find it difficult to reconcile the idea of Magdalene Virey, the Heroine of Death Valley, who had risked her life across almost inaccessible places, lived for months in a wretched dirty shack with a mad husband, yet could not accomplish the simplest household labors, appearing in garments of shining white, or mystic grey, that fell about her, in these trying circumstances, in soft, alluring folds! But the scoffers must also remember that in spite of these stage effects, Mr. Grey has really presented a great deal, i.e., a Strong Man's Search for his own Soul. Because it is never fair to forestall a story, I shall leave it to the thousands of ardent admirers aforesaid to discover how he did it. And the disinterested minority won't care to know.

Wanderer of the Wasteland. By Zane Grey. Hodder & Stoughton Limited. $2.00.

For Boys and Girls

Wonderful books for boys, and for girls, too, for that matter, are Sir Henry Newbolt's series:

"The Book of the Blue Sea" (all about sailors and the ships in which they go down to the sea).

"The Book of the Thin Red Line" (all about soldiers and fighting).

"The Book of the Long Trail" (all about explorers and travellers).

"The Book of Good Hunting" (all about Lions, Tigers, Elephants, Deer, Foxes, and Fishing!).

The books are written with a striking verisimilitude that can only be the result of actual experience, or that close study combined with the power of visualization, that makes knowledge.

In these books Sir Henry carries out his educational doctrine of getting the children acquainted with all those things pertaining to the Art of Living. They are stirring stories told in language so direct that at first one hardly appreciates to the full the fine use the author makes of the English language. It seems, as indeed it is, the natural way to express it; at the moment the only way in which the story could be told! Which is a very fine test for writers! An intelligent child of 7 or 8 is not too young to be introduced to these books, and will enjoy them while assimilating many of their lessons and high ideals.

A story intended for young people of more mature years is "The Book of the Grenvilles," the tale of three English schoolboys 15, 16, and 19 respectively, who, with the help of a delightful older friend, learned how to "escape the bounds of Time" and dive into the past, becoming living actors in scenes and emotions of past days, completely merging their modern memories and identity for the time being, but recollecting their experiences on their return from these curious excursions.

The story of the Grenville family, from the older days to its magnificent representation in the Great War, is an heroic story to stir the blood and make the heart beat high. Here is History made human, made ours, made "a dream come true" in a singularly arresting fashion. "For older boys and girls," said Sir Henry. But a boy of nine is enthralled with the book.

All are published by Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. All are well illustrated. All are priced at $2.50 each. All are delightful to read aloud, a Godsend to the Declamatory Parent.

Some of the New Books

Brief Reviews

The Isle of Retribution, Edison Marshall. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

A tale of romantic and tensely thrilling adventure in the Far North, where the hero gets a new viewpoint in life, clearing his brain and ridding himself of undue obesity. The hero does not at first seem to be the right sort of man to win any sort of a struggle with men, beasts and nature, but eventually his father's fibre of character asserts itself. There is a love interest provided by the fundamental differences in character of the two young women who figure significantly in the young man's life Not the least element of interest is that provided by the colorful descriptions of Arctic life and natural phenomena. Like this author's other novels, it reveals his sympathic feeling with earth's wild spaces.

"Common Sense Golf." By W. J. (Bill) Thompson. Toronto: Thos. Allen. $1.50.

This is a valuable contribution to the literature of Golf. The author is an outstanding player. Last year Mr. Thompson was semi-finalist in the amatuer championship, and also won the qualifying medal. As medalist Mr. Thompson has been very successful, being considered by many the finest medal player of Canada. Mr. Thompson is a keen student of the game, as his book clearly indicates. He is one of five brothers, all Canadians, who are known internationally in Golf, Nicol being the professional golf champion of 1922; Frank, amateur champion of 1921; Stanley, the well-known golf architect and contractor, as well as player of repute; and Matt, an outstanding golfer of Winnipeg.

Wings of the Spirit. By Evelyn L. Weller. $2.00. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton Limited.

Mrs. Weller is one of our Canadian writers, who has set the chief scenes of her story in Ontario and British Columbia. She has a sincere appreciation of Nature's magnificence and its influence on imagination and character. This is closely entwined with the unusual plot of this story of fine friends and spiritual love. The book has already gone to the second edition.

His Children's Children. By Arthur Train. Price, $2.00. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

A first class story of modern life in New York; Life, Love, and Big Business. The author has the happy knack of resisting the desire to reiterate in so many words that his lovely heroine, Diana, was pure gold throughout, in spite of being consistently unconventional; that the detached Devereaux was like the G string of a violin; that Maitland was entirely worthy of Diana. Instead, he makes these things felt, always a delicate compliment to the reader's intelligence. In some ways it presents a frightful picture of up to date "Society" in New York. There is a gleam of hope, of cleanliness, of sanity, running through the book, whose only really cruel touch—stark actuality—is in the tragedy of Nigel Craig and Lady Harrowdale. Their story is unfinished, purposely, it is hoped, so that it may be resumed later. Mr. Train, by the way, deserted an eminent position in New York law for literature.

The Globe Trotter. By H. I. Phillips. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.50.

Some people pay for their fun. Others, more fortunate, get paid for it.

How clever it is to be clever
  At so much a line ev'ry day.
But sometimes I wonder if ever
  The man who is funny that way
Would continue to grind out his humor
  When, at times, he had nothing to say,
Or would cut it right out (like a tumor!)
  Unless he got regular pay.

So There! By F. P. A. Franklin P. Adams. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.50.

"Colyum" stuff, and some more, much of it reprinted from the "New York World," "Tribune," and "Harper's Magazine." Contains some of the most delightful bits of fooling, some of the neatest expressions of philosophy and some of the cleverest rhymes (as rhymes) that have appeared since C. S. Calverley's delightful little volumes of verse made friends for themselves wherever they went. Mr. Adams himself pays tribute to that exampler. He can afford to do so. Don't forget this delightful little book at Christmas or other times, when you want to say a really kind word to an appreciative friend.

The Bridal Wreath. By Sigrid Undset. Toronto: Macmillan's. $2.50.

This is a translation from the Norwegian by C. Archer and J. S. Scott. It is a tale of medieval Norway, tracing the life of Kristin Lauransdatter from her happy childhood to her passionate, wilful romance, culminating in marriage. It is interesting also for its historical picture of the period without undue display by the author of intimate knowledge of the past.

The portrayal of mediaeval manners and customs is most entertaining, and the lore of Norse legend is threaded through the story.

The Step on the Stairs. By Anna Katherine Green. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

Two cousins with the same name —a lovely lady—an immense fortune—a mystery house haunted by a "presence"—a hidden will—and a phial of poison —— all mixed together by the practical hand of this popular writer of "Thrills"—well! "abandon Sleep, all Ye who enter here!"

The Code of the Karstens. By Henry Walsworth Kinney. $2.00. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton Limited.

A very clever study of a decadent, a telling comparison of the youth of the Old World and the New, a cameo picture of a teacher and a terrible warning to those who find temptation in The Wiles of Women.

Written with such understanding, both of human nature and the use of incisive diction, that the author must have felt it would leave the majority of readers "outside." No place for readers to be, if a business man can get them in!

So he gave the book a title with real advertising value, emphasizing it in the still more alluring sub-title. And then, whenever a lady was in question, he splashed the pages with physical description of the lurid sort —"warm lips"—swelling bosom—wet kisses," etc., ad nauseam—the cheap pepper that will surely cause it to be labelled "hot stuff" on the literary menus.

The final effect is that of a steel engraving, finely executed, picturing a great human incident on which some advertiser had splashed poster colors here and there, to catch the least observant eye. A financial success, but an artistic mistake.

Beautiful Flowers, and How to Grow Them. By Horace J. Wright and Walter P. Wright. Illustrated with 33 plates in full color, from paintings and numerous small drawings and diagrams, in black and white. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons. $3.00.

Just as every garden should combine use and beauty, so every gardening book should contain certain practical instructions, and easily understood diagrams and descriptions, with sufficient imagery of words and pictures to stir ambition, and capture the imagination. Both these objects have been attained in this large and lovely book, from its artistic cover design of conventional daffodils to the last neatly-dissected diagram of a cactus. The colour plates are exquisite things, some of individual flowers, others of gardens in bloom, or bits of those herbaceous borders for which England is famous. The technical part, which is in fact the main part of the book, is clear, direct, and written with taste and discretion, with charming bits of writing introduced here and there. It will be a very pleasant help in summer, and a colourful joy by the winter fireside, when you relieve old triumphs and plan new pleasures. For "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!" as Thomas Brown so feelingly exclaims in his beloved little poem.

"And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, when it comes and goes, like the warbling of music; than in the hand; there is nothing more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that perfume the air," writes old Francis Bacon.

Monthly Record of New Books

Published in Canada

FICTION.

Alcatraz, Max Brand (R.P.), $2.00.
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The Story of Mankind: Hendrik William Van Loon. Toronto, Macmillans (second edition).

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Ponjola. By Cynthia Stockley. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.00.

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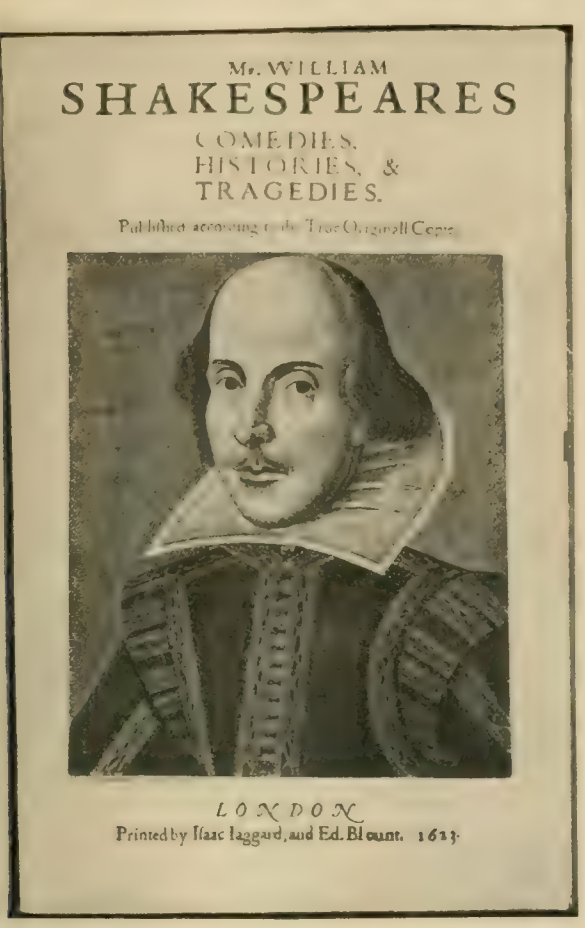
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FROM BEYOND THE PALE.

LIKE a voice crying in the wilderness there comes out of the State Prison at Baltimore, Md., a plea expressed in a letter published in the Literary Review of the New York "Post." It is from a convict who signs himself "Corpus Sine Animo." He begins his letter by expressing a fear that it might be considered an impertinence for a convict even to think, much less ask questions. "Legally we are supposed to be dead; yet, perhaps, in the way the tail continues to wiggle after the snake is killed, our brains continue to function after a fashion. And even here in the Maryland hoosegow we have heard something of the row over the young intellectuals and the new fiction. After telling of reading a number of these new books, he asks: "Why do they keep us locked up when the people who write these things wander about loose? It seems to us that they are just like young minds have always been—immature, larval, deadly serious over nothing, and sadly lacking in humor. Youth has always prated tragically about life and its realities—has always assumed a melodramatic pose of disillusionment. Are these young people different? While a few of them may turn into things like Frank Harris, will not most of them grow out of their agony and become normal beings? Why, then, take their groanings so to heart—do they know anything about life that we older ones have not discovered long ago? We in here don't think so; we believe they have not yet even begun to live. Let them go through hell and blood, like some of us fellows, and they will find out what piffle they have been writing.

But what is the matter with so many of our elder novelists? Ben Hecht, of course, and Mencken, and their like, write to show how smart they are. Why do so many others who could do better apparently try to imitate them, or, rather, to imitate the same people they imitate? And the strange thing is, all of them seem to be trying to do the same thing in the same way—and that not worth the trouble. Sex, disillusionment, futility—isn't there any other theme? And why have sentiment, kindliness, beauty, even simple truth and honor, become things reprehensible if taken seriously? Again let these writers have a taste of the medicine we have swallowed, and all at once these despised sentiments and virtues will loom as the finest things in the world."

Among other questions, he asks: "Why, after 'Spoon River,' did Edgar Masters have to write that bummest novel of a bum era, 'Children of the Market Place?' Why, oh why, did Sherwood Anderson, after his 'Winesburg,' have to do that detestable thing now running in The Dial?

"Why are they all trying to do unnatural things because some great Russian or Frenchman found them first? And why, oh why, are there so many Lewises and Waldo Franks, and so few Hergesheimers—so many imitations of Dostoievsky, without Dostoievsky's genius or his excuse, and so few perfectly wrought 'Maria Chapdelaines'?"

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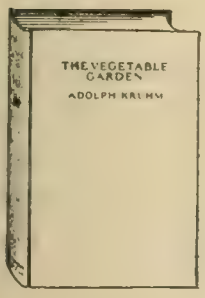

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37 Tribute to Our Honored Dead.
38 Address of Mayor at Close of His Term.
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88 Resolved, That We Should have a Minimum Wage Established by Law.
89 Resolved, That the Labor Unions, As They Now Exist, Are on the Whole Beneficial to the American People.
90 Resolved, That the Policy of Collective Bargaining Through Trade Unions, Should Prevail in the United States. (Neg.).
91 Resolved, That Environment Has a Greater Influence on Character Than Heredity.
92 Resolved, That Education is more Advantageous to a Person Than Wealth.
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94 Resolved, That the Government Should Regulate the Price of Food and Fuel in times of Peace.
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Vol. V
No. 4

TORONTO, APRIL, 1923

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The Canadian BOOKMAN

A Monthly Journal Devoted to
Literature and the Creative Arts

In This Issue

Canadian Literature and the Lower Criticism.
Idealism in Canada.
The Value of the Critic.
Self-Revelation in Literature.
Robert Stead—An Interview.
What IS the Story of Mankind?
Emile Coué in America.
Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life.
How Do You Think?
Honors for the Quick and the Dead.
News of the Canadian Authors Association.
The Books of the Month.

Published by
THE BOOKCRAFT PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
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TORONTO - - CANADA

Inside Stuff . . .

The Past . . .

The recent issues of "Candian Bookman" have brought some very flattering comments—and a great number of contributions. We hope to make the "Bookman" a journal of vigorous, definite opinion, with destructive criticism where destruction is necessary to tear away accumulated moss, reflecting a positive belief in the possibilities of a creative art reflecting the Canadian environment.

Articles should be short—1,000 words at the most—they must be positive and concerned with some phase of native expression.

"My congratulations on your January number," was the way a number of messages began, including one from Dr. Locke, chief librarian of the Toronto Public Library.

"The February issue shows distinct improvement over many of the issues of last year. There is much more reading matter and the articles are bright."—Toronto Saturday Night.

Clare Shipman, of St. Paul, Minn., wrote on March 23rd: "You seem to be sincere in trying to bring Canadian literature to a level where virile writing and good judgment show a nice sense of balance."

The Present . .

T. M. Vesey is a free lance journalist in Ottawa. He contributes to the pages of book and dramatic criticism in the Ottawa "Citizen." His leading article in this issue on Canadian literature reflects the growing demands of the younger Canadian for courage and honesty in discussing native work.

Our younger writers are growing articulate in their disgust at things as they are. . . . Observe. in the centre of this page, the surprise with which Raymond Knister welcomes the March "Bookman." "Surely this is not Canada" is a true reflection on the innocuous vacuity of most Canadian appreciation or criticism. . . . A condition which the "Bookman" is doing its best to alter by serving as a "Journal of opinion."

CAN THIS BE CANADA?

"I HAVE finished reading the March "Bookman" with a feeling of astonishment almost verging on bewilderment. Surely this is not Canada! One had hoped for something of this sort in the dim future, but to have it come so suddenly, with only two earlier issues as a warning—it seems a little too good to be true.

I hope you and your confreres will continue to say what you think about the arts for a long time to come. . . . It is gratifying to observe a total lack of finicking constraint common in the creative artist when he begins to speak of artists of his own art."

RAYMOND KNISTER.

Blenheim, March 21st.

Read "Idealism" in Canada. A cynic might draw some unfortunate conclusions from Irish idealism, perhaps, but F. B. H. is right in his claim that this country awaits an idealism that must be born of her artists.

Bess Housser's short article on "The Value of the Critic" we think is very fine . . . a penetrating view of the true purposes of the critic . . . who is often a thwarted dweller in a half world, but of his own choosing. "Self Revelation in Literature," by Mary Kinley Ingraham, considers the literature in its most fundamental aspect—a means of self-expression.

* *
*

Among the good things which Kathleen K. Bowker has in her regular department this month is an interview with Robert Stead, who, by the way, is being prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency of the Canadian Authors Association for the coming year. . . . The Story of Mankind, a clever rhymed vers libre review of Hendrick Van Loon's book. Reviews of "Black Oxen" and "The Mind in the Making," "Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life," Emile Coué's "My Method," with a side light on his American visit, and many shorter reviews. . . . The "Bookman's competition and other contests now running. . . . Birthday honors.

The Future . . .

In the May issue there will be articles by Merrill Denison, T. G. Marquis, J. E. Middleton, A. E. S. Smythe and other contributors. The articles will include another of the series dealing with the outstanding little theatre groups, Walt Whitman and Maurice Buell . . . reviews of current books, including Upton Sinclair's startling "Goose Step"—and, **whisper,** an exposé of Elinor Glyn by the Cave Woman.

* *
*

Among books for writers there is a recent volume that deals with the business end of writing—what a writer should get for his work and how to get it. Some of the chapter headings are:

Approaching the Modern Editor, Approaching the Modern Publisher, Field of the Literary Agent, Seeing a Book Through the Press, Publishing Your Own Book, Marketing and Publishing Plays, Contracts and Royalties, Questions of Copyright, Photoplay Writing and Market, Limitations of the Syndicate Field.

The title of this book is "THE BUSINESS OF WRITING," by Robt. Cortes Holliday and Alexander Van Rensselaer. The publisher's price is $2.00. For that price we will send this book, postpaid, to any of our present subscribers, including all members of the Canadian Authors Association, together with the privilege of nominating a new subscriber for "The Canadian Bookman," without extra charge, "The Canadian Bookman" to suitably inform the person who is to receive the journal.

The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Monthly Devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book

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Canadian Literature and the Lower Criticism

By T. M. Vesey.

IF Canadian literature—which it must be confessed at present resembles the cuckoo in being more heard of than seen—is ever to find itself in a position to take out its naturalization papers, it must reject the lure of the dual allegiance—i. e., to art and to commerce. It will be remembered that Jekyll in the end was compelled to suffer for the sins of Hyde. The analogy might at first sight seem uncomplimentary to the publishers, but on examination this will be found to be merely a case of seeming. They are entitled to believe that their success will be in proportion to the acumen displayed by their forecasting branches in deciding what the public wants; and until they uncover the fallacy underlying the policy they cannot justly be censured for declining to head in the direction in which they think insolvency must lie. The author, on the contrary, has no right to be concerned at all with commercial vindication, or even to look for moral support to the adage that the laborer is worthy of his hire. There is already an adequate number of journeymen writers who are working for hire and receiving it—a fact which renders any aesthetic querulousness from them somewhat inconsistent.

In Canada, as elsewhere, the development of a distinctive and identifiable national literature can take place only through three agencies: the actual producers, who must furnish the native genius; the intermediaries, meaning the publishers and booksellers, who should apply the methods of commerce as artistically as they are able to; and the reading public, without whose appreciation nothing will come to fruition. Each pairing of these factors can only be effectively brought about by a perfect cultural liaison. The substitution, for this natural process of civilization, of the **modus operandi** of the advertising expert will result merely in a synthetic literature, by stimulating the manufacture and sale of books. This can, of course, for categorical purposes, be called a national literature; but calling it one will not make it one.

It might not be irrelevant to recount here the substance of a conversation that is said to have once taken place between the two Sheridans, father and son. The boy mentioned casually that he had received an invitation to go down a coal mine, whereat the elder asked his son why he wanted to go. "Oh, I don't know," was the careless reply. "I suppose it is just because I can say I have been down a coal mine." "Well," rejoined his father, "can you not say that, in any case?"

The lesson of the two preceding paragraphs is precisely the same as that taught, as a basic principle, by the schools of publicity, viz.: that the advertising must be backed by the goods. It is not enough merely to say you have the goods.

Some Canadian publishers, though not necessarily the most blameworthy for it, have undeniably been a retarding influence—and with them must be counted a few of the magazine editors, who really are the most culpable. They are chronic sufferers from the illusion that the public is given what it likes to read. Not many of them yet seem to have considered the alternative and far more tenable hypothesis that the public—voracious always for things to read—is practically forced by this gigantic egotism to tolerate what it is given. The O. Henry editor who distributed manuscripts to janitors and servant girls had a system at least as good as that at present in operation in some editorial offices in Canada. This editorial obsession of the "finger on the public pulse" is, of course, one of the manifestations of a commercial arrogance that is characteristic not only of Canada, but of the entire North American continent. But we are dealing with the former, and so far as it is concerned, this presumptuous and quite ill-founded belief on the part of a number of publishers and editors that they actually know what the public wants is playing a not unimportant role is damming up whatever springs of genuine literary expression might otherwise flow. Persistence in the policy has, naturally, the tendency to bring about the very condition of taste which is primarily assumed on no evidence at all. That the publishers are not infallible as entrepreneurs is indicated by the fact that they not infrequently have to resort to guessing at public taste, and are not seldom wrong. There is, in fact, no more justification for the belief that the public gets the sort of literature it wants than that it gets the kind of government it deserves. In both cases the thing is largely arranged by ineffectual methods and the people are often victimized.

The prepossessions of the publishers have their direct effect upon the output of the writers. Self-respecting authors have no right to go about with one ear to the ground and one eye on the mural caligraphy; but some of them do it—and presumably replenish their stock of self-respect through channels not readily apparent. They are Canadian authors who have, in an artistic sense, lost their bearings. After setting out honestly and bravely

in quest of a literary expression of the Canadian spirit and consciousness, they have diverged to go on the trail of the Best Seller. Is it to be marvelled at that they have not yet brought up anywhere at all? One reason is that the constituents of a best-seller are not susceptible to correct analysis, nor has any writer known to fame, or even who has achieved notoriety, been able to take certain elements of style and plot construction and fuse or compound them together with the sure foreknowledge that the resultant combination will be a best-seller. One author, after conferring with his publisher, decides perhaps that what the public wants is a novel that combines love interest with adventure, in the proportions of twice as much of the former as of the latter. So he proceeds to get L_2A with as much care as though he were mixing gunpowder; but, unlike correctly mixed gunpowder, it fails to go off. He decides then, possibly, that he was one ingredient short—the mystery element, say; so he sets to work again, with the literary pestle and mortar, and in due course concocts L_4A_2M. Squib again!

This method, persisted in, might eventually produce, by some accident, a best seller; but it can never be any sort of accident at all result in the production of a piece of genuine literature. So that writers who are pursuing this Jack-o'-lantern are mistaking what is undoubtedly the shadow for what might be the substance; for even though literary excellence is also an elusive quality, one at least knows that it is not attained by degrading the ideals.

But the most glaring feature in connection with this fairly widespread attempt to "write down" to the supposed level of a reading public whose literary standards are, in many cases, more sophisticated than those of some of the authors who purport to interpret and reflect the national culture and aspirations is the impertinence of attempting, as tyros, to do what only the most polished of craftesmen can hope to accomplish even passably well. It was, I think, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne who once said that bad writing is a gift. Relative to this sort of bad writing that he evidently had in mind, I am afraid I cannot agree with him (save perhaps in those cases where the facility verges upon a sinister sort of genius). For the turning out of well-dressed "tripe"—i. e., really good bad writing—is an accomplishment demanding long apprenticeship from whoever would acquire it. It is no occupation for a novice. Canadian authors, with one or two exceptions (who live in the United States and Great Britain: but I am offering that as a news item, free from implications of any description at all) have not yet reached the advanced stage of being able to write badly with success. That they are rapidly recognizing this is one of the most hopeful signs on the horizon.

Canada is still in many respects the country of the pioneer. Frank acceptation of this fact in no wise discounts the value or importance of the almost phenomenal general progress that has been made in recent years. Rather it enhances the significance of that progress by compelling us to recall that the transformation has taken place in such an astonishingly short time. Material development in the Dominion has been, on the whole, eminently satisfactory. In endeavoring to estimate our progress in the arts, however, if we realize that the older world does not look down upon us merely because we have not drawn level with it, or if we do not care whether it does, instead of using a collapsible yardstick in the misguided attempt to engender a belief that we have come abreast, we shall be able to grasp in full the opportunities offered to us by this transition period from which Canada is emerging now. And at the present intermediate stage of Canadian cultural expansion pioneers of the arts have as important a function to porform as had the trail-breakers of earlier days whose work is now well-nigh done.

Authors, with the help of the public, must abandon the conspiracy of silence regarding the shortcomings of the national production with which quite a number of them have for some time endeavored to surround it. Let us be severe rather than lenient. No one looks for laurels who is led to believe he has already won them. Shakespeare was slammed, and throve on it. It is, perhaps, too much to ask the publishers to assist also, though even they could, with ultimate advantage to themselves, do something. If Canadian literature will not stand criticism there is something seriously amiss with it. Hardy perennials are not kept in glass houses, and literature can never be effectively hot-housed by the aid of mutual admiration apparatus. As a matter of fact, criticism of the work of native writers was never more actively resented than it is at the present moment, when, coming as it is into the light, criticism is so urgently needed. This attitude toward comment has, inevitably, had its effect upon book reviewing. It is soberly conservative to say that a very considerable number of the reviews of Canadian volumes—verse and prose—written within the past twelve months have been not entirely uninfluenced by some consideration other than that of the actual merit of the work. That is serious enough. But a logical corollary to it is more than serious; it is reprehensible; for the same misguided bias which impels us to eulogize our own operates in a reverse direction with regard to the work of the stranger. The pendulum has to swing both ways, or stop; which means that the author who is not native or resident is liable to get short shrift. Granting that a critic simply must deliver himself of a certain amount of animadversion (indeed, that is probably the truth) there is no more justice about flaying the work of the foreigner than there would be in damning the books of, say, all authors who happen to be red-headed. The only possible object in it is to deepen the shadows around the circle of light in the midst of which the native author is set.

To utter the slightest derogatory comment on the literary quality of a Canadian book is regarded in some quarters with horror—as though one had kicked a child downstairs. This is no wild assertion, but a cold fact, which on a moment's thought may be corroborated out of the personal knowledge of practically every reader of this. The publishers seem to have no adequate realization of the constructive value of what is popularly called destructive criticism. They seem to be perfectly content with unvarying "good" notices. That critic is best, in the eyes of some of them, who writes his review up from the jacket-blurb; and the short-sightedness of this ultimately self-defeating form of publicity has not yet become apparent; though it has been in operation for such a considerable time now that its ill-effects must surely be soon

felt. The public, as a mass, is fairly gullible; there is no use in attempting to deny that. But at least it does not seem unreasonable to credit the average reader with an intelligence transcending that observable in, for instance, potato bugs, which, at any rate, know enough to keep in out of the rain. To label all books as good discounts the value, in any eye not absolutely undiscerning, of the best of them. Degrees given to everyone are not regarded as honors.

When one sees, on a Canadian book-page, a fulsome panegyric of a fifth-rate writer who happens to be a Canadian by birth or citizenship, followed or preceded (but generally followed) by a slashing diatribe levelled at a book concerning the excellence of which the most respected critics in Great Britain and America are in virtual accord, it becomes obvious that the reviewer is committing the unpardonable crime against art of judging by two separate standards. When criticism degenerates into attack or into thinly-disguised patronage it becomes worse than useless; because where the critic yields a more potent pen than he perhaps realizes is in the fact that, while he might not to any marked degree influence people's views on books they happen to have read for themselves, he certainly colors their outlook appreciably on books they have not. And most book-lovers read far more reviews than they read books, since it is the only means of getting information concerning those books which one has either not time to read or money to buy. Prejudiced criticisms, then, are not only tending to give the reading public of Canada an erroneously optimistic outlook on the literature of the country, but also a jaundiced one on the literature of every other.

There are papers and magazines to which the above is not applicable, and there is no need to be invidious by mentioning them specifically. They are generally known and respected—the more because of the gulf that yawns between them and those to which the stricture does apply. It must not be lost sight of, of course, that newspapers are hampered to a degree that is only fully realized when one actually comes to writing reviews for a daily of definite politico-economic coloring. The highly controversial nature of many of the books that have appeared since the conclusion of the war is something to reflect upon with amazement. Another hampering influence in Canada is the fact that we are lacking in journals of opinion, without which it is practically impossible to develop a really informed outlook on anything, literature included.

The Value of the Critic

By Bess Housser.

OUR current publications are spilling with opinions and prejudices on literature, art—everything.

The critics hurl their likes and hates as wave-crests across a wind-wrought sea. Each proclaims himself with vigor—protects his own hearthstone, shields the abiding place of his own inner loves, the one place in which he is supreme—his own ego. For whether man plays, fights, creates, destroys, always he is busy about establishing and maintaining the vision which he finds within himself. We must assert to maintain. It is the urge of life.

So the critic, according to his temperament, either reaches for his pen like the crusader his sword, flaying to right and left for a great ideal, protecting his traditions, his standards and his culture; or else like Old King Cole, he calls for his fiddlers three. But whether he fights or whether he sings, the critic but discloses the reach of his own eyesight, the capacity of the receptacle which he himself carries; for the work under discussion is as the spring-board to the swimmer, it is but the point from which he projects himself.

Each man's vision is his own, for better or for worse. He alone can be his own actual critic, for he alone knows if he has done well or ill by that vision. The hardest critical sayings often arise from an unconscious fear in the one who criticizes that his own supports may be wrested from him.

Man likes familiar things, familiar surroundings. A familiar background means ease and comfort; means habit which requires no thought, no reaction. Life—experience—demands reaction, demands response, demands an inner definite individual impulsion, for contact and the expulsion of any expression. Traditional standards can be used as old clothes to cover the leanness of our own spiritual and creative vitality. Men fear newness, fear, in venture, the loss of old things found precious. But the fountain-throb of life can never be lost, never be hidden; it will control and use form; it will form fresh form; it will lose nothing. Form of itself can only contain not create the life impulse.

Controversial discussions always intrigue men, pin and fasten their attention, force them to look, to take sides. Here surely is the great value of the critic. He disturbs. He prods somnolence into consciousness. He calls for effort, constant adjustment. He forces fresh assertions from himself and from his hearers.

The critic's clatter holds no meaning for the art-drowsy individual. He is content with the pictures pastured on his wall and the "happy ever after" story in his hand. But when drifts of the strife creep across his consciousness and slowly form into meaning and language for him, his interest stirs. He lifts his head and looks at the harried subjects. He gains impressions—embryos of opinions. Some shining day the rhythms and words, colors and quavers, become the changing body of a spirit that touches some spring within himself and he feels the upsurge of response, the stir of life to life. He steps into a new world. He awakens to a new awareness. He begins to search, explore and discover for himself. He strives to protect and maintain his discoveries. He cries aloud in order to uphold the standards which he himself raises. He joins the throng of opinionated ones. He becomes a critic. He may go farther, and take up the pen, paint brush, or another medium, to find if he too may touch and bring forth life through form. So the critic may hold a part in the evolutionary drama of an artist.

Idealism in Canada

By F. B. H.

NOT long ago an Irish woman left her home in Dublin to live in Canada. Speaking with a friend recently about what she had found here, this woman said that what she missed most were idealists. "In Dublin," she explained, "there is a large group of individuals who whenever they meet discuss ideals, national and international, social and personal. These men and women think deeply about what are called abstract questions. They discuss religion, art and its relation to living and try to form in imagination the envirements and condition of a warless world. They discuss without barbed arguments and personal animosity. Everyone recognizes that the other is contributing his ideas as a spoke for the main idea. All are sincerely trying to think through to a world order where, in its completion, there will be room for unrestricted self-expression and each member of society will have lost 'the power to impose or wound.'"

Such a group is described in A. E. Russell's latest book, "The Interpreters." Russell himself is one of Ireland's big men, an artist, a mystic, a poet, and the founder of a great co-operative movement among the Irish farmers. He is one of the famous group who helped to launch the so-called Irish Renaissance; the friend of Yeates, Lady Gregory, George Moore and Synge.

In "The Interpreters" A. E. discusses the future world state. He records a dialogue between an artist, a poet, an architect, and an historian. They are each philosophers, imprisoned as rebels, and expecting to be shot in the morning. At such a time men may discuss abstract subjects more fervently than in every-day life, and each in turn tells what vision, what ideal, led him to take part in the revolution.

Irishmen had thought that Ireland was dying and the historian, wishing to record for future ages, the spiritual background and idealism of the Irish people, sat down to write the history of his country. In doing so he broke through to something bigger than he had known of, and his history when it was writen, fanned again to flame a torch that they thought was quenched. A Renaissance took place in the national life. Poets began to blossom, enthused by a rekindled idealism, and so there was a great movement started and brought to fruit, drawing its sap from the soil of Ireland.

Is our Irish friend right about Canadians? Where can she look for a parallel for what she has at home? Is there any sign of a Canadian Renaissanse, of an idealism in which every Canadian may share if he wishes?

Perhaps the mistake we make when we do not find it, is in looking for gold where there is none. I once heard a speaker say of Canadians: "We must advance on our material interests." The country is dominated by the Industrial Idea. Most Canadians look to Industry to create what only the idealism of the artist can give. Our chief hope for growth at present is placed in such things as immigration, greater imports and exports, greater material wealth. The churches, where our idealism might be fed, can but re-echo such notions. They, like the Government, have been commercialized.

Canada will find herself ultimately through a natural school of literature, painting, architecture, music and sculpture. When the relation of art to living begins to be more generally understood, people will be rid of the notion that the artist is a highbrow, that a poet is only a half-man, that art is a past-time instead of a fundamental. They will come to know that only the most sincere, selfless hard labor can make a real artist, and that such an individual deserves respect instead of, as now, being thought an economic drag on society.

To-day all over this country there are men and women trying to express themselves in literature and paint. The younger generation now emerging from our preparatory schools and universities are less attracted to commercial success than before the war. Many of them know more about life at graduation age than their parents do at fifty. They see the comedy of commerce and what it has done to their fathers and mothers. They are surging to tell what they see, in print or in paint. Groups are meeting here and there discussing subjects not unlike those written of in Russell's "Interpreters." A national consciousness is arising that will throw over the old ideas of patriotism for a new concept of what I will call "collective individualism," rising from the inside, out.

This collective individualism will be conscious of its native land as a living, throbbing entity. I mean, that each individual artist will feel himself a cell in the national consciousness, and the feeling will grow that Canada has a spiritual idea and reason for her existence.

It is this way that Russell's Irishmen think of nations. Most of the discussion in "The Interpreters" centres around the thought that somewhere in the mind of some God or Being there exists an idea or plan for every nation and the people of those nations are in their particular State to develop the great fundamental idea. These divine national conceptions are not at war with one another, or in competition. Together they make up a Cosmic Idea which is that of the whole human race.

We Canadians, as one of these world States, are developing our own idea. The vision of our poets and artists must try to sense something of it and crystalize what they feel or see for the rest. Whitman is an example of a poet who did this, and he assures us that in time the nation will advance to meet its poets. Said Whitman: "An individual is as superb as a nation when he has the qualities which make a superb nation." William Blake spoke of those qualities as their Poetic Genius.

All this must sound like high-flying abstraction to many, but to some it will be but repetition of thoughts that have come to them already. Until we begin to think about these abstractions, especially our writers and artists, we will have to accept the criticism of our Irish friend from Dublin. Some artists resent the idea of nationalism in art. But art is no less universal because it is nationalistic. Nations are, after all, only big individuals, and we can say of a dozen or more individuals that their work is universal because it is individual. The nation that finds itself most will have the most to give its fellows.

ONTARIO LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The 23rd Annual Meeting of the Ontario Library Association was held in the Reference Library, Toronto, on Monday and Tuesday of Easter week, the President, Mr. Murch, of St. Thomas, presiding.

The principal topic was "Better Reading, and How to Obtain It," which was treated in a series of five papers, from the standpoint of little boys and girls, larger boys and girls, university students (young men and women), adults, and finally, the Rev. R. E. Knowles reviewed the subject from the standpoint of the author.

In the evening Mr. Murch gave his presidential address, his subject being "Literary Shrines I Have Visited." He was followed by Mr. Lee A. White, Chief Librarian of the Detroit News, a paper that possesses the finest newspaper library on the continent. His subject was "Guaranteeing the Authenticity of News," in which he described the function of a reference library in connection with a large daily paper.

Tuesday morning was given over to the description of three libraries—Walkerville, Wallaceburg, and Powassan—by members of the respective Boards.

Officers for the ensuing year are: President, William Briden, St. Catharines; 1st Vice-Pres., G. W. Rudlen, Sault Ste. Marie; 2nd Vice-Pres., Fred Landon, London; Secy.-Treas, Dr. E. A. Hardy, Toronto.

SUMMER LIBRARY SCHOOL

McGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL

A six weeks' course in Library Methods, from May 21st to June 29th, for librarians, literary workers, and graduate students. Fee, $60. Prospectus on application to the Librarian.

Among Authors and Bookmen

News of the C.A.A.

THE annual meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association was held at the Arts and Letters Club on Saturday, March 31st, bringing out a good attendance, who evinced keen interest in the welfare of the Federal association. The meeting went on record as favoring a definite policy of collecting all membership fees on a definitely understood plan instead of the present alternative methods of paying either to the treasurer of the Federal body or officials of the branch associations.

To enquries as to present relationship between memberships and subscriptions to "Canadian Bookman," it was explained that each member's subscription was paid up to the time of the annual meeting to be held April 27th and 28th, notwithstanding that this journal was no longer the official journal, the executive committee having decided to issue its own monthly bulletins to keep the members posted regarding the association affairs.

Sir John Willison is succeeded in the chairmanship of the Toronto Branch by Mr. J. E. Middleton, other officers being elected as follows: Vice-Chairmen, M. O. Hammond and Mrs. Jean Blewett; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. H. M. Egerton; Executive Committee: Sir John Willison, Prof. Pelham Edgar, Miss Jean Graham, Hugh S. Eayrs, J. Castell Hopkins, Mrs. Gertrude Pringle, Mrs. A. A. Bowman, Col. John A. Cooper, W. A. Deacon, Gordon Thompson and Arthur Heming.

CALGARY BRANCH.

Mrs. Francis Reeve (Onoto Watanna) was chosen president of the Calgary Branch of the C. A. A. for the year 1923. It is especially fitting that this outstanding author of Western Canada should be chosen to guide a club of authors and aspiring authors in the city of the foothills. Not only has she had the wide experience of years of literary life in the United States and Canada; not only has she written some twenty books: but she has that fine human kindness which extends itself in consideration of every appeal for interest in the literary efforts of new writers.

Her home in Calgary has become a centre for people of literary inclinations and literary aspirations. This year she has already read no less than nine full-sized novels, one book of verse and numerous short stories, articles, poems, essays, all the work of Calgary writers.

"New authors are turning up from most unexpected quarters every day," she states, and never in her busy life is she too hurried to give the encouraging word, to send their manuscrips to her publishers, should she discover literary merit, to wisely advise in their work.

When Sir Philip Gibbs was here he stated that Alberta had all the elements that went to the making of an inspiration to writers and poets. He prophesied that within a few years this province would produce men and women of distinct literary talent. That he said truly is recognized in the accomplishments of the last year.

The Calgary Authors Association is enlarging its scope of work with an increased membership this year and with Mrs. Reeve to guide its destinies, gives promise of large achievement.—Charlotte Gordon.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Canadian Authors Association will be held in Toronto on April 27th and 28th. The business sessions will take place Friday morning and afternoon, and Saturday morning, opening under the chairmanship of Mr. J. Murray Gibbon.

On Friday evening, from eight to ten, the Association will be the guests of Prof. Currelly at a Conversazione at the Museum. Saturday afternoon the visitors will be free to follow their own fancies, and on Saturday evening there will be a dinner at the Arts and Letters Club at 7 p.m., when the programme after dinner will include short speeches and a play recently produced before the members of the Arts and Letters Club, but which will now be offered to the ladies for the first time. It is written by Mr. Fred Jacob, of the Mail and Empire, and is called "Fame In Canada." Messrs. Basil Morgan, Ralph Eden-Smith, Ernest Morgan, Hugh Eayrs, Dixon Wagner, and Henry Button form the cast, and a whisper has gone about that for concentrated wit and humor it puts all the "Anthologies" in the shade.

THE MAGAZINE QUESTION.

The Authors League Bulletin, of New York, in reference to the campaign to put up the bars against trashy American magazines, remarks that it does not see how the quality of magazines can be improved by legislation—this in commenting on the recent vote in the House of Commons at Ottawa that steps be taken to encourage the publication of Canadian magazines and periodicals to compete with those from across the border.

It is further remarked that the publication of magazines and periodicals goes merrily on in the United States without governmental encouragement and in the face of the discouragement offered by increased postal rates on second-class matter. It questions also the postulation that the mere encouragement of the publication of magazines will produce a better crop of them in Canada than in the United States.

To quote further:

"Naturally, as long as young (or old) Canadians prefer trashy magazines to good ones, they are going to get them, and if not from America, then from Canada; and nothing that the 'House' can do will improve their taste, their patriotism, or their morals. We have only cited this unimportant outbreak of futile legislation and oratory to the north as an illustration of the absurd lengths to which literary censorship may be carried. The efforts of such short-sighted persons as Justice Ford and his supporters in our own land are just as ridiculous, and perhaps more menacing, than the vaporings of the members of the Canadian Parliament.

"The trouble is that too many people want to make laws to prevent others from doing the things they don't like to do, or don't approve of doing, or are unable to do, themselves."

CANADIANS AS CANADIANS.

Clare Shipman, a Canadian writer, now with the St. Paul "Pioneer-Press," writes "Canadian Bookman" as follows:

"I was amused at E. Langley Jacobs' remark in the December number of 'The Bookman' that 'Canadians as Canadians are not yet in existence.' When I was having my passport made out several summers ago I was, of course, duly asked my nationality, and on my responding 'Canadian,' went through just such a performance as he described. I chance to be able to number back six generations of Canadian ancestors with the exception of one Scotch grandmother, so I expected to be put down as Scotch! Great was my surprise on looking at my passport later to find that he had actually labelled me 'Canadian.' And I find that Canadians are accepted, on this side of the line, as a distinct race—at least, usually so. Perhaps we are arriving, after all."

Miss Shipman remarked further that there are many Canadians in St. Paul, about twenty with the newspaper with which she is connected.

"Practically without exception," she adds, "I have found that to say I was a Canadian in this country provided me with an open sesame to any place I wanted to go. There is no doubt that Canadians are held in high respect here. The point seems to be that they have a high reputation to live up to.

"I was amused the other day to hear a man, who did not know I was a Canadian, say: 'Well, there's one thing about Canadians; they insist that that's what they are and don't stick in a dozen outside nationalities as we do here. If you're born in Canada you're a Canadian, and that's all there is to it.' This was cited in a large group as the way things should be."

WRITERS' CLUB OF TORONTO.

Under the presidency of Arthur Heming, the author-illustrator, the Writers' Club of Toronto was formed recently with a membership restricted to those who have published worthwhile copyrightable material. The purposes of the club are similar to those of the associated guilds of the American Authors Association, and are designed to afford an opportunity for writers, to whom writing is a vocation rather than an avocation, to gather and exchange experiences and criticism.

Macmillans in Canada announce simultaneous publication in Toronto, London and New York, during the early fall, "The Child's House," by Marjory MacMurchy. The fact that the English and American companies share the view of the Canadian house in regard to the excellence of Miss MacMurchy's story would predicate for the book an international demand.

Books Received

Mihrima and Other Poems. By Cale Young Rice (Century Co.).

At a time when pessimism and jazz seem to be the two elements out of which some of our American bards think poetry can be created, it is refreshing and inspiring to find a volume of poetry whose writer, to use his own words, finds "beauty the soul's true anodyne for all the ills that never should have been." When we came across a book by Cale Young Rice—and these have been several—we know that we shall be sure to find three things without which the seeker after true poetry is never satsified, viz.: Sincerity, lyric beauty and perfection of style. In his latest work, "Mihrima and Other Poems," Mr. Rice offers to us the fruits of his genius, ripened and mellowed by study and experience. Mr. Rice is a master of blank verse such as are few American poets to-day, and in addition, he possesses a true dramatic instinct. These qualities are conspicuous in the dramatic title poem, "Mihrima." In "Evocations" the poet reveals the lyric beauty of his art; in "Lurid Lives" he gives us authentic realism, and in "Etchings" he shows how a real master of verse can handle that difficult medium—vers libre. Altogether, a notable book, and one that those who are concerned with the problem of style in poetry would do well to study.—F. O. C.

Realm of the Wizard King, The. By Major Charles Gilson. London: The Boys' Own Paper Office. 5s.

Major Gilson seems to be filling the place occupied by G. A. Henty a generation ago. His latest is a romance of Central Africa, and seems to leave absolutely nothing to be desired by the keenest possible appetite for strenuous adventure. There is a "negatherium" and a "tyrannosaurus," both of prodigious size, and a reptile with a dragon nose and a lizard tail, the "brontosaurus," about twenty-five yards long. The stupendous fights with these monsters and the other adventures of the white men who ventured within the realm of Pali, the wizard king, in the face of the penalty of death, provide thrills enough to satisfy the zest of any boy alive.

Personal Hygiene Applied. Jesse Feiring Williams, A.B., M.D. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.; Toronto: J. F. Hartz Co. $2.50.

As a mental relief for having forced upon one's attention from all sides the apparently almost universal idea that good health may be purchased at any corner drug-store at so much a bottle or by buying pills by the dozen or the gross, comes a book by Dr. Jesse Feiring Williams, of Columbia University, which preaches the doctrine that he who would have good health must work for it.

Dr. Williams is hardly in accord with Dr. Coué, because this book lays stress on the assertion that health is not to be achieved by merely wishing for it; "ideals without effort are dead." Dr. Williams maintains that health, strength and vigor in any person is health, strength and vigor of the vital organs of the body, including the nerve centres of the cord, and that this strength comes largely from the use of the muscles of the body and especially the trunk muscles in youth.

"If we would lay the foundation of health, strength and power we must run, jump, swim, climb and engage in play and sports that have engrossed man from earliest times.

On this thesis is built up in this book in a most interesting and convincing manner, a line of action for personal hygiene applied. Due cognizance is taken of the influence of leaders and organizations in the expression of a sense of social responsibility for the promotion of the health of the people as a whole on the assumption that, in the conservation of natural resources, the health and vitality of the people is far more precious than mines, or rivers or forests.

In essence this book presents a new interpretation of health in terms of life.

The Paragraph Bible, Annotated. London: The Religious Tract Society. Parts 1 and 2 of twenty-four fortnightly parts at 10d. net.

The full text of the authorized version is being presented in this new paragraph Bible, along with copious marginal notes, an explanatory commentary on the whole Scriptures and a scholarly introduction to each book.

Each part has a full-page colored reproduction from a painting by Harold Copping.

The arrangement of this book is such that the student has text and commentary on the one page; and no time is lost by having to hunt in another volume for the necessary explanation of difficulty or obscure passages, or for the finding of helpful parallelisms—the running commentary and the indexes combined give the assistance the preacher or teacher needs for the elucidation of the text.

It is the avowed intention to provide a right understanding of the Scriptures, and with that in view the poetical parts are printed according to the natural order of the original—in parallelisms, while the language of the sacred writers is illustrated by references to the manners, customs, geography and history of the countries in the times in which the events of the Bible occurred. The notes essay also to indicate the harmony and mutual connection subsisting between different parts of the inspired writings and the progressive development of Divine truth.

The Miner's Right. Rolf Bolderwood. Toronto: Macmillan. New edition. 50c.

A tale of the Australian gold fields, first published in 1890.

Robbery Under Arms. Rolf Bolderwood. Toronto: Macmillans. 50c.

A new edition of this story of life and adventure in the bush and in the gold fields of Australia, first published in 1888.

Contests Now Running

A Guide for Writers.

In entering for these competitions please mention that you read about them in "Canadian Bookman."

Messrs. John Long, of London, England, announce that they are now inaugurating their Second £500 Prize Competition for the Best First Novel, and will be pleased to furnish full particulars on application. It will be recalled that John Long's previous £500 Prize Competition for the Best First Novel was won by Emmeline Morrison in 1921 with her novel, "Good Grain."

New Pearson's, 799 Broadway, N.Y., $1,500 in prizes for stories, essays, poems, up to May 1. (See March issue.)

American Historical Association, 1140 Woodward Building, Washington, D.C., $200 for best essay upon independent investigation of history of Eastern Hemisphere. Closes July 1. (See March issue.)

Russell Snively Gilbert, 83 Cleveland street, Orange, N.Y., cash prizes for the best letters on training the embryo musician closes May 1st. (See March issue.)

Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Chicago, Class A, prizes $1,000 and $500 class B, $300 and $200 for best studies in the economic field. Contest closes June 1. (See March issue.)

The Boston Post, Boston, Mass., offers each week prizes of $10 and $5 for the best short stories submitted by women. Stories should not exceed 1,000 words.

Editor and Publisher, 63 Park Row, New York, will pay $1 for each acceptable idea which can be worked up into a local feature by the managing or city editor of a newspaper, for their department, "Hunches."

Judge, 627 West 43rd street, New York, pays $10 for the best, and $5 for the second best, original, unpublished, short humorous story accepted each week.

Pioneer Writers' Guild of America, 9 Charles street, New York, offers $150 for best short story, $150 for best poem, $150 for best play, $150 for best cartoon. Only writers and artists whose work has never been published (except in school, college or fraternal ournals) are eligible for this contest, which closes May 31, 1923.

Sherwin-Williams Co., 655 Canal street, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio, offers $1,000 in prizes for best letters describing Sherwin-Williams products—first prize $250, second prize $200, third prize $100, two prizes of $50 each, six prizes of $25 each, ten prizes of $10 each, and twenty prizes of $5 each. Contest closes May 15th, 1923.

Sunday Journal, Providence, R.I., awards a prize of $5 each month for best snapshot submitted in amateur photographers' contest, and for every other picture accepted for publication on the monthly snapshot page, $2 is paid. Pictures that tell a story preferred.

Credit is due the Writers' Monthly, Cincinnati, for much of the foregoing data.

Self Revelation in Literature

Mary Kinley Ingraham.

LIFE is the one subject that can claim a universal interest. While it is all-comprehensive, the phases in which it manifests itself are infinite in number. Not a single perception do we have that is not, in some degree, a revelation of an all-pervading principle, which in man is manifested through his various activities. All social and economic institutions, politics and business, the peace of the country and the rush of the city, are revelations of human life. As such, however, they are incomplete, and show only its surface values. Very little clue do they give to that hidden life of the spirit, which, by reason of its very mystery, appeals most strongly to the thoughtful man or woman.

What are known as the fine arts attempt the revelation of this inner life. Music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, set it forth, indeed, in beauty and in truth, but not in characters that all may read. That task is reserved for literature. Many writers have attempted to interpret this life in terms of what was frankly their own experience; while others have tried to describe it from the standpoint of an outsider.

Literature, then, is a revelation of the inner life of man. Moreover, the makers of literature, whether intentionally or not, have set forth only those elements in that life which existed in their own consciousness.

The motive force of the great bulk of literature has been the author's need for self-expression. Life must manifest itself. But, doubtless, even in the earliest days, the conventionalities required that in every day intercourse the soul should cover herself with a decent garment of reserve. The person who, in mixed companies, paraded his inner personality naked and unashamed, must always have been as intolerable as he is now. Yet that personality was so vital as to demand its right to make itself known. What might the man do, who was conscious that in his own soul was acted a drama beside which all outward events were insignificant? He might write.

And so, for the man in the street and in the market-place the man in his study set forth the life in his city of Mansoul. The other read the story eagerly, as he recognized its analogy to his own experience. That part of himself which he knew to be most real and vital, but which he could not or dared not express in spoken language, he found interpreted for him in books. A bond of sympathy was thus established between reader and writer, and so the literature of self revelation grew.

The natural vehicle of this revelation is lyric poetry. "Let my soul live," sang David. Accordingly, he, as well as the countless lyrists who have come after him, made that life his special theme. The greatest modern example of self revealing poetry is Tennyson's "In Memoriam." True, he objectifies his experience of grief. "It is the cry of the whole human race rather than mine," he said of his poem. But it is because no mourner is isolated in his sorrow, because the cry of one man is essentially the cry of the race, that praying hands all over the world have been lifted with Tennyson's in the petition: "Forgive my grief for one removed."

Now the poetical form serves as a veil to soften and modify the outlines of the personality it nevertheless reveals. Some writers, in the revelation of their inner life, have thrown this veil aside. So did Montaigne, the father of the personal essay. It was a daring step; yet he and the essayists who followed him proved by the delight of their readers how eagerly men will seize the chance to sound the depths of another's personality. There are those who question the taste of self-revelation in writing; yet those same persons must admit that should we lose the work of such men as William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb, we should lose an exquisite element in literature. The naive confidence of these writers that their essays would find an audience, though perhaps an eclectic one, adds to their charm. "If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, Reader (a busy man, perhaps)," wrote Charles Lamb, "if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia."

While the lyric poets and the essayists have purposely attempted to show us their inner life, the same thing has been truthfully and effectively done by writers who shrank from using the personal pronoun in describing their experiences. Carlyle, perhaps, would have had us consider Herr Teufelsdroeckh a fictitious personage. But did he succeed? What sympathetic reader will not recognize the stormy soul that beats its way from the "Everlasting No," through the "Centre of Indifference," to the "Everlasting Yea"?

As a disguise for a writer's personality, the autobiographical novel has also proved ineffectual. All are now agreed that it is George Eliot whom we meet in her "strange, sweet, troublesome, adorable" Maggie Tulliver. Perhaps women only can find as true a portrait of the author in Dorothea Brooke. After reading "Middlemarch" let one carefully consider the facts in George Eliot's life; he will see through these "the pathos of a lot where everything is below tragedy except the passionate egoism of the sufferer." "The determining acts of her life were not ideally beautiful. They were the mixed result of noble impulse struggling among the conditions of an imperfect social state, in which great feelings will often take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion."

And what of the giants of literature? Did they also lay bare their lives that the world might see? On the contrary, a mystery surrounds their very identity. Homer is hidden from us. The few biographical glimpses of Shakespeare show a commonplace figure, utterly irreconcilable with his great creations. Yet the close student thinks that he gets hints of personality in the most objective work of genius. Shakespeare's characters are alive, but it is with their creator's life. So profound must have been the depths of that personality that one would fear to see it fully revealed. The idealism of Hamlet and the bestiality of Caliban, the poise of Prospero and the stormy rage of Lear, the virtue of Antonio and the villainy of Iago—existed in the one man, Shakespeare.

So, as represenatives of the race, the makers of literature have shown the world the secret springs of human life as they discovered these in themselves. Whether they did this consciously or not, they were compelled to it by a law inherent in their genius. By no effort could they avoid this revelation. George Sand would have posed before the world as a man, but no one was deceived.

"Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,
Disclaiming thy man's name."

Not even the writers of the drama or of the epic could hide behind their work. Human life is a unit. Emerson said that he was much struck by the appearance that one person wrote all the books. Behind this appearance is a fact. The author reveals not his own inner life only, but also that of the reader. The reader who seeks the author behind his self-erected barriers will surely find him, but in the face turned towards him he will recognize his own.

"Last Poems"

By A. E. Housman.

IF after finishing the last lines of "A Shropshire Lad" in 1895, A. E. Housman had merely paused with uplifted pen before commencing his "Last Poems" (Henry Holt & Company, New York), the continuity of his inspiration, and the consistency of his style, would still have been remarkable. But when he tells us under date of September, 1922: "About a quarter of this matter belongs to April of the present year, but most of it dates between 1895 and 1910," one begins to appreciate the steadfastness of Housman's love for his subject and the sureness of his art.

The lover of "A Shropshire Lad," though finding his first fine flush of glad surprise (on the appearance of "Last Poems") wasted on the Philistines will nevertheless return again and and again to the source of his enthusiasm

It is difficult to write temperately about these exquisite pieces of whimsical melancholy. Never has the gentleman's game of jesting with Fate been so beautifully described. It is true that Mr. Housman has a particular attachment for the noose and the gallows but he has such a nice appreciation of the dramatic in hangings that one forgets the unpleasantness of the subject, as in:

Eight O'Clock.

He stood, and heard the steeple
Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
One, two, three, four, to market-place and people
It tossed them down.

Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour,
He stood and counted them and cursed his luck;
And then the clock collected in the tower
Its strength, and struck.

And when his hero (presumably still the Shropshire Lad) goes a-soldiering he nearly always dies, undecorated, on a foreign field, but his last thoughts are strange and beautiful, as in:

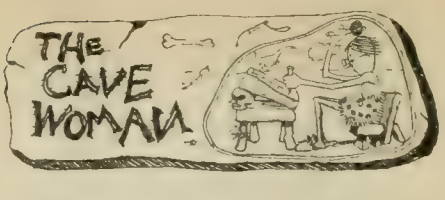
Grenadier.

To-morrow after new young men
The sergeant he must see,
For things will all be over then
Between the Queen and me.

A profound agnosticism regarding the hereafter is noticeable, but this life, the life of Housman's "lads" and "maidens," throbs in every verse. After all we do not look for dogmatic religion in our poetry, nor, thank Heaven, is the value of our books of devotion to be gauged by their literary charm.

To quote ad lib., to suggest titles for the lovely nameless verses, and in fact, to write an essay on the magic of Housman, is not the reviewer's job—alas! Those who are not afraid of a wan smile, nor a haunting phrase, will follow the spirit of the Shropshire Lad through those marvellous poems which A. E. Housman so bravely calls Last.

H. W. B.



"It is in winter that we dream of spring." How true! As I told you Cleo got congestion of the lungs from Francois' mustard foot bath and later began cutting her thirteenth set of bicuspids. Then on top of all this controversy, no coal, and the boss so worried for fear I'd be barred from the mails. But as far as that's concerned, I am more jackaloo than ever. THE CAVE WOMAN is now reviewed monthly by all leading periodicals—and my mail—well! Here's a little contribution signed "Rusty":

The Bookman's Cave Woman.

What She Meant to Us.

We thought at first it was a puzzle picture: "Find Lloyd Geoge's portrait in Poincare's watch-case." Something probable like that—then we decided that the marble engraver typified Germany drafting a set of "Don'ts" for the French in the Ruhr. We hated to give up too soon, and had a bright thought—she was making a new table of commandments, this Twentieth Century having outgrown the original ten. None of our friends agreed with our solutions, so we betook ourselves to the printed matter. Our minds became blanker and blanker—the grey matter had struck.

The location of the cave, in close proximity to The Jenkins' Galleries, kept us guessing until we remembered that caves were usually discovered "far from the Madding Crowd," and only the very exclusive and beloved of the great God Midas have the entre to those galleries.

There are pets and pets and Cleo's type seems to be coming into fashion again. Did not Maud Royden mention "It" (because we have loaned our Bookman and do not know how to spell it—We do know like that commonly-used swear word that it commences with D.)

We have it—our grey matter is now working. The Cave Woman is a book reviewer, and she does it by suggestion—very original—Margot, in search of the Mother Superior's Diary, suggests that the impossible might happen and that Margot might find lower deeps than those plumbed by her own memoirs. Could there be a more brilliant criticism of the latter?

Again, she threw "The Code of the Karstens" at Cleo and it raised a blister. Elsewhere the Bookman devotes a column or two to a review of this book and tells us that—Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" is mild in comparison, then what more pithy and convincing than **that blister!** The mere contact of the book with Cleo's hardened hide raises a blister. Consider the effect of its perusal upon sensitive minds. We have put it on our black list—anyway, there is a long waiting list for it at the College Street Library. Surely this evoluted Cave Woman has copied the knock-out methods of her ancestor. The poetry? Oh, yes, the poetry—well, is not the Vernal season approaching, and do we not have to exercise charity to those who make poetry?

The list of Van Vechtiana is certainly clever. Everything that one does not understand is clever, but we must pass it by because we are not an author and our dictionary is the abridged kind that only lists words of one syllable.

This is Piffle.

"PADDY RUSTY."

That's all perfectly true, Rusty; and may the good Lord reward your insight.

I heard from Hugh Eayrs something that appealed to me very much in connection with Mrs. Bowman's "Moonlight and Common Day." The day the book came out, two stray kittens wandered into the Bowman homestead, and Mr. Bowman (Mrs. Bowman's husband) named one "Moonlight" and the other "Common Day." This incident is one more reason for the success of the book. Of course, Mr. Bowman was out of luck, having a book in the family. One cat would have neutralized this; two cats insured a positive reaction.

I know personally, that all that has saved me for instance, is Cleo.

I was distressed to hear that Wilfred Ewart, author of "The Way of Revelation," is dead. He was accidentally killed. This is certainly an irreparable loss for all of us. His book was one of the bright spots in last year's literary output.

The cave may look very bare now, but I had an infallible harbinger of spring this morning. As I walked down the street I was a little surprised to see Cleo's spine bristling, her eyes, bright and angry, were focussed on a crack in the pavement, and a sort of ferocious purr sounded in her throat. Her tail, as it was flung from side to side, struck her haunches viciously. She had quarried the first fishin' worm of the season. So let the wild bells ring out, etc.

Do you notice my style getting a little like the late Bob Edwards? Since being retained to edit his posthumous "annual," I find it increasingly difficult to carry on drawing-room conversation. But do you know, the more I read of those old "Eye-Openers" the more I realize what a corking fine editor and genuine benefactor he was. The campaigns he carried on for sane reform, the politicians he showed up, and the undeniable humor he broadcasted will have stored up credit on the heavenly register for that old boy whether he is taking advantage of it or not. It was one of his very endearing conceits that there was only one desirable climate in the hereafter for a heman. He was always against our Canadian winters.

S. M. P.—Speaking of Bob Edwards, and in reply to your urgent request for another limerick, I take pleasure in reproducing one of Bob Edwards' own:

"There was a young woman from Natchez,
Who fell in some nettle-weed patches,
Now she sits in a room
With a heart full of gloom,
And scratches, and scratches and scratches.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views, Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker

Robert Stead

An Interview

IN 1908 Earl Grey wrote to a friend with the gift of a book: "This is the work of a young Canadian, in which you will be delighted to recognize the spirit of the great country you love so well."

Lord Grey was always an enthusiast for Canada and the Canadians, with a keen ear for the music of words, and a quick appreciation of gallant youth. He loved to share the good things that he liked, and among other friends to whom he sent a copy of "The Empire Builders" was Mrs. Watts, herself an artist, who also welcomed this expression of the spirit of Canada. She had recently been given the commission for a statue in honour and memory of young Czowski, and as an inscription on the base of her work commemorating one ardent young Canadian, she used the words of another:

"Then lead, and your son will follow,
or follow and he will lead;
And side by side, though the world decide, we will show by thought and deed
That you share with him his youthfulness and he with you your prime,
And so it shall be 'till the sun shall set on the uttermost edge of time."

The verses are the last lines of "Mother and Son," taken from the little green volume, "The Empire Builders," by Robert Stead.

Sir Henry Newbolt astonished some of his hearers when he spoke in Toronto, by stating that in England there were 1,000 poets who had published volumes of verse. This bespeaks a lively demand for poetry; a demand that is showing a marked increase in our own country also. And though it is improbable that any Canadian Poet (unless absolutely wedded to a diet of raw food and a one-piece bathing suit) would expect to support himself by the income derived from his poetry, nevertheless it is encouraging to learn that four thousand copies of the "Empire Builders" have been sold, and that it steadily continues to find friends and purchasers.

Robert Stead is one of the many Canadians born in the East (Ontario) who went (or, more accurately, were taken!) West in earliest youth, grew up, developed, and lived there, only to return later to the East like a Homing Pigeon. Instinctively, "under the skin" many such Canadians feel that while the West remains entirely "Western," it possesses an overpowering individuality all its own; but that when it begins to become "Easternized"—ah, well! why not come East and enjoy the full flavor of such things

Farming, as a Life job, made no great appeal to the lad. At sixteen he knew enough about it not to wish to work on a farm any more. He was already sniffing the air for printer's ink, like he found on the trail. Local papers had accepted some of his stuff, and some of it had caught the eyes of larger editors and found a niche farther afield. To widen his Path of Chance Robert accepted the first job that came to hand, that of a clerk in a country store. Later he gravitated to the retail lumber business. At nineteen he started a "weekly" in Cartwright, Manitoba—started it so well that it is running yet! For eleven years he edited this paper.

"Editor was a word of wide meaning to me," remarked Mr. Stead, with a reminiscent smile. "I not only wrote my own editorials but I usually set them up as well! Such an intimate acquaintance with one's own work" (the eyes in the rather sombre face twinkled), "gives one a perfect understanding of the value and use of words and is a great cure for verbosity!"

It was during this period that the first book of verses was published. By-and-bye the enterprising young man left Manitoba for fresh fields and pastures new—this time as a motor salesman in "Sunny Alberta." Selling cars made no great appeal to him as a lasting occupation, but it brought him into intimate contact with the life and people in a wide part of the southern area of the province. He soaked up a good deal of the sunshine and the spirit of the foothills and the prairies, and the people who live there, much of which re-appears in his books. A second volume of verse, "Prairie Born," appeared in 1911. Later, a combination of poems from this book, and from the "Empire Builders," was published under the title, "Songs of the Prairie."

In 1917 "Kitchener and Other Poems" saw the Light, an edition being published in England under the title, "Why Don't They Cheer?"

There is an illuminating incident in regard to the poem from which the book takes its name. When the news of the loss of the "Hampden" came on the wire, Mr. Stead gave this poem to a Calgary paper, and it went by Associated Press wire, with the news of Kitchener's death, to be printed in half the papers in Canada next morning. Thereafter it was printed and quoted and reprinted in. "Collections" and "Anthologies." But of cash remuneration, except so far as it came to him from his other book in which it was included, the author has yet to receive the first cent.

By this time a good many short stories had found a friendly reception in various magazines. So favourably were they received that the English publishing house of T. Fisher Unwin had written to this young man saying that they would be interested in seeing any longer work of his.

Naturally, it was to Unwin that the first novel, "The Bail Jumper," was sent. This was accepted, and published at a moment when many an aspiring young writer was submerged under the great World-avalanche.

But in 1916 "The Homesteaders" marked Mr. Stead's serious start as a novel writer, and the Musson Book Co. took charge of the work on this side of the water. The description of early prairie travel in "The Homesteaders," is drawn from the actual experiences of the Steads when they came (via the States) by train to Emerson, Manitoba, and thence by sleigh 120 miles inland. The baby Robert was too young to actually remember these experiences, but the bigger Robert often heard them from his parents, till they were woven like a background, into the atmosphere of his own sojourn in that part of the country. A fifth edition of this book is now being printed in England, six years after its first appearance, which proves that there is a lusty strength in this literary "Canuck."

By this time Mr. Stead had outrun the motor business, and was once again wading knee-deep in the sea of printer's ink: first, on a paper in Calgary, and then in the Publicity Department of the C. P. R. in that city. After six years' work there he returned to the province of his birth to accept his present position as Director of the Publicity Department of Emigration and Colonization, for the Government.

To those with the understanding outlook there is a thread of romance in this Departmental work that provides Mr. Stead (and incidentally his nice wife and three stalwart young sons) with their bread and butter. Jam in comforting quantities is carried to the family cupboard by "The Cowpuncher" (1918), the most successful of his novels in point of sale, over fifty thousand copies having been bought and paid for by an appreciative public.

"Denison Grant" (1920) was also a Canadian "best seller," and had a wide circulation in England and Australia. "Neighbours" is getting a thoroughly neighbourly reception, having been especially warmly welcomed in England.

Apropos of bread and butter versus jam, Mr. Stead was asked which he thought the greatest spur to literary effort—Leisure, or the lack of it. "Two sides to that," he replied. "The 'leisure' must not be the kind to induce laziness. He would have to be a brave (and possibly foolish) man who would try to live by books alone in this country. The knowledge of a certain livelihood is very reassuring. But at the same time, and I think this should be remembered in considering the work of our Canadian authors, most of us have to do our literary creation at the end of a full day's work, when our vitality is lowered, and our power of concentration not at its best."

Birthday Honors for the Quick and the Dead

April

April 7th.

Frederick George Scott.

"The Immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling-place."

Born in Montreal, educated in Canada and England. Ordained a priest of the Church of England, he was successively curate, rector, canon. He is well-known in ecclesiastical circles (and beyond) as an impressive preacher, and a man whose life follows his high thinking. He is, besides, a Hero-poet, for the men whom he served at the Front loved him for his tender understanding, cheery friendship, high ideals, and gallant outlook —all reflected in his verse.

Eight books, seven being poetry, and one a mystery play, stand to his credit.

April 7th, 1770.

William Wordsworth.

"The Happy Bard."

"Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its mystery."

Of an old English family. His first publication was a thin quarto volume entitled "An Evening Walk. An epistle in verse addressed to a Young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England"; in itself a commentory on the style of the day. The style Wordsworth finally developed outran Time's limitations.

This was followed by "Descriptive Sketches in Verse," etc., etc., and if it did little else, this second book provided the introduction between Wordsworth and Coleridge, and led to their lifelong friendship.

"Lyrical Ballads" was first published in 1798, thirty guineas being paid for the copyright. When Joseph Cottle, the publisher, sold out the business later to Mr. Longman of London, the book was rated by the latter as "quite worthless." At Cottle's request the copyright was returned to him. He presented it to Wordsworth. It is pleasant to think that the poet lived to own it as a piece of really valuable literary property. According to de Quincey: "From 1800 to 1820 Wordsworth's poetry was trodden under foot; 1820 to 1830 it was militant, and after that, triumphant." Wordsworth was fortunate in always having a little independent income. Later, worldly honors and recognition were heaped upon him. But he clung to his quiet, happy life at Grasmere, in the Lake Country that he loved so well and celebrated so widely. Here, with the sister and wife (both of whom he had loved from his childhood days), his children, and his friends, he lived to a ripe old age of happiness and honor.

April 13th.

William Henry Drummond.

"A soopler or a better boy we'll never see again."
—The Boy from Calabogie.

Might it not be thought that he had been born and bred a Canadian, when one considers how sincere a Son of our Soil he was? But he was born Irish, and bred an English-Canadian in French Canada; which perhaps accounts for some of his compelling charm, either face to face, or page to page. He was born at Curran House, County Antrim, on Holy Thursday. "Thursday's child has far to go." And Thursday's child in this case came to Montreal with his parents and brothers at an early age. His French-Canadian poems have done much to promote better understanding between the two races of Canadians. For Dr. Drummond knew his French-Canadian; he was with him at birth, through life to death. For he practiced medicine among these people, first as a country doctor, later in Montreal. He had made us acquainted with his friends, "Johnnie Courteau, Batiste, Camille mon frere, and, best of all, the good brave Cure—he of Calumette."

He was as fine a man as he was a poet. In him the two qualities were not separated. Never a man to think of himself, he met death in the prime of life, during a smallpox outbreak in the Drummond camp at Cobalt, where he went immediately to give help when help was needed.

April 15th.

Bliss Carman.. Born at Fredericton, N.B.

"For he was a blade of the April sod
That bowed and blew with the whisper of God."

Endowed at birth with an unusual gift of lyrical verse, the lilting words seem to come and go as easily as his own long stride.

He is of United Empire Loyalist descent, and spent many of the strennous happy days of childhood with his gifted cousins, the Roberts. They must have had a jolly time, for life is so full of interest to keen minded children. He is all kinds of clever alphabetical things, in Canada and over the water. But letters were always his love! And he gave up the organized professions for that of an independent writer. His personality is as gently pervasive and haunting as his poems, yet with a sense of great strength behind. And gratefully, to the demanding eye, he looks the part of a poet.

He first attracted wide attention with his "Low Tide on Grand Pre"

MAZO DE LA ROCHE
and her dog, "Bunty"
Miss de la Roche's new novel, "Possession," was issued by Macmillan's last month.

(1903), and has published many other books of poems since, as well as four small volumes of essays. A truly Canadian Poet, of whom his country is proud.

April 26th.

Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald.

"When best begins, it liveth through the worst.
—O happy soul, beloved of memory,
Whose Youth was joined to Beauty, as at first
The Morning Stars were wed to Harmony."

Born at Rockwood, Ontario, where her father founded the Rockwood Academy and was its principal for some years, a fact that probably influenced the outlook of his talented Quaker-bred daughter.

Her books are: "The House of Trees and Other Poems," which first appeared in 1895, and assured her high rank among women poets. A "Collaborated" novel, "An Algonquin Maiden"; "Tangled in Stars," and "The Radiant Road." For some time she edited the Women's Department of the Toronto Globe. In 1907 a collection of her "Best Poems" was published under the title of "The Last Robin," a book beloved by Lord Grey, who wrote one of his delightful personal letters of appreciation to the author, and gave to his friends many copies of this book, in which he delighted.

Miss Wetherald has built her a nest on the Homestead Farm in Welland County, Ontario, where many letters wing their way, like homing birds to her welcoming heart, for she has the epistolary gift, that brings home what it sends forth to others.

Common-sense Golf. W. J. (Bill) Thompson. Toronto: Thomas Allen $1.50.

With the approach of the good weather and the trekking of thousands of golfers to the links, each of them with pent-up determination to break their last year's best, special interest attaches to what one of Canada's premier medal players, Bill Thompson, has to say on the subject in his book, "Common-sense Golf," which indicates what a keen student of the game he has been. He is one of five brothers, all Canadians, who are known internationally in golf and was semi-finalist last year in the amateur championship, also winning the qualifying medal.

Stella Dallas. Olive Higgins Prouty. Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.00.

Here is a tale of what followed in the train of a marriage of a man of education and breeding and a woman lacking in the fine points of good taste, crude and undiscerning intellectually, but generous at heart.

The problem of whether such a union can be a success in the light not only of themselves, but of their children, is capably presented in the development of the story.

What is the Story of Mankind?

By K. K. B.

A Flame!
So came the World, and burning down
To Matter, brought forth
Life.

The Jelly Fish:
Invertebrates:
The Fish:
And the Amphibian:
The Reptile:
And the Bird that flies:
The Mammal:
And the MAN!

And Man began to rule the World,
Because he had IDEAS—
(Flames!—)
That blew, like little sparks, from Mind to Mind
Enkindling Light.

Came Prehistoric Man, who learned to guard the spark of Life
In spite of Mammoths and of Mastodons,
Of Floods and Fears, and many Mysteries,
And Cold.
Against the Glacial Age
He built a fire

—A Flame!—

The first of any fire in the World.
And warmed, and stretched himself,
And yawned.
And knew himself a Conqueror.

And faring forth—through many Centuries,
Invented Speech; and Writing;
And a Book.
Invented Gods, made in the mold of Man,
And Priests, and Kings, and Curiosity;
"And questioned things."

A Flame!

That made Ideals for High Enterprise,
And Saviours for his human comforting:
And made them—One.
Buddha, Confucius, Christ,
And Mahomet—to catch his straining hand
Uplift, console, and help him to endure.

A Flame!

That made the Greeks, and Romans, and high Art;
That brought the Vikings questing overseas,
And sent Crusaders half across the World.
Created Feudalism; Mediaeval Trade;
The Renaissance; the Civic Governments;
Learning; Expression; and the Golden Age.
Engulfed the World in great Religious Wars;
And set Explorers, Navigators, Seers,
Circling the Earth, illumining the Dark.

A Flame!

That lit a spark to make the Engine start,
The Juggernaut that rolled around the Globe
Changing the face of Nature, and of Life;
The Age of Mechanism, Electricity.

A Flame!

That set the whole terrestrial ball afire,
Because of Man's confliction of Desire.

* * * * * * * * *

Well for the Children is the Story told,
Of Man's slow journey down the Road of Time.
Only a little way
The path yet traversed,
But the self-same light
That lured him, when from out Primeval Slime
He struggled—lures him yet.

The Thought
That marks him diff'rent from the Beasts.
The Thought
More potent than the fluid force
That carries thought;
That Spark
That round the World
Or down the Centuries, creates again
A Mind.
Ideals and Ideas—
Light.

A Flame!

The Story of Mankind. By Willem Hendrik Van Loon. Macmillan Company of Canada.

"The Bookman's" Competitions

"Public Opinion" and "Heroic Canadians."

FOR the ensuing month the novel for "The Bookman's" Public Opinion Review Contest is Robert Stead's "Neighbours," for which first, second and third prizes are offered. This contest is open to everybody. In the concurrent Heroic Canadians Contest the subject is "The Story of Daulac and the Heroes of the Long Sault," open to boys and girls under 17 years of age. References for this latter contest are:

Marshall, H. E., Canada's Story, Chapter X., Jack.

Catherwood, The Romance of Dollard. Century. (A sory based on life in the New World with Dollard as the central character and the incident of the Long Sault as the culminating event.)

Chronicles of Canada Series; The Jesuit Missions. Glasgow Book Co. Pages 120-123.

Macpherson, Scenic Sieges and Battleelds of French Canada. Valentine & Sons, Montreal. Pages 1-18.

Beckles - Wilson. Canada (Romance of Empire Series). Jack. Cap. VI.

Rules for Contestants.

Reviews not to exceed 600 words. To be written or typed on one side of the paper only.

Names and addresses of contestants must be clearly written on a separate piece of paper, and attached (clipped or pinned) to the Review, as the manuscripts will be numbered and sent to the Judge without names.

Mss. should be addressed to Kathleen K. Bowker, for "Canadian Bookman," 140 Rosewell Ave., Toronto. The competition closes on May 15th.

Canoes, Dinghies and Sailing Punts. London: Boys' Own Paper Office. 1s. 6d.

Here is another practical volume in the Boys' Own "How to Make" series. On the construction subjects indicated by the title, boys interested in carpentry and bench work will find a fund of instruction in which to fill leisure hours to good purpose. The numerous diagrams and illustrations remove all difficulty in following the directions given.

The Greatest Gift. Bible Stories for Children. Illustrated by Harold Copping. London: Religious Tract Society. 6s.

With the thirty-two full-page illustrations in color and the text in extra large type, this is a most attractive volume for children. Favorite Bible stories are presented, and their interest for the children is most effectively enhanced by the merit of the work of the artist of the colored pictures and the artist of the colored pictures and the numerous additional sketches in black and white.

Gertrude Atherton's New Novel

"Black Oxen."

"The Years, like great Black Oxen tread the World,
And God the Herdsman, goads them on behind."

Philomides (who has a Catholic taste in literature, and regards the world with that "tolerantirony" recommended by Prof. James Harvey Robinson) says that it was not till he heard a lady "admit" that she enjoyed reading Gertrude Atherton, in much the same tone that a pillar of the Ladies' Aid might defend the use of rouge under certain circumstances, that he realized that Mrs. Atherton had a large class of readers who devoured her novels with avidity, while deprecating what they appeared to think was a more or less depraved taste.

"And to think how thoroughly I have always enjoyed Gertrude and all her works," said Philomides, sighing. "Especially 'The Aristocrats,' 'Senator North,' 'Tower of Ivory,' and 'Patience Sparhawk.' I remember sitting on a hot rock after a bathe, reading 'Patience,' in the blazing sunshine, and having cold shivers run up and down my spine (even while the tan was taking), as I approached the end of that 'Thriller.' I believe that's the charm of her books. They are Shilling Shockers that have been caught young, taught how to dress and behave. But you know they might break out any minute. It's like having an Apache to tea!"

"Did you ever have one?"

"Never," replied Philomides sadly. "But it is nice to know that for $2.00 can get the same effect. One may not LIKE many of Mrs. Atherton's characters, but they do lead one along by the nose! Her women are as hard as nails, and while their conversation is fascinating in books (amazing writing, really excellently done), can you imagine women really talking like that? I never want to shut up the book before it is finished, but I should certainly want to shut up the woman! Sixteen to the dozen they go at it. I always find myself racing, breathless, through the pages, just to keep up with the conversation. I'm afraid they'll say something I will miss, if I don't hurry! I delight in the way one is taken into their dressing-rooms—especially those of the elderly aristocratic matrons. Read 'Black Oxen' by all means. It opens up an exciting vista of speculation."

Lee Clavering, one of New York's most brilliant young "Columnists," not a Sculptor nor a Blackmailer, but the writer of a Daily Column that made or marred many, is struck at a "First Night" with the beauty of a tall, slender, exquisitely fair woman, who rises in her seat to survey the house through her opera glasses, between the acts. She sets all New York agog. For while nobody knows anything about her, she looks "Mary Ogden" to the life. Mary, a daughter of one of New York's oldest families, married the Hungarian Count, Zattiany, and departed thence at least thirty years ago, leaving a trail of broken hearts in her wake.

Circumstances had separated her life from her old home and friends. Now this woman, a double of Mary when she left New York, appears like a Mary whom "Time with his terrible finger" has left untouched.

Wild rumors fly about the town regarding her. She is Mary Ogden's illegitimate daughter. (There were no Zattiany children.) A niece who has come to try and snatch the property of her kinswoman, reported to be now a wreck in some European hospital or the tool of someone who has murdered Mary Ogden and is trading on the extraordinary likeness.

After a month a chance service he renders her, gives Clavering his introduction. He is already intrigued, attracted, on fire with admiration and curiosity. After some extraordinary weeks with this lovely creature, compound of youthful beauty and experienced charm, he is deeply, irrevocably, in love. He does not care who or what she is. She, too, has come to love him. But before she consents to marriage she insists on telling him her story, which she does in a scene rendered intense and poignant by Mrs. Atherton's art.

But Lee Clavering is a man of strong character, and Mary is a woman with the beauty and fascination of Cleopatra—and more than twice her experience! What happens? Read the book.

Black Oxen. By Gertrude Atherton. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. $2.00.

Emile Coué in America

His New Book Reviewed.

MOST of us were aroused to wrath in early youth by Miss Edgworth's story of "Rosamund and the Purple Jar"; the gleaming globe the poor child bought at the chemist's, only to find that it contained nothing for her but a bitter disappointment. The episode may have held a moral lesson for Rosamund, but it must also have given her a dislike of chemists' shops. and it certainly implanted a distrust of them in many other young minds.

But something has come out of a pharmacy in France that gives a new color on purple jars—and everything else connected with chemists' shops. For in this one, you might have found, in the 'eighties and 'nineties, not only medicines, but what seemed like miracles. You were likely to receive a bonus with your purchase. The little man behind the counter, with his bright eyes, and ready smile and sympathy, could set your imagination alight so brightly that it might burn up most of the refuse of ill-health.

He received so much efficient advertising through that best of all agencies, the word-of-mouth, that presently the demands of those who needed him most became so insistent that he left the drug business and devoted all his time to stimulating the imagination of thinkers less logical than himself.

That was about thirteen years ago. To-day it is safe to say that there is no mere world-renowned celebrity in the civilized world to-day, than M. Emile Coué, who "every day, in every way, is getting better and better," known to everybody. He has been parodied, pictured, charicatured and used by advertisers of everything from helmets to hosiery. Several books have been written about him. And now, after his successful American "by request" tour, comes his own simple message, in his own simple words. If you have hitherto read only the jokes and parodies, you need to read this book to appreciate them. They will continue to meet your eye in books and street cars and your ear from stage and concert platforms, for many years to come. So it is best to read the original. If you are not moved to at least TRY his plan, you must be still hankering. like Naaman, to try some "great thing." The whole problem of Labour and Capital would be transformed and attenuated; national arrogance, race animosity, political corruption and inefficiency would all be reduced below the danger point." But Professor Harvey has left us without an indication of how we may attain such thoughts or transfer them.

M. Coué, with thousands of illustrative proofs behind him, shows how a start may be made. According to him: "Auto-suggestion is simply the act of making use of the forces with which Nature has endowed us ,for the benefit of our own moral, mental and physical well-being." And his method makes an appeal to the imagination, as well as to logical common-sense. He does not ask you to discard doctors, or renounce religion, whatever your favourite form of either may be. He merely suggests that you take the cheerful outlook, train your viewpoint a litle, add this simple formula of his, and let it work while you rest. He gives new force to that beautiful (Revised Version) text: "He giveth to His Beloved while they sleep."

M. Coué disclaims all personal virtue as a Healer, and will not admit that he has discovered a new thing. He protests that he has only revivified an ancient truth. The book is as simple and straightforward as Truth itself.

To it are added his "American Impressions," given in the undidactic manner one feels is characteristic and occasionally with delightful naivete (or may it possibly be sarcasm?) See page 112, about prohibition in America! It is cheering, in this self-serving hemisphere to hear that the older world is "accustomed to a ceaseless, hopeless wrestle with the servant problem." We thought that a poor thing, but our own. Again cheering it is to hear that in taking up the hotel telephone in New York "almost before I put it to my ear, the operator's voice was asking the number!" The quick eye of the passer-by has noticed dozens of things —paper drinking cups, suggestions on menus, etc., that seem natural phenomena to the home-grown eye. But most interesting of all is M. Coué's impression of the American newspaper, with its accompanying plea for big print. It gives one a thrill to think what might be accomplished by a "comfortable" paper that understood how to condense steam, and increase sense and service.

My Method. By Emile Coué. S. B. Gundy. Price, $1.75.

How Do You Think?

By Merrill Denison.

FOR a great many years the only people to apply the methods of the scientific mind in studying the habits and peculiarities of the human being have been novelists, short-story writers and poets. They have contributed what little we know concerning the actual manner in which human beings act and think. They have observed and recorded their observations, and until a comparatively few years ago they were the only ones who did.

Quite recently another mass of literature has been accumulating which concerns itself with a study of mental processes, limitations, and possibilities. Shaw, Wells, Ellis, Freud, Jung, Adler, have contributed to it, and, naturally enough, it is in the main destructive and disillusionizing. It is necessary that this is so. Before anything constructive can come about the artists of the world must lend themselves to the task of sweeping away the romantic illusions we believe concerning ourselves and which drove us, blindly, into the great war.

Any book which contributes to this process of cleaning our minds of the sewage of romantic illusion—which always culminates in the horror of bloody conflict—and shows us clearly the natural laws by which we are governed, individually and socially, is a great book and its author should be showered with devout praise.

John Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making," a study of the relation of intelligence to social reform, gives a clearer idea of the faultiness of the machine we call the mind than any other book I know.

He shows that the most distasteful occupation in which the mind can indulge is thinking, and that almost every influence—tradition, inheritance and environment—makes independent thought difficult and objectionable. The three-fold appetities of man, hunger, sex, and the will to power, are balanced, both in the physical and mental planes, by an almost over-powering Inertia. The mass objects to change, and its natural objection is fostered by the exploiting class in whose interests it is that things remain as they are.

The Greek philosophers were the first to bring the quality of scepticism to the study of human beliefs. It was Xenophan who first discovered that Man made God in His own image * * * a truth that has penetrated comparatively few minds in 2,500 years, and which was completely dead during the Middle Ages, a period of organized religious intolerance.

Against the traditions, emotions and prejudices of a race who believed things simply because they were told they were so, the socially scientific minds of Bacon, Descartes, Galileo and other thinkers, up to Robinson himself, have tried to deliver learning. They have attempted to discover what a man really is and to point out the laws which govern his ilfe.

His mind is an inheritance from the animal, the primitive and the child, and whatever heights individuals may have reached; the mass-mind is that of the herd, and must remain so until those interests in society to which the dissemination of true learning is dangerous, are removed. As long as doubt and scepticism may mean starvation to others than the economically independent, it is not reasonable to expect any great amount of individual thought. It is too dangerous.

Mr. Robinson seems to believe that education may save us from the catastrohies that lie ahead. But who is to be educated? Certainly not the governing classes. They are certainly satisfied with the education they receive, and they have the power to go on receiving it.

The masses, perhaps? In what manner is it possible to educate them? Even supposing the teachers could be provided and the mechanism devised for bringing them together, it is doubtful if they will ever learn anything through ideas. It is a pitiful fact that we never learn postively. * * * we only learn negatively. The child learns the dangers of heat through being burnt, and hurt, not through the pleasant comfort of a moderate temperature; man learns the virtues of sobriety by the unpleasantness of the morning after.

It seems impossible that the masses will ever learn anything except through the hard reality of personal experience, and until they have learned that, there can be little hope of education. Education demands freedom. It is ridiculous to assume that anyone but the owner will be permitted to educate his slaves, and it is not recorded when any slave-owning class educated its slaves out of slavery.

Mind in the Making. James Harvey Robinson. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $3.00.

Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life

Reviewed by K. K. B.

LADY JERSEY has doubtless read some of the volumes of Memoirs recently published, and thought them in the worst possible taste.

The most active part of her own life was lived at a time when whatever people might DO, they did not discuss their actions and their functions on public platforms, and in the public press. Whether this was an advantage or not, remains a matter of taste. Open speech has hardly endured long enough for us to be judges of the final results. More raciness may be gained by telling everything you know (and some things that you don't) about yourself and others. But dignity certainly goes by the board.

Lady Jersey is the product of an age that held dignity and reserve to be two of the chief treasures in a Gentlewoman's Dower Chest. And in writing her Memoirs she has never abjured these attributes. The first impression of the book was sold out in England before it could be packed and sent out to Canada, which shows the interest with which it was received by her fellow-countrymen. Whether this argues a personal love for Lady Jersey, who, as President of the Victoria League for 22 years, has been in touch with thousands of people of various classes, or is just a further proof that the English people are still willing to pay a goodly sum for an aristocratic utterance, it is hard to say.

Doubtless, if you were brought up with a love and reverence for Queen Victoria, you read her Highland Diary. It was perfectly safe reading for the most carefully brought-up child. If you loved the Queen you were pleased with her book. The same may be said of Lady Jersey's. She has lived a life with wide opportunities, during an extraordinarily interesting and vivid period, a time of change and invention, that saw the introduction of telephones, telegraphs, motors, breakfast foods, the rise of the proletariat, the profiteers, the birth of the problem-play and the Flapper; that witnessed an almost complete change of the mental approach to life, saw Kingdoms fade and fall, Crowns thrown into the discard, and Women welcomed into the Business World; that covered the change in literary style from Thackeray and Dickens, Miss Mitford and Jane Austen, to H. G. Wells, Gertrude Atherton, Scott Fitzgerald, and Ethel M. Dell. That included the horror with which that estimable lady, Mrs. Bloomer, was received at the beginning of it, and the joyous adoption of the one-piece suit for mixed bathing at the other. Yet such is Lady Jersey's Patrician serenity, that, so far as her book is concerned, these things might never have taken place. She travelled all over Europe, to India, the Far East, the Antarctic regions, and through Canada. But she leaves sheer geographical description to the guide books, considering that exclusively their function, with which she is far too much of the great lady to interfere. She was in touch with many of the great men of her time, but her word-pictures resemble blurred daguere types, rather than the portraits, impressionistic sketches, or even the rather cruel snapshots taken in action, with which many women, from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Mrs. Asquith, have illustrated their text.

Lady Jersey is one of the survivors of a great generation, and came of a class that lived a sheltered, decorous, personally-served existence, where Kings were hedged with some remnants of divinity, an existence that is never likely to return. Her book is a carefully-prepared account of this Life as she thinks fit to describe it.

Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life. By the Dowagar Countess of Jersey, O.B.E. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $6.00.

Vest Pocket Versions

Interesting New Books.

Beaujeau. By H. C. Bailey. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 50c.

A swashbuckling story of life and love in the times of the Whigs and the Tories, when Politics might be a hanging matter, and the changes were rung from James to William. An interesting period, when sense was superseding sentiment as a National Characteristic. Plenty of crossed swords and crossed love and an unexpected ending.

Caste. By W. A. Fraser. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $1.75.

England in India; strange native fights and fetishes; a fine Big Britisher; a "Daughter of the Regiment" (too inhuman to excite compassion); a lovely Indian Maid, whose high breeding carries her through love to death that makes her love immortal (in a way that will surely put a crimp in the affairs of the D. of the R.). Told by one who knows his field. If there is a lesson in the book, it is that "Caste," of race, or soul, or breeding, can never be destroyed.

Fabre's Book of Insects. Translated by Mrs. Rudolph Sewell. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 60c.

Don't call Fabre an entomologist. It sounds too erudite. Call him the friend and neighbor of the Little People who fly and creep. Gifted with infinite patience and the most acute observation, this peasant boy also developed the power to describe what he saw in accurate language, without scientific terms, but with an affection for his subject, a comprehension of life, that is both astounding and fascinating. Written for grown-ups. But when the children are getting past "Peter Rabbit" begin them on these true tales of the Glow-worm, the Sacred Beetle, and the rest. Delightful for everybody from eight to eighty.

Little Life Stories. By Sir Harry Johnston. Toronto: Macmillan Co., $2.00.

After his dinner, sitting with a pipe over the fireside with you, Sir Harry relates these unrelated bits of life in his own friendly fashion, which include all sorts or irrelevant things about side-relationships, who are married and what businesses their husbands followed. You like them because you are so fond of H. H. J. You would let him ramble on in Basuto to you, any evening, for the fun of the thing. And here and there, out of a mass of detail and parenthesis, a poignant moment.

Sweet Pepper. By Geoffrey Moss. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Is a girl ever justified in selling her birthright?

Does she ever really profit in so doing?

Is she bound to disclose all her past life to the man she loves before she marries him?

If she does—will that wipe out, or prove her a fool?

What should a man reply?
Should he marry her?
Cast her off with contumely?
Or go to confession also, and leave the honors to the one who wins?

A hundred years ago, in spite of a few conspicuous exceptions brought about entirely by personality, each of the first four questions had its own unquestionable answer.

We have not yet returned to the outlook of two hundred years ago. But of late, if not much difference in public opinion, there is certainly a variation in the viewpoint. "Sweet Pepper" is a carefully-told story, placed in a fascinating and little - known setting. Whether it gives a definite answer to any of the above questions is much a matter of opinion. But it has points.

Pilgrim's Rest. By F. Brett Young. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.75.

A strange tale of the search for gold across the wilds of South Africa involving the question of how far a man should be loyal to the secrets betrayed (all unwittingly) by a dead stranger. Told with verisimilitude and an understanding of human hearts.

The Isle of Retribution. By Edison Marshall. $2.00.

All about Great Loves and Hates, Great Fights and Fates, in the Wild Waste places of the North. With lots of the Big Outdoors in it, and the freed passions of man. A real Edison Marshall Book. One of the best of them.

The Miracle Man of Montreal. By George Ham. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $1.00.

You can't fancy George Ham being led away by Fakes and Fancies, can you? Nor yet lending his name to something in which he does not believe? Not if you know George H., you can't. So it is specially impressive to read this simple story of a simple but great soul, whose fame and power are the subject of the grateful prayers of thousands. And yet who is unknown to many of his countrymen, even by hearsay. This great little book should be read by every Canadian who cares about the men who mold his country's characteristics by their influence on the minds of its people.

The Speckled Bird. By Robert Cutler. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

The clash of the martinet spirit of ancient Back-boarded, Maiden-aunted Boston, with the peasant personality of an Irish millionaire, "The Lion of Wall Street." Coming to a point in Abigail, daughter of the union of the Lion's beautiful daughter, Angela (his only child), and the gallant son of American aristocracy—he killed in Cuba, and she, by the shock of his death, at the very commencement of the book.

The modern problems of unrest and divided allegiance caused by the Great War, shape the latter half of the story, which is written with a philosophical discursiveness that was attractive to readers of the sixties, when done by Thackeray, but which loses much of its charm when imitated in this High Horse-Power decade.

The Tyranny of Power. By Thomas Curtin. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Charlie Lannen's father had been fleeced by Martin Goode, the man he trusted, and Charlie had grown up hating him and his son, Justinian (his own contemporary). Finally, in desperation over the poverty of his widowed mother, he threatened the old man with an empty revolver. But Justinian had "planted" a loaded one where it would do most good—or harm!—and Charlie was given a five-year sentence. But the Goodes, driven probably by evil consciences, could not let him alone. Soon after his release he was in prison again. Breaking jail successfully, he did big things in the War, only to be railroaded back behind the bars by Justinian, who crossed his path and spoiled his prospects after a second getaway. This time he gives his enemies the slip before he is re-arrested, and taking the name of a dying friend, he sets out to live down his old character, and build up a new one. Much of the book is an expose of the American political maxim that Might makes Right. A readable story.

The Wagon Wheel. By William Patterson White. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.75.

If hard riding, hard living, hard swearing and hard-hitting are your favorite proxy pursuits of an indoor evening, you will get full measure, pressed down and running over into some murders and a flogging in this book. Bound together with an unusual kind of love interest, good characterization and a sense of humor.

The World Outside. By Harold MacGrath. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, $1.75.

Unconditionally heir to seven millions left him by a father who died of heart failure (with a vague suspicion aroused that he had been "frightened to death"), Jeremiah Collingwood Bancroft received in one evening two visits; one from a bright-eyed man who made an impression, partly by his personality, partly by his offer of a Bond in the Great Adventure Company that purveyed the intriguing commodities of Battle, Murder and Sudden Death to its shareholders; the other from a lovely lady who had been through a thunderstorm to bury her benefactor, but who was compelled to return at extreme disadvantage to New York because of her devotion to a dog.

What would you have done in his place? Jerry was young, dropped his last name, and followed the lure of life. The commencement sounds lurid. But there is a thoroughly wholesome taste to this book, a touch of pathos and tenderness, a quantity of amusing patter, and a retention of the right values from start to finish. A rattling good story.

On Personality

A Contributed Review.

"IF you find yourself unable to speak, except impersonally, it will probably mean that you have a personality worth speaking about," says S. P. B. Mais in his book, "An English Course for Everybody," at the end of his chapter on "The Art of the Essay," addressing those about to write.

> Lives there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself has said:
> "I have a Personality?"
> —I trow not!

Hearken, then, and give ear unto what I think about this book. Mr. Mais believes that anyone with an intellect worth using should cultivate it by writing, and fairly hounds his hearers into rushing to their fountains filled with Stafford's Blue-Black, and putting down their ideas and observations in the form of essays, poetry, plays, novels, diaries, or letters to their friends.

The only form that he has not advocated is the form of the advertisement. It is to be regretted that he has omitted this. Perhaps Mr. Mais does not consider advertisements in the light of literature? But they might be. They are at least as exacting form of composition.

They must (if they are to be successful) convey the idea, arrest the attention, strike home, and make a lasting impression—all in a given space. The words of the advertisement must appeal to the imagination, they must—On second thoughts, I think that I will write a chapter on the Art of the Advertisement myself, and send it to Mr. Mais. For he indeed has done that which he incites others to do; he has most vividly expressed his personality through his pages, even though they are devoted almost entirely to the work of others.

And it is a most stimulating personality. You want immediately to come to words with it. You are waked up—and very much alive to what he says. You long to debate some points, hotly argue others, welcome and applaud still more. He expresses himself so vividly that you fairly itch to answer back; and you are quite certain that Mr. Mais would welcome the Boomerang, for he has so plainly rolled up his sleeves and weltered with delight in expression, that he surely means to be taken both as precept and example.

"At last!" he cries triumphantly, as he breaks into the expectant palpitant blankness of page one, "at last I am going to write an English Course after my own heart."

One feels at once that here is a heart obviously superior to any Coronet!

For, indeed, most Courses in English make an appeal to either hearts or heads. They are so often "excerpts" cut out of grammatical structures, like the lath and plaster of a house. Not torn ruthlessly from the edifice, in which case a remnant of tapestry, a hint of homeliness, might cling to them. But cut four-square for exhibition, losing their charm, their meaning, their challenge to the imagination, because they have lost all connection with the whole. Most "courses" make one only desperately anxious to have the whole meagre feast cleared away.

Mr. Mais says, delightfully, and with truth: "Remember that in all writing, your object is to express yourself appropriately, perspicaciously, accurately, and persuasively. There is no reason under Heaven why you should expend much time on formal lessons in Grammer. For grammatical mistakes are really caused by illogical expression." A most beneficent statement.

"Courses," then, being apt to end in distaste for literature on the part of the student, "contrariwise," as Tweedledum says, this little book makes one feel that it is a pity the Public Libraries put a limit on the volumes that a single soul may take out at one time. For there are many things one feels that one simply cannot wait to read; among the moderns ever so many more of Mr. Mais's own books, for instance, merely named in the flyleaf. And before the Red Sun ever sets I mean to have "Reginald," "Chronicles of Clovis," "The Unbearable Bassington," and "Beasts and Superbeasts" roosting by my bedside.—(WHY did I never hear of "Saki" before?). And some of Max Beerbohm, and "Tricks of the Trade" (J. C. Squire), and I mean to buy Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's "Oxford Book of Ballads," and Logan Pearson Smith's "Trivia" and Mr. Greening Lamborn's "Rudiments of Criticism"—(I hope to induce the Editor of these columns to learn it BY HEART!)—and quantities of classics.

I cannot, in fact, think of any book that I have read for years that has stirred up in me such a spirit of mental adventure and excitement. If this is indeed a Course after Mr. Mais's own heart—

Bless his heart!

An English Course for Everybody. By S. P. B. Mais. Thomas Nelson & Sons. $1.75.

Monthly Records of New Books

Published in Canada.

FICTION.

Affair at Flower Acres, The, Carolyn Wells (McC. & S.), $1.75.
Alias Red Ryan, Charles Neville Buck (Gundy), $1.75.
Black Buttes, Clarence E. Mulford (Gundy), $1.75.
Black Oxen, Gertrude Atherton (R. P.), $2.00.
Certain Rich Man, A, W. A. White (Macm.), $1.00.
Contact and Other Stories, Frances Noyes Hart (Gundy), $1.75.
Challenge, V. Sackville-West (McC. & S.), $2.00.
Children of Chance, Anthony Carlyle (Allen), $2.00.
Cast of Eden, The, Robert L. Duffus (Macm.), $2.00.
Daughter of Adam, A, Corra Harris (McC. & S.).
Day's Journey, The, W. B. Maxwell (Gundy), $2.00.
Desert Lovers, Kathlyn Rhodes (R. P.), $1.75.
Faint Perfume, Zona Gale (R. P.), $1.75.
Fascinating Stranger, Booth Tarkington (Gundy), $2.00.
Geese Fly South, Mary Bourn (Gundy), $1.75.
Godfrey Martin, Schoolboy, Charles Turley, illus. (Longmans), $1.75.
Guarded Flame, The, W. B. Maxwell (McC. & S.), $2.00.
His Children's Children, Arthur Train (R. P.), $2.00.
House by the Windmill, Agnes Rothery (Gundy), $1.75.
Into the Dark, Barbara Ring (Macm.), $2.00.
Java Head (Photoplay Edition), Joseph Hergesheimer (Macm.), $1.25.
Kai Lung's Golden Hours, Ernest Bramah (McC. & S.), $2.00.
Little Life Stories, Sir H. Johnston (Macm.), $2.00.
Marriage (Gundy), $2.00.
Merton of the Movies (New Edition), Harry Leon Wilson (Gundy), $1.75.
Miner's Right, Rolf. Boldrewood (Macm.), 50c.
Old For-Ever, Alfred Ollivant (Gundy), $1.75.
Phantom Wires, Arthur Stringer (McC. & S.), $2.00.
Pocketful of Poses, A., Anne Parrish (McC. & S.), $2.00.
Ponjola, Cynthia Stockley (R. P.), $2.00.
Possession, Mazo de la Roche (Macm.), $2.00.
Putter Perkins, Kenneth-Brown (Allen), $1.50.
Robbery Under Arms, Rolf. Boldrewood (Macm.), 50c.
Say It With Bricks, Nina Wilcox Putnam (McC. & S.), $1.00.
Sea-Hawk, The, Rafael Sabatini (Allen), $2.00.
Secret Sanctuary, The, Warwick Deeping (McC. & S.), $1.75.
Silent Sex, The, May Isobel Fisk (H. and S.), $2.00.
Sir or Madam, Berta Ruck (H. & S.), cloth, $1.75.
Skeeters Kirby, Edgar L. Masters (Macm.), $2.00.
Son of Middle Border, H. Garland (Macm.), $1.25.
Speckled Bird, The, Robert Cutler (Macm.), $2.00.
Stella Dallas, Olive Higgins Prouty (Allen), $2.00.
Stickfuls, Irvin S. Cobb (McC. & S.), $2.00.
Sweet Pepper, Geoffrey Moss (Longmans), $2.00.
Tenth Woman, Harriet T. Comstock (Gundy), $1.75.
Town and Gown, Lyn and Lois Seyester Montross (McC. & S.), $2.00.
Trodden Gold, Howard Vincent O'Brien (Allen), $2.00.
Wagon Wheel, The, William Patterson White (R. P.), $1.75.

NON-FICTION.

Abraham Lincoln as a Man Among Men, G. Lyon Summer (H. & S.), cloth, 90c.

Address to Venezuelan Congress, Camp. Plain Texts. Bolivar Simon (Macm)., 65c.

Automotive Manual, A. L. Taylor and A. H. Blake (Macm.), $2.20.

Advanced Auction Bridge. By "Bascule" (Longmans), $2.50.

Anger: Its Moral and Religious Significance, Geo. M. Stratton (Macm.), $3.65.

Anglican Essays, Various Authors (Macm.), $2.50.

Ballad of St. Barbara, and Other Verses. By G. K. Chesterton (Longmans), $2.50.

Beach Comber in the Orient, A, Harry L. Foster (McC. & S.), $3.00.

Belief in Christ. By Charles Gore, D.D. (Longmans), $2.50.

Belief in God. By Charles Gore, D.D. (Longmans), $2.50.

Bird Biographies. Alice E. Ball (McC. & S.), $5.00.

Biology of Home and Community. G. H. Trafton (Macm.), $1.85.

Book of British and American Verse. Henry Van Dyke (Gundy), $4.00. Leather $5.00.

Book of Building and Interior Decorating. Reginal Townsend (Gundy), $2.00.

Books in Red or Black, Edmund Pearson (Macm.), $4.00.

Builders, The, A Story and Study of Masonry. By J. Fort Newton (Longmans), $2.50.

Cairo to Kisumu (Carpenter's World Travels Series) (Gundy), $4.00.

Capital's Duty to the Wage-Earner. By John Calder (Longmans), $2.25.

Catechism Theology. By J. B. McLaughlin (Longmans), $1.25.

Christian Idea of Sin and Original Sin (Pringle-Stuart Lectures for 1921). By Rev. E. J. Bicknell, M.A. (Longmans), $2.00.

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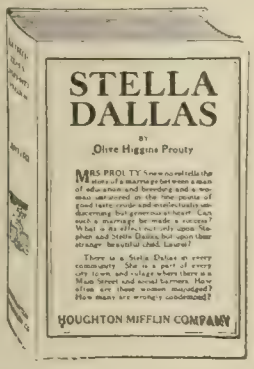

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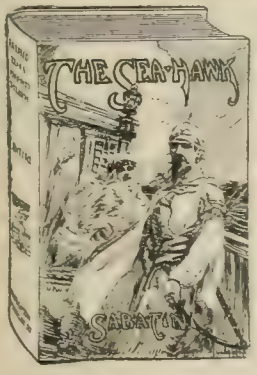

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Author of "The Arrant Rover," "Sweethearts Unmet," etc.

With frontispiece by E. C. Caswell

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By J. S. FLETCHER

Author of "The Heaven Kissed Hill"

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Author of "The Willing Horse," "A Knight on Wheels." etc.

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THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

Vol. V
No. 5

TORONTO, MAY, 1923

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The new President of the Canadian Authors Association.

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Inside Stuff . . .

CONFRONTED with an embarrassment of wealth in the way of articles pressing for space in the "Bookman," we have been obliged to hold over some good things that were intended for this issue. In some cases it is the length of the articles that affects the decision as to when any particular one is to appear. Timeliness is, of course, always a factor. Some articles do not necessarily have to be printed at any exact time. Mr. Deacon's "Whitmania" might be so classed, but this is Whitman's birthday anniversary month, thus making it timely. Its inclusion has necessitated leaving out one or two regular features which will reappear next month, including some real stuff from the lair of the Cave Woman.

* *
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There are a number of good things actually in type awaiting publication, which the editors themselves are almost impatiently anxious to see in print, and we would ask our good friends who sent these in, to bear with us a little longer. Unfortunately publishing, like living, exacts heavy demands in the way of paying the piper, otherwise the problem could be solved very simply by adding the necessary number of pages to prevent this holding back of contributions clamoring for accommodation in our columns.

At any rate our readers may be assured that good literary fare is to come.

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"May I tell you how interesting I find your magazine," writes Mrs. Garvin (Katherine Hale). "Many of the recent articles are most stimulating."

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—And this from A.C.S., Ottawa:

"Your pages are beginning to sizzle!"

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With an appreciation of the leading article in the April issue, "Canadian Literature and the Lower Criticism," came an emphatic disagreement with the seal of approval set upon "The Value of the Critic," in the same issue.

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Another message appreciative of "Canadian Bookman" has come from a Canadian now living across the border, this time from a California subscriber, Grace Jones Morgan, of Oakland, Cal., who wrote, in part, as follows:

"May I tell you that the Bookman is like a breath of home, drifting down here, and that I enjoy and read from cover to cover, not even missing the title and date. And how glad I am that Canadian literature is being boosted at last, and finding its place in the sun. I feel sure that the day will come when Canada will lead in literature, though not in writers' output of course; that Canadian writers will stand as distinct and fine against the hodge-podge outpouring over the continent as the things for which the name of Canada stands now in government, in homes, in hearths, in all best things."

With her letter came a copy of the Bulletin of the California Writers' Club, which includes data about "Contests Now Running," reprinted from the Canadian Bookman, with due credit given. The Bulletin contains a record of recent short stories, verse, etc., published in different magazines, including Grace Jones Morgan's "The Honor of Undway," in "Sea Stories."

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From A. T. Chapman, bookseller, of Montreal, President of the Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association:

"Congratulations on Bookman—great improvement in matter and make-up."

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"I am very much pleased with the recent numbers of the 'Bookman' and hope it may go on and prosper" — extract from a letter from Professor F. O. Call, of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

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In connection with Mr. Hurley's review of T. G. Elliot's "The Waste Land," it is interesting to observe that Mr. Elliot is the winner of this year's prize of $2,000, an annual award by "The Dial," of New York, to its American contributors, and in the estimation of some critics whose voices are listened to with attention, the winning of the $2,000 is his chief distinction.

* *
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Among books for writers there is a recent volume that deals with the business end of writing—what a writer should get for his work and how to get it. Some of the chapter headings are:

Approaching the Modern Editor, Approaching the Modern Publisher, Field of the Literary Agent, Seeing a Book Through the Press, Publishing Your Own Book, Marketing and Publishing Plays, Contracts and Royalties, Questions of Copyright, Photoplay Writing and Market, Limitations of the Syndicate Field.

The title of this book is "THE BUSINESS OF WRITING," by Robt. Cortes Holliday and Alexander Van Rensselaer. The publisher's price is $2.00. For that price we will send this book, postpaid, to any of our present subscribers, with the privilege of nominating a new subscriber for "The Canadian Bookman," we to suitably inform the person who is to receive the journal.

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A Monthly Devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book

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Vol. V.—No. 5 **TORONTO, MAY, 1923** **$2.00 a Year 25c a Copy**

What is the National Council of Education?

An Impression.

It is impossible to take even a bird's eye survey of the recent meeting of the Educational Council in Toronto without the eye being caught by the figure of Mr. Vincent Massey—not necessarily in the foreground, as he has no personal wish to dominate the situation—but as a persistent background, an atmosphere, a moving force.

Asked what evoked his abiding interest in the subject of education, he said: "I think I have always been interested. Born with it, perhaps—and then I was fortunate in coming in contact with certain men who opened windows for me. That is what people want; just the window pushed a little wider, the chance to look a little further out—

"And there's such a delicate balance:

"On the one hand, the necessity of finance. For, except for a few zealous apostles to whom education is more than meat, good men can only be got by paying good salaries and the standard of a school, or college, or university, can be no higher than the level of its teachers.

"On the other hand, the tendency to standardize, to judge by results, to count results by quantity. To make a doctor or an engineer, there must necessarily be technicalities, trade standards, examinations. But to develop the Man—something more than a mechanician in his own line—that means something wider; the something that we try to express in the words 'a humanistic education,' that which fits him for life; that is, in fact, a bit of life itself."

"At the risk of stating a series of platitudes—education should not be a method of pouring something in, but of evoking something that is already there. Not filling little cups, but developing natural springs. To bring out personality, education must not be confined to the classrooms. It must continue out of hours. Isn't it possible that education may come to be transmitted almost automatically?

"The concrete objects of these Educational Conferences? Broadly speaking, to permit more freedom by the development of Public Opinion in that direction; to encourage the recent effort toward individualism, for instance, in a collective sense, the informal college unit, where the young dons and the students meet and inform each other. Certain media for development, literature for instance, attain fullest development only when shared.

"It has of course been said that conferences do nothing. No amount of talking can bring the millenium, but talking in an assembly such as this means the exchange of and perhaps the development of ideas, and ideas, when they have been appropriated, have been known to bring the millenium appreciably nearer."

To talk with Mr. Massey crystalises the basic idea of the Educational Council, and what it is doing.

Full of that love of literature which absorbs certain elements from reading, study and observation, that reappear as personality; with a vivid and intense interest in stimulating national thought, and a quite unprofessional passion for ideas, side by side with the practical, technical training and mental equipment that produce the effective business man in charge of an immense commercial concern, he is able to effectively mingle, without confusing, these elements, to enrich the one from the other without jeopardising either.

Talk, as talk, may leave the speakers thinking much as they thought before. It was the late Lord Salisbury, I think, who said that a brave man often altered his opinion, when he heard himself express it, but only the most intrepid man would dare admit as much at the end of a speech!

But consider the forces that brought about the "talk" that went on at the Conference. First, a strong desire in the minds of the few to spread ideas. Second, a great craving in the minds of the many, to hear to their own thoughts, hopes, sentiments, opinions expressed, strengthened and approved. Fifteen hundred delegates each bringing a little unit of thought to the meeting place. A small individual seedling of thought perhaps, that had not had a very good chance so far to develop in what may have been adverse surroundings. Perfectly good ideas indeed, but ideas that, promulgated in out of the way corners of Canada by Miss Jones or Mr. Robinson, did not carry much weight with the busy business men or women who judge by results or percentages. But ideas that, watered and sunned and fertilized at the Conference; taken back to their respective towns already grown to flowering plants; bearing with them all the fragrant distinction of having been exhibited on platforms and handed to hundreds of hearers by eminent Educationists; go home again—and lo! they are Public Opinion, full grown!

As for Platitudes—

Possibly the remark that the Earth went round the Sun appeared a platitude to Galileo before he uttered it to such unsympathetic ears that he got clapped into prison for saying so! But it is only when what have long been platitudes to the few, are recognized as platitudes by the many, that the Originator can be sure that the Big Ideas have got home.

Kathleen K. Bowker.

The World Crisis

By Albert E. S. Smythe

IT is not beside the mark to observe that The Encyclopedia Britannica devotes more space to Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill in its recent volumes than it did to his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, in the earlier edition. Young Churchill, as he is still called by those who regard fifty as a juvenile period in life, was born in 1874. He went through the Boer War as a correspondent, was taken prisoner and made a sensational escape quite up to the movie standard, wrote several books, went into Parliament as a Unionist, was converted to free trade and Liberalism, was defeated in Manchester and returned in Dundee, all before he was thirty-five.

He published a filial tribute to his father in 1906, and then set out to avoid the paternal errors, chief of which was to have forgotten Goschen. Winston forgets nobody and nothing. Whereat it may be remarked that a good memory is an excellent fortune. The first volume of his new history of the war, entitled "The World Crisis," has just been issued by the Macmillans, and those who expect to find anything of a juvenile character about it will be painfully disappointed. It gives the mature views of an experienced statesman, accustomed to consult with all the authorities in every department of statecraft, and himself a considerable authority on war, the navy and other high matters. He is also a writer of distinction and a thinker who does not subordinate his brains to his pen, but understands that words are meant to convey ideas and finds no dearth of that necessary material in book-making. The result is a fascinating volume which reveals more of the critical moments of the war in its prime than any previous record.

Winston Churchill was a man of peace prior to 1911. The German attitude in connection with the Agadir incident made it necessary for all the leading statesmen of England to orient themselves on the problem of German domination. Lloyd George on July 21 of that year made a speech to the Bankers' Association which left no doubt what the future policy of Britain would be. That speech of Lloyd George elicited a communication from Germany which is described as having been "so stiff that the Fleet might be attacked at any moment." The next 170 pages are occupied with the events from that time till the opening of the war, and there is no other record so complete, so skilfully woven, so charged with the intensity of those years of preparation, unconscious and unseeing as they were, for the catastrophe which was to succeed. Churchill's literary faculty leads him into picturesque reflection as, on page 45, and there are more or less purple and highly readable passages scattered through the book. They serve to remind us of what we would have thought then if we had only known.

Churchill was at this time learning and learning deeply. He had every available source of information at his disposal. "The man from whom I learned most," he states, was the Director of Military Operations, General (afterwards Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson). "This officer had an extraordinary vision and faith. He had acquired an immense and, I expect, an unequalled volume of knowledge about the Continent. He knew the French Army thoroughly. He was deeply in the secrets of the French General Staff. He had been head of the British Staff College. For years he had been laboring with one object, that if war came we should act immediately on the side of France. He was sure that war would come sooner or later. All the threads of military information were in his hands. The whole wall of his small room was covered by a gigantic map of Belgium, across which every practicable road by which the German armies could march for the invasion of France, was painted clearly. All his holidays he spent examining these roads and the surrounding country."

It is with such intimate knowledge that Mr. Churchill writes his book. We read of a dinner with Count Metternich as an example of the methods of the old diplomacy, and it needs no apology. The old diplomacy did its best in the circumstances, but it could not remove underlying causes. These are in the mind and heart and character of nations themselves and their rulers. On August 23rd of that Agadir year the Committee of Imperial Defence sat all day in special session. General Wilson produced his enormous map and "unfolded, with what proved afterwards to be extreme accuracy, the German plan for attacking France in the event of a war." There follows an account of the presages of those days, and Mr. Churchill reprints his own memorandum of his forecast of what he expected to occur in the event of war, which was almost literally fulfilled in the actual event three years later. The most sceptical must be impressed with the acumen displayed in these statements. They may not be pleased with the assurance which declares, "I had no doubts whatever what ought to be done."

It is, however, this unhesitating certainty that constitutes great leadership, and Mr. Churchill was able to impress his colleagues with his own confidence. It is the characteristic of men described as practical mystics by Lord Rosebery, men like Cromwell. His confidence was the salvation of England, through his reconstruction of the Navy in the next three years. He was almost immediately appointed to the Admiralty, and the opportunity to be the historian of the naval operations till 1915, makes his book an invaluable contribution. Lord Fisher had been superseded in 1910, but was called in by Churchill as soon as he entered upon office. The immediate purpose was the creation of a War Staff. The picture of Fisher in this connection is a classic, and their are flashlights of Sir Arthur Wilson, Captain Pakenham. Admiral Beatty, Prince Louis and others. But all this is only preliminary to the great historical episodes of Hartlepool, Coronel and other moving scenes. Every phase of the story is documented, and the book as a whole is in the first rank of historical narrative.

The World Crisis. By the Right Hon. Winston Churchill. Toronto: Macmillan, $6.75.

The Community Players of Winnipeg

By Hilda Hesson

IT is not at all likely that Mr. Howard Falk of Montreal realizes that it was he who sowed the seed from which has sprung that sturdy growth that is now the Little Theatre Movement in Winnipeg. It was, however, during a chance conversation with H. A. V. Green, in the spring of 1921, that he spoke of the success attained by the Montreal Players, and suggested the possibility of a similar success in such an organization in Winnipeg. The idea took root in the mind of enthusiastic Mr. Green, and he went out and gathered unto himself other enthusiasts, chief among them C. Alan Crawley, and from the persistent and devoted efforts of these two young men, The Community Players of Winnipeg became a reality, and the Little Theatre a building in very truth, and not a house of dreams. There were many who assisted to bring about these realties, and the first committee (whose personnel has changed very little in the year) was comprised of the two honorary secretaries, Messrs. Green and Crawley (whose duties were onerous rather than honorary); Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, prominent in Women's Clubs in the city; Professor Heintzelmann, of the University; W. J. Healy, Provincial Librarian; Dr. Fred Young, R. L. Denison, W. K. Chandler, Mrs. Edgar Matheson, Miss Rowena Brownstone, and Miss Nell McVicar. Mr. Jack Hoare, at one time director of the Montreal Players, in reply to a call for aid, wrote a letter of advice, and many of his hard-won convictions on the Little Theatre Movement formed the foundations on which the Winnipeg organization began to build. It was an uphill climb at first in spite of interest and enthusiasm. The only theatre available was a vacant commercial house, with a large stage and seating capacity. All the disadvantages of such a house were experienced through the first three performances. Galsworthy's "The Pigeon" was the ambitious first performance, and so well was the faith of the Players justified in both actors and audiences that this was shortly followed by a programme unique in Winnipeg, in that it was the first performance of three one-act plays in one programme. "Squirrels," "The Little Stone House" and "Suppressed Desires." While all three plays were particularly well done, "The Little Stone House" gave the public their first amazing glimpse of what untrained players, inspired by an enthusiastic love of acting, and properly directed, could do. Such a presentation paved the way for Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," which was the last production of the season, and very popular.

The fall of 1922 saw a radical development of the movement in Winnipeg, when the General Committee took over a dilapidated theatre in the North End of the city. The prospect could not by any stretch of the imagination be called pleasing, but it afforded full opportunity for the development of one of the clauses in the constitution which states that "they have been organized to develop the arts and crafts ancillary to the drama." There was indeed ample scope for painters, designers, carpenters and seamstresses, and right nobly they took up their labors. Wielders of the pen during the day became mighty powers behind the hammer, saw and paint-brush in the evenings. All professions and trades contributed their quota to the workers, who transformed that dingy, dirty place into a building where shaded lights cast shadows on walls softly hung with natural burlap; where the black stage curtains pulled back in heavy folds to reveal a small stage whose background in a cyclorama of the same humble material. Against this background Mr. W. J. Phillips exercises the magic of his artistic imagination in contriving scenes and back drops whose effects are a marvel to everyone. There is an apron stage and a tiny loft, and adequate dressing room accommodation below stairs. The theatre seats about 300 people and nobly fulfils its destiny in bringing audiences and players in closer touch, and making possible the production of dramatic work found impossible under other conditions. In these pleasant surroundings, then, in the season of 1922-23, the following plays have been produced. "The Romancers" and "Wurzel Flummery" on one bill, "Pierre Patelin" on the second, and "Dear Brutus" on the third. This last production necessitated the addition to the equipment of an S.R.O. sign! There is a fourth performance still to come, and this again features the one-act play with the following programme: "Geminae," Calderon; "In the Shadow of the Glen," Synge; "The Death of Pierrot," H. A. V. Green. The first two are well known to all Community Players groups, but the third play will introduce our indefatigable secretary in a new role, that of playright, and the production is being looked forward to with the liveliest anticipation.

There is still left to describe, however, the outstanding development of the movement, which as far as we know, is unique to Winnipeg, that is the formation of groups. These groups were formed under directors of more or less experience, with the idea of giving a try-out to aspiring actors and actresses, at the same time giving assistance to the Casting Committee for the public productions. From these groups grew the Saturday Nights, under the direction of Miss Nellie McVicar, which have been a feature of the theatre every second week this winter. The performances were open to subscribers only, but, no matter how inclement the weather, there was always a large, enthusiastic and willing-to-be interested audience. From the programmes presented several capable actors have emerged, local playwrights have had an opportunity of presenting their work under ideal conditions, and young directors have been enabled to exercise their ability with new material.

Directors who have rendered invaluable services have been Mrs. Edgar Matheson, Mrs. Ivy Cheetham, Mrs. A. J. Sutherland, Miss Rowena Brownstone, Mr. John Craig, Mr. W. K. Chandler, Mr. Maurice Goulet, and under their direction ordered beauty has emerged from the chaos of untutored talent and craving for dramatic expression which exists in every community.

The Constitution of Canada

A Review by T. G. Marquis

MANY books have been written on the Constitution of Canada, but they have been, for the most part, documentary in character or mere outlines of events. In "The Constitution of Canada," by Dr. Kennedy, of the University of Toronto, while events are not slighted, the book is, in the author's own words, a study of development. He has endeavored to present to his readers "an evolutionary account of the various movements and stages which have issued into the organized political life of the Canada of to-day. Canada as a political unity has a distinctive, to some it may seem an anomalous, character. It is well worth studying, both as a recent example of the process of nation-making and as a most significant illustration of that real and yet not absolute sovereignty which defies the older theories of government and thereby leads us to a truer conception of the state." "I have," he says, "sought to unite these two aspects in this work."

Until quite recently writers on Canadian history have worked somewhat in the dark; but, thanks mainly to Dr. A. G. Doughty, the Dominion Archivist, the Archives of Canada, for long years a documentary chaos, is now a fine work-a-day world, and Dr. Kennedy, by his copious footnotes and lists of authorities at the end of his chapters, shows that he has made exhaustive and scholarly use of the great storehouse of Canada's historical raw material.

"The Constitution of Canada" is not the best possible title. It has a dry-as-dust air about it, and may frighten away some readers. But there is nothing dry or pedantic about the book. The style throughout is at a high level, at times brilliant; and in the discussion of bills, acts, and statutes the author ever keeps prominent the men who evolved the constitution and made the laws. Sometimes a single sentence reveals in a masterly manner the distant past. Nothing could be finer than this. "In Canada the habitants at the hour of their abandonment found in British officers kindly step-fathers, and with looks half-turned across the Atlantic and half-turned to the kindly conquerors, they accepted a decision of the sword which was tempered with uniform consideration and humanity."

Swiftly and powerfully the development of the Canadian constitution is traced from the days of New France, when the rule was autocratic and theocratic, down to the close of the Great World War, when the author is able to say: "Without doubt Canada is a nation, and beyond question Canada owns a sovereignty." Government by chartered companies, Royal government, the seigniorial system are the subjects of the opening chapters. After the Conquest came Military Rule, a form of government peculiarly fitted to a people who had known only "paternal absolutism." And it was fortunate that the first of the military rulers were benevolent autocrats, who, by their uniform kindness, won the esteem and affection of the conquered people, alien to them in language and customs. Murray and Carleton were truly "fathers" and "protectors" of their subjects. Their action did much to make the French of Canada true Britishers and kept them, with comparatively few exceptions, loyal during the American War of the Revolution, the Napoleonic struggle, the War of 1812, and the Rebellion of 1837. From time to time waves of annexation feeling have swept through Canada, but Quebec has been freer from their influence than even the loyalist province of Ontario. This is mainly due to the generous action of the first military rulers. But military rule could not last. The influx of men accustomed to British institutions necessitated a change. A demand went up for a House of Assembly, and the book admirably traces the growth of the liberties of the Canadian people from the time of this demand, through representative government and responsible government down to the practical nationhood of the present day.

In tracing the growth of the constitution the author powerfully portrays the men who for good or evil were actors on the national stage. First, we have Murray, who "with good-will and courage and affection towards the Canadians, began his task." John Graves Simcoe is spoken of as "a soldier, an aristocrat, a strong believer in the Established Church, and in that due gradation of social life so dear to his class." John Beverley Robinson is characterized as "a man of narrow views; but with brilliant natural gifts and high moral character." John Strachan is delightfully described as "a kind of Anglican Hildebrand." On almost every page there are many such illuminating touches on men of affairs.

Naturally, in a work of such magnitude and with such an amount of detail there are points that are open to criticism; several will, if carefully considered, be found to be questionable or misleading. For example, the author speaks of "the brilliant combination of Saunders and Wolfe, the more brilliant military achievements of Amherst." Wolfe won a world-shaking victory by dogged determination and brilliant strategy, while Amherst has to his credit only Louisburg, which was won largely by the dash, daring, and military skill of his young brigadier, Wolfe; and Ticonderoga, from which the enemy fled at his approach. His final conquest of Canada was merely a matter of marching, and to make it he wasted the greater part of a year building useless forts when he should have been rushing to Wolfe's aid. Again, we have this somewhat remarkable assertion: "Alexander Mackenzie crossed the mountains to the Pacific, and on the cliffs of the Western ocean he inscribed the date, July 22, 1793, and took possession in the name of Canada." In that famous inscription Mackenzie merely records that his voyage was made "from Canada, by land." Vancouver had already taken possession of the coast region for Great Britain, and was, indeed, only a few miles distant from Mackenzie when the latter recorded his achievement.

But these are points that in no way effect the value of the book. It is easily the most powerful contribution yet written on Canada's political history. It is a work that should be in the library of every Canadian. No student, statesman, politician, or man with political aspirations can afford to be without it.

The Constitution of Canada. An Introduction to Its Development and Law. By W. P. M. Kennedy, M.A., Litt.D. Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

A LAMENT.

Sweetly ran the days when love was here
Sweetly ran the days
I gathered posies for my Dear
And crowned her head with bays.

Gaily did she smile with lips and eyes,
Gaily did she smile.
Alas! my posy withered lies,
No more may it beguile.

Lightly did she kiss and say "farewell,"
Lightly did she kiss.
And in my heart a passing bell
Tolled for the end of bliss.

Marian Osborne.

WON BOOKMAN PRIZES.

The winners of the prizes for best essays in the Bookman's Heroic Canadians contest for April, for boys and girls under 17, were:

(1) Ann MacGregor, Richmond Street north, London, Ontario.

(2) Ruth Thorpe, 49 Hebna Ave., Toronto.

(3) Sarah Shekter, 217 Huron St., Toronto.

The essays were on the subject of the French-Canadian heroine, Madeleine de Vercheres. The judge of this contest was Miss Lilian Smith, of the Boys' and Girls' department of the Toronto Public Library.

The next competition for girls and boys under 17 will be open until July 15th so as to give the contestants more time for writing the essays than was given in the first contest. The subject is, "The United Empire Loyalists."

"PUBLIC OPINION" CONTEST.

The novel chosen as the subject of the Bookman's next contest for the best contributed review is "Madame Claire," by Susan Ertz, published by Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. This is a first novel by an English author introduced in London in Allen & Unwin's first novel series, and is being published in the United States by Appleton's.

Canadian Authors Association

Annual Convention, 1923.

FRIENDLINESS was the prevailing note of the Authors' Convention held in Toronto, April 27th and 28th. The lack of official business of an absorbing nature gave the delegates ample opportunity to make pleasant, and sometimes profitable, contacts. The value of personal acquaintance between individual members of a craft guild can hardly be over-estimated. When the Association was formed the members in general were much amazed to find how many other writers had been living in close proximity. In the branch centres these people have been brought together to their mutual advantage. The annual convention provides a rendevouz for authors from East, West and Centre; and one need not be a keen observer to become aware of the pleasure the members take in meeting each other. Throughout the convention, and even during the business sessions, groups were forming and dissolving continually. From the unobtrusive luncheons, adeux to the annual dinner in the Arts and Letters Club, the social aspect of the gathering was all that could be desired. As editors and authors and reviewers and publishers mingled amicably together one was reminded of the lion and the lamb lying down together.

The tea-hour, during which we were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Garvin at their beautiful home on Russell Hill Road, was one of the most pleasant opportunities we had for informal chatter. Mrs. Garvin, who has been a most valuable member of the Toronto executive for two years, while possessed of all the virtues that go to make an ideal hostess, excelled in the primary one of making her guests thoroughly comfortable and "at home." Professor and Mrs. Currelly received in the Royal Ontario Museum, and a pleasant and instructive hour was spent looking at the remains of the mammoth, several thousand fossils and all the other treasures, after which refreshments were served. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Cockshutt were also most kind in holding a reception at Government House.

The annual dinner was a much less pretentious affair than the banquet held in the Chateau Laurier last year. What it lacked in style it made up for in camaraderie. Hilarity, which was in the air, was brought to the boiling point by Fred Jacobs' play, "Fame in Canada." (You will notice that I am writing this too fast to bother about mixed metaphors). As the play was directed at the mercenary character of the Canadian Authors Association, and designed for a very different audience, it completely took the sting out of the playwright's satire when the authors insisted that this play and no other be put on for their entertainment. Their very evidently unaffected appreciation of the humor of the piece is a healthy sign. So long as the members are willing to take criticism of this kind in good part there is not much need to worry about their sanity or their good sense. It is as well to point out, though, that Mr. Jacobs is apparently under a misapprehension when he assumes that the evils he attacks are peculiarly Canadian. Log-rolling and mutual back-scratching are well recognized activities in several of the highest literary coteries in New York, and Horace Wyndham has written that plain, honest literary criticism is now a very rare thing in England. This last-named situation is due to various causes such as the growing control of editorial opinion by the publishers. I do not say that there is not a basis of truth beneath "Fame in Canada." On the contrary. But I am very sure the trouble is not purely local, and that the formation of the Canadian Authors Association did not stimulate back-patting and dishonest criticism. The actual truth is quite the reverse of this, and the worst cases of biased reviewing and that sort of thing from which we are suffering to-day are continuations of abuses far older than the C. A. A., and therefore independent of it.

The business sessions were not as lively as in former years, owing largely to the fact that the Copyright Bill had passed its second reading in the House of Commons; and that there was no new bone equally juicy for the members to contend over. That the Government has disregarded the interests and expressed wishes of the authors is a great disappointment to them. The members responsible do not seem to realize that the principle behind the modern law of copyright is protection for the author in his literary property, and that now the author's rights are of paramount consideration. This was not always so. Originally copyright was invented as a means of Government licensing of publications to the end that Tory election propaganda should not get into circulation while the Whigs were in power and vice-versa. It was not then recognized that our author had any property in his literary products. That situation was changed, a little at a time, until the reverse condition prevailed. It is in the nature of retrogression to disregard the interests of the authors, and it is to be hoped that the present legislation will prove to be a purely temporary measure.

JULES TREMBLAY

The New National Secretary of the Canadian Authors Association

The committee on "O Canada," which has been sitting for two years to determine which of the 17 English translations now in use is most worthy to survive, brought in its report. It was a pathetic but unforgettable sight to see Professor Pelham Edgar delivering the report. The gist of it was that Recorder Weir's version had been adjudged worthy. The utter futility of this labor is almost beyond the power of satire to portray. The Association has no jurisdiction over the larynxes of Canada; and if it had, it has no means at its disposal whereby the users of the other 16 versions can be made to respect its fiat and learn the favored words.

In the manner of the election of officers cause for complaint arose from the action of the executive in printing an asterisk opposite the name of the candidate favored by it. This ensured the election of all candidates so "starred." The regretable feature was that the others were allowed to stand as "dummy" candidates. In the case of the office of president, all the "dummies" were present with one eminent exception. All present retired, leaving the one who was not present to stand in a farce election that could only result in his defeat. His friends feel that an affront was thus put upon him. And there is reason for much resentment. While I quite see the necessity for the executive to supervise nominations, I hope they will be able to work out some less crude system of ensuring the selection of desirable men.

Officers mean a great deal to any society with a membership scattered over four thousand miles of country. The Canadian Authors Association owes its birth, its two successful years of activity and its present vitality to the good sense, tireless energy and unselfish devotion of John Murray Gibbon and Bernard K. Sandwell, the first president and secretary respectively, now retired. The Association may be blessed in the future with equally competent officers. It can never have better ones.

The new officers have been happily chosen. Robert J. C. Stead has proven his abilities as an executive; he is staunch without being impulsive; he knows thoroughly the problems to be solved during his term of office; and there is every reason to look forward hopefully to his leadership. Mr. Jules Tremblay, the new secretary, can be relied on to keep the machinery supplied with oil. His election is specially gratifying, as he is the first author, whose chief works have been composed in the French language, to hold such an office in the Association.

William Arthur Deacon.

More Whitmania

By William Arthur Deacon.

"SHUT not your doors to me, proud libraries," wrote Walt, and the said doors, which were then fast bolted against him, have been opening one by one ever since. Whitman is on the circula of schools and colleges in the United States. He is in "The Oxford Book of English Verse," and other anthologies of the English classics, and it is many years since anyone thought of excluding him from American anthologies that claimed to be comprehensive. The mass of material—biographical, critical and interpretative—indexed under his name in any good reference library is rather overwhelming. The rate at which this mass increases accelerates each year. The "Phophet of the New Era" foresaw this also.

"Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!
Not to-day is to justify me and to answer what I am for,
But you, a new brood, native, athletic. . . . . .
Arouse! for you must justify me."

But some doors yet remain shut. In a forty-page laudation of Rudyard Kipling, Maurice Hutton, Professor of Greek at Toronto University, uses the supercillious phrase: "Those who have Walt Whitman for literature." Of course, "Those who" includes W. M. Rossetti, Edward Dowden, John Addington Symonds, and a host of others just as discriminating in their tastes. But then Professor Hutton was a contemporary of Walt's, and is merely consistent in sticking to the prejudices of the more conservative scholastics of the last generation. The hostility of Professor George Santayana is more significant as representative of the present-day reaction against Whitman. One did not expect to find it at Harvard.

I remember also several occasions on which W. T. Allison, of the University of Manitoba, both on the platform and in his writings, has referred to Walt as though he were of no account, an opinion identical with that of Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes, formulated in Boston sixty years ago. In Dr. Allison's view, any pseudo-artist attempting vers libre is "like Walt Whitman." His attitude is typical of many professors in Canadian universities, and tends to place Canada, in this respect, as a generation behind the United States and two generations behind England.

It is well understood among Whitmaniacs that certain types of mind need some kind of introduction to their idol. The blind do not require abuse or pity, but help. It is to render just such assistance that Will Hayes has written his book. And while I am on the subject I want to improve the opportunity by pointing out other books that will prove helpful to those who wonder honestly "what all this Whitman fuss is about."

One of the earliest productions of this kind was "A Woman's Estimate," by Ann Gilchrist, a noble English woman, who undertook to allay popular fears as to the moral aspects of "Leaves of Grass." Whitman's frank celebration of sex was shocking to his contemporaries. The section called "Children of Adam" caused the volume to be suppressed at one period. Far as we have travelled, this element still proves a stumbling block to many refined and intelligent people. All hypersensitive souls thus troubled should read Mrs. Gilchrist for a delicate and sure interpretation.

Whitman's poetic style has annoyed others. I do not here attempt to defend it, but simply wish to refer you to John Cowper Powys. In "Visions and Revisions" that most turbulent of modern critics devotes an essay to Walt Whitman following those on Milton, Shakespeare, Shelly, Keats and the other immortals. Mr. Powys deals with the verse form, and anyone reading those few pages will receive much illumination, and hardly thereafter be excused for confusing the poetry of Whitman with the half-baked efforts of many of our modern writers of so-called free verse.

Those who want an all-round introduction to Whitman in brief space should read John Macy, who devotes a chapter to him in "The Spirit of American Literature" (Boni & Liveright, The Modern Library). This is one of the finest of the Whitman essays, and defines his place in literature. Mr. Macy is one of those "who no more doubt that Whitman was the greatest poet of America than that Lincoln was the greatest statesman."

Some cannot take Whitman till they know something of his life. (Personally, I think a photograph the best of all introductions). There are many biographies. Strangely enough, Professor Bliss Perry's is the best known, though it is one of the poorest, and John Macy, in "The Critical Game," properly dismisses it in the following words: "Professor Bliss Perry's book is fatuous. He has no excuse to write about Whitman at all, except in so far forth as a publisher's request to an alleged literary man to do a book for an established series furnishes a practical excuse." (P. 208.) John Burroughs' "Life" is good. "Walt Whitman," a critical estimate by Sleincourt, and "A Study of Walt Whitman," by John Addington Symonds, both deserve mention. Edward Carpenter's "Days With Walt Whitman" is a full-length portrait from life, intimate and reliable, though not comprehensive. "Walt Whitman in Mickle Street," by Elizabeth Leavitt Keller, is a misleading title, as Mrs. Keller, who was Whitman's nurse during his last illuess, only writes to establish a contention that Whitman was inconsiderate toward his housekeeper, Mary Davis. Whitman was the last man to want people to think him faultless; he told Horace Traubel that he was not so much afraid of the man who would make too little of him as of the man who would make too much of him. Still this disparaging analysis of Whitman's character by one who only knew him slightly can only be of interest to very close students of the man. Oddly enough, this volume contains, as a kind of appendix, covering ten pages, the tribute of Guido Bruno. This brief essay is one of the finest of all the pieces of Whitmania. Similarly, "Walt Whitman," by Stuart Merrill, translated by Henry S. Saunders, is an interesting fragment that disciples will cherish, but is in no way suited to the needs of the general reader. The real thing is to be had in "With Walt Whitman in Camden," by Horace Traubel. It is no idle boast that Traubel makes in his preface, referring to the years he spent with Whitman, "I keep them forever contemporary." Every page carries out faithfully the master's injunction: "Don't prettify me, . . . put in all the hells and damns." Traubel's is a large work, and therefore unfit for those who wish a brief outline of Whitman's life. That has been done splendidly by W. H. Binns, whose "Walt Whitman," in the "Poetry and Life" series, is an admirable little thing. The story of the life is illustrated by quotations, and these in their turn receive a running comment well suited to the neophyte. As the quotations are anything but niggardly, this book has been to date the best for those who seriously want to know "what people see in Whitman."

Will Hayes, in "Walt Whitman, the Prophet of the New Era," supplements rather than supersedes the work of Binns. Mr. Hayes' book also is one to be placed in the hands of beginners. He is convinced that Whitman was one of the World Teachers. And it is with Whitman's message that Mr. Hayes concerns himself. "It is the old, old story: the story that was told by Cautama Sakya to the dwellers of the valley of the Ganges, that was breathed out by Lao Tsze and Confucius to the millions of China and that found utterance in the sweet words of the Galilean."

It is impossible to side-step what Mr. Hayes is trying to do. His first chapter is "The Christ of Our Age," and others are entitled: "The Carpenter of Brooklyn," "Many Things—in Parables," "The Least of These, My Brethren," and so forth. Each chapter is prefaced by one or more quotations from the Four Gospels. The text itself places the words of Whitman beside the words of Jesus, Buddha and other light-bringers. That they parallel each other is obvious. Reason seems to be on the side of Mr. Hayes, no matter how blasphemous his phrases may sound to the follower of any particular religion.

Walt Whitman. The Prophet of the New Era. By Will Hayes. London: C. W. Daniels, Ltd., 1921.

The Answerer: A Novel from the Life of Walt Whitman. By Grant Overton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1921.

Walt Whitman in Mickle Street. By Elizabeth Leavitt Keller. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1922.

Walt Whitman. By Stuart Merrill. Toronto: Henry S. Saunders, 1922.

Were his book only a treatise in support of his main contention it would not be as generally useful as I am sure it will prove. For Mr. Hayes has gathered together three or four hundred excerpts from "Leaves of Grass," illustrating the cardinal points of Whitman's philosophy. These the author has arranged systematically under appropriate headings. He has herded dicta on like subjects into separate chapters, often breaking up poems to do so. "Passage to India" and "Song of the Universal" are each represented by sections appearing in three different chapters. Then around and between these quotations Mr. Hayes has written an explanatory gloss, making the book at once an anthology and an exposition.

This work was badly needed. A person of average education, seeking to know Whitman, is apt to flounder around in the huge (apparent) disorder of "Leaves of Grass" and find himself unable to synthesize the multitude of ideas into any manageable shape. The lucidity gained from Mr. Hayes' treatment is commendable. While it is true, as John Macy says, that "Leaves of Grass" is one poem, and should be read entire, still many would not read it entire, and that is the chief reason why Mr. Hayes' book will prove valuable. It, together with Mr. Binns' book, should be handed to all skeptics and scoffers.

"The Answerer," by Grant Overton, being a novel founded on Whitman's life, is something new in Whitmania, for it is the lover of Whitman who will single this book out on the newsstands. And it is as an interpretative study that it will be judged. Without the magic name of the great poet the volume would pass unremarked. The anthropo-poetic tendency, or desire for a sight of the man back of his poetry, has led to a good many imaginative ventures during recent years. There are numerous plays about Shakespeare, and James Branch Cabell's series of sketches, called "The Certain Hour," is a good example of this kind of literary recreation. In a play, or in sketches like Cabell's, a single incident is given, or a single phase of character developed—often to the amusement, but seldom to the entire satisfaction of close students of the poet's work. For most readers have themselves indulged in this pastime, half-consciously perhaps, generally building on insufficient or erroneous data, and each rather resents a portrait differing from the one he himself has made.

In the realm of anthropo-poetic novels the name of Sayre instantly occurs to one because he did manage to achieve popularity with his imaginary life of Tom Moore. The book was a more or less common type of romance, and would have made its way without the special appeal of Moore's name.

Mr. Overton has attempted a much harder task because the generally known facts of Whitman's life are not sufficiently dramatic, by themselves, to make an exciting tale. That there was some dominant love affair in his life is evident from a remark passed to Traubel by Walt about a woman's picture in his possession. Edward Carpenter has also printed one of Walt's letters, stating that, although never married, he was the father of six children ("Days With Walt Whitman"). Beyond that, there are stray traditions and rumors, but nothing of an authoritative nature has been published, as far as I am aware. In letters and in conversations with the omnipresent Traubel, Walt often speaks vaguely of "Times South," and many have guessed that New Orleans, in pre-war days, was the scene of Walt's grand passion. Others surmise that he went South to forget some youthful fancy.

"The Answerer" weaves both theories together as a plot, making out that Walt broke his heart over Esther Terry, of Long Island, and then went South, where he met Floride, with whom he had an affair of some proportions.

Truer to the spirit of Walt Whitman, and more faithful to the known facts of his life than is good for the popularity of his novel, Mr. Overton has made the love interest subservient to the main theme, which is Whitman's realization of his destiny as America's poet. An absorbing love, a happy home, would have prevented the full development of that universality of affection which is Walt's chief spiritual trait—at least so Mr. Overton makes out, and this hypothesis is not inconsistent with anything Walt ever said. The book shows Whitman going to meet destiny, and attempts to show how he was frustrated from finding any individual on whom he was permitted, for long, to focus the wealth of his emotional nature. There seems to be a technical flaw in the description of the break with Floride. Why he left her, I cannot make out from the story, and on the facts alleged by Mr. Overton do not think he would have done so without very definite reasons. To show how cleverly Mr. Overton uses "Leaves of Grass" for autobiographical matter, he makes Walt, on the journey up the Mississippi from New Orleans, pen the lines:

"Once I passed through a populous
city, imprinting my brain, for
future use, with its shows, archi-
tecture, customs, traditions;
Yet now, of all that city, I remember
only a woman I casually met
there, who detained me for love
of me:
Day by day and night by night we
were together—all else has been
forgotten by me;
I remember, I say, only that woman
who passionately clung to me;
Again we wander—we love—we sep-
arate again;
Again she holds me by the hand—I
must go:
I see her close beside me, with silent
lips, sad and tremulous."

If Mr. Overton were writing biography this would be doubtful practice. In a novel, frankly apocryphal, it is quite in place.

The third section of the book deals with Walt's experiences in the army hospitals at Washington. Most of this is taken from the "Complete Prose," a little from "Drum Taps," and the remainder consists of sequels to the earlier love affairs. The fourth, and last, section deals with Walt's relations with Lincoln, and the closing note is the composition of "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed," wherein Mr. Overton quite excels himself as a special pleader for the authenticity of his story.

On one point I must take serious issue with Mr. Overton. He makes Whitman come to a realization of both his poetic gifts and his function as a prophet altogether too early in his career. Whitman unfolded slowly, as that more rugged type of genius is apt to do. Like Shakespeare, he was near middle life before he "found himself," and stands in strong contrast to precocious individuals like Shelley. And in his super-normality Whitman would certainly never be marked out at an early age as a genius. I believe his bosom friend, Pete Doyle, never suspected the fact all his life. Certainly, we know that Pete never bothered to read "Leaves of Grass." It seems, therefore, that Mr. Overton erred without reason or object when he made a friend say of Walt at the age of 21: "He was a genius, of course; and whatever happened he would not remain obscure." The degree of intimacy existing between Whitman and Lincoln is also overdrawn. As fiction it helps out the story, indeed furnishes the very stuff of the climax. A climax there must be to a novel, but one regrets exceedingly the mis-statement of these facts regarding the great President. The real facts have much more dignity to them.

Mr. Overton has done conscientious research work, and makes a few reasonable attempts to construct for us the development of Whitman's theories of poetic form. His essential understanding of Whitman's mind can best be exemplified by these words put into Walt's mouth at the age of 30:

"This large, irregular, expanding land had, if it had anything, two striking characteristics: one was the racing sap of a national adolescence, the other was a great expansive drift of thought and character — something loosely stratified and geologically-forming about it. The large, loose drift of character, unconsciously forming; that was it."

Mr. Hayes' book is a valuable study of Whitman. Mr. Overton's is an interesting one. I think Walt would approve of them both, and that it was men like them he had in view when he wrote:

"I am a man, who, sauntering along
without fully stopping, turns a
casual look upon you and then
averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and de-
fine it,
Expecting the main things from you."

The Bungalow Book. Clarence White, Jr. Toronto: Macmillans. $2.00.

This is a practical manual on building, equipping and furnishing a bungalow, covering all details from the frame to plumbing and painting. There are valuable suggestions for supervising the building of one's own bungalow, and there are chapters on electric housekeeping, the garage, gardening and landscaping appropriate to a bungalow. There are many reproductions of plans by the author.

Mr. Elliott's Wasteland

By John Hurley.

T. G. ELLIOTT is one of those exiled Americans who, failily to find spiritual sustenance in the land of their birth, shake its dust from their sensitive feet and put an ocean between their offended eyes and the offence. In his case, to judge from his long poem, "The Waste Land," the change has brought little relief. His soul has panted so long for a living, vital moisture it has become exhausted in the effort, so he sates it with the second-hand flavor of books. That is what his poem is, an anthology of the bitterness of books.

Mr. Elliott, it would seem, is dead to the pulse of the world; for him there is no pulse, no life, no glowing expansiveness. One thinks that perhaps he is holding his finger on the wrong place. He is disillusion personified, and in his "Waste Land" he broods on an unlovely tract, dry, sterile and forbidding.

"Here there is no water, but only rock,
Rock, and no water and the sandy road;
The road winding high above the mountains,
Which are mountains of rock without water.
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think.
* * * * * *
There is not even silence in the mountains,
But dry sterile thunder without rain."

The poem, as a poem, is a bewildering affair to read, in fact some outspoken people have gone the length of declaring it is not a poem, but a puzzle. Certainly, Mr. Elliott undertakes no labor to make himself clear, rather he seems to have been at some pains to obscure whatever he wishes to say, but the underlying theme can be very clearly felt. There is a brave, rugged beauty in some lines, and a poignant meaning.

"April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A Little life with dried tubers."

Then he drops into quite inexplicable slang. One would not mind the slang if the motive for its use was clear, but, as it stands, the reader is merely puzzled and irritated. It is, I suppose, expressive of Mr. Elliott's aloofness that he will not even deign to make his complaint lucid to the inhabitants of the wasteland. Possibly he thinks it wouldn't help matters much; probably it wouldn't.

One reads his poem with admiring sympathy for the writer's brave isolation, a warm glow for his lyrical moments and a deep sense of disappointment at his deliberately wrought incoherence. As an exposition of the viewpoint of a sect, it is excellent, a veritable epitome of sated sophistication. Life has been lived so many times there is nothing new it can offer. And what was precious in it is now sullied by dirty hands, profaned by beery breaths.

Mr. Elliott's "Waste Land" is a very personal territory, a dry desert in which he will allow no rain, not even a gentle dew. The creatures that spasmodically appear therein are bloodless creations, whipped dry of emotions by destructive winds. They are indifferently passionate. His ladies bestow their favors in much the same manner as a hawker vends his whitefish. His men are equally unmoved. They giggle foolishly, and depart with nervous coughs. One cannot help but think that Mr. Elliott only sees these people, he does not feel them, live them, they lack the glow of life, they do not even smoulder, they are little deposits of dead ashes. So, it amounts to this, "The Waste Land" is really a very small plateau, confined within the limits of Mr. Elliott's extremely clever and cool brain.

Cool is the word, cool, detached, cynical. He is like a pale sliver of moonlight piercing a window-pane, prying into dusty corners, only making conspicuous the floating dust, gliding off substantialities, fading into an empty, impotent nothingness. Perhaps he is not wholly to blame. The reaction to sickly sentimentality is not yet over, and while we have the one, it is inevitable that it bring forth the other, a hard, unyielding, wilful cynicism.

Let me say in conclusion that I treasure Mr. Elliott's poem, at least the parts I can understand, and even now find pleasure in re-reading his musically sad complaints. Whether or nor he is, as Clive Bell says, in the great line, I do not feel competent to announce, but I can say, speaking for myself alone, that he certainly is in the forefront of those independent young men who, having something to say, choose a very definite and compelling way of saying it. They serve a valuable purpose, and should be considered in an unprejudiced light. Besides, there are quite sufficient already to rise up on stocky legs and heatedly denounce their peculiarly personal creations without my small voice being added to the general chorus, even were I inclined to put it to that use—which I am not.

MARKERS OF TIME.

By Clare Shipman.

LIFE I love, but days, which measure life, I hate.
I stumble over them: they hinder me;
They are not long enough for their delights.
I love blank sleep and dreamy drowsiness,
But while I savour rest I may not work or play.
I love to tramp along an open road
But ever, as I walk, the spectre of a hearth
And books is with me. I could spend all time
In music, forgetting even love,
Till suddenly a phrase recalls—creates—
And all my dreams are on me like a multitude;
The peacefulness of household tasks can set my heart athrob,
Yet every star calls me away. I hate the knowledge that
If I do this I cannot accomplish that—
That, should I drain this cup, then incapacity
And miser days dash that one from my lips.
I would go on and on—tasting—learning—discovering—
Regardless of time—but, always, I must stumble over days.

THE BLACKBIRD PASSES BY.

A FLASH of black against an autumn sky,
A fluted cry, exultant, shrill and high,
The redwinged blackbird, singing, passes by.

Across the meadow tightly fenced around,
As if to keep its freedom safely bound,
He darts and dips toward the golden ground.

Upon a post he pauses just to see
The sunbathed grasses stirring sombrely,
And flaps his wings with joy to be so free.

Out on the wire he sings, a coal black king,
And flaunts the scarlet of his wondrous wing,
The seal of God who gave him voice to sing.

A flash of black against a crimson sky,
Into the sunset merging with his cry,
The redwinged blackbird, singing, passes by.

—Laura Goodman Salverson.

MOONLIGHT AND MELODIES.

MOONLIGHT and melodies, and sounds of distant spheres,
Come up to me at twilight through the dew,
When white mists trail their bridal veils across the hills,
As though the clouds came down from out the blue.

Moonlight and melodies, and trees which softly sway,
Crooning a lullaby to little birds,
That swing in cozy cradles 'mid the forest leaves,
And whisper secrets, far too sweet for words.

Moonlight and melodies, while nature vigil keeps,
All things beat in the pulse of one great scheme,
And like a messenger of love, the wind comes up,
Bearing the scent of flowers that sleep and dream.

—Lereine Ballantyne.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views, Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker

The Vice of the Vernacular

By K. K. B.

A NEW "anonymous" book, "West of the Water Tower," is being herded down the publicity gang way into the Sacred Enclosure of the Best Sellers.

First, it is published anonymously "because it differs so much from the Author's previous works." Whether it is Author or Publisher who is loath to bear the onus of the book, one hardly knows. But one or other would seem to be heartily ashamed of it and blowing lustily to conceal embarrassment.

Second, according to Harry Leon Wilson (who is quoted on the lapel of the jacket), it is "saturated with the finest humor in the World." Now, if you cannot perceive its satiric subtlety, you lay yourself open to the charge of lack of humor—and who in the world would sit quiet under such an insult? "You may charge me with Murder, or want of sense"—as the Poet so feelingly remarks—but no ca' canny soul will ever admit a lack of humor in his make-up.

And Third, it will probably appeal to two-thrids of the World. For about that proportion of the world's people are built very much on the mental plane of the characters in this book.

The story itself is sordid enough. Guy Plummer is the son of a minister who has devoted himself to the Service of the religion that was practiced in the First Christian Church at Junction City. He falls in love with Bee Chew (if the subtle humor of that does not beat you, in this gum-ridden planet what will!), a girl whom his father characterizes as "an infidel, and the daughter of an infidel." And he forbids Guy to see, touch, taste, smell or handle her. Guy, after an emotional struggle, gives his promise to obey, feels exalted, tries to make love to a very vulgar show girl instead, but lacks courage to carry the affair through. Having gone to the theatre out of bravado, he is glad to seize the opportunity to help to run the show people out of town, a proceeding fearlessly undertaken by his father, and followed with such shameless gusto by Guy, that the poor, deluded parent thinks that his son has been guided, almost miraculously, to help him. Guy's conscience thus quieted, he proceeds to the thorough deception of his parents, with few backward thoughts.

After a good deal of descriptive writing, that includes the stovepipe hole and the dirty shirt that decorates the end of the bed, even in the most enthusiastic moments, Bee finds herself about to become a mother. Guy is working in the drug store, and goes through desperate days before he finds an outlet from immediate terror by robbing a commission merchant's till. The $220 thus obtained he adds to his own savings to supply Bee with the money necessary to eradicate the overwhelming result of their young affections. Bee departs to visit her Aunt Grace in Kansas City. Although she is the inseparable chum of her free-thinking father, he has not gained her confidence. In trouble she turns instead to this erotic erratic lad and her distant aunt. But her trust in the latter is well placed. Aunt Grace has apparently no family ties. Although she herself never actually appears in the pages, her personality is one of the outstanding features of the book. She is there—an atmosphere, a background—always ready to oblige. Her personal influence over Bee, indeed, decides the course of everybody's life. Whether the means justifies the ends, is a moot point.

Bee returns with her baby and bravely attempts to live the thing down. She commences by just walking in on her Dad, with her little family. Guy tells his father and mother, now that he cannot help it, and Adrian Plummer calls all the Church members together. With the spiritual agony that makes confession such a passion with the perfervid soul, he recounts his early guilt in extenuation of Guy's. It isn't very comfortable for his poor, old fat wife, but who cares? Guy is still working at the drug store, but now the town turns on him. He had always been too sure of himself, with his taste for oration, and his high-stepping ways! Before long the robbery is brought home to him; he is arrested, convicted, jailed. When he is freed after two months' sentence, Bee and the baby, "Seecil," have disappeared.

Ousted and ostracized, Guy is hard put to it to earn a living. For some years he struggles on in his own home town, determined to regain the respect of his fellow-citizens on the same spot where he lost it. Finally, Dessie Anhalt, a plain girl, once one of his father's church members, takes pity on him, treats him humanly. From gratitude and propinquity, Guy makes love to her. On the eve of their marriage Bee returns. She had been far afield in company with Aunt Grace, who had "obliged" so far as to accept responsibility for Cecil, while Bee passed as his aunt. But having been recognized by someone from home, she confessed all to her fiance, and his love could not stand the strain. Then Cecil died, and Bee returned. In her presence, Guy feels he cannot tolerate the homely Dessie. He makes love to Bee, before jilting Dessie. Having done that, and with Dessie married to the once-robbed commission merchant, Bee is still cold to him. It is his Gift of the Gab that finally constitutes him. The Town Councillors want the new National Highway to run through Junction City. Guy has always been the town's best talker. And so with flags and bunting, and noise of cheering loud, he goes—acclaimed!—to get for them **what's wanted by the crowd.**

* * * * * *

If this book says anything it says (loudly): "Why not go with the crowd? For whether you do, or whether you don't, life is futility anyway."

If the small towns of the Middle West are really so sordid, so hopeless, so horrible as some of our recent writers would have us believe, then, indeed, let us follow the veiled suggestion in the short preface to "Main Street," quite the best page in that depressing book, but a page almost universally unread!

. . . . . .

It may be necessary to give Guy's own thoughts in his own wording, for the sake of verisimilitude (and some of this reproduction of the working of an untrained mind, is exceedingly clever, if intensely boring); but IS it necessary to voice the author's own remarks in the same slurred diction?

But perhaps I am old-fashioned in the qualities I desire in a book! It remains an extraordinarily disheartening study of life, inspired by the repellant humor of a Gargoyle.

West of Water Tower. Anon. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. $2.00.

Sky-Line Inn. Donal Haines. Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.00.

Pure comedy enacted for the most part in an inn in the high Sierras of California, the inn having been a deserted one until the lovable soldier-cook, Theophite Gelas, opens it up again and there are gathered in it a delighful company of people whose life there include a most hilariously amazing series of incidents and situations with an incidental romance, introducing an exceptionally charming hero and a most lovable debutante heroine. Among the thrills of the tale is a thwarted elopement. The story is delightfully told, all the more so because of its unassuming character. Every reader's heart will warm to the amusing little Frenchman of Sky-Line Inn, whose qualities include pugilistic prowess, adding zest to the tale.

The Barge of Haunted Lives. J. Aubrey Tyson. Toronto: Macmillan's. $2.00.

Contributing to the working out of this new mystery story by the author of "The Scarlet Tanager," are a man "who believes himself to be a God," a human gargoyle, a homicidal professor and an Italian princess—all involved in the disappearance of the diamonds of the Rajiid Buddha. Will appeal to those with an appetite for detective stories.

Makers of Canadian Literature

I. Robert Norwood.

FOR some time the conviction has been growing in volume and intensity that Canada had at last reached the stage of nationhood. Indeed, the fact seems to be now generally conceded. It is but natural, therefore, that Canadian authors should come in for their own share of interest in this period of active nationalism.

This tendency is manifesting itself in many ways. (1) There is a determined group, headed by Dr. John D. Logan and others, who insist, as they always have insisted, that Canadian literature ought to be taught in our schools and colleges. Are we not the only civilized nation in the world today where its own literature is not taught? There may be several excuses for this condition of affairs; but not one sound reason. (2) There is also another group who declare that we must foster our own national literature or lose our own souls. We have a distinct national character, and we must give expression to it. To permit our own interpreters to be exterminated or driven to other markets while we feast on foreign importations spells death. (3) Another group are anxious that our authors be taken up one by one and examined in the light of the acknowledged masters of the world. They are concerned for our literary excellence. If we produce more we must produce better. We cannot afford merely to praise and coddle our authors; we must insist upon beauty, music, truth and goodness, literature that is alive and a giver of life. (4) And most of the people merely wish to know who the real makers of our literature are. They would like to know them at least by name.

With this in mind the "Makers of Canadian Literature" series was projected. It proposes to cover the whole field of Canadian literature, both English and French. There will be at least four volumes of literary backgrounds, including Maritime, French, The Lakes and the West. The French Section will contain seven volumes in French, and some of the "Makers" treated will be: Cremazie, Frechette, De Gaspe, Gerin-Lajoie and Garneau.

The English Section will treat of such "Makers" as: Haliburton, Howe, Carman, Roberts, Lampman, Norwood, Scott, Pickthall, Weir, MacArthur, Johnson, Stringer, Riker, Campbell, Watson, Leacock, Drummond, Kirby, Demille, Crawford.

Those who will prepare the several volumes are such well-known authorities as Dr. James Cappon, Professor Pelham Edgar, Professor J. F. Macdonald, Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Dr. Albert D. Watson, Justice Riddell, Dr. John D. Logan, Arthur L. Phelps, Grace Blackburn, Katherine Hale, John W. Garvin, W. A. Deacon, R. H. Hathaway and others.

Each volume will be sold separately. A De Luxe edition will be issued when the series is completed. The purpose is to provide a book of interest for the general reader, a handbook for the student and the first real history of our literature in anything like adequate form. Each volume will consist of a full biography, an anthology of the "Maker's" representative work, and a critical appreciation. An exhaustive bibliography and carefully prepared index complete the book. Each volume is complete in itself, and will enable the reader to acquire a true perspective of the "Maker's" work, of the personality that lay behind him and of his unique contribution to the nation's literature. The complete series of some twenty-five volumes is to present an accurate history of our literature in all its forms from the earliest times. It will provide an encyclopaedia of ready reference on almost every Canadian author of work, a Golden Treasury of the choicest passages from all our literature, a national gallery of literary portraits.

The first volume has just appeared, and is an exquisite volume. There is a frontispiece half-tone reproduction of Norwood in sepia, and the book includes a biographical sketch, an anthology, an appreciation, bibliography of Norwood's works, including book and magazine references.

The Makers of Canadian Literature. Dr. Lorne A. Pierce, Editor; Dr. Victor Morin, Editor, French Section. I.—Robert Norwood. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.25 per volume.

Fabre's Book of Insects

By J. E. Middleton.

FABRE'S Souvenirs Entomologiques, one of the most remarkable books of this generation, has been done into English by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, under the title of "Fabre's Book of Insects."

Aside altogether from the contents, the product is superb—quarto pages of rich hand-made paper, typography of elegance, illustrations in color, reproducing the original Detmold watercolors, and serviceable cloth binding in green and gold, it is the sort of book one buys to give away, and then, after reading a chapter or so—**keeps.**

Everyone has a general notion that the life history of beetles, moths, bees and such small deer is interesting; few appreciate the fact that it is fascinating. The story which M. Fabre unfolds is unpretentious in the manner of its telling; but it is a very catalogue of miracles. The naturalist sets up no hypotheses, advances no theories, merely records the wonders he has observed from day to day in his garden or in his workshop.

Fifteen species of insects are described as to their food and the manner of procuring it, as the various phases of their existence, from the grub to the beetle or fly. The author describes the scarab's manufacture of a perfect globe of food, and his method of rolling it across-country. He tells of the gnat laying its eggs beside those of the cicada to the disadvantage of the cicada family.

The cold ferocity of the praying mantis and its serpent-power of hypnotizing the victim is set forth, and the amazing perfection of the nest described in close detail.

There is a chapter on the glow-worm; another on the mason-wasp, which collects spiders and packs them away for its children's food; another on the Psyche moths. Concerning the Psyche caterpillar, the author says: "Its mandibles are shaped like wide shears, and have five strong teeth apiece. Under the microscope it is seen to be a wonderful specimen of precision and power. If the sheep had a similar tool in proportion to her size she could browse on the stems of trees instead of the grass."

Of grasshoppers, crickets, locusts, bees and wasps of various varieties the author discourses, always with engaging charm, always with the quiet confidence of the man who has seen for himself and knows. His only scientific conclusion which has a general application is found in this sentence: "Clever as these wonderful architects are, they amaze us by their stupidity in the face of the smallest difficulty. On the one hand, their instincts teach them to behave like men of science; but on the other, it is plain that they are entirely without the power of reflection. I have convinced myself of this fact by various experiments."

M. Fabre's cheerful sense of wonder at the infinite marvels of his tangled garden is paralleled by a deep sense of reverence in presence of the majesty and infinity of Creation. It may be that life is a form of electricity, a ganglion of vibratory electrons, as the physicists declare. But even if that theory be correct, it settles nothing. It is merely chatter in the presence of instinct, reason and emotion as revealed in the life story of animalculæ, insects, animals and men. Half-baked philosophies have eliminated God; but honest scientists' avid for the truth must predicate Infinite Personality, Power and Vision as the earth's foundation.

Fabre's Book of Insects. By Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

"Possession" by Mazo de la Roche

Reviewed by Michael Sadleir.

IT is difficult, when one has read a novel of life in a foreign land—for Canada, whatever Imperialist orators may say, is foreign land to me—to be sure whether one's interest has been roused by a tale of unaccustomed ways and of an unfamiliar life or by the author's skill in presenting those human impulses common to the whole world of civilized mankind.

For this reason, when I remember of "Possession" rather the vivid pictures of farm and fruit orchard than the chief persons in the story; when the queer part the Indians play in the lives of Derek Vale and of his neighbors lingers more clearly in my mind than do the normal relations of adjacent gentlefolk, it is perhaps that I am a victim of this lure of things unknown, and, thus a victim, not so just to Miss de la Roche, the novelist of men and women, as to Miss de la Roche, the novelist of Canada.

Nevertheless, justly or otherwise, I must define "Possession" as a book of which the setting excels in power the workings of the plot; a book of which the reader retains, not so much a sense of friendships made, as memories of stalled cattle, of a village band with torches and raucous noise crossing a rustic bridge at night, of heat and storm and distant glittering views. Miss de la Roche has more than a fond intimacy with the scenes she lavishly describes; she has a gift for quick, observant sympathy with animals and trees, so that her sense of nature is alive continually and peeps out with irresistible charm at half a hundred places in her tale, quickening with its sureness and its taste what would otherwise often be inert or dimly felt.

I wonder whether, in fact, Miss de la Roche found Derek Vale as interesting as his orchards or his stable yard; whether the vision of a group of Indian pickers card-playing by lantern-light beneath a tree was not more definite in her imagination than was the share those Indians had in the disastrous unfolding of her tale; whether she knows that Gretta, the cow, and Darby, the favorite horse, are twice as fondly drawn and brought to life as is Grace Jerrold, their owner's daughter and the novel's heroine.

Put bluntly, the animals and gardens and changing skies of Grimstone, Durras, and the country round are literary art of a far higher order than are the protagonists of "Possession's" human drama.

Miss de la Roche needs to observe her kind. It is not enough to docket types of her acquaintance; to choose an ordinary young man and an unusual young man, a nice girl and a child of nature, a comic laborer and a despotic harridan, and leave them to their own untrained devices. They gesture by tradition, but they do not live.

I realize that I am open to the retort that these folk act as do Canadians, and that, not knowing Canada, I am confessedly incompetent to judge their likelihood. Maybe, but it will need much argument to assure me that Canadian officers (who, incidentally, are not entirely strange to me) talk as does Edmund Vale.

"I've never spent such a Christmas!" he tells his brother, smacking him heartily across the shoulder-blades. **"There's something about those simple country wenches that is very attractive."** Again, while walking with his brother Derek, this same Edmund flings himself upon the sunny grass. "What a view!" he cries. "I'm just going to light my pipe and enjoy the whole thing. You can scarcely imagine a more perfect spot for one's first smoke in the morning—a serene view, pure air, the sound of those turkey-hens gurgling to each other, now and then an apple falling." And finally: "She's not to be trusted" (said Derek). **"Where is the woman who is?"** exclaimed Edmund cynically.

Then I am struck by the elaborate compliments paid by these young men to the girl next door. She takes their rather stilted gallantry with easy unconcern, so that perhaps such ponderosities are the small change of Canadian flirtation. If so, one understands more clearly Derek's passion night with Fawnie, the little Indian girl. She at least required no slow manoeuvring of high-flown speech, finding warm darkness and a shadowy solitude courtship enough. But I feel fairly sure that Miss de la Roche does less than justice to Canadian love-making. Doubtless she will make more than due amends when, in her next book, she has man and maid that interest her.

It is because I doubt the author's engrossment in her story that I have left thus late even a hinted outline of the novel's plot. A reviewer's most elementary duty should no longer be delayed.

"Possession" is the story of a town-bred architect named Derek Vale, to whom is left a large farm on the shore of one of the great lakes. He makes acquaintance of his neighbor farmers, of whom one has a pretty daughter and another a non-conformist conscience. To help out with the fruit harvest a troop of Indian pickers is engaged. Among them is a girl of seventeen, whose beauty is impressed on Derek in an unusual and striking manner. Derek drifts into a passionette with Fawnie, and the languid summer night has its effect. The Indians depart, and Derek settles to a winter on his farm. His brother Edmund comes to stay with him. Together they share the simple joys of country folk; together they make eyes at fair Miss Jerrold on the neighboring estate. Next summer sees the Indians back again, and Derek finds that Fawnie's child is fathered on him. From this moment he falls into a decadence, while his house decays and his fine orchards go to ruin. Grace Jerrold, true to traditions of "good womanhood," pities, but looks away. Harried and driven by clerical advice and hooligan attacks, Derek consents to marriage with his Indian mistress, and Grace Jerrold, handsomely too late, confesses that she loves him. Hence and to the [illegible] compelling elements are Derek's love for his small boy and the child's growth from babyhood, both of which are told with much of tenderness and power. How the book ends and with what hope Derek can look forward to his years of ill-assorted marriage the reader must discover.

In the matter of style Miss de la Roche is now impressive, now revealing, now curiously gauche. I have spoken of her quick observation, and she is unfailing as a recorder of quaint or lovely detail in the life of animals and in natural beauty. She has a pleasing trick of breaking her narrative with a few lines of descriptive prose, sensitively felt, admirably expressed. Here is a paragraph, occurring in mid-narrative:

"A little stream, nothing more than a rill, nosed its way delicately among the ferns and brambles of the Grimstone wood, and, after curving about a bank of violets, slipped under the boundary fence into Durras, hurried over a sloping meadow and was lost in the creek."

Here is another, more perfect still:

"The air was still; the sunlight dim and ruddy with the haze of distant forest fires. Tiny yellow leaves fluttered from the locust trees and lay like little gold coins upon the grass."

Miss de la Roche knows her landscape and loves it. As, gradually, she has occasion more nearly to know her fellow-men, she will love them or hate them better than as yet. And with such a love or hatred will come keener vision and with vision an interest, that, having enthralled her first, will then enthral her readers.

Possession. By Mazo de la Roche. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

News and Miscellany

The Women's Press Club held a very successful dinner at the King Edward for the Only Perfect Lady of the Male Persuasion, belonging to that august body, namely, Mr. George Ham. I was stated that Mr. Ham had not come as an official, but as a friend, pure and simple. "Simple," murmured Mr. Ham in acknowledgment of this tribute, "Simple,—certainly!"

* * *

Miss Edith Bayne, a member of the Toronto Women's Press Club, who is so well known to readers of the Toronto Star Weekly, has returned from New York where she has been sponsoring her play which recently had its premiere there.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that the third Canadian edition of Katherine Hale's "Canadian Cities of Romance" has gone to press and that Doran's are bringing out an American edition. This book is to be published in an English edition as well.

The Magical Journey

"FOR letters from the first, were planned to lead us into Fairyland" wrote dear Andrew Lang. There are many delightful stations on the road, not for children only, but for grown-ups, too. The journey may last for the whole of one's life, undertaken in easy stages and at small expense, but the art of such travelling is best learned in youth. The wise parent directs the choice of the children's tickets. If you don't take a stop-over to Abbotsford early in life it may become beyond your power to visit the Wizard of the North with any real enjoyment. A severe course of the Silver Screen inoculates a youth so that it is almost impossible to catch the old stage-coach fever and enjoy changing horses with Charles Dickens. I am not casting scorn on the movies, or the Modernists—far from it! But I hate to see children deprived of their just rights of varied appreciation.

One of the helps to this wider understanding is a knowledge of some of the integral parts of the Old World. If you do not recognize an area railing as an old friend, having seen its picture so often!—if the Round Pond, and "the Fleet," and "the Pool," and the Lights of London, have no **associations** for you, the first time that you see them, then you must reluctantly admit that your parents have carelessly deprived you of a bit of your birthright.

If you cannot pay a visit to Old London in person you can at any age enjoy one in company with Constance Foot, whose delightful book, while written ostensibly for the young, makes a distinct appeal to children of a larger growth, with its account of the beginnings, growth and history of London—its life and its legends, and, just as one enjoys music most, for knowing something about it, one will enjoy the real places most, if already on bowing terms with their oddities and antiquities, as well as their up-to-date advantages.

The Story of London's Water is in itself a thrilling romance—(its earliest artificial entry in to the City being commemorated by "Conduit Street") — and modern cleanliness would surely never have been contemplated had some means not been discovered for obtaining an adequate and constant water supply.

Did you know that "Bart's" hospital was founded by Rahere, minstrel jester to King Henry the 1st? Modern improvements are not left out, either. "We found London a marsh, we leave it the capital of the British Empire—the largest and wealthiest city in the world," says the Author's Postscript. There are a profusion of illustrations, pictures and photographs, and the volume is commendable as a footnote to history, or an actual guide book. If I were guiding the fortunes of the Empire I would take particular pains to see that it was bound together by an adequate interchange of books.

In and Around London. By Constance M. Foot. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. $1.75.

Books on Gardening

"COME plant your garden in the Spring,
And gather fruits the Summer through;
And make your Harvest Thanksgiving
Of all the seasons bring to you.

But if you plan to work the Earth
And get full value from your ground,
Remember—'tis remembrance worth,
The wise man gardens all year round!"

And that is why so many gardeners subscribe to that peerless little "Garden Magazine"—for every month it brings suggestions, advice, advertisements, that no practicing gardener can afford to miss. Now its excellent editor, Leonard Barron, is editing a series of garden books by experts, for amateurs—books calculated to make glad the heart of the would-be gardener.

While the Practical Hand may add much to its cunning from them and the owner of large acreages pick pleasure and profit from the pages, the possessor of the small plot—the 100 x 25 feet space in the back yard—will find that they have been planned for his or her especial benefit.

They carry you, you being the gardener, carefully through the seasons, pointing the way with the best trowel on the market. They lead you to quality, whether quantity is obtainable or not. They give accurate, actual, applicable instructions for the kind of intensive gardening that is attainable by the housewife. The charts and tables are excellent, understandable by the most inexperienced of those who run to read. The illustrations are not so wonderful as to be disheartening. They show things, first-class perhaps, but possible of achievement by the ordinary human being, given intelligence, activity, and a few favoring circumstances.

One of the very best points in connection with these books is that they are suited to the average climate of this country. Successive crops are clearly spaced and specific varieties named, with plain directions, easy to follow, for their culture.

A special chapter on "The Midsummer Garden" is full of timely suggestions for those who go a-holidaying in June and July—and are glad to know how to make their bit of the Summer wilderness blossom with the rows of these"—the salad clan.

The set—called "The Amateur's Book of the Garden Series"—includes "The Vegetable Garden," "Planning Your Garden," "Lawn - making," "House Plants," "Roses," "The Flower Garden," and costs $10.50, the individual volumes being $1.75. The first and last-named will be particularly useful to the average Adam and Eve, and are specially timely at this season—but each can be recommended as tested text-books on their individual subjects.

The Vegetable Garden. By Adolph Kruhm. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.75.

The Proud Lady

PHILOMIDES says that when he wants a nice quiet rest, in a nice quiet spot, he goes to New York and takes a room at the Waldorf Astoria. "Because, you see," he remarks meditatively, "the noises of a great city are not individual noises—they are a nice, conglomerate, aggregate noise like the surf on a sandy shore. They aren't **my** noises, and even if they are separated they make no demands upon **me.**"

There is something in what Philomides says that may almost be applied to a view of human problems. Those of to-day are our problems, the aftermath of the Great War, for instance, and its effect on the nation.

So that it is restful and illuminating by comparison, to stand on a little eminence and view the effect of the aftermath of war, as exemplified in the happenings after the American civil conflict, with the outlines further sharpened and set off by hooped skirts and folded neckcloths, fast trotters and side whiskers. All these are excellently portrayed in the study of an Exemplary Woman that Neith Boyce presents under the title of "Proud Lady."

Mary Lowell had been engaged to Lawrence Carlin before he went to fight for his country. But it is doubtful whether at that time she knew what "love" meant—she was virginal in thought and action; alluring perhaps for that very reason.

Laurence was a fiery lover—who had carried her image next his heart for four years. Mary, meantime, had come as near human love as she was to understand it in twenty years, in a mental passion for Hilary Robertson, the fine young parson who had catpured what imagination she had. But like many self-centred women, she had but a small dower of such understanding. Right was right and wrong was wrong, as she saw it, and it was practically impossible for her to understand any other point of view. Had Mary been a plain person she would have gone through life as a singularly objectionable old maid. But the Jesting Gods had dowered her with that statuesque but ethereal kind of beauty that inflames the fancy of certain imaginative men who are ever lured onward by the hope of applying the life-giving spark that will light up and satisfy and even outrun the imagination. Given such a woman—dowered with intellectual ambition, executive ability, and a religious yardstick, married to a man of intense feelings and wide human sympathies, the situation approaches very closely to the one created when the uncontrollable force meets the immovable object.

Even the author seems unable to decide on the ultimate result, unless she has left the solution for a sequel. But she has handled the situation with great dignity and much incisive force over a period of twenty years, cultivating a growing interest and leaving the reader pondering over the problems of real people who remain in the minds of arresting entities.

The Proud Lady. Neith Boyce. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Walter de la Mare

Down-a-Down-Derry.

FAIRY poems by Walter de la Mare are as appropriate, as inconsequent, as charming, as the dandelion seeds blown across green fields and water-circled meadows on a sunshiny breeze. Although they settle half unseen into your heart, by and bye they bring forth a crop of golden images, with the strange, sunshiny scent of dandelions in their gorgeous color and profusion, and their latent potency as wine!

Poems by Walter de la Mare are not so common as dandelions. Nay, but if the dandelions were as rare (and allowing for the difference between Man and Nature, there is a real Poet's profusion of verses here) they would be equally cherished and admired by those to whom their passionless charm made its intricate appeal. The dandelion recreates its kind in countless numbers. It has all the sexless potency of the fairies themselves. Listen to "The Little Salamander":

"When I go free,
I think 'twill be
A night of stars and snow.
And the wild fires of frost shall light
My footsteps as I go;
Nobody—nobody will be there
With groping touch or sight,
To see me, in my bush of hair,
Dance burning through the night."

The joyous, stark delight of that indifference; the apprehension of that usual touch; the faery defiance in the heart of the burning little creature!

* * * * * *

Read "The Old King of Cumberland," to feel Death come in the night!

* * * * * *

"The Little Creature" might have been endured by the Little Salamander as a Playmate, with her elvish boasting and irresponsibility in claiming that her Great Grandam was a Witch.

"Pretty and small,
A mere nothing at all,
Pinned up sharp in the ghost of a shawl,
She'd straddle her down to the Kirkyard wall,
And mutter and whisper and call,
And call. . . .

"Red blood out and black blood in,
My Nannie says I'm a child of sin.
How did I choose me my witchcraft kin?
Know I as soon as dark's dreams begin;
Snared in my heart in a nightmare's gin;
Never from terror but I may win;
So at dawn and dusk I pine, peak, thin,
Scarcely beknowing t'other from which—
"My great grandam — she was a witch."

Can't you see the little creature? Terrified, hurling defiance at the dark, snatching at a soul-shivering reason of which to be proud!

All of life in "Sam's Three Wishes."

* * * * * *

And for sheer imagery:

Sunk Lyonesse.

"In sea-cold Lyonesse,
When the Sabbath eve shafts down
On the roofs, walls, belfries,
Of the foundered town,
The Nereids pluck their lyres
Where the green translucency beats,
And with motionless eyes at gaze
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

"The ocean water stirs
In salt-worn casement and porch
Plies the blunt-snouted fish
With fire in his skull for torch—
And the ringing wires resound;
And the unearthly lovely weep
In lament of the music they make
In the sullen courts of sleep."

* * * * * *

The only discordant note is Mr. de la Mare's occasional casual and quite unnecessary neglect of rhyme, for instance:

"Gloom" and "Come."
"Rush" and "bush."
"Sudden" and "oven."

But perhaps, after all, that merely strengthens his claim to an orchestra seat among the lyricists.

"Anybody," said the Old Man in the story, scornfully, "can make 'plate' rhyme with 'mate.' But it takes a real poet to persuade 'grass' to rhyme with 'Nebuchanezzar.'"

It takes more. It takes brute force!

The Spirits of the Poems have been caught in the delicate, fanciful illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop, of which there are a generous and welcome number.

Down-a-Down-Derry. By Walter de la Mare. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.

MAGAZINES AND CANADIAN IDEALISM.

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

WHILE crossing the continent recently on the C. P. R. I took occasion to look over the magazine table in the parlor car to see just what publications had been chosen, and to arrive at some conclusion as to the reason for such selection. Most of the leading magazines of the United States were there, although the entire group of Hearst publications was missing. Even "Good Housekeeping" was not included, although it might have been there without offending British taste, for it is the least Hearst of Hearst productions. Change of ownership has not graetly affected the policy of this magazine. It is said by those who know that Hearst is more concerned with what will make a magazine pay than with any mere patriotism; so that, having acquired a good woman's magazine, with a good editor, he is content to have it continue.

In this railway collection of magazines outside of the "Canadian," in a particularly fine number, there was, of Canadian magazines, only the "Canadian Forestry Magazine" and the "Agricultural Gazette." One looked in vain for that old favorite of sportsmen: "Rod and Gun," which surely might have been suitable. The "Canadian Home Journal," too, was missing, as was also "Everywoman's World." "National Life," "Maclean's," "The Quill," "The Goblin," and "The Canadian Bookman." With the vogue for all Canadian products one looks for a larger list.

Frequently, emulating Satan's example of going up and down through the world, occasion often arises to make inquiries as to how much the recent Canadian publications are known, and it is surprising how many readers have never heard of many Canadian publications. It may be the fault of the magazines themselves in not advertising their wares, but there is no doubt a tendency, very marked among news dealers, to push thé usual American best-sellers, whether Omniscienta be to blame or not. In any case we are all creatures of habit in our reading, as elsewhere, and, like trade routes, habits of reading are difficult to change unless some misfortune like the war brings startlingly to our attention the fact that we are not so much Canadian as American in our reading.

In ten years American fiction has changed materially, or we have changed, it may be. It is true we are of the same stock as the people of the United States, but are we the same people? Are our interests and ideals the same? Do we find their fiction satisfying?

Perhaps two of the leading literary magazines of the U. S. have not departed from their former policy of publishing stories of literary value, but a whole host of new magazines have appeared which, instead of leading thought, have catered to a strange unhealthy tendency. While the best stories still grade up to standard, they are greatly outnumbered by the new style story.

Some forty years ago there was a vogue for the "Duke-marries-the-housemaid" type of story. While this may have been the outcome of a democratic tendency, it made very mushy reading. Is it that we are having the same idea dished up to us in different forms in the so-called popular magazines? Now we have the man or woman who arrives in the metropolis and gets into the movies or some get-rich-quick undertaking; or the girl who marries her employer, friend wife being disposed of in somewhat summary fashion. These, with variations, constantly go the rounds, with here and there a siren or vampire story of slightly different type. It is true there is the nature story, but if any type may be called Canadian it is this, for was it not a Canadian who first made the American Nature story?

Through all this new style of American literature there is a feverishness, with sex pulsing beneath ready to break through the crust of conventionality. Is this not evidence of immaturity of thought, the result either of a not too well balanced maturity or of a too rapid growth? The question for us is, do we want it? It is true, even our own writers are contributing to this style of writing, because these magazines which have the larger circulation get more revenue and can afford to pay good prices for what they purchase.

On the other hand, if we could promote a greater demand for our own publications would not the higher-paid writers be ours? And as a result we might develop a purely Canadian literature which would reflect our national life.

Some Picturesque Poets and a Great One

By Katherine Hale.

IN 1909 Edward J. Wheeler, for many years editor of Current Opinion, and Jessie Rittenhouse, the well-known critic, aided and abetted by a number of poets in and around New York, founded the Poetry Society of America, which now has many branch societies. The parent society meets once a month in the beautiful, old National Arts Building in Gramercy Park. Here a good deal of talent is analyzed and discussed, moved forward or shelved as seems good to its members. The members may send in poems, withholding their names, the work is sifted down to a half dozen interesting pieces, and these are read and criticized at the meeting with an abandon that must often be valuable and sometimes highly amusing to the writers.

I found that in a colorful setting these American poets looked picturesque. Even the men. As for the women, a few of them carried flowers in their hands, for all the world as though they had strayed in from some fabulous meadow just off Broadway. Near me sat a pretty girl with a sheaf of daffodils. During a heated discussion someone said that the very word "daffodil" seemed to him an unpardonable cliché. My neighbor cheerfully waved her flowers in the critic's direction. She was an amiable poet, and though only an hour before we were unknown to each other, she then and there invited me to a reading, for which I was already pledged, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Just in front of us sat a charming red-haired woman, in whom I thought I recognized Sara Teasdale, but she turned out to be Elsa Barker, whose work on psychoanalysis is well known and whose poem, "The Frozen Grail," was carried by Peary up to the North Pole. Eleanora Speyer toyed with an effective bouquet of roses and violets. She is another picturesque poet. Her father, Count Ferdinand Van Storch, was a Prussian officer who fought in the American Civil War, and her husband is an Englishman of title. Eleanora Speyer has already distinguished herself in poetry.

The next evening Edna St. Vincent Millay was the guest of the University Women's Club. There were patronesses in gorgeous gowns and gleaming bandeau in their hair, there were university professors and an eager audience filling every seat to hear the young poet who is the idol of literary New York. After the much-belated programme had begun she came down the aisle of the little hall, a quaint childish figure in a severe

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

dark dress with short hair, not bobbed, but cropped, rather like that of pictures of mediaeval pages. She looks about nineteen, but is probably several years older.

For over an hour she read her poems—I think almost everything contained in "Second April" and "A Few Figs from Thistles," and also the beautiful "Ballade of the Harp Weaver," just published. As she read on in her beautiful soft voice, a voice of English rather than American inflection, something of magic fell upon her hearers. Like every great poet, an unearthly power seems to rest upon her. One recalled the rumor of Keats and remembered Rupert Brooke. In her personality she carries a promise deeper than in her written lines. Something clever and impish disappears. Something strange and deep and sorrowful appears.

"I am not willing you should go
Into the earth where Helen went;
She is awake by now, I know.
Where Cleopatra's anklets rust
You will not lie with my consent;
And Sappho is a roving dust;
Cressid could love again; Dido
Rotted in state, is restless still;
You leave me much against my will.

Echoes of all pure poetry were in her tones. She read patiently many request poems, but balked at "Rennaissance." "That is too long," she protested. Vassar is her Alma Mater, but she is by no means what is known as a college woman. Her methods and her manner are the reverse of academic and she is delightfully frank. "I don't know how to pronounce that word!" she would confess. And again "Is it Rondeau or Rondel that I mean?"

Edna St. Vincent Millay came from "down Gloucester way" to try her fortune as a writer in New York several years ago. She joined the artist colony at the, then, inexpensive Greenwich village. To get into the best American magazines is no easy matter, and there must have been discouraging hours. But at night, in her little room over a small wood fire, there was comradeship and there were vows of persistent fideltiy to art. Of all her group Miss Millay stands out pre-eminent and completely herself. She is neither "modern" or "derivative," she is a slave to no mood or movement, she has no theories to exploit, no special type to portray. Meeting and hearing her, the extraordinary promise of her work seems emphasized by a personality grave and artless, and as shining as are her words.

Monthly Records of New Books

Published in Canada.

FICTION.

Alias Red Ryan, Charles Neville Buck (Gundy), $1.75.

Anthony John, J. K. Jerome (McC. & S.), $1.75.

As We Are, Walter B. Pitkin (McLeod), $2.00.

Black Buttes, Clarence E. Mulford (Gundy), $1.75.

Barge of Haunted Lives, J. Aubrey Tyson (Macm.), $2.00.

Beajeu, Bailey, H. C. (Nelson), 50c.

Beneath the Ardent Sun, Frank Fox (H. & S.), $1.75.

Beloved Brute, The, Kenneth Perkins (Goodc.), $2.00.

Caesar or Nothing, Pio Baroja (Mac.), $1.25.

Capitol Hill, Harvey Fergusson (Macm.), $2.50.

Change Partners, H. A. Vachell (Ryerson), $1.75.

Chaste Diana, The, E. Barrington (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Career, Dorothy Kennard (Goodc.), $2.00.

Cinema City, Ranger Gull (McLeod), $2.00.

Cole of Spyglass Mountain, Arthur Preston Hankins (Goodc.), $2.00.

Communicating Door, The, Wadsworth Camp (Gundy), $1.75.

Copper Box, The, J. S. Fletcher H. & S.), $1.75.

Country Club, Mary Culkin Banning (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Dobachi, John Ayscough (Macm.), $2.00.

Day's Journey, A, W. B. Maxwell (Gundy), $1.90.

Daughter of Adam, A, Corra Harris (McC. & S.), $1.75.

Downstream, Sigfrid Siwertz (Macm), $2.50.

Drums of Doom, Robert Welles Ritchie (Goodc.), $2.00.

Dusk of Moonrise, Diana Patrick (Goodc.), $2.00.

Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories, The, Booth Tarkington (Gundy), $1.75.

Feathers Left Around, Carolyn Wells (Goodc.), $2.00.

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The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 50c.

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The Fascinating Stranger. By Booth Tarkington. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

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Ponjola. By Cynthia Stockley. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

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Marriage. Twenty Stories of Married Life by as many American writers. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

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"The Sea Hawk" has followed "The Snare" this year from his Canadian publisher, Thomas Allen. This is a tale of an English knight among corsairs in the days of Queen Bess.

Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth. By Robert Bird. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 60c.

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Faint Perfume. By Zona Gale. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

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Ermytage and the Curate. By A. M. Cogswell. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

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Conception Control and Its Effects on the Individual and the Nation. By Florence E. Barrett, C.B.E., M.D., M.S., B.Sc. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 75c.

A concise and honest statement of reasons for and against the dissemination of this knowledge. Carefully balanced, and stated without bias and with very little personal prejudice, by one qualified to speak on a subject of whose medical and physical aspects she had made a careful study.

With a foreword by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Coast of Eden. By Robert Duffus. Toronto: Macmillan's. $2.00.

A likeable average hero, who turns from his desire for simplicity, beauty, adventure and love to drift into a marriage and a career falling far short of his ideals, is the theme of this novel. Out of this wreck a happy ending evolves.

Mark Gray's Heritage, by Eliot H. Robinson. Boston: The Page Co. $1.90.

Equipped with an unduly turbulent nature for a Quaker, Mark Gray from early boyhood continually disturbs the serenity of the Quaker community and suffers agonizing qualms of conscience. His outbreaks are construed as being the influence of the Evil One, but they provide the thrills of an amiable narrative that, but for these and the author's delightful sense of humor crowding the tale with chuckles, would be dull and featureless. The love interest is pleasingly presented, with a characteristic Quaker maiden as the charming heroine. In due course, the story reveals the fact that Mark's father was not a Quaker, thus accounting for his turbulent temperament.

Anthony John. By Jerome K. Jerome. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

Here is a book that is a challenge to the ordinary man and to the Christian Church. The hero is a strong man strong in education, in business and in love. It is not until he is well into middle life that Christ really crosses his path and Christianity presented itself to him as "all or nothing," meaning, if necessary, renunciation of wealth and position and love itself, to follow the Man of Sorrows in literal poverty and humility. How the strong man meets the crisis is the denoument of the book.

Kailung's Golden Hours. By Ernest Brmah. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

In a preface Hilaire Belloc gives unstinted praise to the artistry of the author as represented in a former book, "The Wallet of Kailung," which he read first perhaps twenty years ago, and repeatedly since then. He hails this new book as being worthy of its forerunner, and in this preface remarks that: "After a small margin has been passed, a margin of a few hundreds at the most, it matters not whether strong, permanent work finds a thousand, or fifty thousand, or a million readers. Rock stands and mud washes away."

The World's Best Anecdotes. Arranged by J. Gilchrist Lawson. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

This book presents a collection of about fifteen hundred humorous anecdotes covering almost all conceivable subjects of interest to public speakers. The contents are so classified as to make the exact subject required easily and quickly available. It is a book of nearly three hundred pages, and represents a lot of work on the part of Mr. Lawson.

A Pocketful of Poses. By Anne Parrish. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

This is the story of a young woman who by reason of her disinclination to disappoint anyone brought about disaster. An intense sense of the dramatic permitted her to stand outside herself and watch the interesting picture that she made. Even in disaster was this true, enabling her to draw comfort from the vision of herself, heart-broken, bending in wistful submission to her grief.

Locomotive Catechism, Robert Grimshaw. New York: Norman W. Henley Publishing Co. $4.00.

A technical book of importance which has just appeared in a revised and enlarged edition is Robert Grimshaw's "Locomotive Catechism." An idea of the comprehensiveness of this work is afforded by the fact that it contains four thousand examination questions wih their answers. It is a volume of over 900 pages.

Country Club People. By M. C. Banning. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

A new picture of American social life and a story of a modern young woman, not a dancing flapper, but a girl fascinated by to-day's ideas of emancipation and individualism. She fiercely sets out to live for them, but in spite of her strong conviction, tradition and habit assert themselves. What will people say? She adopts a natural, if not a heroic, course.

A VETERAN BOOKMAN.

Mr. John Cooper, who for more than forty-five years was with the publishing house of W. & R. Chambers, in London, and for a number of years, until his retirement last year as manager of the London house, is now resident in Canada at Inglewood, Ontario. He retains a connection with Chambers' as a representative, and has occasion to visit Toronto and other chief cities periodically.

"Chambers' Journal" is now over ninety years old, having been established in 1932. In Montreal recently Mr. Cooper found a subscriber for Chambers' of over fifty years' standing in the person of Mr. Henry Birks, of the well-known jewellery house of that city. The magazine is edited by Charles E. S. Chambers, who is also chairman of the Board of Directors of the firm. An interesting Chambers undertaking at present is a new edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, the first revision since the war. It will comprise ten volumes, of which several have already appeared. Another interesting issue is "Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature," in three volumes.

Mr. Cooper had some most interesting things to say about experiences in the publishing business and the pleasant relationships in forty-five years' active connection with this fine old house.

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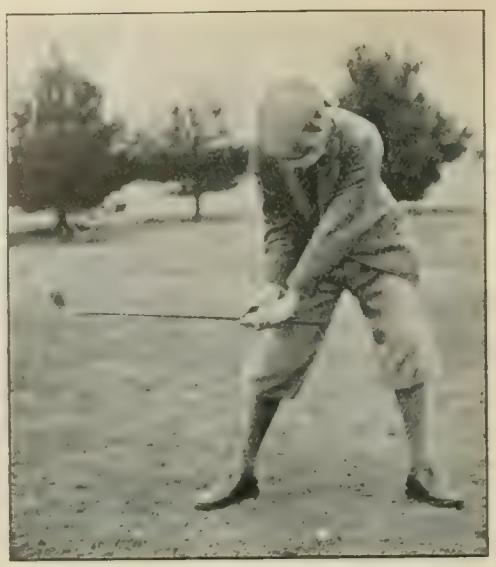

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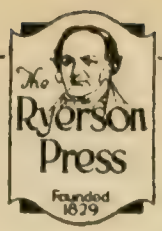

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Why A Canadian Literature?

By R. E. Gosnell, Ottawa

THE question of a Canadian literature has agitated a good many minds for a good many years. I can remember as far back as forty years at least it being asked: "Have we a Canadian literature? If not, why not?" It has been recurrently asked ever since, until I think it has come to be believed among authors that there is such a thing. Now, the question is perhaps, "Of what quality?" So I should judge from reading the "Canadian Bookman"; also from that source I learn that a new word has been coined—"Omniscienta"—to designate a class of persons highly critical of the claims of a Canadian literature to a status comparable with that of the Old World. Why worry?

Young writers of this country are naturally very sensitive of the criticism of the Omniscienta, or highbrow, folk, and in this respect are apt to take themselves and their critics too seriously. I happen to be a charter member of the Canadian Authors Association and although I have never climbed many rungs in the ladder I have followed closely for a number of years the budding and development of Canadian authorship. In some respects we have made very considerable advance. In others I fear we have receded rather than gone forward. I shall refer to what I mean by the latter statement later on.

There is a class of critics, trained for the most part in British Universities and according to British models, who are super-critical, who sniff at our pretensions, and who worship exclusively at the shrine of their own High Priests; but that is not peculiar to their attitude towards literature. It is their attitude towards most things, and we can dismiss them from consideration. They are simply the "snobs" of the literati. There are, however, genuine, solid lovers of literature, men of scholastic attainments, of wide reading and fine discernment, to whom our pretensions in the main do not appeal as we should like them to do, and it is well to listen to them without taking offence. There is a vast difference between wisdom and erudition; between wisdom and ability. With intelligence, we acquire wisdom by experience. Add to experience erudition and ability and the product is a sage. The wiser a man is the prone is he to a frank expression of his views, to be, in fact, cruel in his candor. Great patience is not apt to be his outstanding virtue. I have talked with a number of such men, at various times, on this very subject, and I can give the consensus of their views in the nature of a short talk which would stand as a composite interview.

In the first place, there can be no Canadian literature, or American literature, apart from English literature, except in so far as it is modified by dialect, local atmosphere and topic, and that only in a limited sense. There is, therefore, a great difference between Canadian literature, so called, and Canadian literary men as these two are related to each other. There is no such thing as Irish, or Scottish, or Welsh literature, apart from the pure Gaelic. These adjectival terms are essentially racial. "Harry Lorrequer," "Handy Andy," or "Barry Lyndon" are not Irish literature; nor is "Tam o'Shanter," or "The Heart of Midlothian" Scottish literature, any more than Thomas Hardy's novels because of their intimate scenic details and strong local atmosphere can be called Wessex literature. The only Canadian literature there can be is French-Canadian, and that is part of French literature. The only American literature possible would be Indian literature, if we could construct Indian thought and language, according to tribes and nations, on a basis similar to our own. Noah Webster, imbibing the prejudices and passions following on the American Revolution, entitled the first edition of his celebrated lexicon, "A Dictionary of the American Language," but he was laughed out of court, even in his own country. Anything in Canadian literature, so applied, such as Drummond's habitant poems, which depict dialects, types, scenery, local atmosphere or anything else distinctive, is only the English-speaking mind interpreting these things for the English-speaking mind. Or the French-Canadian mind for the French-speaking mind. It is absurd to speak of French books and English books of Canadian authorship as both belonging to Canadian literature. They are as distinct as if they had been written and printed on the two sides of the English Channel. The English and French are distinct languages of distinct races, whose genii, types of mind and colors of thought are distinct.

There is a wide scope in Canada for the poet, the novelist, historian, essayist and economist—there is two great a tendency to regard poetry and fiction as the only things literary and worth while—on account of its diversity and, may I say, extent of scenery—its rivers, its great lakes, its mountain ranges, its vast solitudes, its winters, its romantic past, its peoples and varying (and increasingly perplexing) conditions, and in these senses distinctively Canadian. But there are two qualifications to their value, or rather to the quality of the product in their use. We cannot live by bread alone; and we must be true to nature. I know a Canadian member of Parliament, an excellent man in every way, who is so Canadian that he has not in three years read a book not written by a Canadian. That may be practical patriotism and good for the Canadian author, but I should hate to think of the future of a people

who developed their national mind on this exclusive diet; and I am probably as all wool—anyway as to the wool—Canadian, as they make 'em.

In this connection, I read about our being trammelled by the traditions of the mouldy past, about creating new standards adaptable to the genius of our own time and place, about breathing freely the atmosphere of a New World, and so on, but here, while the young bird very properly plumes its wings to soar in its own flight, we are apt to stress a commendable ambition to a very lame conclusion. Every English writer of renown, from Chaucer down, including Shakespeare, who, we are told, wrote for all ages, largely reflected his own times and their own conditions. Each generation of literature has had its own standards, tendencies, likes and dislikes—its own reactions, so to speak; but each generation has laid a foundation for the one succeeding. It is highly probable—yea, even a certainty—that Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Thomas Browne, Dr. Johnson, or any of the great 'uns, if, as newcomers, they wrote as they did in the past, would find but a meagre market for their wares. I am quite sure that the parent of the author would lie a long time unburied before Rasselas would nowadays pay for the funeral expenses. Yet a writer of to-day who did not have a working knowledge of some or all of them would stand a poor chance of becoming known as an author. The principal use of the classics of any literature is in developing and enriching the mind for new endeavor. One of the greatest and most eloquent of English orators of the past generation told us that his only text-books were the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton's Paradise Lost, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and these will remain for all time as lodestars in the firmament of English. There may be many styles, but there can be no new canons of literature. To properly exploit the realms of the present or probe the future, we must know the past.

To come to the second and most important consideration of being true to nature, all success depends upon knowledge. One cannot take from a storehouse more or better things than there are in it. There have been freaks in the world of art and literature, or those who have appeared to be, who have burst upon our vision with a splendor unexampled, something after the fashion of a Constantine Cross in the heavens, unheralded and unknown, but they have been few and far between. In any event, it is always unsafe to theorize in respect of the exceptional. What is true and what is essential is that all of our great authors and all their great works have been and are the product of great industry. We marvel at the fact that Sir Walter Scott, with the probable exception of Lop de Vega, poured forth such an unrivalled amount of work, each volume of which is a tome of knowledge in itself. We might attribute it to an uncanny genius denied to the ordinary individual. Not a bit of it. Apart from the fact that Scott possessed a prodigious memory and the rare knack of story telling, he proceeded upon the sound principle from the time he was a very wee boy of acquiring all kinds of knowledge from all possible sources which, for the love of it, and possibly without design, were to serve a great purpose. He was fond of folklore and traditions of his own country. He had the instinct for romance in an extraordinary degree and was constantly in pursuit of material. The old witch woman, the beggar and the wandering minstrel, the local bard, the parish clerk—everybody who knew anything about anything that could feed his greedy mind—was his quarry. The result was that when Byron suddenly leaped into the arena and captured his laurels as a poet and he had turned to prose fiction, he had an almost inexhaustible well of knowledge to draw upon. He had simply to change the tune to express endless melody. Scott, without his extraordinary store of material, which he acquired by enormous industry, would probably never have ranked higher than a village bard. All masterpieces of literature, even of the most humorous kind, have come of labor, much of it prodigious. Many people of his day and since have regarded John Bunyan as a sort of inspired idiot, but the Pilgrim's Progress and his other works were the result of a tireless study of the Bible, with which his mind and his spiritual self became so steeped that it, so to speak, exuded from every pore. One of my mentors said to me, "To write well and enduringly you must draw from a vast knowledge of your subject, no matter what that subject may be." Years ago, a young American, an ambitious and enthusiastic newspaperman, came to me in the library in Victoria, British Columbia, and expressed his great desire to write stories of the Northwest Coast Indians, then practically an unbroken field of tradition, or, to change the metaphor, a mine of wealth for a Fennimore Cooper. He asked me if I could furnish him with the material. He wanted it right away so as to, as it were, send his stories off by the next mail. I said to him: "If you want to write about the Indians, you must go and live with them—if necessary, marry an Indian woman—you must know the languages and dialects. To get their traditions you must have their confidence. You must absorb their very thoughts, because an Indian's mind is hard to be revealed. After twenty-five years, you will probably be able to write fairly well about them, and, if you stay at the job, after fifty years you will write still better." He gasped, "Oh, Hell!" and like the man in the New Testament went away sorrowful. That was at least thirty years ago and he has written nothing about Indians at all. A dear old-young lady friend of mine known to many Canadians, and a true Canadian, discussing the question said literature was very much like butter. "I only buy it," she said, "when it is of good quality, and not because it is labelled Canadian."

Talking of Indians, I once when a mere boy started to write a novel about Indians. I had seen real Indians, but very tame ones, and I had read a good many dime novels of which they were the red devils. I had probably read "The Last of the Mohicans." Scarcely had I got into the woods to seek them when I realized I did not know my way about or out. The first chapter of that novel is still unfinished!

The trouble about Canadian literature, or of any literature, for that matter, nowadays is, that we want to get too quick results. We want to get on the payroll before we have learned our business. After twenty-five years, if a man by taking infinite pains, could write a book of fiction, of poetry, history, or anything that would add to the sum of human knowledge, or to the enduring delight of readers, he would be doing exceedingly well. It would be worth all it cost him in time and labour and he would not have to worry about a market. What is the use of talking about local atmosphere, if you don't know more about the clouds than that they are "flocculent" at times; or about the sky than an impression of a sun, moon, stars and a "Milky Way"? Can you write about Nature if you don't know all about the flora of the country in their seasons, of the very leaves of the trees and their barks; or if you do not know the fauna in their haunts as an old hunter or trapper knows them? To know Nature you must live with it. I read this somewhere: "Pen and paper, a smattering of knowledge and

a lively imagination are not sufficient to make an author, except one of sorts. Equip yourself for the task and you can always perform it."

I am not standing in the attitude of a high and mighty critic, but rather in that of a humble student. I have read a good deal of what has been written by Canadians and about Canada. I have appreciated and enjoyed a great deal of it. I regret as much as any person that the worthy writers we have and have had, have not received the recognition that was their due. Too many have gone away to find a market and, so to speak, a more hospitable climate. Grant Allen went to Great Britain with his heart burning with anger because he got no response in Canada. He died, I was told, with that anger still in his heart. Robert Barr offered his first story to half a dozen Canadian papers free of cost, just to see it in print. He sent it to the Detroit Free Press, which not only accepted and paid for it, but gave him a position on the staff. And, of course, we know all about Roberts and Bliss Carman and others who had to go to the United States to be discovered by their countrymen. There is now a revival of, or perhaps a new interest in, our men of letters, which may avoid in the future the mistakes and sorrows of the past; but the thing to realize is—and all real authors do realize it—that interest cannot remain and be increased unless the standard of Canadian authorship can be kept high. Some one, just the other day, said that the Canadian fiction writers lacked imagination. They were mere inventors. I am not sufficient of a critic to know; but neither invention nor imagination is sufficient of itself, however brilliant. It is true that Dante wrote the "Inferno" without actually having gone through the infernal regions, except in imagination, but he had the advantage of knowing that no one could correct any of the incorrect gruesome details. Had the classics not been written before him, however, we would never heard of his Inferno. Tom Moore, probably sitting snugly in a room in London, and who was never anywhere near the Orient, wrote "Lalla Rookh," which has all the resplendent colour and detail of the Orient. But then Moore was an adept at long distance work. He once performed some sort of Admiralty duty in Bermuda by proxy when making his way in letters at home.

There have been a good many magazines in Canada before the ones at present in existence. I used to take great pleasure in their files and still do occasionally—and magazines are a very large factor in modern literary life—and what impresses me is that while the new magazines are more attractively got up, better printed and much more highly illustrated, and, in a sense, more readable for the lighter hours, they do not reflect the same degree of literary excellence that the old ones did. Most of the articles in the old were written and appeared before the essay had gone out of fashion. There is scarcely anything now between the magazine article and the printed book, although I do see signs of a revival of interest in the essay. Men who wrote essays were scholarly men, who usually did not wish to exhaust a subject, but to adorn it. Writing a book is an exhausting effort, and to maintain a style and interest throughout hundreds of pages is difficult. An essay, on the other hand, is just long enough to enable a writer to put his best thoughts in it without exhausting himself or tiring his reader. He has time to polish it to the highest degree. The lack of that finish and literary solidarity is one of the respects in which our Canadian authorship has receded instead of having advanced. The files of the old Canadian magazines are full of these gems. Many of them, although often anonymous, were written by men prominent in affairs and of thorough scholarship.

As stated previously, I do not stand in the position of a critic in literary matters. I have written not out of the fulness of knowledge, but, I was going to say, out of the depths of my ignorance—not so bad as that I hope. I fully understand why I am not a great Canadian author. If, however, I cannot myself reach the requisite heights of excellence, I think I do know how alone they must be reached.

READING EACH OTHER'S LITERATURE.

COMMENTING upon the recent address by Robert J. C. Stead before the Chicago College Club on the subject of friendship between the United States and Canada, the following significant editorial was published in the "Christian Science Monitor," Boston, on May 10th:

There is a deep moral in the sentiment which Robert J. C. Stead, publicity director of the Immigration and Colonization Department of the Dominion of Canada, expressed before the Chicago College Club recently regarding friendship between Canada and the United States. The friendliness and understanding that have existed between neighboring ranchers in the sparsely settled sections of western Canada has been largely due to the fact that neighbors are so few that it is possible for them to understand each other, he said. Hence, of course, the necessity is just as obvious to maintain a right understanding between the two great neighboring countries in question, in order to strengthen the bonds of friendship between them.

It is incontrovertible that the close proximity of neighbors without a proper understanding militates against peace and friendliness, so that it is no surprise that in Europe, where every country has more than a score of neighbors, in most instances speaking different languages, there should be many misunderstandings. Canada and the United States are extraordinarily fortunate in this respect, so that there really is no excuse for any lack of understanding between them. Indeed, the 3,000 miles of unguarded border and the 100 years of unbroken peace present in themselves a strong rejoinder to those who would argue that great armaments and mighty armies and navies constitute necessary factors in the maintenance of peace.

Far more nearly true is the statement of Mr. Stead, that what is much needed between the two countries is a reading of each other's literature. The literature of a nation furnishes an index to its culture, and thus it is to a certain extent, anyhow, by their literature that nations are interpreted to each other. From this standpoint it is more than probably true that Canada understands the United States better than the United States understands Canada, because whereas the latter country reads large quantities of American literature, the same cannot be said concerning Canadian literature in America. One thing is certain along this line, namely, that understanding of national foibles and individual characteristics would do much toward assuring that tolerance which would make for harmony instead of discord, for peace instead of war.

THE COPYRIGHT ACT.

GENERAL disappointment is expressed by Canadian authors at the outcome of the Canadian Copyright Bill, which was passed last month, to become operative on January 1st, 1924. It is felt by them that not only have their interests been sacrificed, but that in failing to adhere in full measure to the Berne Convention the Dominion Parliament has exhibited a restricted national sense and surrendered ignominiously to the self-interested demands of the printing trade interests, all on the policy of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, because of the fact that the United States maintains what the authors consider the "pound of flesh" attitude.

The protagonists of the Act as passed, championed by the veteran Dan Rose, maintain that Canadian authors should not give away their Canadian rights when selling

their United States rights to publishers in that country. They maintain, too, that the Canadian author is protected by the Act in that it provides that the author shall be heard before any license is issued to publish his works, and also leaves to the Minister the power to say what amount shall be paid to the author. They submit that the Act leaves the author absolute owner of the film rights, translation rights and dramatic rights. Mr. Rose maintains also that the Act as passed enables Canada to adhere to the revised Berne Convention; that it grants (by adherence) all convention rights in all union countries; that it in no way curtails Canadian authors in securing in non-union countries such protection as those countries care to grant, and, finally, that it gives authors of union countries, other than natives, absolute control over publication of their works in Canada.

There, in that last provision, is the rub. Authors of other countries get protection not vouchsafed to authors of our own land. The authors of Canada are wondering why they are thus discriminated against and are convinced that "the nigger in the woodpile" is the fact, as expressed in the Senate when the Bill received its third reading, that there are more printers than authors in Canada, and that the desires of the former must take precedence in the eyes of legislators in utter disregard of the principle at stake.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE

An International Gathering

CHARLES DICKENS has a vitality as irrepressible now he is dead as he had when he was alive, and no aggregation of best sellers approaches him in perennial popularity. The recent Dickens Fellowship Conference in Toronto at Hart House was naturally side-stepped by the high-brows and the critics who snort at anything in which abnormal freaks do not desiccate the decalogue or expound fornication as a fine art, but the great bulk of the reading public, which reads books as distinguished from papers and magazines, finds Dickens entirely satisfactory. Mr. George Locke reported that 1,465 copies of Dickens' works were in constant circulation in the Toronto Public Library, having to be renewed more frequently than those of any other author. He is read all over the world, too, and has an increasing audience in America and other parts of English-speaking civilization. He is translated also, and was the solace of the bosches in the Hun trenches, and Russians and Japanese read him with equal fervor. The Dickens Fellowship has its headquarters in London, and Dickens' honeymoon residence, 48 Doughty Street, where he completed "Pickwick" and wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist," has lately been bought for a permanent home for the Fellowship. Gadshill has just been put up for auction, and some Dickensians think that would have been the proper place to secure as a memorial. The point is that there is a great organization with branches all over the world, not expanding swiftly, and rather curbed by the conservative attitude of the London headquarters, but growing steadily, with representatives in most of the larger cities. The North American Conference was in New York last year and Boston the previous year, and there are huge collections of Dickens in both these cities. The Toronto rarities were shown in the Reference Library and made an interesting exhibit. Mr. Vincent Massey made a neat little speech of welcome and showed his appreciation of Dickens in some cleverly discriminating remarks. During the day addresses were given by Dr. Milligan of Boston, who had an interview as a lad with Dickens in 1868, by Professor Perry of Winnipeg. Dr. Armitage of Montreal, president of the Montreal Branch; Mr. Albert Smythe, president of the Toronto Branch; Miss Mary Saxe, of Westmount; Mr. J. K. Thompson, secretary of the Philadelphia Branch, and various others. Justice Riddell presided during the afternoon. In the evening the Dickens Fellowship Players of Toronto, a well-known body, which has furnished recruits for many ambitious companies, performed the "Pickwick Trial," amid the never-ceasing roars of laughter of the audience. An astonished critic coming out observed, "There's nothing amateurish about that lot." Mr. A. J. Rostance's Buzfus, to mention no others, is an unrivalled piece of work. The players have contributed much to the success of the Fellowship, supporting the charitable work of the Toronto Branch, which has consisted in endowing cots in the various hospitals for sick children, five having been so dedicated. The Conference was distinguished by the publication of a volume of dramatic sketches from Dickens, all produced from time to time by the Toronto Players, and written by the members. Constant enquiries for assistance from community and little theatre players suggested to Mr. J. Edmund Jones the idea of collecting the Toronto work, and the result, "Scenes from Dickens" (McClelland & Stewart, $2), is just what has been enquired for. "The Drood Trial," as well as the "Pickwick," is given, and a "Nicholas Nickleby" play, and many short pieces, a dozen in all. Directions for producing, costumes, etc., are provided, and the fact that they have been successful before the public already, guarantees satisfaction. Dickens will continue to live in the hearts and homes of men, and so much of the modern literature, not believing in homes and being wholly doubtful of hearts, has made no assault on these citadels, his reign is not likely to be disturbed.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE NIGHT."

By Clare Shipman.

Night! And the wind in our faces
Out on a country road;
Night! Where the woods' dusky graces
Shadow a lamp-lit abode.

Night! Where the wind whirls and gushes
Over the lake's tender croon;
Night! In the murmuring rushes
Under a young slender moon.

Night! Ah, glad nights spent in roaming,
Friend of the days that are gone;
Miss you not now hush of gloaming?
Miss you not gladness of dawn?

Miss you not longing and laughter?
Striving the old pace to keep?
Miss you not rest that comes after?
And the sweet silence of sleep?

Night! Ah, you have gone past it;
Dreaming and striving are o'er;
Gold of the day shall outlast it,
But—Crave you the dusk nevermore?

TO THE CRITIC.

Scorn not the humble singer, O vain man,
Because his voice is faint, his tone unsure!
His rhymes may fail, his verses may not scan,
His thought and life alike may be obscure;
Yet, if his hope be high, his purpose pure,
Though his song die, his spirit shall endure!

—Florence B. Fink.

Ottawa Drama League---Early History

By E. Arma Smillie, M.A.

DURING the winter of 1913, the University Women's Club, realizing the need for audiences who were educated in their appreciation and discrimination regarding dramatic productions, requested Milton Rosmer (of Miss Horniman's company of Manchester Players) to address an open meeting in the Normal School. This meeting was attended by a large and enthusiastic number of Ottawa people, and inspired by the address and the interest apparent, the club sent a committee—of which the writer was a member—to interview local organizations as to the desirability of forming a new society, somewhat along the lines of the Drama League of America, to foster the study and production of better dramatic art.

On May 9th, 1913, the Ottawa Drama League was formed. At first it was a branch of the Drama League of America, which was most helpful in its assistance; but later, when the war made the aims of the two somewhat divergent, it became an independent society, purely Canadian. It is now affiliated with the British Drama League, and in friendly alliance with the American.

From the beginning the aims of the league were to promote the study of the better class drama, and to insure a good attendance at the deserving plays which were bulletined from the American headquarters a few weeks in advance of their production. These bulletins were either mailed to the members or posted on the notice board of the Carnegie Library. Unworthy plays were not condemned by bulletins, but ignored.

The Dramatic Committee directed the performance of plays. Our biggest production the first season being three plays in one evening, by Chesterton, Synge and Stanley Haughton respectively. Well-known actors were entertained, or lectured to us, and teas and addresses were both well attended, the outstanding one being that by F. R. Benson and Archibald Flower, of the Stratford-on-Avon Theatre.

Gradually we became a recognized organization, with a membership of almost two hundred. Then, just at the beginning of our second year's work, the war broke out. We lost by enlistment several of our executive and many members, almost immediately,—several of our members were in active dramatic societies behind the firing line throughout the war,—and the membership dropped to forty-nine, where it remained for quite a while. The future outlook seemed very dark, and many advised us to let the league die, but the more courageous decided that we could continue to exist if we did so for unselfish purposes. Accordingly we announced our intention to put on plays for patriotic purposes alone, and showed our willingness to assist others in this work. So we kept alive.

The Belgian, Serbian and other relief funds were assisted, the Woman's Canadian Club Prisoners of War gained help and a bed was donated to the Duchess of Connaught Hospital at Cliveden. In fact over fifteen hundred dollars was raised by our little organization and many local societies also indirectly helped. The Cliveden Hospital bed was paid for by what was, as far as we knew, the first purely Canadian play, by a Canadian, put on in a Canadian theatre: "The Suffragist," by Dr. Donald Guthrie, in April, 1915.

It was about this time that the need of a place where we could produce plays without the outlay necessary in a large theatre was forcibly brought home to us. We had realized this lack from the beginning of our organization, but now, under the leadership of our zealous president we began to consider ways and means whereby it could be remedied. Search was made throughout all Ottawa for a store, factory, abandoned restaurant or something that could be used for a little theatre, but all to no avail. Suitable places were prohibitive in rent, and finance was needed as well as faith. The newspapers supported us loyally, and the little theatre movement was approved of, but financial support was still lacking.

We continued to work, however, and in the autumn of 1915 our efforts brought forth fruit. By careful, constant, and consistent work on the part of a few, headed by our patient, persevering president, Madge Macbeth, assisted most ably by the honorary president, Honorable Martin Burrell, the Canadian National Theatre, as Toronto journalists called it, was opened, not in a disused shop, nor a bare factory, but in the cosy well-built auditorium of the Victoria Memorial Museum. Here a large and enthusiastic audience gathered to hear Granville Barker pay tribute to this auspicious event in the history of Canadian theatrical movements.

While we possessed this little theatre home we made the best possible use of it. At Christmas time that year, out Junior League, trained by Mrs. Macbeth, put on "While the Chimes Rang," on two evenings; first to a noisy but appreciative audience of soldiers' families, and second, to the league members. In January Arnold Bennett's "Honeymoon" was given, both in our own theatre and, by special request, in the Balderson Theatre, Perth, Ontario.

Then, just as we were realizing to the full the delights of our new home, and planning a full winter's work, there came the House of Commons fire, and, overnight, our theatre was dismantled, our scenery removed, and the curtain rose on the Canadian Political Drama instead.

Nevertheless, despite the vicissitudes of fortune, the league was not discouraged. Relying on the promise of the restoration of our home when circumstances would permit, we carried on. Church halls, library basements, private houses, no place was sneered at for rehearsals; and our plays were put on wherever and whenever possible. The junior league celebrated the Shakespearean tercentenary by giving "Master Will of Stratford" at the Russell, to such a crowded house that the police interfered and the performance had to be repeated for those turned away. The league also supervised Shakespearean gardens under the Improvement Commission and conducted an excellent Essay Competition in the schools, for which medals were given.

After the House of Commons was reoccupied we were obliged to wait till the Museum had undergone necessary repairs and alterations. During this time the league gave one or two large performances at the Russell each season and had an excellent programme of lectures to justify its existence and keep the members together. While we did not flourish under these circumstances, yet public opinion seemed to think we filled a long-felt want in Ottawa dramatic circles. All the while we were waiting until our ideal was again realized and we were at home in the museum once more. Those who carried on through these trying years are now seeing their faith justified, for since

our return to the "Little Theatre" our membership has jumped to seven hundred, and we are aiming at even more next year.

We have reached our physical goal in point of location, but it remains for the future to show whether or not we can justify our existence permanently, by supplying a want in the community and also by producing high-class Canadian plays that otherwise might be overlooked. We have given of our selves to reach our goal, so far; now we must await the judgment of the future as to the worth, in effect, of these our ten year's efforts.

THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS OF WINNIPEG

By Hilda Hesson.

Editor's Note.—The following paragraph, dealing with the future of "The Community Players of Winnipeg," follows up the interesting article on that subject which appeared in last month's issue.

For the future there are many dreams, and surely the beginning has built a base on which may be erected a monument of high hopes. In less than two years a definite organization, with a long list of service, acting members and subscribers, and an interested and expectant public has been evolved. We have a theatre which for the present satisfies our demands. We have talent and a desire for expression, and, in our cosmopolitan community the daily hope of discovering one, who in temperament and ability, bears the infallible earmarks of genius. Above all, we have a real hunger for drama among our most intelligent people, and a large, still-skeptical public to convince, and what could be more inspiring? Winnipeg, geographically unfortunate in being away from the beaten track of travelling companies, is at least fortunate in not being satiated with mediocre plays, but comes to the theatre intensely longing for the satisfaction of all its dramatic senses. And these circumstances have all combined to make the Community Players of Winnipeg a community effort in the truest sense of the word. There are no salaries, no employees. There is simply a large body of people really and intensely interested in the production of the best drama in the best way, trying to their utmost to make true the quotation from Roger Fry's "Vision and Design," which adorns the front of our programmes, "The greatest Art has always been communal."

THE NEW COVER.

AFTER experimenting with covers in type design, the "Bookman" this month goes to its readers with a distinctive new cover in which the artist has succeeded in combining the desired effect with an impression of the scenic beauty of the great inland waters of Canada. It will meet the suggestions of many good friends who have expressed the desire that the journal should have a cover more in keeping with the stimulating character of the contents of this year's issue.

The design is the work of Mr. Thoreau MacDonald of Toronto.

HELPS CANADIANISM.

Judging from the last few numbers of "The Canadian Bookman," the artistic ferment visible in its pages will be a more potent factor in bringing about a distinctive Canadianism than the appointment of a Canadian ambassador to Washington, or any other such highly dubious design to impose a national status.—John Hurley, Winnipeg.

THE WHITE PEACOCK

By Beatrice Redpath

"ALMOST unholy bird," I said,
"I'll omened thing,
It will bring evil in our lives."
She laughed: her laughter seemed to be
Like flecks of silver on the sunny air.
"Look at its slim white grace,
Its slender throat,
How could it be so beautiful
If it were really evil?"
But I was looking at her slim white grace,
And hated the bird,
I feared the bird.
"Happiness is fear," I said.

It lived out there upon the moss-green lawns
And plumed its feathers in the sun,
Such golden weather!
The nights were vibrant silver things!
The peacock walked the garden in the night,
Ruffling its feathers under the moon,
And once it gave a curious cry that curdled my heart.

A peacock is a lovely bird, I thought,
Looking down on it from my window,
To see it tread across the lawns
Delicately,
In the moonlight,
Spreading its white lace tail;
But its a bird of ill omen all the same,
A most unholy bird.

Something was stirring by the hollyhocks,
I heard soft notes of laughter,
Muffled,
Then they came out from the shadows,
Her slim, white grace blotted by dark enfolding arms.

God!
Down steps,
And steps,
Steps,
And more steps,
Out under the moon.
Passion beating like a gong
Against my brain.
Hands were made to strangle life
Strangling . . . . . strangling,
Choking . . . . . choking . . . . .
While the gong beat on,
Beat . . . beat . . . . beat . . . . inside my head.

The sun came up the following day,
Golden weather. . . . . .
The irony of sunshine
Brought a laugh into my throat.
They told me that the peacock,
That lovely bird,
Was lying dead upon the lawn,
Strangled, they believed,
Dead . . . . quite dead.

But I knew something else had died,
Under the moon.

Semi or Ultra-Modern?

By John Hurley

BY nature I am not, in any field of activity, a reactionary. I peruse the vast plain of politics with serene, untroubled mien and sit unmoved even at the spectacle of a glowing red tie in the Mother of Parliaments itself. The fiery eloquence and fistic encounters of the member for Motherwell arouse in me no emotion other than mild amusement, the same sensation, in fact, as that evoked by Mr. Hocken's proposed tariff to produce a Canadian genius.

In the arts I am equally unmoved at departures from accepted standards, and favorably disposed towards new tendencies. I can sympathize with Carl Sandburg's rude rhythms and feel something of the dark urge that prompts Sherwood Anderson or D. H. Lawrence to plumb forbidding currents. With E. E. Cummings even, although he sometimes irritates, I am cool and appraising and patiently scan his tortured verse to grasp the thought which burns behind. Likewise with his drawings, monstrosities at first glance, but each containing the germ of a sardonic idea. To take another instance, some of the drawings of Adolph Dehn I find carnal and gross, too animalized, but I do not grow red in the face and give vent to a spite of paralyzing prose. Not at all. In the midst of all political and artistic upheavals I remain calm and judicious, poised and distant. All this by way of making known to you that I do not clutch with desperate intensity to the past and with a view to forestalling possible objections on that score. Now to the business in hand, which concerns the new spelling as expounded by the Literary Digest International Book Review.

With this excellent journal I have no quarrel, not the slightest, or had not up to the last issue. As a matter of plain fact I freely admit that I look forward with no little pleasure to its monthly appearance. There used to be a time when I was conscious of a mild shock on seeing opinions "exprest" and subjects "discust." For some reason I cannot fathom, on meeting these words images of custard pies would float about my mind, thus partly bearing out the contention that it is the associative value of words that gives them their flavor. When I would read that somebody "stopt" I did not rave but merely remarked inwardly on its peculiar aptness to the sudden cessation of movement and pondered somewhat its kinship with Tennyson's lines:

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmurings of innumerable bees."

Hence, as intimated, I carp not, or at least have not done to date. But the May number moves even me to raise a staying hand and make protest. If you have one nearby, patient reader, turn to page thirty-one and glance at the column to the left, near the bottom. You will there find a reference to Lady Jersey's 'sprightly' reminiscences. Little cause for complaint there. Now turn to page thirty-seven, and if you have tears prepare to shed them. For there you will find the estimable Maurice Francis Egan commenting on a "spritely" book by Stuart P. Sherman.

Here again I must insist I am not a stickler for punctilio in these matters. I contend that language came before the grammarians and has since given the latter cause to start many a bead of perspiration on anguished brows. I have little in common with those pundits who insist upon "such an one," and I view their labored efforts to grasp the tail of an elusive quarry with unmuffled derision. But this last instance gives me to pause. I wax apprehensive and confusion is bred. Which is the correct new spelling "sprightly" or "spritely"? It is not too much to demand consistency on their part. If a word is disembowelled in one place it should not, to be logical, appear later in its original wholeness. Such a course can only be productive of unhappy results, as in my case.

In this particular instance, not only am I puzzled regarding the spelling of the word, but also as to its meaning. For, I vow, if the adjective "sprightly" can properly be applied to "Fifty-one Years of Victorian Life," then I must perforce abandon my wonted use of that term.

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CAVE WOMAN.

BEING one, I have no objection to Cave Women—but if there is one thing I hate worse than anything else on earth, it's an insidious Cave Woman that pretends to be Saint Cecelia. I've been gathering together my evidence against one of them for a long while and am now about to let fly.

A little while since, one Elinor Glyn arose from the mists of oblivion with a number of psychiatric-looking photographs, in which her eyes, peering through a furze of front hair, gave a correct impression of Uncle Remus's "ram lookin' through a brush-pile." Then through that well-known public medium, Wm. Randolph Hearst, she proceeded to materialize these pictures in a series of Sunday-School articles for "The Cosmopolitan." With decorum and delicacy of expression that would do credit to Queen Mary, she set forth with horror and admonished with shame, the disgusting habits of the modern young woman—which, as everybody knows, may be awful, but are frank at any rate.

"Where are you wending?" she moaned, dragging in "Three Weeks" by way of a little easy-gotten publicity, and citing the revolting case of the debutante who got sick on champagne punch.

Naturally the "Cosmopolitan" circulation was swept with a delicious wave of humor and everybody had a good laugh, but probably the pitiful part of it was that it had to go on because Hearst was under contract.

The next thing, or perhaps it was about the same time, she had a series in the Sunday Hearst papers on how to catch and preserve a husband. This was priceless, too.

All this was very likely broadcasted from Hollywood, where she was living then, and is at present, I think. Next followed a movie. It was called "Beyond the Rocks" and should have been called "On the Rocks." It was one of those which Valentino is now travelling the country begging the populace to forget.

But the piece de resistance follows. This is the reply received by my stenographer when enquiring into a short story course in one of the Motion Picture Magazines. It is mimeographed on salmon-colored paper and carries the personal initials at the head, and signature at the close, of "Elinor Glyn."

"Strange that I should tell you about a dream!

"But it was a vivid dream—so full of radiant, golden things—of hopes fulfilled—of happiness—that it holds a great meaning for you. I dreamed this dream when I was a girl—long before I had begun to write—long before I ever suspected it would be my happy lot to help so many aspiring young writers to realize their burning aspirations.

"Maybe you don't believe in dreams, but whether you do or not, a dream—your dream or another's—may prove a big inspiration—may light the ethereal flame within you. 'But DREAMS,' you say, 'what good are THEY?' Why, it was a dream that built the giant Woolworth Building—just a passing thought in a big man's fancy! It was a dream that built the Panama Canal! It was a dream that built every great thing in this world—it was a dream that wrote every great story; a dream that enabled me to write 'Three Weeks,' and all of my other stories and plays. It was a dream that made the Aeroplane a reality. Dreams chained the electric forces of Nature to the uses of Mankind. A dream brought the telephone, the telegraph, and all the electrical and mechanical wonders of our time. Yes—dreams—and nothing else.

"But to return to MY dream:

"I lay there one summer night in my peaceful room. The gentle summer breeze soon lulled me to sleep. Floating through my youthful land o' dreams came a wonderful phantasmagoria—a kaleidoscopic, highly-colored, vividly-hued procession of pictures—pictures of romance, youth, love, valor, brave men and fair women, armored knights and ancient castles—all the beautiful, weird, bewildering, dancing, dazzling procession of beautiful and radiant things, people and events—all these whirled their way through the vivid scenario of my slumber—when like a flash, and all of a sudden, I fancied myself with a huge pad of paper and a pen, rapidly, hurriedly, feverishly describing all that I saw—painting in words that came in an endless stream the bright and inspiring description of this wondrous vision—my thoughts came thick and fast, the words poured endlessly from my pen. I gloried in my inspiration! For it had come to me at last—the freedom, the unfettered flight of fancy, the glorious urge of the Muse—it was mine, mine! I had it at last—that divine, elusive ability to express myself—the power to WRITE! And, still in my dream, I eagerly, and with flushed cheeks and beating heart, read all I had written. O, it was wonderful! It was magic! I had reached the golden goal of my desires! I could WRITE! I could WRITE! In that ecstatic thought lay the deepest happiness I had ever known!

"When I awoke, I was filled with feverish happiness and girlish expectancy for the future. Even though it was all a dream, yet I was elated, intensely happy. The dream, I told myself, was a harbinger of what would, could, and should be. I said to myself: 'I will follow the dream. I will do in fact what I did in fancy. I will WRITE! I can! I will! That dream was a message—the message—my message. I will begin, however humbly—no matter what my mistakes may be—I will attain perfection—it can be done—it shall be done!'

"In those days I had no one else's experience to guide me. I had none of the advantages that are offered to you to-day by The Authors' Press. I had none of the endless helps, hints, inspirations—the many attractive special features offered you by them—the generous and willing co-operation of their different departments—the guiding hand, to point out exactly what I should and should not do. Nearly all well-known writers have become successful only after years of bitter experience. They succeeded, but they took the long way 'round—the difficult way, crowded with obstacles. Many who began with high hopes fell by the wayside—simply because they had no one to point out the pitfalls on the Highway to Literary Rewards.

"But YOU need not! You are more happily situated! You have the lucky chance hundreds of now famous authors would have given their very souls to possess. I have travelled the road—I know its dangers—I know its short-cuts. So let me help you succeed. Let me help clear the way. Let me solve your problems—overcome your obstacles—smooth your path—advance you quickly by my short-cuts, to the point where you can expect to demand the serious attention of editors everywhere.

"DON'T, I URGE, AS ONE WHO HAS YOUR SINCERE INTEREST AT HEART, LET A MERE SORDID MATTER OF A FEW DOLLARS BECOME THE BLANK WALL, THE STUMBLING BLOCK THAT CHECKS YOUR ONWARD PROGRESS TOWARD A LITERARY CAREER!

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"All the earnest co-operation I am ready to give you—the same methods that immediately brought me success—can be yours within a few days. And your first successful story or photoplay should pay for all this help a dozen times over!

"Fill out the enclosed Guarantee and mail it to The Authors' Press with no further hesitant thought. The Hopers, Wishers, and Wanters of Life are those who let petty doubts and sordid small things stand in their way. Be fair to yourself and your noble ambition! Act to-day—if you would have the future filled to the brim with happy fulfillment. Cease to dream! Do!

"Your friend,

ELINOR GLYN."

All right, Elinor, we **did.** I have been fair to that noble ambition in that I have not let a small thing like the fact that we are both Cave Women stand in the way of telling you off, but I'm darned if you get any five dollars out of the likes of us.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views and Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

—An Impression.

By K. K. B.

A NEW volume of Albert Durrant Watson's collected poems is almost ready for issuance from the press. Dr. Watson has made his own selections for this volume, and many of the earlier poems from the first Book of Verse have been ruthlessly cast aside. Why? "Because less than the best is bad."

Dr. Watson touched there on that curious power of selection that we all possess, which varies as the years go on and our own judgment matures. He would be as fearless towards his own work as towards his own life. He would exercise that mellowing judgment very carefully and render it as clearly and nobly as in him lay. Which is one reason why his poems are less lyrical rhapsodies called forth by the emotions, than actual expressions of a growing personality.

Tennyson affirmed that "we needs must love the Highest when we see it." But does it indeed always follow? For such Love pre-supposes recognition, and, while a small minority have achieved the power "to know," many others are undecided. Opinions differ. There is an ever-widening circle of those who fluctuate in their ideal and opinions, above the heads of the considerable proportion of people who lack the basic powers of understanding and appreciation. The "Utopians," in H. G. Wells' latest book converse without words. Where their ideas run beyond the comprehensions of the Earthlings, the latter are like hearing men, suddenly become deaf. The thought fails to get through. We may love the highest when we see it; but how lofty is the range of our vision? An unsettled height—a fact which gives weight to Dr. Watson's creed.

"Art is to every one of us just what we make it."

When one realizes the amount of work that Dr. Watson has published in verse and prose, some of it not so well known as it deserves to be, remembering that he has lived and brought up his family, not on the results of literature, but by the active practice of his profession, and learns that he wrote next to nothing for publication until he was 42, one understands something of the depth and sincerity, the spirit of reverence and yet familiar love, with which he has approached Art, "the expression of Truth and Beauty."

To enjoy the confidence of his patients, a doctor must be able to infuse them with a belief in his sincerity and sympathy. One does not have to be a material sufferer to feel this with Dr. Watson. He radiates that impression. One might disagree with him. One might fail to understand him. One might over or underestimate him. But one might doubt his crystal sincerity—Never.

Here, then, is a traveller through life who has climbed, temperately, consistently, from height to height. It has been said of him that as he climbed he changed his point of view. He has changed it less than he has enlarged it. The little landmarks become blurred and merge into the general beauty of the landscape as the view becomes wider and wider.

A Creed is not less a Creed, only a greater one, when it embraces all men. In Faith, in Tolerance, in Patriotism and in Work, Dr. Watson is a Universalist.

His deepest personal interest lies in literature. In all literature it is poetry that appeals to him most. It is his own chosen vehicle of expression. He brings to it Thought, Faith, Hope and Charity, as well as careful concentration and considered workmanship.

He believes in Inspiration. He believes in the Poet as the Leader; the one who has Vision, upon whom it is laid, as a Sacred Trust, to translate into words what he has seen.

Many a man says: "I Believe" and closes his lips on the affirmation; a passive creed, which has little effect upon him. But an active Belief, renewed and revivified from day to day that sets a man striving to live up to its fullest meaning, is a constant chisel used on character.

Here is one who has achieved the serenity of assurance, without retaining a trace of aggression. He is an astronomer. He has looked with confidence towards the stars. In a world of unrest, he is travelling onwards. He is content to travel. He has sensed Eternity.

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

WATER! WATER!

RUPERT HUGHES is developing from a sensational writer into a vivid portrayer of modern human history among the Americans. In "Within These Walls" he has told a poignant tale of people whose lives are woven into the warp and woof of the last hundred years that have gone to the making of New York. He has told it exceptionally well. Its background is the search for and appreciation of, pure water. The lives of everyone concerned are washed, or drowned, sustained or swept aside, by this mighty force till finally very guilt is washed away by it, buried forever beneath its placid surface.

In these Prohibitory days, it comes an Epic of Pure Water. It hangs together with coherence and sequence and the diction is a full fountain pen ahead of much of the slipshod writing of so many popular authors. It is arresting. Here and there it inundates the heart. The fight to stop the water is shown as fruitless as the struggle to stop thought. The creeds and credences of our grandparents become startlingly real and horrible, seen so closely parading through the pages. The belief in the Fires of Hell; in the damnation of illegitimate children; in the goodness of God, as illustrated by plagues and punishments. Women's emancipation from the physical constrictions, corsets crinolines, swoons and "protection" (save the mark!) bestows a benediction on the sex. Baths come into being! Only Old Mother Nature presents an unchanging face to the multitude.

"Within These Walls." By Rupert Hughes. Hodder & Stoughton. Ltd. $2.00.

RUPERT HUGHES

Men Like Gods

By K. K. B.

"MR. BARNSTAPLE found himself in urgent need of a holiday. He wanted badly to get away from his family to some place where he could think of its various members with quiet pride and affection and otherwise not be disturbed by them."

So he took his little car and, with some preliminary manoeuvring, he departed—Anywhere!—for the rest he needed.

Unexpectedly, he ran into another world; into Utopia.

His entry, simultaneous with that of two other motoring parties, was the result of experiments on the part of some of the Utopians, who were as surprised to see Mr. Barnstaple and Co., as the latter were to meet the Utopians on their own ground.

The reactions of the Earthlings to their new environment are interesting, varied, temperamental; recounted with a subtle satire. But they do not matter any more to us than they mattered, individually, to the Utopians. It is Mr. Wells' idea that matters.

Going back to Tono-bungay and recollecting as distinctly as possible the mechanical status of the world at the time at which it was written, it is vividly interesting to note how many of the predictions in that book have materialized at the present day. Mr. Wells has the power of projecting his mind forward for a couple of decades with remarkable accuracy. In the present instance, he projects it two thousand years into the future. Because of his accuracy over the measurable period, one is all the more prone to give credence to the probability of his pre-vision over the greater stretch of time and say "Well—why not?"

It is because of this supposition that it might all very well come true for ourselves—"Given the Will"—as Mr. Barnstaple says, "Given only the Will," that page after page becomes annotated with eager personal interjections.

First, about the ordinary housework. Dust was eliminated, and flies and countless other tiresome things. But HOW were the beds made? Who DID wash the dishes? And did the once-daily meals, if they were once daily, arrive ready picked? It is easy to believe in the "happiness of the true artist, of the true scientific worker; of the original man; even as it is on earth to-day." But "it seemed to Mr. Barnstaple that work, in the sense of uncongenial toil, had almost disappeared from Utopia. Yet all Utopia was working. Everyone was doing work that fitted their natural aptitudes and appealed to the imaginations of the worker." Everyone! That is the stumbling block to the mind of the Earthling—**Everyone.**

Of course, everyone was raised to an enormously higher intellectual and spiritual level, using "spiritual" without any religious meaning. But must not some work that everyone more or less energetically disliked have remained in a world still so beautifully human? We do not suggest that it must perforce have remained, but we crave to know how it was banished.

Then how did Love and Marriage actually work out in this perfect Communism? There were Great Lovers. Did they never clash—two lovers to a single loved one? Sentimentality had evaporated like a miasmic mist in sunlight. The Utopians had developed a clean, free hardness—like Crystal. Death was merely the opening and shutting of one of the many doors in which they were so interested. In all that spacious place, there seems to have been no room for personal regrets.

The five Principles of Liberty that were given to each young Utopian were: 1. The Principle of Privacy. 2. Of Free Movement. 3. Of Universal Knowledge. 4. Of Truth. 5. Of Free Discussion and Criticism.

H. G. WELLS

Mr. Barnstaple was mightily taken with the enunciation of the 4th Principle, with its corollary "Lying is the blackest crime," and its accompanying amplification, "Where there are lies there cannot be Freedom. He felt that the first step of the Earthlings towards a better world might be made along this pathway. The Utopians must have achieved it very largely through thought transference. Since words were given to conceal thoughts, they seldom used the spoken word. They thought **towards** their companion—and his mind clothed the exact meaning in the words that best conveyed it to him, in "his own habitual expressions."

This was, of course, the most unutterable help, both to Education and to Truth.

This great and delightful mental step forward has produced one slight discrepancy in the action of the story itself.

When Mr. Barnstaple wanted to warn Serpentine and Cedar of the danger in store for them on Quarantine Crag, why did it need his audible cry to attract their attention? The distance between them does not appear to have been too great. Every Earthling in the party must have been thinking violence TO them, with concentrated force. But this is a very minor point.

The book, written with all the verisimilitude of Mr. Wells' realistic manner, conveys a picture that he might have seen in reality, not merely with the eye of the mind. It is an inspiring book, and for all its contrasts, an optimistic book. If the real Utopia is marked by the fact of "everyone working happily and eagerly as people we call geniuses do on earth," we cannot help feeling that Mr. Wells would have felt less lonely than Mr. Barnstaple in the crystalline atmosphere of that uplifted place. Here and there in the world of to-day, we are sometimes aware of the beginning of the Utopian movement. Little things, individual characters; the straining away from sentimentality that we find to-day, and often call hardness, disrespect and indifference are perhaps tiny atoms in the make-up of the change.

We are impressed again with the pre-eminent power of Mr. Wells. Not only by what he thinks but by his power to make his readers think. That striking illustration of the recurrent deafness of the Earthlings when they had no "habitual expressions" in which to translate Utopian speech is a Searchlight to be applied to our own understanding!

Forty-eight books stand to the credit of H. G. W. Not all are popular. Some may fail to set a sluggish mind ablaze. (That intermittent deafness!) But there is not one that does not strike a spark.

Momentous man!

Men Like Gods. By H. G. Wells. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, $2.00.

The Proud Lady. By Neith Boyce. Toronto: Macmillan (Knopf). $2.50.

The first novel from this author since fifteen years ago, when "The Bond" appeared. The scheme of this new book is a quiet village near Chicago in the days just following the Civil War. The lady whose fortunes are followed is a Victorian of the Victorians, and it takes years of experience and a re-adjustment of the values she sets on life for her to break away from restrictions of the Victorian mind so as to come in the end to see her own blame as a contributing factor to the course followed by her husband and in turn by her sons. The man, vulgar though he is, distinguishes himself at the bar and eventually is appointed to the bench. He earns large sums of money, builds a costly mansion and gives the family all the benefits of wealth and position, but never are the two in tune until after the proud lady's awakening, which is the climax of the story.

The Catholic Taste

DOUG DURSTON was lazing in his canoe in midstream, when Mark Woodburn climbed into it and into his life, stark naked from the river.

This was the less surprising, for Mark seemed something of a Water Spirit, a child of Nature and Douglas accepted him in the spirit in which he arrived.

Dressed again in overalls, his only wear, Mark retraced his steps to the Gypsy encampment, where he had been sojourning for two weeks for want of better company and occupation. All that Mark knew of himself was that he had been left at the Woodburn Orphanage on St. Mark's Day about twenty years past. With him had been left a bundle of gifts, a light heart, a high courage, a keen honor and a clean bill of health. More than many christened babies bring with them from the ceremony! Always he liked books. Later he was to develop ambition and the love of good work for its own sake.

He had been sent from the Orphanage to work for a farmer. Then had gone on the railroad. After that for a while he drifted, which brought him to the Gypsies.

Returning from his swim to the camp, he quarreled with Black Pete for refusing to go thieving potatoes, and escaped the latter's murderous knife, swimming to the little French-Canadian village across the river, still with overalls as "his only wear."

Fate landed him at the feet of Father Michael O'Leary, Priest and Man. There you are launched on a very heartening tale, embodying a real picture of semi-rural Canada that carries conviction.

So many "Canadian " stories seem to be forcibly dragged from their natural environment and set in Canada as on a stage. With scene shifts and lighting apparatus plainly visible. Here is the story that is set in Canada because it grew there. It is more than Canadian. It is human. Yet it only belongs in this land.

One loves Father O'Leary and "Darlin' Dear." Mark and Lena are true types of the wholesome young people who renew our Faith in the race, and the lightly-drawn Dr. Durston is an excellent bit of character study. The theme is woven around the tenets of Roman Catholicism. The writer evidently loves "The Church" and has the greatest affection for the strong men who are her sons. But he believes that they are men first, Catholics afterward, fine and strong and true, less because of their creed than in spite of it.

It is an artistic mistake and a sop to popularity to let Mark discover his actual relationship to Father O'Leary. It savors too much of the Silver Screen. But for all that it is a real story, carefully constructed and well developed. The writer is to be congratulated on his second novel.

"More power to his elbow and the luck of ten."

"This My Son." By John Freeman. Toronto. Hodder & Stoughton. $2.00.

The Crime of Being Clean

The reception of Marian Keith's novel, "The Bells of St. Stephen's," by the New York "Bookman" has inspired spirited comment on the part of another prominent Canadian author, H. A. Cody, in an article printed in the St. John "Evening Times."

The New York "Bookman" noticed the book as follows:

"'The Bells of St. Stephen's'—Marian Keith. One of those nice, sweet, innocuous products that Canada (outside of the Province of Quebec) insists on exporting to us."

"What a sneering note is detected in those few words," remarks Mr. Cody. "The writer apparently resents Canada exporting clean, wholesome books into the United States. And yet what a tribute to Canadian authors. How thankful we should be that Canadian books as a rule are "innocuous." "Nice" and "sweet" are beautiful words to all whose vision is not sadly distorted. But one with the soul of the swine, prefers, perhaps, the pig-sty to the niceness of a garden with its sweet flowers. Such a person may follow his desire, and wallow in the sex novels, and books of that type. But the Canadian public as a rule demand clean, wholesome books. Such writers as Marian Keith, Ralph Connor, Sir Gilbert Parker, Robert Stead, L. M. Montgomery, Nellie McClung and others, write clean books, and anyone reading their works need not be ashamed to give them to his sons or daughters. That is the high standard we wish to maintain, and any critical, carping countries might do well to follow our example. In a recent number of a leading New York literary paper a certain book was highly commended.

The reviewer says in part:

"'It is intense beyond bearing. It reeks with sour brutality of truth. . . . It is a novel that will be decried, sneered at, ignored, censured by the puritanic; but its bitter honesty lives on every page.' The heroine of the book is the hero's mistress, 'his master and inspiration, a blowsy third-rate streetwalker, who gives her body to his art and sells herself that he may live and create. . . . Beneath her repulsiveness flames high woman's faith in man. She is hideous, terrifying in her pathos.'

"Such a book is highly commended by the reviewer because of its reality and portrayal of truth. But why serve up everything that is real? Would we want the filth of our streets served up on our breakfast table because it is real and true filth? Certainly not. We know where such stuff belongs, and for the safeguard of our homes we demand that it be removed and destroyed. If we are so careful of our bodily health, should not the minds and souls of a community be safeguarded? The whole matter might be summed up in a few words—encourage Canadian authors to continue their production of clean, wholesome books, and place a ban upon the importation of the unclean and degrading novels, magazines, and moving pictures. What people read is either strength and inspiration, or it is a subtle poison of far-reaching effect."

Hopeless Husbands and Wasted Wives

JACK and Harry were school and college pals. As young men they footed it through Brittany together, scenting adventure, tasting fun, and quaffing friendship. As they left these sunny shores, and steamed away into the fog, they vowed to the Seven Saints who hold that delectable corner of the country in their particular care, that when they had advanced through the Fog of Life, and come once more into the Blue Water, they would recapture Youth, and repeat the pilgrimage together.

* * *

Twenty-five years passed. Twenty-five years during which the Fog intervened. Jack travelled to Mexico, and many more outlandish places, carrying on the Big Business of that successful contractor, his father, growing pinkly prosperous in the process, putting on weight instead age.

Harry had "taken silk"; developed a keen interest in ordering the perfect dinner; grown bored with most people, including those whom his wife entertained, first for him—later from habit, and had been offered a Judgeship.

Meeting again and finding each other behind crow's feet and avoirdupois, admitting a disillusionment with life,—more particularly married life, where their wives regarded them chiefly as private bankers,—Jack and Harry decide to pick up youth and freedom where they left them long ago—at Waterloo Station. So—

"They drop their relatives a line
And leaving no address
Leap Middle-Age's Borderline
Back to Youth's Wilderness"

merely leaving their wives well supplied with that neat replica of a husband—the well-filled bank account.

Whereupon the ladies, who had never met before, foregathered and decided what to do about it!

For though you may think that you know your husband to satiety, though you may be thoroughly bored with him and find no thrill in anything connected with his presence, merely continuing together because you don't know just what else to do; yet to discover that you have palled upon your husband to such an extent that he finds life so lassitudinous in your company that he simply can't bear it another minute, wakes you up to the possibility of points in his make-up that you may possibly have overlooked!

* * *

In an age and environment that daily and deliberately imbues the rising generation with an instinctive belief that married life is made up of a series of assaults, reprisals, and deceptions; that man and wife cannot possibly enjoy the same friends; that connubial conversation consists entirely of recriminations; and that there is no real fun to be had with your Other Half, it is interesting to note the number of books written by serious and pleasant thinkers, trying to suggest ways and means of remolding matrimony nearer to our heart's desire, not putting the entire onus on the women either!

The Victorians tried to achieve it by means of the Pedestal—a clumsy and unworkable way. The Modernists ex-

periment with the Divorce Court, with blinding and deafening results from its ugly and noisy mechanism. Isolated instances can of course be chosen to prove any theory, either way. But the fact remains that though marriage, for the majority, is the only satisfactory means of "carrying on," it is, in itself, far from satisfying.

Dullness and monotony, with their resultant reactions, varying according to temperament, is the chief charge that is brought against it.

Getting accustomed to it; finding one's Partner like a pair of old shoes, a habit that may be wearing thin, but that cannot be altered or replaced without active discomfort, seems to be the final, paradoxical, majority award in favour of marriage by the Sometime-Married.

And yet in almost every human heart lies a longing for the Ideal Mate. Few go through life quite untouched by the iridescence of the belief that he or she is waiting for us **somewhere,** if only we could come together at the foot of the Rainbow!

This little book contains three things—

1. A delightful and whimsical account of Brittany, its Saints and Sinners.
2. A series of smiles an' chuckles.
3. A suggestion for tethering the Rainbow in Your Own Front Yard, by attaching a Ball and Chain to its Foot, locked on with the Key of Comradeship.

Change Partners. H. A. Vachell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.75.

Book Review Contest

"The Four Men."

"Canadian Bookman" offers three prizes, of books, for the three best reviews of "The Four Men" by Hilaire Belloc (Thos. Nelson & Sons). Mss. not to exceed five hundred words. Write on one side of the paper only. Address to Mrs. E. C. Bowker, 140 Rosewell Ave., Toronto. Competition closes the last day of June.

The first prize for a Review of "Neighbours" by Robert Stead (Hodder and Stoughton) goes to Mrs. W. Garland Foster, for an excellent little piece of work, which only lack of space prevents our publishing.

Second prize to Freda S. Harold, 5 Redland Court, Moosejaw, Sask. There was no review sufficiently up to standard to draw the third prize.

To date, only the fair have deserved the books, for only the ladies have tried to obtain them. However, the Other Sex are already represented in the reviews being received on "Madame Claire," that delightful novel by the new English writer, Susan Ertz. (Longmans Green and Co.)

The Book for our next Review is a change from novels. Will the public care for this departure? Time will tell.

Black Buttes. Clarence E. Mulford. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.75.

A typical Western tale, replete with two-gun men, stolen cattle, wrangles, fights, the mystery element leading to romance and mystery again, the whole story being presented with a strong flavoring of humor. A most readable tale for those who like this sort of book.

Honours For the Quick and the Dead

. . . JUNE . . .

JUNE brings the Roses and the Brides, inextricably intertwined. The first Bride, Eve in Eden, as visaged by Milton, half veiled in a cloud of fragrance, "so thick the blushing roses round her blow."

Herrick's Sappho—at sight of whom white roses blushed for shame, at lack of their own beauty—June—specially favored by the Romans as the month of marriage. The month when Love Philtres and Follies were rife, and the Husband Hunter had only to throw broken eggs over somebody's head, to see the image of the Future Bridegroom. Eggzaggerated, I should think. This is the month of Politics, as it happens, and perhaps the throwing of eggs may yet reveal those that are to be wedded to their country's service. Only Time can tell.

June used to end on the 26th day. But with an openhanded recklessness that many a modern business man might envy, Romulous flung her four extra days of grace. Numa deprived her of one, which was finally restored with an imperial gesture, by Julius Caesar. Since that time, her sentence has remained—thirty days. Greedy of longevity, she retains the longest day for her own. (The day before the Wedding, probably). Ovid is responsible for the rumor that she was named in honor of Juno.

* * * * *

The old quip—

"Born in June
Die too soon"

may mean that June's children can never stay so long on Earth that they wear out their welcome.

Midsummer, Day, June 24th, is commemorated as the Birthday of John the Baptist.

* * * * *

June 1st, 1861.

Wilfrid Campbell. "It is just because he has always made man and the larger, greater interests of man, the prevailing note of his poetic work, and is doing it more than ever before, that he is to be placed in the very forefront of our Canadian Singers."—Prof. Hornung in "The Globe Magazine."

Wilfrid Campbell inherited literature, coming from the same stock as Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Henry Fielding, the novelist.

Born in Berlin, Ont., he was educated at High School, University College, Toronto, Cambridge, Mass., and later received an honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. In 1885 he was ordained a clergyman of the Episcopalian Church and undertook parish work in New England. But returning soon after to Canada, he became Rector of St Stephen's, New Brunswick. In 189[illegible] he left the ministry to devote himself chiefly to literary work, later entering the Archives Bureau at Ottawa, where he was associated with Dr. Doughty. His historical novels, "Ian of the Orcades," and "A Beautiful Rebel," deserve to be better known, as well as several other volumes of historical importance.

He died on New Year's Morning, 1919.

A new volume of "Poems by Wilfrid Campbell" is being issued this month by Hodder and Stoughton.

June 12, 1802.

Harriet Martineau. An Englishwoman, who was known to her contemporaries as that awesome (and since extinct) creature, "a Blue Stocking." At the age of 28 she won three prizes offered by the Central Unitarian Association for essays to convert respectively the Catholics, the Jews, and the Mohammedans. "These essays probably converted nobody," writes a biographer, "but they brought in forty-five guineas." Interesting commentary on religious writing! She continued to write on many learned subjects and some human ones, which included criticisms of the United States after a visit to that country. She died at the age of 72, still unmarried, and thus a warning to female writers!

June 12, 1819.

Charles Kingsley. "Strong and free, strong and free"—English clergyman, novelist, poet. With Julius Hare, F. D. Maurice and others, he considered it the peculiar duty of the Church to improve the position, spiritual and material, of the working classes. His first published works were written with this idea in view. He was a prolific writer, as well as a very busy man. "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" "Hereward the Wake," and the beloved "Water Babies," being perhaps the best known of his works. He was, above all, a Man! Greatly beloved in England, where the personal tradition of him lingers about Eversley to-day.

June 22, 1748.

Thomas Day. Born in England, educated for the law. His principles "led him to renounce most of the indulgences of a man of fortune, that he might bestow his superfluities upon those who wanted necessaries." He wrote on various subjects, but is known to fame as the author of that quaint book for the young, "Sandford and Merton," which is only appreciated to-day by "the old."

May 21st, 1888.

(Omitted last month).

Owen E. McGillicuddy. Born at Goderich, educated at the Public School and Collegiate Institute there and matriculated at McGill University. Has gained a wide reputation as a free lance writer and journalist. His work has appeared in many magazines of the United States and Canada, and he wrote of Canada's part in the war for the New York Times' "History of the War." His poem, "The Sons of Caesar Serve," is used by the Italian Government as a national song. His most recent book is "The Making of a Premier," the life story of the Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada.

Do All Mothers Fail?

IN "The House by the Windmill" we have a most interesting study of what maternal direction can or cannot do for its offspring.

It depends very largely on how much you believe in the possibility of character moulding; or how much you believe in the strength of innate personality; whether you consider the theme developed logically or not.

Hester Ryder was "a born mother." Even before marriage, she knew she was meant for motherhood and the dream of her early years was "Twelve children, six boys and six girls—all beautiful and brave."

She renounced the possibility of a brilliant career for the sake of these Dream Children and when they became realities she lived with and for them, surrounding them with an atmosphere of family love, understanding, sympathy, and comradeship. Yet the five children, all different, all beloved, all given the deepest, albeit reasoned, love and individual care, developed along their own lines, in their several ways, drifting away from their mother in many ways.

Sydney, the dreamy "medallion" daughter, left the shelter of home to follow the wanderings of her lover, the early friend who had been the recipient of her childish affections when she was twelve and he was thirty-two. She went against her mother's will and judgment to a life for which her mother felt her absolutely unfitted.

Georgianna, the wilful and beautiful, married the wrong lad in a moment of angry spleen.

Douglas, the first-born, the wise and splendid son, was killed in a motor accident. Hugh, spared but tongue-tied, wrapt himself in an armour of reserve and ugliness. Even Noel, the baby, the archangel of a child, went to prison as a Conscientious Objector, rather than fight for his country against his convictions.

Finally Hester, still the treasure of her husband, the beloved of her children, even if they loved her in a different measure, died suddenly—perhaps of a broken heart—believing for a moment that the dictum of the old professor might be true: "All mothers are unsuccessful; the human race proves it."'

She had believed so in her children! In her power to help them, to shape, not their destinies, but the characters with which they met Fate. With all that, she had never coerced them, had used skilled diplomacy and direction, without a hint of over-riding or force; kept them happy, healthy, free, interested.

She died, feeling in her heart something of the despair of Joan of Arc when she cried "My Voices! My Voices! Have they deceived me?"

Yet Douglas died a Sir Galahad.

Sydney went round the world, to find that war had wrought for her a more wonderful home, with the happiness, the setting, even the new lives—that her mother would have chosen for her—more than her mother had planned for her, in truth.

Georgianna, had she married the man who seemed her mate, might never have blossomed into the real woman who is foreshadowed at the end of the book. And Noel was really true to his mother's teaching. "All brave."

Even Hugh had a clean straight soul, with a lasting devotion and a growing understanding, for the great woman he knew his mother to be.

Almost every mother, with a strong personality, meets daily defeat in her children and is sometimes nearly overwhelmed with failure. (Joan of Arc died by fire!)

But for what she may give them, she is under the necessity of continuing with prayer and faith. She is under contract to the Future.

Here and there is a mother with a child just suited to the generating seed that mother can give. God has been good to that mother! But for the others, if their children, returning to them in spirit, learn to understand something wider through their own children because of what their mothers gave them; if perhaps they pass on to their grandchildren something extra "on account" for Immortality; that of course, is what mothers are for!

Unsuccessful? Well——who knows?

The House by the Windmill. By Agnes Edwards Rothery. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, The Oxford Press. $1.75.

Skeeters Kirby. Edgar Lee Masters. Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

Whereas "Mitch Miller" was a story of boys with such an intimate picture of a small town community as to give it an appeal to fiction readers generally, this new tale carrying on the story of Mitch Miller's chum, Skeet, is a big city story—Chicago—where Skeet goes to make his way as a lawyer, his path having been guided to the law by his father overriding the boy's natural inclination to newspaper work. Never altogether happy in this profession, he nevertheless makes his way in it, and incidentally, by means of introduction to men of wealth and position through his engagement with a multi-millionaire's daughter, he gets ground-floor information that nets him $80,000. How he lost the girl and how he married the wrong woman, who eventually gets $70,000 of his $80,000 before he frees himself from her, are steps in the development of the story, which is ably told. The author cannot be said to have sacrificed art for the sake of a pleasant ending. There is a sense of unfulfilment throughout the career of young Kirby, and an impression that had he fought circumstance to better effect he would have had more out of life and contributed more to it.

It Can Be Done. Poems of Inspiration, collected by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. New York: George Sully & Co. $3.00.

This is a new edition in most pleasing leather binding, with embossed cover design, of a collection first issued in 1921. It is an admirable gift volume. The poems were selected by the compilers to bring people courage and resolution, to cheer them, to fire them with new confidence when they grow dispirited, and to strengthen their faith that things "can be done." This is quite a contract and there will no doubt be some people skeptical enough to question whether any book can accomplish the whole gamut of things to do, but even they will find much to their liking in this volume.

Stories That Words Tell Us

THERE are always too few books for children that couple information with interest. Normal children are as keen for facts as robins for worms and it is safe to say that the young person of to-day is even more interested in actualities than in fairy stories and tales of adventure. An English writer who understands this is Elizabeth O'Neill, M.A. She follows "The World's Story," and "A Nursery History of England" with "Stories That Words Tell Us."

"Nearly all children must remember times when a word they knew has suddenly seemed very strange to them. Perhaps they began repeating the word half to themselves again and again and wondered why they had never noticed before what a queer word it is. Then generally they have forgotten all about it. The next time they have used the word it has not seemed strange at all. But as a matter of fact words **are** very strange things."

Thus is the reader plunged into a history that is fascinating. There is first of all an account, briefly told, of British history through English words. As, for instance, the origin of the name Welsh, which was given to the Britons who were driven into the western parts of England and comes from an old English word 'wealh,' which means slave.

In a chapter on Slang we have the episode of Dean Swift, two hundred years ago deploring the "disgraceful abuses of the English language" by such vulgarisms as the word mob, instead of the dignified phrase mobile vulgus and also our good friends of to-day, banter, sham and bully.

Through the changing English language, which has borrowed so much from so many people, we learn of explorers and adventurers and sailors and merchant-men who for centuries have brought home cargoes of strange foreign words from Arabia and Turkey and the West Indies and Africa and South America and other "uttermost ends." And there are the words that religion has imported and art has discovered and war employed and science invented. In the names of places lies romance, and also in the words manufactured by early writers such as Chaucer, Wyclif and Spencer.

Words with different meanings that have been borrowed twice over, or, to quote the author, "different forms going back to the same origin" are called doublets. The English language is full of them and they, too, tell some interesting stories. No one would be likely to suppose, for instance, that nutmeg was any relation to musk, but the word comes from the name which Latin writers in the Middle Ages gave to the "musky nut"—nux muscato.

There is also a moral to these tales, where youthful readers are shown that the motive at the root of most poor and showy writing is the desire to "shine," while the rule for golden writing is simplicity. Children of all ages will like this book, for it will help them to understand better that symbols can play one sad tricks at times, and at others actually eat out of one's hand.

Stories That Words Tell Us. By Elizabeth O'Neill, M.A. Thos. Nelson & Sons. $1.50.

Some of the New Books

In Brief Review

What the Judge Thought. By His Honour, Judge Edward Abbott Parry. Longmans, Green & Co. $6.50.

A literary ragout, compiled by a judicial mind with an excellent turn of expression. Please remember that a "ragout" is not a hash, but, in its finest form, a meaty concoction, full-flavoured, nutritious, well-seasoned, only to be compiled by a master hand. Philosophy, common sense, satire, humor that is "extra sec," knowledge of queer old laws, human understandnig, wide learning, with a passion for legal form and right conception of the laws, are gathered together in these pages. The sketches of Daniel O'Connell, Rufus Choate, and Abraham Lincoln, are like cleverly cut silhouettes. The chapter "Concerning Whistler vs. Ruskin" is a find for readers who were too young to recall the case, though they have heard the legend. "The Law of the Lost Golf Ball" should delight the many lawyers who are devotees of the Royal and Ancient Game. It will be savored best as desultory reading and the fact that any chapter will bear re-perusal, earns it right to a place in the library.

The Simpkins Plot. By George A. Birmingham. Thos. Nelson & Son. Fifty cents.

Few of us could emulate the Gallant Major and his patience, with the ubiquitous "J. J." Most of us would drown the well-meaning fellow if we saw much of him in real life! But in the amusing story 'tis he who does the drowning of "dull care." Some of us may take a sneaking pleasure in recognizing his distant relationship to those friends who override us and never feel themselves foolish however adverse circumstances may show them up. Excellent fooling, with an edge to it.

The Four Men. By Hilaire Belloc. Thos. Nelson & Sons. 60 cents.

Mr. Belloc himself says that he writes "very slowly, weighing every word." The result is a great clarity, and a style like a cameo, clean-cut on a faint rosy background. Choice words, excellently set.

Just what the author means by this little book, with its "love of all the land which is knit in with our flesh and yet in which a man cannot find an acre nor a wall of his own," each man must decide for himself, translating its dreams and whimsies and the pungent flavour of its "attic salt" in the terms of his own mentality. There IS a meaning here!

Recommended as a "Bed Book" or a "Pocket-piece."

Carniss and Company. By Henry St. John Cooper. The Ryerson Press. $1.75.

An engaging tale of Young Love and Enterprise, with the Real Thing in Villains in the background making a noise like a Hoodoo properly foiled in the last chapter but one. A very pleasant bit of "light reading."

The Reed and the Cross. By Francis Callaghan. The Ryerson Press. $1.00.

This little volume, bearing the poet's name for Song and Suffering, is finding open doors awaiting it among Canadian poetry lovers. Mr. Callaghan, at 21, has heard the Pipes of Pan, and begun to fashion his own instrument to catch the tone of the immortal Piper. He has imagination, observation and a gift of words, as well as a sense of the dramatic. It will be interesting, one may fairly hope inspiring, to watch the development of his work.

Old Diplomacy and New. From Salisbury to Lloyd George. By A. L. Kennedy, M.C. Longmans Green & Co. $6.00.

An exceptionally interesting study of Modern Diplomacy; being a reflection of History and the Temper of the Times as illustrated by the various mouthpieces of the European Nations, Great Britain in particular, over a short period of great changes. It shows maps of the world in the drawing. With unforgettable pen portraits of Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George, as well as well-developed snapshots of Lord Roseberry, King Edward VII, Giolotto, Erzberger and others. Written by a shrewd observer dowered with unusual advantages for studying the subject at first hand. A book that compels quick and attentive reading for the interest it excites, yet repaying a second perusal, for the more leisurely assimilation of the inter-relations of the civilized world.

The Tenth Woman. By Harriet T. Comstock. S. B. Gundy. $1.75.

"Nine women out of ten would have acted differently." Ninety out of one hundred more probably! Perhaps that is just as well, if the comfort of any home is to be considered. Of course, I am all for the Freedom of the Female, and against the Suppression of Wives. But Rose Ann, who was a "sport" in two senses of the word, ran rather to extremes in her determination to keep the flag of her personality flying at the Peak in all Winds and Weathers. She made a perpetual breeze for it! And the story, though interesting, is hardly convincing. The results of her action still less so.

Nobody's Island. By Beatrice Grimshaw. S. B. Gundy. $1.75.

She refused the man she loved, for he was Divorced and she was a Catholic. She married for money, to please her mother. . . . She had wished her husband dead and, when she discovered him lifeless shortly after a quarrel, she felt herself his murderess at least in the eyes of the censorious world. Hurrying through London at dusk, her feet winged by fear, Fate cast her in the arms of the rejected Lover, now a Widower. Together they flew, stopping long enough on the wing to wed, from the shadow of suspicion to an unknown island in the Southern Seas. Beauty, Terror, Intrigue, Adventure and Amusement follow each other thick and fast through the pages. Death stalks in the background. The writing is clever as new paint. With a bizarre anti-climax at the end, chiefly brought about by the heroine's adherence to the Letter of the Law while she leaves the Spirit well outside the Three-mile Limit. Withal, a distinctly well-written and surprising "Thriller" that should certainly be included in the list of "Books for the Summer Camp."

Whither France? Whither Europe? By Joseph Caillaux. Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

Caillaux preaches to his countrymen, urging them to curb the spirit of hate, and professes to see doom for Europe in present tendencies of politics in that turbulent continent. His conclusion is that the eyes of Europe must be lifted up to broad horizons of liberty and understanding. "The states of Europe, if once they are organized politically and economically, on a democratic basis, and joined one to the other on an equal footing, can continue to exist, and can even recover their past glory. But if they remain disorganized, without any common ideal, perpetually at war with one another, and a prey to the plutocrats, they will enter on a permanent decline."

The Outdoorsman's Handbook. By Watson and Curtis. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co. (Gundy, Toronto). $1.50.

This is a book of useful facts and figures on the technology of the outdoors for the hunter, angler and wilderness traveller. There are numerous illustrations in the way of clever line drawings that give the needed information in a practical way.

Information is presented regarding standard outfits, arms and tackle; material that has been well tried out and which is in extensive use by experienced outdoorsmen. It is a 12 mo volume of 320 pages.

Exterior to the Evidence. By J. S. Fletcher. Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

J. S. Fletcher in his mystery stories has the faculty of holding the interest of his readers by exciting adventure that does not put too severe a strain upon the reader's credulity on the score of plausibility of the situations and the unravelling of the tale. That is perhaps what accounts for the increasing popularity of this writer of popular mystery novels. This latest one will not disappoint his readers.

Wisdom's Daughter. By H. Rider Haggard. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

This is the last novel of the "She" trilogy—telling of the woman cursed with deathlessness, with all the glamor of Rider Haggard's highly imaginative tales.

Tom Akerley. By Theodore Goodrich Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.65.

This new novel by a popular Canadian author is a tale of adventure in the tall timber and at Gaspard's clearings on the Indian River. This latest tale has his usual dash and verve and is all the more realistic by reason of the author's familiarity with the Canadian woods, in which the novel is set. The hero is "a man from outside" who takes up life in the primitive backwoods settlement where, with an Indian trapper, he meets adventure a-plenty. A fine book for boys.

Keeban. By Edwin Balmer. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

Twins, orphaned at little more than babyhood, and left to buffet their way through life, go different ways from the outset. One of them is adopted by the Fanneols as a companion for their only son, and they name him Jerry. The other, Keeban, becomes a master criminal and, owing to his likeness to Jerry, the latter is suspected of being guilty of the brother's crimes. Jerry and his foster-brother go into the underworld after Keeban, and a wild whirl of adventures ensues among safe-blowers, counterfeiters and worse, with Keeban taxing to the utmost the cleverness with which many nets are set for his capture. Romance is woven in most interestingly with mystery and adventure.

Polly the Pagan. By Isobel Anderson. Boston: The Page Co. $1.90.

A book of lively letters of a gay and vivacious American girl travelling in Europe, with accounts of her visits to Paris, London, Rome, and her many and varied flirtations. There is an appreciative foreword by Basil King.

Auto-Camping

WITH the increasing number of autocamps and the growing predilection of motorists for this form of vacation, interest attaches to F. E. Brimmer's interesting volume, "Autocamping," put out by Stewart Kidd Co. (Gundy, Toronto). The author is the editor of "Outers' Recreations," and long before motor-camping reached its present vogue Brimmer blazed the way just for the fun of finding out all about it. He lived in this manner outdoors, with his family, including small children, for as many as five consecutive months, from which it may be judged that he can speak from wells of practical experience, and this he does in this delightful volume. For those who have a car and a hankering for the open spaces, this book will be a veritable treasure. The illustrations show what the text explains and it is bound to make many new converts to motor gypsying.

The volume is one of 256 pages, well illustrated and attractively bound in silk cloth.

Autocamping. F. E. Brimmer. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co. (Gundy, Toronto). $2.00.

Age Cannot Stale---

Madame Claire.

EVERY reviewer who tries to be just reads with an eye less perhaps to individual taste, than to an honest endeavour to give a true idea of the book under discussion and some appraisement of its value along conventional lines. Almost all of us suffer more or less from astigmatism of course! At times, being human, distress, horror or nausea surges up and runs over into one's printed opinions. Or joy, like the upspringing youth, renewing impulse that one gets from finding a lasting new friend among a crowd of ordinary people, arrives when one meets a new writer whose very first book settles on one's personal shelves to stay, and to keep a place ready for the next one by the same author.

Susan Ertz, whose first novel "Madame Claire" is already making a place for itself both by its literary value and its extraordinary human appeal, is a writer of peculiar charm. Her little book centers about a heroine whose first (not last!) claim to our notice, is her age. Even in these advanced times heroines are seldom chosen for romance, who are much over fifty-six. Madame Claire is 78! It is true that that age has a peculiar charm when it can say "Fate cannot hurt me, I have lived!" But Age so seldom takes that view!

The book gives a striking picture of the dignity, humanness and charm that is possible to old age. These things of course, like many other delightful unmaterialistic attributes, are first inherent in their possessor's nature and then fixed there by the adequate bank account whose apt illustration is an independent income. It is never to say that money buys dignity, or poise, or purpose, or understanding. In many cases it is a great white light, showing up its owner's imperfections. But if the jewels of character really are there, it provides the appropriate setting that enhances the precious stones. Madame Claire, bereft of "Dawson," of the little suite in the Kensington Park Hotel and the tiny house in Sussex, would have been a far less entrancing person.

"O the joy of wanting nothing, the joy of being eighty and immune!" writes Madame Claire to her old friend and early lover Stephen. One feels thankful (loving her!) that Fate had placed her where she could still cherish wishes, without ever being bitten by the necessity of working to make them come true.

With delight then, we introduce you to Madame Claire, her children, and her grandchildren, and their friends. In a welter of books that often make the brain sick, either by their poignant gloom about present and future, or their absolute detachment from the real facts of life, it is encouraging and invigorating to find that "sensible people with umbrellas" as Stevenson says, continue to make quite comfortable homes (and live in them) on the slopes of Life's volcanos. It presents a natural picture of modern Youth, not the lime-light view so many modern novels give us. There is romance, tragedy, unrest, content, beauty and humor (lots and lots of humor), and some real wit, in the tale of this handful of lives. Susan Ertz not only tells a story, she takes away the side of the Doll's House and shows us the real thing as it happens. Then, with some Magic Pencil tip, she slides back the little shutter that covers the heart of each actor and you see that too.

There is a delicious whimsical fancy in the description of the garden in medical terms — "the double pneumonias are really wonderful. I am very proud of my trailing phlebitis, and the bed of asthmas and malarias that you used to admire,"—is so surprisingly natural that one feels one must have thought of it oneself! With keen insight, unusual characterization and a gift of such natural, appropriate words that they fall into the consciousness without making a single disturbing ripple, the book must be re-read to be entirely appreciated. These things mark this book as a distinct literary achievement.

Madame Claire. By Susan Ertz. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

ROBERT NORWOOD
Subject of the first volume in the "Makers of Canadian Literature" series, published by Ryerson Press.

King Tut-ankh-amen. By Archie Bell. Boston: The St. Botolph's Society. $2.00.

Archie Bell, who wrote "The Spell of Egypt," is an experienced Egyptologist and therefore well equipped to tell the story of Tut-ankh-amen in the form of romance. Before his marriage the King was known as the Prince of Hermonthis, and this novel tells the story of his love for Senpa, Priestess in the Temple of Karnak, and how through her influence he ascended the throne of the Pharaohs. An interesting tale set amidst the glories of ancient Egypt and in the very scene of the late Lord Carnarvon's recent discoveries.

Monthly Records of New Books

Published in Canada.

FICTION.

Barney, C. B. Kelland (H. & S.), $2.00.
Black Oxen, Gertrude Atherton (Ryerson), $2.00.
Change Partners, H. A. Vachell (Ryerson), $1.75.
Conquistador, Katharine Fullerton, -Gerould (C. C. Co.), $1.50.
Corduroy, Ruth C. Mitchell (Ryerson), $2.00.
Danger, Ernest Poole (Macm.), $2.00.
Desert Horizon, E. L. Watson (Macm.), $2.50.
Dinner Club, The, "Sapper" (H. & S.), $1.75.
Doctor Thorndyke's Case Book, A. R. Freeman (H. & S.), $1.75.
Doors of the Night, A. R. Freeman, (C. C. Co.), 85c.
Exterior to the Evidence, J. S. Fletcher (Macm.), $2.00.
Faint Perfume, Zona Gale (Ryerson), $1.75.
Hidden Road, Elsie Singmaster (Allen), $2.00.
His Children's Children, Arthur W. Train (Ryerson), $2.00.
Hoarding, The, J. Owen (H. & S.), $1.75.
In Dark Places, John Russell (Macm.) $2.75.
Keeban, Edwin Balmer (Allen), $2.00.
Landlord's Daughter, Harrison S. Morris (C. C. Co.), $2.00.
Madame Claire, Susan Ertz (Longmans), $2.00.
Maiwa's Revenge; or the War of the Little Hand, Sir Rider Haggard, K.B.E., New Ed. (Longmans), $1.25.
Marriage Verdict, The, Frank H. Spearman (C. C. Co.), $2.00.
Men Like Gods, H. G. Wells (Macm.) $2.00.
Miracle Man, The, Frank L. Pachard, (C. C. Co.), 85c reprint.
Miss Minerva on the Old Plantation, Emma Speed Sampson (C.C.Co.), $1.25.
My Lady of the Moor, John Oxenham, Cheap Edition (Longmans), $1.00.
Pawned, Frank Packard (C. C. Co.), 85c.
Peer Gynt, "Theatre Guild Edition," Henrik Ibsen (C. C. Co.), $2.00.
Pilgrim's Rest, F. Brett Young (Ryerson), $1.75.
Piracy, Michael Arlen (McC. & S.), $2.00.
Return of Frank Clamart, Henry C. Rowland (H. & S.), $2.00.
Scudders, The, Irving Bacheler (Macm.), $1.65.
Six Breeds, Dog Stories, R. C. Kirk (Macm.), $2.50.
This My Son, John Freeman (H. & S.) $2.00.
Through the Wheat, Thomas Boyd (C. C. Co.), $1.75.
Under a Thousand Eyes, Florence Bingham Livingston (C. C. Co.), $2.00.

NON-FICTION.

African Hunting Among Thingas, G. A. Chamberlain (H. & S.), $5.50.
Alfred Lyttleton: An Account of His Life, Edith Lyttleton (Longmans), $2.00.
Apostle Paul and the Modern World, The, F. C. Peabody (Macm.), $2.75.
Appearance of Mind, The, James Clarke McKerrow, M.B. (Longmans), $2.00.
Architectural Bldg. and Construction II. Pt. I., Jaggard & Drury (Macm.), $5.50.
Autocracy and Revolution in Russia, S. A. Korff (Macm.), $1.65.
Bakitara or Banyora, John Roscoe (Macm.), $7.50.
Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Etc., Being Selections from the Remains of Henry Crabb Robinson, E. J. Morley (Longmans), $2.50.
Bloom of Life, A. France (Macm.), $2.50.
Book of Ice Cream, The, Walter Fisk (Macm.), $4.00.
Book of My Youth, Hermann Sundermann (H. & S.).
Brief Drawing, L. L. B., Member of the New York Bar (Longmans), $1.50.
British Merchant Shipping, C. Jones (Longmans), $3.75.
Buddhism and Buddhists in S. Asia, K. Saunders (Macm.), $1.10.
Calorie Cook Book, Mary D. Donahey (C. C. Co.), $1.50.
Cathedral Church of England, The, Wm. B. Tuthill (Macm.), $2.75.
Catholicism and Criticism, E. Hugueny (Longmans), $3.50.
Contemporary American Plays, Arthur Hobson Quinn (C. C. Co.), $3.00.
Control of Industry, D. H. Robertson (Macm.), $1.50.
Concrete, "Popular Mechanics" (C. C. Co.), 50c.
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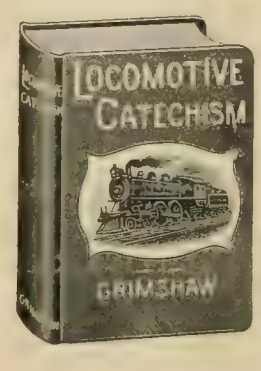

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The heading WOMEN will serve to illustrate some uses of this index. The fact that the word is set in bold capitals indicates that it is the title of an article and the figures show that it begins at the foot of column 1 on page 782 of volume 28. All index references show (1) the volume in bold figures; (2) the page in light-face type; (3) the exact quarter of the page by means of the letters a, b, c, d, signifying respectively the upper and lower halves of the first and second columns. In geographical references these letters are replaced by squares in the usual form, as for example, "G3."

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It will be seen that the index, in addition to making easy the finding of any item of information quickly, suggests reading which will considerably enlarge the treatment given to a topic in any one article and thus make available all the resources of the encyclopaedia. Thus it is evident that the article WOMEN by no means exhausts this subject. The reader of this article is directed to a vast amount of material (some 200 passages throughout the entire set of volumes) treating, for instance, such matters as academic degrees for women, in volume 27, page 773, women in agricultural work, volume 1, page 391. Boccaccio as the first historian of women, in volume 14, page 902, and so on through every branch of the subject, including such recent developments as women police, volume 32, page 1044, and various phases of the growing economic independence of women.

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Vol. V.—No. 7 **TORONTO, JULY, 1923** **$2.00 a Year 25c a Copy**

The Song of Seasons

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster.

OF all the sweet lyrics Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald has left us none is more charming than "Sing a Song of Seasons." It is now by way of becoming a classic and a truly Canadian classic at that.

The story of how her mind evolved so sweet a song was always a pleasant one to the author, although perhaps but a few of those who called her friend have heard it. One rare spring evening at twilight she was soothing her wee babe—her first born son—to rest with snatches of tunes and wordless lullabies as they floated into thought. As she paced slowly up and down with the drowsy little form in her arms, the Song of Seasons sang itself into being. And in it there is pictured as in a crystal mirror all the history of those delightful years at the old rectory at Fredericton, with the love of the wonderful mother who so soon followed her to a land of summer weather, as well as the accumulated love and ambition for the wee babe who, as a man, survives and for whom so much was hoped.

In Elysian fields what more delightful pictures!

"Sing a song of Springtime!
Catkins by the brook,
Adders' tongues uncounted,
Ferns in every nook;
The cataract on the hillside
Leaping like a fawn;
Sing a song of Springtime—
Ah, but Springtime's gone."

All this wonderful springtime glory was to be found in those days within five minutes' walk of the Roberts home. Out across the townsite there was a common where old beech trees bourgeoned into green these bright spring days. It is now no more or only to be traced by those who know the landmarks of a bygone age; but across the railway tracks one finds the same old grove about the University buildings apparently untouched. Still for a few days in springtime leaping brooks dash down this hillside in a mad race, while the willows throw powdered catkins to the soft spring winds. In the college grove below the terrace, dogtooth violets show pale gold between their spotted leaves, while here and there peep the tiny curled fronds of the hay-scented ferns and others.

What joy it was in those far-off years to sniff the warm spring air and be one with the running sap and the budding trees! Can it be near half a century away? Long days of hunting for arbutus, the first adder tongue, the first violet, then home again with treasures in the lengthening twilight. And not too tired either to help burn off the lawn, making bonfires of what is left of last year's leaves and stalks and stems, when from every door yard pours the pungent wood smoke—a sign that Spring has come again at Fredericton! And oh, elusive season, Springtime gone for most of us.

Then,

"Sing a song of Summer!
Flowers among the grass,
Clouds like faery frigates,
Pools like looking glass;
Moonlight thro' the branches,
Voices on the lawn;
Sing a song of Summer—
Ah, but Summer's gone!"

Reminiscent of Stevenson may be; but who had a better right to make him her own who was herself a devotee? Have you ever watched the blue sky on the Atlantic coast after a storm, and seen great ships of clouds sail across the blue on the way to far-off havens and for a brief period seen them mirrored in a fresh rain pool?

And those long summer evenings strolling with a boon companion through the stately aisles of elms which plume-like raised their heads above the drowsy streets, while the moon sailing still higher threw its leaf checkered silver on the path beneath? And the "voices on the lawn," the high pitched notes of childhood, the merry laughter of the little Rectory brood Elizabeth loved. One voice was stilled too soon! Ah, but Summer's gone!

Then with the richness of maturity upon us:

"Sing a song of Autumn!
Grain in golden sheaves,
Woodbine's crimson clusters
Round the cottage eaves,
Days of crystal clearness
Frosted fields at dawn;
Sing a song of Autumn—
Ah, but Autumn's gone!"

Thanksgiving at old St. Anne's Church, carrying, through the moss-covered lych-gate, heaping armfuls of crimson and gold autumn leaves with vines of woodbine trailing behind, with hands filled with the largest heads of wheat, an autumn offering. Days of maturity when one's eyes see but too

clearly what must surely follow. Wonderful season of fulfilment, but too, with its "frosted fields at dawn" speaking of the chill of later age. Scarcely can we sing the song of Autumn, when "Autumn's gone!"

But courage yet, and let us

"Sing a song of Winter!
North winds bitter chill,
Home and ruddy firelight,
Kindness and good-will;
Hemlock in the churches!
Daytime soon withdrawn;
Sing a song of Winter—
Ah, but Winter's gone!"

Outside the bitter cold, inside the pleasant home life beside the open fire, with the storyteller building sure and fast a firm foundation of imagination for our poets yet to be. What a gift was hers, what a privilege! At least four Canadian poets belonged to that family circle and even at this distance can, no doubt, recall the balsam odor of the hemlock branches and the faery tales and wonders there related.

And for her, winter is gone—a long winter of pain and suffering, which she bravely tried to conceal lest it mar the "ruddy firelight" glow at home. The thing that made it possible for a poet's soul to endure this world's crudities, to put up with rebuffs and discouragements, she has given us in a gem of verse which sets its seal upon the culmination of seasons:

"Sing a song of Loving!
Let the seasons go;
Hearts can make their gardens
Under sun and snow;
Fear no fading blossom,
Nor the dying day.
Sing a song of loving
That will last for aye!"

The Mountain Road

AS I climb, as I climb—
The tingling in my blood, the wonder in my brain!
From the low levels where men strive and strain
With ills half visioned and with fears unseen,
With sleep half waking and the starting dream
Of tasks unfinished and of Time's swift flight
And death's brief summons to the unknown night.

As I climb—as I climb—
Time's rushing flight I hear no more
On the long grey road that winds before;
For it leads to a land where beauty dwells
And billowing mountains cast their spells,
And cataracts toss their tumbling spray,
And magic lakelets gem the way.

As I climb, as I climb—
The road leads up to the City of God
Whose purpled shrines no foot has trod;
Whose shimmering towers are curtained o'er
With rhythmic clouds from heaven's floor.
Rose-crowned in holiest majesty
God's templed songs of immortality.

—ALFRED BUCKLEY.

Northward

I.

THE muskeg darkness creeps
About the shack
Where a man sits
Thinking
Of an old gray town
And old gray walls
And the cling of ivy on cool gray stone . . .
Outside the shack
Pines stand black against the moon
And about their bases the tangled upturned roots of dead trees
Claw at the creeping darkness . . .
While he dreams of summer gardens
And the ivied stones of an old gray town.

II.

He plants a crop or two.
Sometimes the frost comes,
Sometimes the hail,
Sometimes he harvests well.
He is old and bent,
And his lithe sons are young.
The beauty of the seasons comes and goes
Through eternal change
Into eternal sameness.
And summer for him is but a time of growth,
And winter a time of cold winds
And careful husbanding of hay.
Then he dies
And his sons grow tall and go their ways.

—KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

The Token

"AN' what did he leave as a token,
When he bade good-bye to thee?"
"'Twas a wee gold band he drew from his hand,
An' he gave the same to me.

"An' what's the use o' a ring?" said I,
"When the lad I love's away?
'Tis but poor and cold, is a ring o' gold
To be kissin' every day!"

"An' what did he tell you then, darlin',
When you answered thus to him?"
"Sure he kissed my lips an' glanced at the ships,
But the blue o' his eyes was dim.

"An' he waved his hand as he sailed away—
'Now wish me good luck,' says he;
But my lips were dumb, for my heart was numb,
'Twas breakin', there, by the sea.

"An' the waves kept moanin'—'He's gone, he's gone'—
While the wind wailed overhead;
An' myself felt cold as the ring o' gold,
For the heart in me was dead.

"O, the long, long years since he sailed away!
O, the cruel, ragin' sea!
His ring wears thin an' the ships come in—
But never a ship for me."

—A. BEATRICE HICKSON.

Authors and Moving Pictures

By Anne Elizabeth Wilson.

CONSIDERING the outline of the Motion Picture Conference just held a few weeks ago in New York, it looks as though the producers have got all that was coming to them. There are not many authors who believe in the sincerity of the "Great Motion Picture Congress."

Almost everyone knows by now just about what happened at that Conference. Dignitaries of Church, School and State spoke at length. The authors did not speak at length, but some of them made their cases pretty clear. They wanted nothing more to do with the "movies." The producers, who were the legitimate hosts of the occasion, did a prodigious amount of explaining and exhibiting of plants—and they probably spent a good deal of money. The results of the Conference so far as anyone has so far been able to see are nil.

For the author, so far as control over his picture is concerned, is still at the mercy of the producer and the public at the mercy of the whole situation.

Poor Basil King, whose "Dust Flower" was so intolerably garbled, fairly frothed at the mouth over his experience with producers. He had been working on a motion picture contract of $6,000 a year flat, for his books. In the trip he was forced to make west and his sojourn in Hollywood, where he offered his services in the filming of the picture, he claims to have spent the greater part of this amount—that year's profits from the motion pictures being nothing, and the finished picture worse than nothing. It was as bad a piece of unfavorable publicity as any story ever had. For his part, he claims to be done with motion pictures, either in writing direct for the screen or in the filming of his books.

It is common knowledge that when a motion picture company decides to film a book or a widely-read serial, it is thinking primarily of the advertising that story and its author have had. It is catering to the story's following as much as its stars' following. The title and the author are the main concern, and their continuity writers can satisfactorily stuff up the body of the thing for the benefit of the staff and the stars. The irritating part of the business to a producer is that after he has paid an author a fat price for his "rights," that that individual is going to make trouble; it is a further irritation that the smart-Alec critic is going to tell everybody how the story has been twisted out of all countenance; it is a supreme irritation that the actual following of the story itself will rise up and object to that same twisting. Believing supremely in what they call public psychology, a number of producers decide to turn the other cheek before a considerable audience. They do, and they get slapped.

Someway or other, the thing didn't work. Just now it is very probable that the producers who decided to "get together" are thinking they didn't know as much about public psychology as they thought they did. And that, if any, is the really significant hope of the **Congress.** The producers may have learned that they don't know as much about "what the public wants" as they thought they did, and it may teach them to think the thing over in future when cutting into an author's story. Public opinion is decidedly with the author.

Robert Stead attended the Congress and gave me some rather interesting notes on his impressions of it.

"The chief impression I gathered at the recent meeting of authors and motion picture producers in New York was that motion pictures are bad, that everybody knows it, and that nobody has any idea how they may be improved. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that this impression was confirmed rather than received at this convention.

"The motion picture producers were quite frank in admitting their limitations. They assert, and with good reason, that present-day motion pictures represent a very high degree of photographic skill, but they are willing to admit that there is something missing, and they asked the authors together, to see if in the multitude of their councillors, that something might be defined. It was not defined. Perhaps the nearest thing to a definition was the illuminating conclusion that literature is an art but motion pictures are a business. Art and business, it appears, do not mix to advantage.

There are exceptions. The veteran author from whose book the motion picture "The Birth of a Nation" was produced delighted the assembled delegates as he related how, for three years he peddled his story from producer to producer and none of them could see a motion picture in it. Finally, one young man took it up, and as a money-earning film, "The Birth of a Nation" still has all records beaten.

Basil King

"'It doesn't matter whether you have an extraordinarily good book or an extraordinarily good picture,' he declared, 'if it is extraordinarily good, you will find you have to peddle it around. The publishers and producers are forever protesting that they want something new; but when something new is offered them they are afraid of it. It is so much easier to follow the beaten path of mediocrity than to carry some new idea to success.'

"The question raised by Basil King, 'Can an author afford to bother with motion pictures at all?' found no satisfactory answer. A recital of Mr. King's experience indicated that his own answer was most profoundly in the negative.

"Canadian authors, who have been groping in these matters may find some comfort in the fact that their neighbors to the south are groping too. The conflict seems to be on between art and business and for the moment, business has the strangle hold on art."

Miss Marshall Saunders, who attended the Conference, was one of the few Canadian delegates. Her experience with Motion Picture producers has been entirely tentative in the past, but this year, after long consideration, she has consented to the filming of "Beautiful Joe." Her thought, after the Conference is "Give the producers a chance. Most of the authors are dealing in the past; this looks like a hope for the future."

Interviewed immediately after her return from the Conference, she recalled an instance of a few years ago, when she was discussing the subject with one of the most prominent men in the Motion Picture field—then as well as now—although not a producer. The advice he gave her at that time was something that could be safely applied by any author to any branch of creative production through a public medium, "Choose a good company and trust them." The rub, of course, is to "first catch your hare." Miss Saunders actually believes that if things continue as they have begun, this will not be so difficult in future.

I remember the time, just after the movies had gotten their real foothold and a number of nations full of fans, that the public began to say, "Well now that the motion picture people are beginning to act some really good **novels** we won't have this trash any more." Some way or other, the public is always able to know when something is trash, no matter how trashy its own tastes may be. Then the next thing the public knew, was that some big author was suing some big producer or other for making "trash" of some big novel. All the public knows is that things are still pretty bad, but it is significant to know that it was looking to its writers to make them better.

The Goloshes of Fortune

By Marjorie Jarvis.

Editor's Note—Miss Jarvis, who wrote the accompanying article, is on the staff of the Reference Library of the Toronto Public Library, College St., where people interested in travel may at the present time see the annual exhibition of tour guides, road maps and books on travel. It is a most illuminating exhibition and indicative of the broadening service to the community which marks the modern Public Library.

"SOME travel to see Countries and some travel to see People," to misquote, which is a very reprehensible but enticing practice, for one can always find such very apposite remarks if one does not insist on strict verbal accuracy. If you travel to see people, the trip is a mere incidental, preliminary to your holiday; you are not much interested in travel as travel, and you take the most direct train, counting the minutes until you arrive at your destination. But if you travel "For to admire an' for to see, for to be'old this world so wide," trips and maps and modes of conveyance, maps and more maps and timetables and descriptive booklets, and still more maps, are of absorbing interest. I know because I have recently helped two girls in their search for information through last year's list of tours, timetables, railway booklets, and lists of boarding houses. They will have a two weeks' holiday and $100 to spend. Although vacation time was still some distance off, it seemed very near as we planned and compared trips and prices —the railroad ticket and board for "a short sea trip"—"historic Boston"—"over the Mohawk trail" — "White Mountains" — "Kawartha Lakes"—"Niagara-to-the-Sea" — "Along the Coast of Maine"—"Bermuda." Most of the trips started from New York or Boston, so we had to find the return fare from Toronto to these points and tack it on to the cost.

I had a few 1923 booklets which are most attractive. By the way, have you ever noticed how artistic our Canadian railway advertising is? They undoubtedly stand first in point of attractiveness compared with other railway folders on this continent.

I spent an afternoon recently trying to decide where I would like to go. Being window shopping, as it were, I passed loftily over little trips to England costing only four hundred dollars, and fastened greedy eyes upon "personally conducted" European travel and motor coach tours in Great Britain, tours where the very names of the places one would pass through are the local habitation of a host of memories and associations — Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Chester, Rhyl,"—"Penzance, Land's End, St. Ives, Clovelly,"—"Pass of Killie Crankie, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine." Knowing all the time that I was going "to travel to see people" this summer and that my plans were made, I let my fancy go where it liked, debarred by neither expense nor distance. What an unfair advantage English writers have, when they can make even an itinerary sound like a poem!

A tremendous lot of information can be got from the booklets that are issued by the different tourist agencies. We received half a dozen of them last year, and this year there are about twenty-five advertised in the travel sections of the American magazines. In these it is possible to find out where you can go in a specified number of days; where you can go by boat; where motor trips are practicable; and you get a pretty fair average idea of the cost should you decide to plan out a trip "the same only different" (as the children say) for yourself.

Then, if you have a motor car there is a whole new field of experience opened up for you. Here, the folders of the railway companies can be used to find the choicest spots in the country; the road guides to describe how to get to them and the state of the roads in the vicinity; and the hotel blue books and the railway lists of boarding houses to find out what accommodation awaits you at the end of the journey.

Even the camper can be helped with travel table—I say **even** in no derogatory sense, the word applies rather to the books than to the people. Motor camping is a new sport and there is not very much published on it yet. We have only four books on this subject, but in addition to these we have made out a list of the information on this theme in the magazines. With these for background, the catalogues issued by sportsmen's supply houses and firms will show the motorist how to turn his car into a travelling pullman and add the finishing touches.

There is not very much printed material for people who want to make a water camping trip. There are magazine articles on canoe trips, and with the help of maps, some boys last year planned a trip up the Rideau Canal, while another party tried their luck on the Muskoka Lakes. For those who would like to try motor boat camping, there are charts and directions for skirting the New England coast compiled by one of the American magazines. There was one man who applied for information whose case was rather difficult. He wanted to walk across country and leave the roads altogether—even a canoe was far too civilized for him!

After all these modes of conveyance are considered, there is still the cheapest and most comfortable left—Book Travel. A book, like the Goloshes of Fortune in Anderson's Fairy Tale, can transport you anywhere you wish to go. I am rather fond of book travel myself. Last year I went by this method through "The Laurentians" with Longstreth and talked with Maria Chapdelaine. I went exploring "In a Fishing Country" around Murray Bay with W. H. Blake, and later I went "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies," the poet being Vachel Lindsay who wrote a book of poems about the trip, and called it "Going-to-the-Sun." One can choose the best of company for such trips, though such a choice may be reminiscent of the school-girl's naive verse:

"Old Jonesy teaches Latin,
She also teaches me;
The first for me great joy is,
The last the same for she."

However that may be, I went for a trip to Europe this Spring with Sir Philip Gibbs, taking "The Middle of the Road" through France, Germany and Russia, and this summer I am arranging to go with Canon Scott over the battlefields of France and Belgium "Four Years After" the fighting. I am rather afraid to trust myself with "Three Asses in Bolivia" even though the author declares that these "asses" are Englishmen. I may be tempted to follow "Roads of Adventure" with Ralph D. Paine—the adventures include being hunted as a pirate; or I may go "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne" travelling through Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Persia with E. A. Powell; or in the torrid days when it is ninety in the shade take "The Worst Journey in the World toward the South Pole, doing antarctic exploring with Captain Scott. I might even go "Gypsying through Central America" or follow "On the Gorilla Trail" through the Eastern Congo with Mrs. Bradly and her five-year-old daughter.

But with the Goloshes of Fortune, there is no need to keep to the present day. One might go back nearly ninety years and with George Borrow experience the journeys, adventures and imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate "The Bible in Spain," or ten years later with Parkman follow the "Oregon Trail," hunting Buffalo and travelling with friendly Indians; or with Charles Doughty go for "Travels in Arabia Deserts" and sit in the black tents of the Bedouins. One might also "By Star and Compass" follow the Explorers across this continent with Leif Erricson, beaching one's dragon-fronted ship on Vineland, or with Sir John Franklin sail along the desolate shores of the Arctic ocean looking for the north-west passage.

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Canadian Authors Association Section

Published under the direction of the Central Executive Committee of the Canadian Authors Association.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Executive Committee of the Canadian Authors Association has made arrangements with the publishers of the Canadian Bookman whereby a section of the Canadian Bookman will be devoted to the affairs of the Association. In this section will be published:

1. *Reports of the activities of the Association as a whole and of the Central Executive.*
2. *Matter of general interest to Canadian authors.*
3. *Reports of Branch and personal activities.*

Notices to members inserted in this section will be deemed to have been duly posted to each member.

Branch Secretaries and individual members are invited to mail items of interest to the Secretary, Canadian Authors Association, P. O. Box 356, Ottawa.

THE NEW OFFICERS FOR 1923-1924.

Members of the Association will doubtless be pleased to have an official list of the officers that were chosen for the fiscal year 1923-1924. These officers, it will be remembered, were elected as follows: Eleven by the branches, to act as Vice-Presidents in the National Council; five by the French Section, and the other twenty-four by the members at large.

The final result was as follows:

National President—Robert J. C. Stead.
National Secretary—Jules Tremblay.
National Treasurer — Lawrence J. Burpee.
Président de Section—Victor Morin, (97 St. James St., Montreal, P.Q.)

Vice-Presidents:—
Austin Bothwell, Regina.
Hon. Thomas Chapais, Quebec.
Warwick Chipman, Montreal.
Rev. W. E. Edmonds, Edmonton.
Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Ottawa.
Rev. R. G. Macbeth, Vancouver.
Mrs. D. C. MacGregor, London.
Prof. A. MacMechan, Halifax.
J. E. Middleton, Toronto.
Hopkins Moorhouse, Winnipeg.
Mrs. Frances Reeve, Beddington, Alberta.
Mrs. A. de B. Shaw, Victoria.

Councillors:—
W. T. Allison, Winnipeg.
Mrs. Jean Blewett, Toronto.
Bliss Carman, Vancouver.
Sir Arthur Currie, Montreal.
L. de Montigny, Ottawa.
Hugh S. Eayrs, Toronto.
Pelham Edgar, Toronto.
John Murray Gibbon, Montreal.
Rev. C. W. Gordon, Winnipeg.
George Ham, Montreal.
Mme. Madeleine Huguenin, Montreal
Basil King, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.
Stephen Leacock, Montreal.
George H. Locke, Toronto.
Mrs. Isabel E. Mackay, Vancouver.
Mrs. Nellie McClung, Edmonton.
Hon. Justice P. B. Mignault, Ottawa.
Judge Emily Murphy, Edmonton.
B. K. Sandwell, Montreal.
Miss Marshall Saunders, Toronto.
Miss J. G. Sime, Montreal.
Hon. Justice E. Fabre-Surveyer, Montreal.
W. S. Wallace, Toronto.
Sir John Willison, Toronto.

The Toronto Convention.

Those who had the privilege of attending the Convention this year, at Toronto, have carried back with them a cheerful memory of the broad hospitality accorded by the Toronto Branch, the Arts and Letters Club, and other bodies.

As the work done by the convention is reviewed in the report of the first meeting held by the Executive, it is quite unnecessary to duplicate the information.

Suffice it to say that no time was lost. The task set for Friday and Saturday, April 27 and 28, was very rapidly put through the formalities of debate and action. The finest spirit of mutual forbearance prevailed.

The reception at Mr. and Mrs. Garvin's home was a social occasion of uncommon charm, and the tea-hour at Government House brought many expressions of appreciation for His Honor's hospitality.

The dinner proved that modern writers can stand a great deal of hearty laughing at their own expense, as was shown by the success gained in the playing of Mr. Jacob's little curtain raiser, "Fame in Canada."

The Press was generous. Editorials and news items expressed the same good will, they helped the cause, and if immediate results were not to be seen in the enactment of proper copyright legislation, the blame must not rest with the press.

The remembrance of Toronto lies deep in the heart of the delegates, who have made new friendships, and learnt many an enduring lesson of solidarity.

First Executive Meeting.

The first meeting of the newly elected Executive of the Canadian Authors Association for the year 1923-4 was held in Hope Chambers, Ottawa, on Saturday, June 16th, at 2.30 p.m. under the chairmanship of Robert J. C. Stead, National President. Were present, Madge Macbeth, Lawrence J. Burpee, B. K. Sandwell, J. E. Middleton, Judge Surveyer, Victor Morin and Jules Tremblay.

The minutes of the last meeting of the former Executive were read and approved.

Minutes of the preliminary meetings of the new officers were read and adopted.

The Secretary reported the following elected as an Executive Committee to act with the President, the Secretary, the Treasurer and President de Section: Madge Macbeth, Miss J. G. Sime, J. M. Gibbon, George H. Locke, J. E. Middleton, B. K. Sandwell, Hugh Eayrs, Judge Surveyer, W. S. Wallace and Sir John Willison.

A letter was received from the President of the French Section notifying the Executive that Mr. de Montigny had been delegated by the Section to be a member of the Executive, which was confirmed.

A leetter from Miss J. G. Sime and a telegram from J. M. Gibbon expressed their regret at being unable to attend the meeting.

Recommendations of 1923 Convention.

The following recommendations of the 1923 Convention were considered:

Resolution 2 A.—"Whereas Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto have in turn been privileged in receiving the Canadian Authors Association assembled in Convention, it is recommended that the next annual Convention (1924) be held in the City of Quebec."

Action: That this matter be referred to a Committee composed of the President, the Treasurer and the Secretary, who shall report on this question in January next.

Resolution 2 B.—A request of the French Section for representation on Editorial Committee and for space in Official Bulletin.

Action: Deferred.

Resolution 2 C.—"That in the opinion of this Convention, the Canadian Authors Association should institute machinery having as its object the improvement of business relations between authors and publishers, and closer adhesion to contracts by publishers in rendering royalties, etc., as soon as due; and report thereon."

Action: Deferred.

Resolution 2 D.—"That this Association give some practical support to the *Canadian Bookman*."

Action: Question referred to the consideration of the President and Mr. Middleton.

Resolution 2 E.—"That the fees of Associate members be increased to equal those assessed against Regular members, namely, $5.00 per capita per annum.

Action: Approved by the Executive.

Resolution 2 F.—"That the Executive be requested to consider the possibility of readjusting the revenue so as to give a greater proportion to the local Branches."

Action: Referred to the President, Secretary and Treasurer to consider and report to the Executive in four months from this date.

Resolution 2 G.—"That whereas courses or half courses in the history and appreciation of Canadian literature have been established already, or are about to be announced, in the curricula of four Canadian Universities; and whereas there is general activity throughout various educational institutions and in clubs and societies, in the study and promotion of Canadian Literature; this annual convention of the Canadian Authors' Association, assembled in the City of Toronto, records its opinion that the time has come when all Universities, Colleges and Schools of the Dominion, should give special attention to comprehensive and thorough instruction in the native literature of Canada."

Action: The principle involved in the above resolution was approved and the Secretary instructed to confer with Canadian Universities, and to ask for information as to what is being or has

been done with regard to Canadian Literature in their curricula.

Resolution 2 H.—"That the Executive of the Association be requested to make provision whereby the collection of fees shall be left in the charge of the local treasurers, who will remit to the Head Office the proportion fixed by the Constitution for the expenses of the National Executive."

Action: Approved, the Branches to be forthwith notified of the change entailed.

Resolution 2 I.—"That in order to avoid any unnecessary difficulty in the listing of members, the Executive be asked to find a way in which the members of the French Section may be indicated on the official membership report in their proper places in their local Branches."

Action: Secretary authorized to settle this matter with the President de Section.

Resolution 2 J.—"Whereas great difficulties exist in the publication in the United States of America of compositions by Canadian musicians, the Canadian Authors Association should take up this serious question with a view to encourage the creative work of native composers, by bringing their claims for recognition before the music publishers of Canada and Great Britain, and that the publishers should be requested to print and publish suitable or effective compositions within the Empire."

Action: Consideration.

Resolution 2 K.—"Following a suggestion from Miss Vina Lackner, of Biggar, Saskatchewan, propounding the desirability of the Canadian Authors Association publishing a pocket anthology of the more notable and inspired poems of 'our big poets,' and possibly some prose gems, illustrated with Canadian scenes, done by Canadian artists who have caught the mood and spirit of Canada; and that such a volume, sold during the British Empire Exposition, might effectively answer the eternally ridiculous question; Has Canada a literature?; Your Committee on Resolutions does not believe that the Canadian Authors Association has the means to publish such an anthology, except through its official publication; but it recommends that this matter of utilizing the British Empire Exposition for propaganda be referred to the delegates or committee representing the Canadian Authors Association at the said Exposition."

Action: Deferred.

Resolution 2 L.—"Whereas the Executive has referred to the Publishers' Section of the Toronto Board of Trade, a suggestion from Miss Vina Lackner of Biggar, Sask., that the Canadian Authors Association take steps toward exhibiting Canadian literary products at the British Empire Exposition in 1924; your Committee on Resolutions suggests the endorsation of the decision taken by the Executive Committee."

Action: Referred to a Committee of Mrs. Black and Mr. de Montigny.

Resolution 2 M.—"Whereas the Executive Committee has referred to the annual meeting a suggestion from Miss Vina Lackner, of Biggar, Sask., that a poets' plot or poets' memorial be started at Ottawa, preferably on Parliament Hill, by planting a memorial tree in honour of Marjorie Pickthall; your Committee proposes to refer this matter to the Ottawa Branch."

Action: Referred to the Ottawa Branch for consideration.

Resolution 2 N.—"That Editors and publishers be requested to give decision in regard to manuscripts submitted to them, within one month after receiving same, and that it shall be considered ethical and correct for an author to submit his product to more than one editor at the same time."

Action: Referred to a Committee on Grievances composed of the President, Madge Macbeth, L. de Montigny, the Treasurer and the Secretary.

Item 2 O.—The question of celebrating the centenary of Francis Parkman, on September 16th next, was discussed at some length and Messrs. Burpee, Morin and Surveyer were authorized to represent the Canadian Authors' Association in connection with the proposed centenary celebrations. The Secretary was instructed to ask the Branches to hold local commemoration of the centenary.

Item 2 P.—The question of the memorial to Louis Hemon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine," was left in charge of the Secretary, who will confer with Mr. Montet, of Montreal.

Copyright Legislation.

The Secretary submitted a report of the Special Committee on Copyright, which is summarized hereunder.

The Special Committee on Copyright of the Association held a meeting at Ottawa Saturday, May 26th, at 2 p.m. Those present were: John Murray Gibbon, Hon. Judge Surveyer, Robert J. C. Stead, Louvigny de Montigny.

On motion it was resolved, that the National President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association shall, ex-officio, be members of the Copyright Committee, and that Dr. Charles Morse and Mr. Arthur Beauchesne be admitted as members of the Copyright Committee. Messrs. Morse, Beauchesne, Burpee and Tremblay then took their seats in the committee. Mr. Stead was elected President of the Copyright Committee for the fiscal year 1923-24. The resignation of Mr. B. K. Sandwell from the Committee was accepted with regret.

After discussion of Bill No. 24, "An Act to amend the Copyright Act, 1921," it was resolved: That the Government of Canada be memorialized in the matter of Bill 24 and its amendment by the Senate, as follows:

"In the matter of Bill 24, of the House of Commons, intituled 'An Act to amend the Copyright Act, 1921,'

"The Canadian Authors' Association, numbering 908 members in good standing, having delegated its powers in this matter to a special Committee on Copyright, the said Committee begs to submit to the consideration of the Government of Canada the following statement, with regard to the amendment made by the Senate to Bill No. 24, 'An Act to amend the Copyright Act, 1921.'

"At a plenary meeting of the Copyright Committee of the Canadian Authors' Association, held at Ottawa Saturday, May 26th, 1923, the ensuing resolutions were moved and passed:

"1. 'That in view of the statement of Thomas Allen, Esq., Chairman of the Book Publishers' Section of the Board of Trade of the City of Toronto, in a telegram of May 23rd, 1923, to the Hon. James A. Robb, Esq., Minister of Trade and Commerce, i.e.,

"'"Book publishers urge danger to authors and publishers of bringing Copyright Act into force before Copyright Treaty signed with United States. Date should not be fixed before July 1st, 1924, so that Parliament at next session may deal with the situation should difficulty arise in negotiating this treaty. Otherwise there will apparently be a period in which the works of either country will be without coypright protection in the other."

"'As authors, we concur in this view, and we regard it as most essential that the Act should not be proclaimed immediately, but should be amended by changing the first word of the amendment made by the Senate, for the word "July," and by the striking out of all the words after the word "four," in the first line of the said amendment by the Senate.'

"That in view of opinion expressed to this Committee by Counsel, that authors of British birth who may be domiciled in Canada shall not be subject to the licensing clauses mentioned in Section 2 of Bill No. 24 aforesaid, a discrimination against Canadian-born authors will then be entailed; we therefore urge that the Government of Canada should strike out the words "other than Canadian citizens," Section 2, lines 8 and 9, of said Bill 24, and, if necessary, introduce a new bill to give effect to this change."

(Signed)
Robert J. C. Stead, President.
Jules Tremblay, Secretary.
Lawrence J. Burpee, Treasurer.
John Murray Gibbon, Arthur Beauchesne, K.C., Dr. Charles Morse, K.C., (Judge) E. Fabre Surveyer, Louvigny de Montigny, the latter dissenting as to the recommending of any further delay in the adhesion of Canada to the revised Convention of Berne.'

"And that copies of the memorial be delivered unto the Right Honorable the Prime Minister, the Right Honorable Sir Lomer Gouin, Minister of Justice, the Hon. James A. Robb, Minister of Trade and Commerce and the Hon. Senator Raoul Dandurand, Leader of the Government in the Senate."

The memorial referred to was accordingly sent to the persons named n the report. The Right Honorable the Prime Minister had his Private Secretary answer, and the Honorable the Minister of Justice answered personally. In consequence of the correspondence exchanged with regard to the memorial above-mentioned, a mail vote was taken among the members of the Copyright Committee on the following questions:

1. Is it opportune to ask the Government to defer the sanction of Bill 24, which has been adopted by both Houses of Parliament? There are many precedents in favor of this course. A Bill, after being passed in the Commons and the Senate, with or without amendments, may not be

sanctioned by His Excellency, if the Cabinet simply leaves it aside.

2. If the Government refuses to delay the sanctioning of Bill 24, or if said Bill is sanctioned without any opposition from the C.A.A. will it not be timely to ask of the Government an understanding to the effect that no licenses shall be granted between the first of January, 1924 (date of coming into force of Bill 24), and the first of July, 1924, date of coming into force suggested by the Copyright Committee's Memorandum to the Prime Minister (Saturday, May 28th, 1923). This would have the same effect as the proposal of the memorandum, and would not expose the Government to the necessity of reopening the discussion on the whole of the Copyright question.

The answers of Messrs. Gibbon, Morse, Surveyer, Stead, de Montigny, Chipman, Beauchesne and Burpee favored the following of course No. 2. A letter was sent to the Honorable the Prime Minister, asking that action be taken according to the request of the Copyright Committee and an acknowledgment came through the Private Secretary of the Prime Minister.

At the meeting of June 16th, a lengthy discussion developed on a proposal to reprint an item concerning the Copyright situation published by "The Montreal Gazette" of June 14th. It was finally decided that the item would become part of the archives of the Association.

The Secretary submitted a written resolution, that the Vice-Presidents of the Association be communicated with and asked to summon meetings of their respective branches, in order that the situation be put before the members for their discussion and that resolutions may be adopted for communication to the press, and that copies of the new Act, with the text of the Revised Berne Convention, be provided for each branch in sufficient numbers to allow intelligent discussion. It was decided that action thereon be taken next fall. In the meantime the Executive will engage counsel to watch the authors' interests on Copyright matters.

New Members.

The following new members were admitted, their admission to be regularized upon receipt of the necessary fees in cases where such have not yet been paid.

299A. Maude Eighmey McVickers, Victoria, B.C. Box 1119.
599. James White, 450 Wilbrod St., Ottawa.
600. Frederick Niven, Nelson, B.C.
601. Frank Giolma, 35 Olympian Ave., Victoria, B.C.
602. Adrien Potvin, 465 Langevin St., Bon Man. (Senate.)
603. Jessie Robson Bothwell, 2904 Hill Ave., Regina.
604. Philip Winter Luce, 2334 Balaclava St., Vancouver, B.C.
605. Herbert Beeman, 5775 Macdonald St., Vancouver, B.C.
606. Mrs. E. L. Storer, from Associate to Regular.
607. Mrs. Frank Egerton, Toronto.

(Since the last list of members was published, in March, the following applications have been received and approved by the National Executive of 1922-23.)

Regular Members.

574. Seymour, Mrs. L. J. (ex-Associate), Victoria.
575. Johnston, Robert, D. D., Calgary.
576. Thompson, G. V., Toronto.
577. Robb, Wallace H., Montreal.
578. Brotman, Miss Ruth C., Montreal.
579. Weller, Mrs. Wm., Toronto.
580. Ogden, Miss Beatrice E., Montreal.
581. Bennett, Mrs. John S., Toronto.
582. Bennett, Mrs. T. J., Regina.
583. Lloyd, G. E. R., Calgary.
584. Graham, Miss Jean, Toronto.
585. Lent, Mrs. Geneva (ex-Associate), Calgary.
586. Lent, Mrs. V. F. W. (ex-Associate), Calgary.
587. Forster, J. W. L., Toronto.
588. Mudge, Miss Iris L., Toronto.
589. Arthur-Behenna, Mrs. K., Montreal.
590. Bowker, Mrs. E. C., Chatham.
591. Drynan, Miss Mary S., Chatham.
592. Low, Miss Mildred (ex-associate), Montreal.
593. Fairchild, Miss F., Montreal.
594. Going, Miss Maud, Montreal.
595. Milligan, Miss Doris (ex-Associate), Regina.
596. Palsson, J. P., Regina.
597. McDougald, Mrs. A. W., Montreal.
598. Denison, Merrill, Toronto.

Associate Members.

281. Hughes, Mrs. W. P., Montreal.
282. Roy, Mme. J. Edmond, Ottawa.
283. Burns, Captain E. L. M., Ottawa.
284. Rae, Melville, Regina.
285. Downie, D., Vancouver.
286. Wolff, Mrs. Martin, Ottawa.
287. Maltby, Miss Maud, Vancouver.
288. Verrill, Miss Rae Maltby, Vancouver.
289. Colman, Miss M. E., Vancouver.
290. Ryde, Miss Doris E., Montreal.
291. Wilson, R. A. (unattached).
292. McCord, Miss Mary E., Montreal.
293. Luke, Miss E. M., Montreal.
294. Stacey, Mrs. F. H., Montreal.
295. Johnson, Mrs. N. R., Victoria.
296. Noble, Mrs. Julia T., Victoria.
297. Hanington, Mrs. Ida Tilley, Victoria.
298. Kiely, Mrs. P. G., Toronto.

Miscellaneous.

5C. Bills, submitted with vouchers, were paid to the amount of $358.23.

5D. A request from one of the branches for a special grant of $50 was submitted. After explanations, it was decided that action be deferred until the budget of the Association has been prepared by the Treasurer, and that the Secretary notify the branch to that effect.

5E. The question of the Exhibition train in France was referred to the Special Committee.

5F. A request from Mr. Dufresne, concerning the educational value of the moving pictures was referred to the French section without comment.

5G. The Secretary informed the Executive that Mr. William E. Marshall, a Canadian poet of note, had died in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, and that a letter had been written to the family, tendering the sympathy of the Association. It was suggested that Dr. Morse's article on Mr. Marshall be reproduced in "The Bookman."

5I. Concerning books for the Louvain University, the Secretary was authorized to write to the branches suggesting that Canadian books be sent to the Central Committee in Montreal.

5K. With regard to questions asked by branches as to the printing of a report concerning the last Convention, the opinion of the meeting was that the proper place to print such a report is in "The Bookman."

5L. The Secretary was instructed to write to the Quebec Legislature offering the congratulations of the Association in relation to the Provincial Literary prizes, and it was decided that a copy of the letter sent to the Quebec Legislature be also sent to all the Legislatures of Canada, and that the Legislatures be at the same time requested to emulate the action of the Quebec Provincial Government.

A letter from Mr. Gibbon, calling the attention of the meeting to a leading article in the "Publisher's Weekly," June 9th, was referred to the Copyright Committee.

It was decided that the question of Book Week be taken up at the next meeting of the Executive in September. In the meantime, the Secretary was instructed to write to various booksellers and publishers telling them that a tentative date has been fixed from the 19th to the 24th of November, 1923; also to notify the branches and ask their help in the canvassing of the publishers and booksellers.

The President was authorized to appoint a Committee on the Revision of the Constitution.

It was decided that the Association should prepare a catalogue of the works published by Canadian authors, and that librarians and branches be asked to co-operate. The President, Secretary and Treasurer were asked to devise means of making this catalogue.

The meeting was adjourned at 6 o'clock.

ANNUAL REPORT FROM EDMONTON.

Since the annual meeting on May 16, 1922, the Edmonton Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association has met for luncheon and business on seven occasions, and for dinner once.

On Sept. 12, 1922, we had the great pleasure of entertaining at the Macdonald Hotel Her Excellency Baroness Byng of Vimy.

On Nov. 14, 1922, the Association entertained Vachell at dinner at the Board of Trade rooms.

Our luncheon guests and speakers were as follows:—

June 26, 1922.—Mr. E. L. Hill, Librarian, and Mr. G. H. Macdonald, Architect of the new Public Library building. These gentlemen spoke of the new building.

Sept. 30, 1922.—Rev. W. E. Edmonds, who spoke on Canada's Prairie Republic.

Oct. 28, 1922.—Dr. R. A. King, President of the Indore College, who told us something of the problems of education in India.

Dec. 30, 1922.—Mrs. Salverson, who read some chapters of her forthcoming book, "The Price of Country."

Jan. 27, 1923.—Mrs. E. K. Broadus, who told something of the school-

days of Josephine Preston Peabody, and other interesting matters concerning her poetry.

Feb. 24, 1923.—Prof E. K. Broadus, who spoke of Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

March 24, 1923.—Sir Henry Newbolt, who talked to us most delightfully and convincingly on the relation of poetry to life.

I think you will agree with your Secretary when she states that this list of addresses shows the wide range of our interests, and has given us glimpses of the great work that lies before us as individuals and as members of this organization.

Our members have not been idle as individuals, and several books have been published, whose authors are numbered in our ranks.

We have received two new regular and two new associate members during the year. We feel sure that the fellowship experienced by our members has contributed in at least a small degree to the work accomplished, and we trust that this fellowship will be increasingly valuable in the days to come. We regret that the one who was our founder is leaving us, but we are glad that she is not travelling very far, and that Alberta still will be her home.

(Signed) JENNIE HILL.
(Mrs. E. L. Hill, Sec'y.)

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL.

An Appreciation.

By Charles Morse.

(From "Canadian Bar Review.")

WHEN William E. Marshall paid the debt of nature at his home in Bridgewater, N.S., on the 23rd of May last, Canada was bereaved of a citizen who served well his day and generation, and the legal profession in this country lost a member whose qualities of mind and spirit enriched its traditions in quite a notable way. True, Mr. Marshall retired from active practice while still a young man, but not before he had exhibited fine talents as an advocate. He did not regard his service in the temple of the blind goddess as a light thing. He was no wastrel of time or talent. An eager student in preparing for his call to the Nova Scotian Bar, he felt that he should not confine his reading to the limited curriculum of his day. We who knew him then recall his enthusiasm for Maine's researches into the origins of legal and social institutions; nor do we forget that Austin's "Province of Jurisprudence Determine" was no sibylline book to him.

It was Marshall's destiny to teach us in this country what has been long known in older communities, namely, that there is no necessary antagonism between the law and the more liberal fields of human endeavor. Possessing the gifts of both artist and poet, he employed his leisure when in practice and afterwards in office for the cultivation of these gifts. We know from examples he has left us that he might have achieved distinction had he wholly devoted himself to the art of the sculptor. As a poet his fame chiefly rests on "Brookfield," a threnody of great power and beauty, inspired by the loss of one of his dearest friends. He had a wonderful love for his fellow-men, and his heart was open to all who sought his acquaintance. The magnetic charm of his personality is shown in the following extract from what the present writer was privileged to say in one of our magazines during Mr. Marshall's lifetime:—

"I was walking in his company over a noble sand-beach on the Nova Scotian coast, listening the while to his recitation of Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn'—which he dearly loves. Unnoticed by Marshall, we were overtaken by a young fisher lad, whose attention was arrested by the music of the words that fell from the poet's lips, and he waited for no invitation to join us. I shall never forget the quick response in the boy's eyes to the magic of the challenge:—

"'Who are these coming to the sacrifice?'

"He stayed with us until silence broke the enchantment, and then slipped away still unseen of the man who all unwittingly had unlocked for him the door of poetic emotion."

LA SECTION FRANCAISE.

Plusieurs questions d'intérêt particulier pour la section française ont été discutées à la dernière séance de l'Exécutif national.

Ces questions comportent tout d'abord l'élection des membres du Conseil national, avec garantie de représentation proportionnelle quant au groupe français; la répartition de certains membres de la section dans les succursales locales; la proportion des honoraires annuels d'inscription; la préparation d'une bibliographie canadienne.

M. le Président de section et le Secrétaire national sont autorisés à débattre ces affaires. L'Exécutif adjugera en dernier ressort, tout probablement en comformité de l'entente conclue entre M. le Président de section et le secrétaire national.

COMMUNITY PLAYERS OF WINNIPEG.

With a view to promoting the acted Canadian Drama, the Community Players of Winnipeg offer a prize of $50.00 for a one-act play by a Canadian author.

The conditions are as follows:

(a) The play must be written for the playhouse and not for the library.

(b) The play must not require longer than 40 minutes to act.

(c) The subject and the manner will be unrestricted; the medium may be either poetry or prose. In judging the plays submitted, consideration will be given, inter alia, to originality of theme, imagination in treatment; literary beauty of composition, and technical skill and craftsmanship in execution.

(d) The General Committee of the Community Players of Winnipeg will be the judges or will arrange for the judging of the plays submitted. The decision of said General Committee or of the Judges to be appointed by them will be final. By submitting plays, competitors will bind themselves to accept as final the decision of the said General Committee or of any Judges appointed by them.

(e) In case no play submitted comes up to the required standard, the right to withhold the prize is reserved.

(f) Community Players of Winnipeg to have the right to produce the prize-winning play as and when they may decide, without payment of any further license fee or royalty.

(g) Community Players of Winnipeg to have the right to produce any play submitted, other than the prize-winning play, upon payment of a license fee or royalty of $5.00 per performance.

(h) No member of the General Committee of Community Players of Winnipeg may compete.

(i) Every play submitted should be accompanied by a declaration to the effect that it has not already been produced or published. Any play which is not accompanied by such declaration, or which has already been produced or published will not be considered.

(j) All plays must be submitted on or before the 15th day of September, A.D. 1923.

(k) This competition is open to Canadian citizens only.

Plays should be addressed to Miss S. Helena Macvicar, Honorary Secretary, Community Players of Winnipeg, Arts Building, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, from whom further information or particulars desired may be obtained.

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What is Art Worth?

Arthur Heming Interviewed.

"In plain words, the present Canadian Copyright Act means—"That if a Canadian sells the serial rights of his work in the United States anybody in Canada can apply for a permit to publish: "The Minister of Trade and Commerce sets the price. "But a German, living in Germany, can sell HIS serial rights in the United States, and Canada protects them (in Canada) by copyright."—A.H.

CONSIDERING the vital importance of the Canadian Copyright question, "Canadian Bookman" places a limited number of its columns at the disposal of its readers, for an open discussion of the subject. It is grateful to Mr. Heming for his definition of what is, to many lay minds, a very complicated document, difficult to understand in its entirety and will welcome further expressions of opinion on this subject, without accepting responsibility for them. We will be glad to publish a number of such opinions, only provided that they are expressed with the Soul of Wit—Brevity!

In this connection we quote one opinion on Coyright, by an experienced American author:

"I am aware that Copyright must have a limit, because that is required by the Constitution of the U.S. which sets aside the older constitution that we call the decalogue. The decalogue says that you shall not take away from any man his profit. I don't like to be obliged to use the harsh term "Thou shalt not steal," I am trying to use more polite language. **"The laws of England and America do take it away.** Do select but one class of people who create the literature of the land. They talk handsomely about the literature of the land, always what a fine, great, monumental thing literature is, and in the midst of their enthusiasm they turn round and do what they can to discourage it."—Mark Twain.

If you like a man's work, ninety-three and a half out of a hundred of you like to know something of the personality that creates it. The other six and a half, believing that the Art's the Thing and that, apparently, it springs forth of itself, may be content to ignore the Artist.

So, for the sake of the majority, there is a purpose in seeing an artist or an author, in his own home, garnering if possible, something of the atmosphere that he has gathered about him.

In a room with open windows and flooded with sunshine, one of the things that strikes the visitor about Arthur Heming in the first half hour, is his generosity. I expect it is a contagion that he has contracted from being out so much with Old Mother Nature. You know the way she strews things for you! Mr. Heming is ready to share with you his pencils, his paper, his knowledge, his enthusiasms, his pleasures—

That's a lot!

But he is much keener on sharing his ideas than in passing out "fascinating facts" about his early life. He was brought up in a small country town, by a father with outdoor tastes, who might have been a Naturalist, and a mother who should have been a painter if Fate (in the shape of Old Mother Nature again!) had not brought them together before they reached that turning and busied them with life. It is to his mother that Mr. Heming gives the credit for his artistic achievements.

"She sympathized with my earliest efforts. She encouraged me always with sympathy and understanding. Father took an interest in my love of nature till I took to running away from school to the woods. No, he didn't sympathize with me then. Not in the least!"

Mr. Heming's eyes twinkled when he spoke of his father. But his face lit up when he mentioned his mother. One could imagine him in agreement with the small boy who said **"Your mother is your mother.** Your father is just a relation by marriage."

He has made his own way in the world, beginning his career as an illustrator at the age of seventeen. His work has appeared in Saturday Evening Post, Illustrated London News, Je Sais Tout, Illustrirte Zeitung, Maclean's Magazine, Harper's Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, The World's Work, Metropolitan Magazine, Country Life in America, Windsor Magazine, McClure's Magazine, Collier's Weekly, Life, Cassell's Magazine, Idler Magazine, Outlook Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Scientific American, Toronto Star Weekly. American Boy, Canadian Magazine, Outing Magazine, Toronto Saturday Night, Fry's Magazine, Youth's Companion. He is an artist by inclination and training and only became an author because he could not find anyone to put adequate words to his especial line of pictures. To write for them, is no easy labour for the uninitiated, to be accomplished during "union" hours. It may require weeks, perhaps years, of constant painstaking study, undertaken during long and possibly uncomfortable, (it depends on your point of view) sojourns in the Wild Wet Woods. Even then it can only be done by some one capable of minute observation informed by the inward vision, and further dowered with the gift of adequate expression. Imagination in leash to accuracy!

Arthur Heming

That is why Mr. Heming turned author as well as illustrator, and not only pictured, but wrote "The Drama of the Forests," which is actually the outcome of years of outdoor research. The results were so successful that he decided to keep his art allied to his authorship and to continue to illustrate his own books. He is at present engaged on a work of "Northern fiction" closely allied with his life-work as a pictorial naturalist. No date is set for its appearance. Arthur Heming must pass his own test of success, before he will write "finis" to any of his work. He believes that conscientious work always receives its reward, in the increased power of the worker. Recently he scrapped the greater part of a year's work, because he felt that it was not the very best that he could do. In regard to this new work, tempting and flattering offers from the "Saturday Evening Post" and other papers, have been refused on behalf of "MacLean's Magazine," because he practices what he preaches—an active Canadianism.

* * *

This may read—and I hope it does!—as if these few specific facts came flowing freely from Mr. Heming, charmed by the art of the interviewer, into babbling about himself.

Not so, forsooth, i'fegs! as old Sir Thomas Mallory might remark. These personal items were dragged from him by brute force only and at that, only as a side issue to the question on which Mr. Heming waxed really eloquent: i.e., Canadian Art and the Copyright.

Mr. Heming defined the Copyright Act, as inset above.

"Canadian Publishers," said he, "claim that the Canadian Author has discriminated against the Canadian Publisher by selling his work in the United States. As you know, the remuneration on the other side is usually five times as great as on this (with one or two very notable exceptions). But the truth is that most Canadian publishers have not had pluck enough to take a chance on the Canadian Author. As a Nation, we do not trust our own judgment. We want it hallmarked elsewhere, before we accept it as sterling. It may interest you to know that I personally was in the American "Who's Who" for seventeen years before the Canadian volume entered my address! Also that I offered "The Drama of the Forests" to more than one Canadian Book publisher (by whom it was refused) before it was published in the United States. When I began magazine illustrating, there were practically no publications in Canada to whom I could offer my work. Now the Canadian Government has done its best to deprive the Canadian illustrators and authors of their market and their livelihood. With the new copyright law, they have penalized "Success."

"Why should they want to do that and how has it come about?"

"It grew out of a quarrel which the Canadian printers and some publishers have with some of the American printers, who succeeded in having a law passed (against the wishes of the

American Authors) providing that in order to copyright a book (or serial) in the U. S. it must be published in that country.

"In the case of the ordinary book, of which only a few hundred or a thousand copies are sold in this country, this does not matter. The small sale does not justify publication here. So the Canadian book jobbers sell the American edition in Canada.

"But in the case of a 'Best Seller,' if the piratical publisher can steal the work and put ten thousand (or more) copies on the market here, he can make far more profit from his own publication of the work, than if he has to buy it from the American publisher, paying his costs and charges and profits, on the finished book.

"So in order that they may steal the works of American Authors, or Canadian Authors publishing in that country, our piratical interests have had a law passed that refuses copyright to the work of Canadian and American Authors and illustrators, published solely in the United States. The Canadians were included, merely to prevent the Government at Washington from claiming that the Dominion Government was discriminating against American authors. Also because the Canadian interests were too cowardly to state clearly their practical purposes."

"The result is that the Canadian Government has made it lawful to steal. Consider the true value of Art to any country. Authors and artists should be supported by the Government, not starved by it. Look what has been done by the Manitoba Government, who erected their Provincial Parliament Buildings at an (approximate) cost of eight millions of dollars; a monument to English, American, and French Art! The Architectural plans, the mural decorations, the sculpture, were all supplied from "outside" the country. Not a single Canadian was given a chance to show what he could do. That is the influence of Politics as applied to Art. Not only ignoring its National expression, but refusing a chance to a large class of Canadian citizens to make a living in their own country."

"Do you not think it was possible that those responsible may have honestly believed that the works they chose were superior to anything that Canadians could produce and that they considered it a duty to erect a House of Parliament that would be an inspiration to the public?"

"In that case," said Mr. Heming, "they might have given Canadian talent a chance to compete. Apart from the work of Brangwyn, we have Canadian artists who could equal or surpass any of the work therein. (Understand, I have no personal axe to grind. I am neither an architect, a sculptor nor a mural decorator). But even aside from this, Government buildings should be indigenous to the soil, the very best the Country can produce. Do you visit the Fiji Islands to see what some Frenchman, or Englishman, or German (resident of his own land) can do, to demonstrate the National Ideal? Must not the best of the Native work surpass any imported effort as an expression of the ideas and powers of the people? Nor is it ever 'inspiring' to see a Mother ignoring her own children! I consider that by its action the Government of Manitoba gave National Art the greatest black eye that it has received in any country. With the Copyright Act, the Dominion Government has done the same thing to Canadian Literature."

"You spoke of the printers being instrumental in the passing of the Act. Where do they come in?"

"Don't you suppose that it is good for business to have the Best Sellers printed on this side? But why should the Canadian Government make it lawful to rob the Authors, just because the Canadian printer is trying to fight the American printer?

"What would the printers of the World have lost, if they had starved Shakespeare?"

In the Golden Age

By K. K. B.

A DIP into what a wit has called "our contemporary past" often reveals the fact that years are not to be measured in months when we regard the distance that we have travelled.

Those of us who remember "Bubbles" and "Cherry Ripe" among the cherished Christmas Supplement pictures that used to decorate the Nursery walls, find it difficult to realize to-day that such art was considered—at the time of its inception—as a new and startling thing, a rebellion against the canons of the artistic decency of the time; a departure that caused consternation among the High Priests of recognized Art, set the established judges by the ears and opened the vials of wrath upon the head of the daring young man who flew so violently in the face of established ideas and practice!

John Everett Millais painted as naturally as he played games. When the prizes were given out (in 1339) at the Art School in Bloomsbury (a place where most of the early Victorian painters received their initial training), the name of "Mr. Millais" was called as the winner of the silver medal. A small boy of ten presented himself to receive it to the amazement of the presiding Duke and most of the audience.

Millais' devotion to art never faltered. He seemed to have been born with a silver paint brush in his hand. At eleven he was admitted into the Royal Academy Schools, and in the six years that followed carried off every prize for which he competed, winding up triumphantly with the gold medal for an historical painting.

At eighteen, he made his first appearance as an exhibitor at the Academy and further attracted attention with an ambitious picture of "The Widow bestowing her Mite," a vast canvas crowded with life-sized figures, remarkable enough to have made the reputation of a far older and more experienced painter.

Millais had youth, health, charm, brilliance. With the world at his feet, he risked it all to organize a practical revolt against the inefficiency of the work being done by the more popular artists of the time. Millais, Rosetti and Holman Hunt, under the influence of Ford Madox Brown, stood out for sincerity. They turned to the work of the Italian primitives for their inspiration. They formed the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," and pledged themselves to the sterling principles of those early painters, to whom they gave an increase of immortality and "set to work to prove by their acts the reality of their belief in the Creed they had adopted."

Millais (not yet twenty!) exhibited his "Lorenzo and Isabella" as the first protest—the advance guard of the new style. But rulers of the artistic world patted their white-haired boy on the head, putting the protest down to youthful inexperience, cheerfully assuring one another that time and practice would correct his deficiencies, in taste and treatment.

Dreadfully balloon-pricking for an idealist and reformer to be received with affectionate forgiveness and told he is sure to do better as he matures!

The Brotherhood then started "The Germ," a magazine that stated in no uncertain terms of word and line, their motives, ideals and methods. No longer had they reason to complain of being ignored. Millais' pictures, however, though received with storms of abuse, were still hung in the Academy almost in batches, so prolific a worker was he!

O delightful young men, in a pre-war world, where there was plenty of time to be deafened by the clash of artists' palettes and to become fiercely smeared with their most lurid pigments: where Jazz distracted not and the Associated Press telegrams could not break through and squeal! A comfortable world, that cared acutely for ideas, and "form"—what heavenly times they must have had!

If you have ever frequented their haunts, studied their pictures, and reconstructed their lives in your imagination, this little book (one of an illuminating series) will bring it all back to you. And if that good fortune lies still ahead of you, this little book—with its satisfying paper and printing—and its exquisite reproductions in color, may prove the postern gate through which you will find your way back to the shadowy gardens of that Golden Age.

Millais. By A. Lys Baldry. With eight productions in color. Thos. Nelson & Sons, Toronto. 75 cents.

The Prize-Winning Review

Madame Claire.

THERE is no more charming person than a woman grown old yet living a graceful, useful life. We have such a person in Madade Claire, an old lady living in Kensington, constituting herself the guardian and helper of her children and grandchildren.

She, herself, with her ripe experience, understood the ups and downs, defeats and victories of a useful life and so she gives of her experience to help her grandchildren in their young days, and be a means of trying to help them over the pitfalls of disappointments, follies, and losses, to attainments that bring happiness and joys.

Again, being a mother of experience, a hostess of the home circle, she understood the causes of the family disturbances as well as the family joys and so gives of her knowledge to help her children to surmount any difficulties they have to face to make life worth living. As the spider gradually weaves its web to completion so Madame Claire works patiently for the moulding of the character of those she loves. Her sane counsel helps to unravel many difficulties; her candid opinion settles many queries; her cheerfulness dispels many gloomy moments; her healthful philosophy creates a spirit of unity and amity.

Madame Claire uses her years of experience without regret; she fully understands the depths of folly and ignoble actions; and she knows the victories won by wise actions and noble deeds: so she can heal the tender suffering of mental pain, advise against many little inaccuracies, reconcile the petty jealousies in family disputes, heal the soreness in wounded hearts, and bring blessings on the grandchildren by teaching them to forgive their seeming opposers, and her children the duty of parental patience and experience.

The author has given us a variety of characters. Of the two daughters—one follows the pathway of adventure of misplaced love, the other follows a life decreed by limits that crush the nature that is opposite to the fashion of the time.

Of the two sons—the first is living an unhappy married life, and a climax threatens a wreckage by his wife's jealousy, the other son's sole object is for a prominent social standing.

There are two grandchildren, Noel, a young man full of candour, of fine character and delightful conversation, and Judy, a young girl seeking, like most typical modern girls, an independence, who is disappointed by not finding her hopes realized.

Madame Claire herself finds time for idealistic friendship with Stephen, who is old and grey. Then there is love of Judy and Chip to offset the gloomy display of other characters in the story.

And so the dear shrewd old lady, understanding to the full the vagaries of human nature, its loves and its jealousies, its joys and its sorrows, helps first one then another on the road to happiness and goodwill.—Robert F. Baggett.

Madam Claire—Susan Ertz. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

The Heathen Chinee

O once there was a Chinaman, a Chinaman, a Chinaman,
A fat and fiendish Chinaman, who lived in Borneo.
They thought he was a merchant sleek
(Such lovely English he did speak),
But when queer tales began to leak,
And men were murdered once a week,
Into his past they took a peek—
And then he had to go!

He used to leave his calling card (a yellow card) about the yard,
This wild and wicked Chinaman, who lived in Borneo.
He used to leave them round in lots
(They knew them by their seven spots),
They shivered as they drank their "tots"
And hied them to their downy cots
To lie awake with horrid "thots"
Of—where they hoped he'd go!

Then enter Peter Pennington, an Englishmun, a clever one,
Who lost his heart to Monica, who lived in Borneo.
She fell upon the humbled neck
Of this engaging secret "'Tec,"
And would have made the marriage trek
With him, but that he swore by heck!
First to destroy the yellow "deck"
That irked her brother so!

But that obese old Chinaman, and all the clan that round him ran
Went at their work with great *élan* all over Borneo.
They "planted" boots with poisoned tacks,
Sent grisly thugs that left no tracks
But drove their daggers into backs,
And worked their lovely gurls like blacks
To turn men's thoughts from night attacks,
And strike a deadly blow!

So, if hot weather makes you ill, and you've the will to get a chill
You'd best peruse the Chinaman who lived in Borneo.
For in this book by Mr. Snell
The most astounding things they tell
Of gongs that ring a hollow knell,
And how they heard a ghastly yell
Of torture that must hurt like—well,
It's in the book, you know!

"The Yellow Seven." Edmund Snell. Longmans Green & Co., Toronto. $2.00.

Good Things to Come

A review of "The Jesus of Our Fathers" and Papini's "Life of Christ" by Canon Cody will appear in the August "Canadian Bookman."

* * *

Stephen Leacock's "Over the Footlights" is down for late July publication. Here is an excerpt:

"Let it be noted that marriage, which used to be a sacrament, became presently a contract, and is now a problem. In art and literature it used to constitute the happy ending. Now it is just the bad beginning."

* * *

Dr. Logan's new book "Highways of Canadian Literature," will be ready in the early autumn, probably in September.

* * *

There is a new Harold Bell Wright novel, "The Mine with the Iron Door," coming before the end of July.

* * *

On Aug. 17th, Gene Stratton-Porter's birthday, her new novel, "The White Flag," is to appear.

* * *

A new Sabatini novel, "Fortune's Fool," is to be out in August.

* * *

Herbert Quick's "The Hawkeye" is to come in August.

Castle Conquer, by Padraic Colum. Toronto: Macmillan, $2.25.

This is a romance of Irish life at a time when the political aspiration of the people was still romantic and the folk-life poetic and humorous. It is an idyllic tale of the love of a young student from Spain and the country lass Brighid Moynagh, having as its back-ground Castle Conquer, the decaying memorial of conquest and domination. The characterization is of a whole countryside — farmers, landowners, magistrates, priests, tramps and political idealists.

It Is To Laugh

Mark Twain's Speeches.

HUMOR and Comedy are cousins But you must not mistake them as identical. Comedy (so the French have it) only touches the intellect. Humor implicates the heart, and the truest humor is akin to tears in many cases. If "Life is a Comedy to those who think—a Tragedy to those who feel," then surely Humor is the connecting link between the two.

This may be verified quite simply. Look at Maggie and Jiggs. (I hate doing it myself, because I hate ugly things, but once in a while I feel it is good for me!) If Jiggs, wishing to retire early, refuses Dinty's invitation for that express purpose, then overhears Maggie asking an Operatic friend to spend the evening, he makes his stocking-footed getaway to Mr. Moore's down the fire-escape. We laugh, intellectually, at the perennially amusing gag of the cross-purposes of married life and the varieties of ways in which one may escape boredom. Only our mind is touched. That's Comedy.

But if we see them as caricatures of some couple that we love, who are making a failure of life together—a wife striving to please her husband by innocent entertainment, while his only pleasure lies away from her; a wife who spends her entire life trying to invent dual entertainments, pursuits, in which the two can share and who makes a god of "Comradeship" while her husband cannot be lured into the environs of the Temple—then our hearts are implicated. That's Tragedy.

But if we see Maggie as the self-deceived woman whose vanity has submerged her common sense, whose jealousy outruns the limits of decorum, and whose logic is nil, and Jiggs as the well-meaning married Moron who continues to be surprised anew every morning by the wetness of the rain when it rains on him, and are able to perceive that such people (ourselves probably included!) are the connecting link between thought and feeling,—that's Humor!

I have chosen Maggie and Jiggs because they are the most continuously contemporary illustration at hand. Humor is more easily out-of-dated than anything else. Comedy may be revived. Tragedy never changes.

Still the honor of Mark Twain is likely to live long and prosper, because he comes to us with Comedy and Tragedy, one in each hand. When he claps his hands together, Humor appears! So that for many years, his power of touching us to tears and chuckles will remain because he rates close to 100 per cent. in "the test of true humor, to awake thoughtful laughter."

Mark Twain's Speeches, collected and published, with forewords by William Dean Howells and Albert Bigelow Paine, can never stir his readers as they stirred his hearers. They have lost the power of the personality that invested them with half their force. But the Gargantuan laughter of those listeners still echoes here and there through the pages and for anybody who wants to speak, or to understand HOW to speak, they are a Book of Knowledge worthy of intense study.

Mark Twain's method, judging from these printed examples, was to take his subject—("The Ladies," "The Babies," "London," "The Russian Sufferers," "The American Vandal," "Independence Day," "The Theatre," "The Blind,"—)pluck it deftly from its accustomed armchair in the minds of his audience, throw it into prominence like a Poster, give it a touch or two that almost turned it into a caricature and just when the audience believed that he was about to ridicule, to desecrate, an almost sacred treasure, he turned the full light of love and reason on it, enhancing and clarifying its good points and so set it back more securely than ever, right into the hearts of his audience. Better understood, better loved than before. Rescued!

The method made him famous.

As he grew older he added personal touches, as the famous, the old, the beloved-and-to-be-trusted may do. It is a trait to be practised with great delicacy and restraint by the Unknown, Young and Charmless, while still on trial. Anybody having all these characteristics collectively, should be forcibly prevented from appearing on public platforms.

But Mark Twain had two salient characteristics which might with advantage be systematically studied and carefully copied by all speakers old or young:

1. He committed the more important parts of his speeches to memory, practising them till he was sufficiently letter perfect as to seem entirely impromptu.

2. He was brief in two ways:

He not only simulated brevity, but he achieved it!

Specially recommended: The speeches on "Selling and Pictures," "Courage," "Education and Citizenship," "Lotos Club Dinner," "Plymouth Rock," "Morals" and "Copyright."

From the "Speeches": "The laugh of intelligent mirth that helps the human heart and the human mind."

"It was the first time I ever stole a watermelon—**Stole** is too harsh a word—**Extracted** a watermelon! Its use in dentistry connotes the delicate shade of meaning I am looking for. You know we never **extract** our own teeth!"

"She mended broken hearts when she could—but she broke none." (Of Queen Victoria.)

"We used to trust in God. In 1863 some genius suggested that it be put upon the gold and silver coins that circulate among the rich. They did not put it on the nickels and coppers because they didn't think the poor folks had any trust in God. . . . The motto upon that coin is an overstatement. I think it would better read: "Within certain judicious limits, we trust in God."

"Simplified spelling is all right. But, like Charity, you can carry it too far."

"I know a man who is not afraid to go to sleep with a rattlesnake, but you could not get him to sleep with a safety razor."

"I do not ask your indulgence for reading this. But for your applause!"

Mark Twain's Speeches. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., $2.00.

COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION.

Certain members of the Canadian Authors Association have wondered why the Dominion Government passed Bill 24, as amended by the Senate, without paying any attention to the representations made by the Canadian Authors Association. They are entitled to their surprise, since the facts are there. The Association was not consulted in the matter, and its voluntary memorandum was perhaps lightly considered. The Bill has been sanctioned, and will become law on the first of January next.

It is always easy to find fault with this one or the other. Yet, when all is weighed and measured, the real culprits are probably not to be found outside of the Association ranks. Every member, every branch, owes it to the Association at large to exert all possible influence with the representatives of their particular ridings in the Commons and Senate, for the purpose of securing a copyright legislation which will thoroughly and strictly adhere to the British legislation, and, as a consequence, to the revised Berne convention.

Now, this influence was not used. It seems not that any attempt to use it has been observed outside of the National Council. Everyone must consider that there is an individual duty to perform for the communal benefit. This duty, when not performed, entails defeat for the whole group. In current parlance, this is called, "passing the buck," and is never conducive to sane results. If the printing trade is considered more precious to Canadian legislators than the intellectual development of Canada then the time has come for reasoned action against this kind of protective policy, and the authors themselves are to blame if they remain silent.

Canada to-day is the only part of the British Empire where international legislation is ignored, inasmuch as Copyright is concerned.

This will continue as long as the individual member of the Association does not act. Let every member do something for the Copyright, and no need will there be for complaints in the future. "Team work" is the only guarantee of victory.

JULES TREMBLAY.

The Poetical Works of Wilfred Campbell

Revised by T. G. Marquis.

THE late William Wilfred Campbell left behind him a body of poetical work greater in quantity than any other Canadian poet with the exception of Bliss Carman. A new volume of his poems has just been issued with an excellent memoir and appreciation of the man by his friend, Mr. W. J. Sykes of Ottawa. This volume contains the best of the poet's work that appeared between 1889 and 1915, and there is in addition a section containing posthumous poems.

The closing twenty years of the nineteenth century saw a vast growth in Canadian poetical achievement. During these years the best work of Roberts, Lampman, Carman, Frederick George Scott, Duncan Campbell Scott, and William Wilfred Campbell was published. The poetry of these men was of such a high order that Canadians for the first time could lay claim to a true Canadian literature. Before this there had been, it is true, powerful works, such as those of Haliburton and Kirby, produced, but they stood out as isolated efforts. The poets of the Canadian Renaissance, as it has not inaptly been called, were for the most part interpreters of nature, Roberts revealing the various aspects of the Maritime Provinces and Lampman, his loved Ottawa Valley. Campbell, too, was something of a student of nature, but he is not at his best when dealing with lake and wood and the changing seasons. He does not find himself until he takes in hand some great vital question, and it is as an interpreter of life that he will live.

The volume under consideration opens with selections from his first published work, "Lake Lyrics." Here he was feeling his way, singing, for the most part, the world about him. On the whole his lyrics are not of a high order. They are marred by commonplace lines and lack the artistic excellence of similar work done by Roberts and Lampman. But, at inspired moments, he could sing with the best of the renaissance choir. His "Canadian Folksong" is a delightful bit of music with an Elizabethan flavor.

"The doors are shut, the windows fast;
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily."

"Little Blue Eyes and Golden Hair," another lyric in this section, is of a high order:

"Little blue eyes and golden hair,
Taken all sudden and unaware,
Caught in the toils of the drowsy god,
Has gone on a trip to the Land of Nod;
Half fallen in my lap she lies,
With a warp of dreams in her lash-hid eyes;
And deep in my heart still broods that prayer—
God bless blue eyes and golden hair."

But in the midst of lyrics dealing with such trivial, hackneyed themes as "Indian Summer," "Snow," and "The Flight of the Gulls" appears a poem of great power, a masterpiece of thought and verse, "Lazarus." Campbell has found himself; his field of work is not the passing phases of nature but the great problems of life and death. In "Lazarus" the same thought is developed as in Whittier's "Cry of a Lost Soul," and with a vigour and intensity that is lacking in the verse of the gentle Quaker poet. There is a Miltonic force and grandeur in many of the stanzas, and through it all palpitates the burning thought:

"This is no heaven, with all its shining hosts,
This is no heaven until that hell doth die."

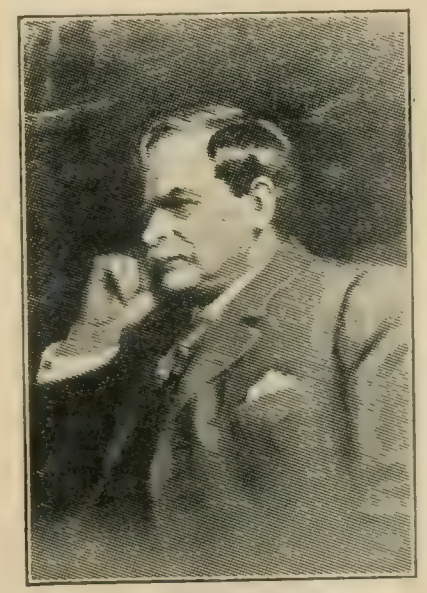
In the section entitled "The Dread Voyage and Other Poems," there are fewer nature poems and more dealing with human life and destiny. Here are to be found several poems of the highest order. "The Mother, a poem" suggested by the following passage in Tyler's Animism: "The pathetic German superstition that the dead Mother's coming back in the night to suckle the baby she has left on earth may be known by the hollow pressed down in the bed where she lay," is sufficient in itself to give Campbell an abiding place in English literature. There is in it a world of fine feeling and over it all a ghostly, mystical tone and color in keeping with the subject.

"Unabsolved" is a dramatic monologue, founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to save Sir John Franklin's party, and who, being sent ahead, saw signs of them, but through cowardice was afraid to tell." This poem shows that Campbell had real dramatic power, ability to create and sustain living souls in tragic situations. But he continued to sing his commonplace nature lyrics and even more commonplace patriotic poems with occasional vigorous outbursts of really meritorious work, work dealing with man in his relations to God and his fellow-men. Campbell was an enthusiastic Canadian and Imperialist and many of his poems breathe patriotism and loyalty, but as a rule, ostensibly patriotic poems are not of a high poetic order, Campbell's are no exception. In fact value would have been added to the volume if many of them had been omitted; but then they help to reveal the man.

He was a close student of Tennyson's poetry, and his "Sir Lancelot," "Victoria," and "Requiem, Edward the Peacemaker" are distinctly Tennysonian and have the manner and movement of the great Idyls and the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," so much so that they can be classed as imitations.

The closing section of the volume is composed of posthumous poems, many of them inspired by incidents in the Great War. There is in this section no poem of outstanding merit, nothing that compares with such masterly work as that given in "Lazarus" and "The Mother." The poet, as his editor points out, laid but little stress "on beauty in form of poetry, the finished verse, the finely chiselled line." His later poems add nothing to his reputation, many of them are inartistic, and have frequent lapses into prose.

In the Memoir, Mr. Sykes remarks, with regard to Campbell's dramas, that "one hundred years from now, if our civilization holds and develops, they will be much more highly prized than they are at present." It is to be hoped that the publisher of this volume will bring out a companion volume containing Campbell's dramas. Campbell is undoubtedly the greatest dramatic poet the Dominion has produced. His "Mordred," while not suited for acting, is a powerful dramatic achievement, the characters are well conceived and sustained, Mordred the central figure, being a distinctly original creation.



Wilfred Campbell

"The Poetical Works of Wilfred Campbell," edited with a memoir by W. J. Sykes. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $3.50.

BOOKMAN CONTESTS.

First prize for the latest "Bookman" competition has been won by Robert F. Baggett of Montreal.

The second prize was won by Beatrice N. Phipps, of Toronto.

Owing to the fact that the "Bookman" has been late in going to press the last two issues (a state of affairs that it is hoped will not occur again), the time for closing the June Competition—"The Four Men"—has been extended till July 30th.

The next public review will be on Wells's stimulating novel, "Men Like Gods."

The date for closing this competition will be August 30th.

A Page From Life

"The Day's Journey."

"I wonder why they go about,"
The Young young lady said,
"Together, when they quarrel so!"
The Doctor shook his head:
"Because it's really love they feel"
"Love! Well I call that **queer!"**
But so is Life—the World—and US—
To match the Humans here!

* * *

They were boys together.
Heber:—
With his darkly radiant,
Invincibly attractive
Smile;
And a prompt
Magnanimous pardoning
Of the discrepancy
In their years.
With the instantaneous birth
Of this newly discovered rapture—
Companionship!
They became at once
Of the same age:
Equals—
Friends!

* * *

Carrington Bird
Paying visits to the Albany
Loved the unusualness
Of this London household.
And took great Interest
In the Old Man's
Bloodthirsty
Prints
And Documents.
Moreover—
They Hunted together
(One whole Winter)
With the Vine Hounds.

When they met again
It was
By Chance!

* * *

You see how easily it's done. Just like the Australian Crawl. You keep your face under water practically all the time, catching air at appreciative intervals. It's all a matter of breathing. Just as this effective sort of writing is merely a matter of punctuation.

Of course, you must first supply the effective prose.

That Mr. Maxwell does so, is proven by the example above, which was lifted in its entirety from the first page of the second chapter of his latest book. The Reviewer spilled it between the printed page and the typewriter, with the result just cited. But a really good thing isn't easily spoiled.

Mr. Maxwell has the power of presenting two rather tiresome characters exactly as they appear in real life; that is—as two rather tiresome characters. "Conformation excellent: performance poor"—which might be the judgment truly passed on many of us. But he makes us really aware of their "conformation." It is never wholly obscured by the "performance." We see the good in them, as we know it is in ourselves, even when others do not easily perceive it. So that, our sympathies and affections are engaged, our patience and understanding secured, just as they are by many of our friends, even while we deplore a number of their attributes. Just as we hope our friends will understand and still love US.

Over and over, in incidents or characteristics, we recognize their human relationship to ourselves. We have been through bits of it. It is this universal appeal that makes Maxwell's story a big one.

Carrington Bird, obtuse to hints and snubs from outsiders, deeply sensitive (and showing it) where his feelings were involved, inclined to be happy on the smallest excuse, to take simple joy in the past and present, as a cow chews her cud, a Bore with a Beautiful Disposition, he naturally turned to Heber, with his saturnine, jealous, morally weaker, but intellectually stronger nature.

Love almost parted them. Marriage did it materially for a season, Love and Sorrow brought them together again. For the rope might fray, but a small steel thread ran down the centre, that nothing could break. They quarreled, they snarled, and, traded on each other's affections, as married people sometimes do. But that curious bond that most of us know as binding us to Somebody—the certainty that though such companionship can never give lasting peace, no peace is possible without it—kept them together.

It is a convincing portrayal of a curious non-sexual, highly sentimental affection, surpassing in a sense, the love of women for men, or men for women.

Heber and Bird in the War,—that is a really Great bit of writing. The difference a uniform can make in a man's character! Heber and Bird after the War, is done with equal art; poignantly realistic.

It ends on a note of abiding content; the wifely Bird mothering the husbandly Heber.

—K.K.B.

The Day's Journey—W. B. Maxwell. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, $2.00.

The Song of the Prairie Land

By Wilson MacDonald.

IN order to write great verse, a poet-soul must be delicately attuned and very sensitive. But this very attunement and sensitiveness is liable to misjudgment; and is also apt to misjudge those of a more material bent, if the appreciation deserved and expected is not shown.

When Mr. Wilson MacDonald stated before a Philadelphia audience that he was "the best hated man in Canada," he was quite sincere in his belief, but the assertion had no foundation in fact. It would surprise me to learn positively that a dozen people in this country had any feeling of animosity toward this brilliantly gifted poet. Whereas many have read with intense appreciation his well-known poems, "The Cry of the Song Children," "The Miracle Songs of Jesus," "Whist-Whee," "Trapper One and Trapper Two" and others.

When I consented to review this volume I did not understand it was a reprint of Mr. MacDonald's first volume of verse which appeared in 1918. I expected to find a number at least of his later and better poems. . . The first edition was extensively reviewed at the time, and it contained the frankly admiring and boldly comparing Introduction by Albert E. S. Smythe. This Introduction still bears its challenging message and few there are now who think the writer and critic was guilty of excessive praise.

"The souls of these unborn crowd me round
And call to be clad
In the mystical, glad
Body of sound.
I am coming, I cry, to release you all.
The roses are red
On the sea-brown wall;
But the roses come and the roses fall;
And the children call,
And the children call,
But I am asearch for bread. . .

And I cry to God:
Shall my blood be shed
And my years be trampled away in the sod
For bread, for bread!
O, softly I cry, nor chide my fate.
But the rose hangs red
Far over the beautiful garden gate,
And the children wait."

Canada has done better in literature than our people know, but the need of bread has sapped the very life-blood of many of our best. Kirby wrote but one historic romance, and it was truly great. "The Golden Dog" was first published in 1877, but its author reaped no financial benefit for sixteen years or longer. Mair's noble drama, "Tecumseh" brought him no monetary profit, and the needs of his growing family drove him into business. Isabella Valancy Crawford's proud soul suffered untold humiliation through poverty, resulting from the insignificant prices received for her work. But I need not enumerate further. The poet MacDonald has wrung our hearts with his song "The Cry of the Song Children," and it behooves Canadians to give heed to its message. . .

Let me close with this lovely stanza taken from "A Poet Stood Forlorn":

This is the Greatest Thing I deem: a song
As sings the skylark in its roundelay;
Notes bursting, leaping, dancing in a throng;
Crowding like children loosed from school, for play:
A race on silver bells
To find the mystic haunt where Beauty dwells.

JOHN W. GARVIN.

The Song of the Prairie Land, by Wilson MacDonald. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $1.50.

A Fisherman's Creed

"Theology off the Plug."

DID you ever notice, lying in a graveyard under a poplar tree whose trunk was black and whose branches were white, that the underside of some of the branches were veiled with the small black repoussé bosses that mark the bark like the veining of a leaf, only that the delicate pattern runs from the tip inward instead of from the stem out? Did it make you feel how the souls of the Wild Irish "natives" of County Antrim, Donegal or Wexford, as the case may be, must take comfort from the rustle of the leaves above them, that tell of sunshine, and clear blue spaces and small adventurous clouds that creep across an untried sky to look upon the world. Brave clouds, that never turn back!

Did you ever listen carefully, lovingly, patiently, lengthily, with shut eyes, lying as still as Hannah and Bridget and Patrick and Mikeen, till at last your mind differentiated the delicate difference of the sound made by leaves in sunshine and the sound made by leaves in shade?

Under just such circumstances, under just such a tree, I found the difference. That was a marked day. Marked too, for there I found "A Fisherman's Creed." Found it, perhaps, in more senses than one, since "the fate of every book hangs upon the reader's uptake." Truly, it is a find of inestimable treasure to discover the results of one's own gropings, set forth luminously, without rancour, without pose, without prejudice, without fear, and set forth in words of a limpid clarity that embody the sound of the wildwood river above which they were spoken.

So, here and there and everywhere, someone will find it with an abiding sense of rest and peace. Each someone will be a member of those "happier congregations" who have ceased to combat the dogmas of materialism, yet know themselves incapable of the "transcendant act of Faith that is needed to affirm that those (the stars) are self-born and march unguided through the void." Each will be one of those who have "ceased to accept opinion on the sheer weight of authority," but who believe that Christ condemned doings, not doctrines, and lived and died to show us, by example, how we should live and die; to save us **from sinning**, since the only sins worth troubling about are those we shall surely commit unless the **commission** of them be remitted to us." One of those who believes that "to deny a final triumph is the sin against the Spirit which bars the door to aid" and that "to be at large in a mood of contagious discontent is an offence against our fellow-creatures," but who believes chiefly that "the only religion of any use or comfort to a man is the one he fashions for himself, a long job and a hard one, but what we are here for," and whose creed is "alive and growing."

You see, it doesn't matter, among Fishermen, whether you agree on the exact kit and tackle for every occasion. It's your interest in the thing that counts! If you love fishing, if you practise it, you ARE a fisherman. You ARE your belief! And may Peace be with you!

So, as the expression of the building of belief in many inarticulate souls "A Fisherman's Creed" stands out. A Something special.

As an essay, it has a simple dignity of diction and a style that expresses civilization in the wilderness at its best.

For **words** are the same everywhere. The Dictionary contains every word that Mr. Blake uses, with thousands more.

Only they do not sound like these!

It is the arrangement that proclaims the man who is orally civilized—the Artist in words.

And it is good to find it, as I found it, on a sunstrewn hillside, where old graves cluster like beloved penitents, at the foot of the old poplar trees.

A Fisherman's Creed. W. H. Blake. The Macmillan Co. in Canada. 60c.

Some of the New Books

In Brief Review.

Black, White and Brindled. Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Eden Phillpotts is so connected with the cream of the Devonshire Country in most of his books that it comes as a new surprise to find him travelling in the West Indies and seeming as much at home there as among the moors and coombes of his native land. The book contains a varied bill o' fare. A couple of murder and detective tales, full of "grues"; a good laugh in "The High Tide" and an exceptional story of haunting beauty and romance in "The Styx"—a strong and beautiful piece of work.

Cousin Betty. A story for girls. By Geraldine Mockler. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. 50 cents.

When the Benefactress who had brought them up died suddenly and left them almost penniless, Delia, Katherine and Claude retired to their cottage in the country and refused to have anything to do with the re-inherited niece whom they had never seen and who now came into everything that they had been accustomed to consider their own property. They took a bitter delight in picturing Elizabeth Errington as their Evil Genius.

How she turned herself into their Beneficent Fairy makes a charming tale, full of humor and interest for girls from twelve to—any age that cares for wrongs redressed in the right way. Romance enough to flavor the whole.

Fiery Particles. C. E. Montague. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, $2.00.

The Author calls his stories "ardent cranks . . . wild bodies that want to be up and doing something." Indeed, they are odd, racy tales that stir the intellectual blood less by their action and adventure than by their sheer personality. Mr. Montague has the secret of the phrase that marks the observer of men and things, who also has something of the gift of tongues. Especially well worth reading for that reason. Human documents that make their way into the memory.

Shanghaied. By Frank Norris. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 50 cents.

This is the time of year when everyone wants books for the Summer Camp. Good stories that will be greeted with pleasure if found again next year in the camp shelves, yet in covers so inexpensive that their loss will not bankrupt the booklover. Such a story is "Shanghaied," written with that mastery of human nature in strange situations that always distinguishes Frank Norris. Do not be put off by the picture on the Jacket, but enjoy the strong meat, fully flavored with the salt tang of the sea, that is to be found inside. A masterpiece in its own way, especially in its ending.

The Hoarding. John Owen. Hodder & Stoughton, Limited. $1.75.

Beech was an Advertising Agent who was ashamed of the blatant business left him by his father. Boxrider was a Young Man deep bitten with the Romance of the Thing as well as with a laudable lust for love, money, and success. Beech was his stepping stone, though an unsteady one. Lesley Senior was a girl-artist of real power, who loved Art for Art's sake and loved an Author for Art's sake also. She thought that advertising was beneath the Elect.

Still, she must live. Even the Elect prefer this world to the next.

Boxrider's doctrine was that Art applied in Advertising meant bringing the National Gallery to the People, whom it was impossible to bring to the National Gallery. They would not go! He believed in educating them in batches, on the way to their work. In this case, the Ayes had it! A really big theme, handled with vision, but flawed by two much mouthing. In spite of its swaddling clothes, and my mixed metaphor, a lusty Infant, worth tackling.

Autocamping. By F. E. Brimmer. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. Stewart Kidd Co., Cincinnati, $2.00.

Here is something that should appeal to two distinct classes of people, the wellfolks and the sickfolks. It would be almost enough to make the maimed and miserable take up their beds and pack them in the tonneau to read Mr. Brimmer's delightful book about autocamping with the rising generation—from their very earliest rise. It would convert a Confirmed Bachelor suffering from pernicious anemia into a Strong Man certain that he ought to camp with babies—his own babies for choice. It would seem to solve the housing problem for the greater part of the year. It would inspire persons not in the last stages of senile decay to get out into the open and forget their dearest morosity. In fact, after reading this book, if you feel that autocamping is going to interfere with your business, you will certainly give the business the go-by, and small blame to you! So if you are suffering from a broken hip, or heart, a wry neck, diphtheria, curvature of the spine, an ingrowing grouch, or housemaid's knee, get this book and forget trouble! You can take a thousand trips for two dollars, using your imagination as motor-power. You get the air free! If you are a Well Woman, or a Strong Man, take in addition the "Outdoorsman's Handbook" (S. B. Gundy. $1.50). It's a Sportsman's compendium of knowledge and even the oldest camper should not be without it. For those who are footloose to follow the Open Roads where they lead to the Kingdom of the Red Gods, the books are invaluable. And for those who can't go—they supply "vistas of change and adventure" that let the sunlight and the breeze into the dark places.

The Infant and Young Child. John Lovett Morse, M.D., Edwin T. Wyman, M.D., and Louis Hill Webb, M.D. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. Toronto: The J. F. Hartz Co. $1.75.

This is a practical volume on the care and feeding of the child from birth until school age. The book is well illustrated and is a substantially bound volume of 271 pages. The authors are members of the faculty of Harvard Medical School and the Children's Hospital of Boston. The book is intended to convey to mothers what they ought to know to intelligently care for the child from birth to the age of six. It is not intended to take the place of a physician but to enable mothers to take better care of their children when they are well and to carry out the physician's orders understandingly when they are ill.

The Underworld of London. Sidney Theodore Felstead. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Everybody likes to know how the other half lives, whether it is the other married half (in absence,) the aristocratic half, or the underworld. Perhaps the latter is the most fascinating. "Gild vice enough, and it is always attractive." If nothing on earth would induce us to steal the horse ourselves, there are few of us who, in the interests of science at least, do not want to take a look over the top of the wall, to watch the other fellow at his work. Mr. Felstead vouches for the truth of his tales, though the characters are sheltered under fictitious names. Rich tales they are, of burglars and "Con." men, jewel thieves, dope fiends, deceitful wives and—tut! tut! not a word will we reveal of the husbands! The chapters are full of authentic thrills, well set forth.

The Yard. H. A. Vachell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

If you care for clean men and straight women, you will like this book, with its unusual heroine, and its fine sense of values. If you care, in addition, for horses and hounds, you will love the book, fairly feeling the horse between your knees as you read. Told in Vachell's own intimate yet restrained style, with sympathy and charm.

The Commandment of Moses. Stephen McKenna. The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

When Stephen McKenna wrote of "Sonia Married," "Lady Lilith," and the girl who was responsible for "The Education of Eric Lane," he wrote of an exotic who made men mad with her perfume. He wrote of her. He assured the reader that she was there. But in what he wrote of her, he failed to "materialize" her compelling power for the reader. We felt that physical jerks for the gentlemen and physical thumps for the lady might have resulted in bringing a couple of neurotics to their senses, where they could get down to business. In his latest book Mr. McKenna has made his heroine real. We deplore parts of her because we love her! We forgive her much because she loved much and, through much loving, learned enough to stand by love unconquered. Written with deep understandnig and sufficient fire and fascination to make it a dangerous book. It's too good!

The Betrothal of Felicity. Florence Drummond. Longmans, Green and Co. $2.00.

Felicity was very young when she fell irrevocably in love with the suitable man because he happened to be her spiritual counterpart. He, not awake to this fact, proposed to her merely because she was the suitable girl. But after their engagement, which every day banked down the fires of her love and dissipated her content in smoke, a strange occurrence stabbed Felicity awake to the value of truth as a working principle of life.

Its overmastering influence is well illustrated in the interplay of circumstances, character and mysticism, of which the story is composed, all built around "the undying romance of the soul with God."

Old Forever. Alfred Ollivant. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.75.

A bit of Indian magic laid in your own hand. Something of the spirit that has built the Empire is caught between the covers, with its silent bravery and the smiling swordsmanship of the spirit that can check the danger of Fear, even though it lays down the lives of its children to sustain the British Raj. With a shining ending, almost too poignantly painful to be endured, yet bitterly, gloriously, beautiful and true to the best of life.

Birthday Honors For the Quick and the Dead

The Quick Jump about so, that their Birthdays are not tethered in all the Books. Please send YOUR date that we may offer our felicitations.—K.K.B.

JULY.

"O merry it is in the fair greenwood
When leaves are long and green."

THAT is an old poet's version of July—fruits and bees and beauty! For those who have the time and the place in which to enjoy them.

Old Saxons called it the "Hay monath" or "Mead monath," because the meads are all in blossom.

Romulus and Numa (a contradictious pair who never rested content with each other's work as regards the Calendar, but were continually messing about with the months), kept changing the number of working days in July. No Union! Alternately they reduced its number from 36, to 31, to 30 days. But Julius Caesar conquered the Calendar as completely as he did the Britons and made it a present of the extra day for ever, as a reward to his Natal Month. After his death, Mark Antony changed its original name of "Quintilius" (it was the fifth month with the Romans), to "July" in honor of the great reformer of the Calendar. "This month he selected for such honorary distinction, when the sun was generally most potent, the more effectively to denote that Julius was the Emperor of the World and therefore the appropriate leader of one half of the year."

The Romans connected the rising and setting of the Star "Caincula" with the heat of the sun between July 3rd, and August 11th. Hence "the Dog Days," a slang expression of the Caesars. This, together with the extreme heat expected at that period, possibly gave rise to the Custom that obtains in many places, of muzzling dogs at the beginning of July.

July 3rd. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Author and Lecturer.

"Before such things can come to pass,
you idiotic child,
You must alter human nature!
And they all sat back and smiled!"

She is especially known for her interest in the problems of Labor, and the rights of women, to which she brings a constructive patience, and an illuminating sense of humor, seldom found among those who advocate turning women into a sterner sex. In 1909 she became editor of "The Forerunner," practically turning out the whole paper herself. In "What Diantha Did" she has suggested a way of lightening domestic labor, that has already been tried out with success and which may become our accustomed aid in the future. With many volumes, grave and gay, to her credit, her book, "In This Our World," remains almost a unique volume of verse well worth owning.

July 7th. Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

"Somewhere I failed him; somewhere
I lost him
Youth! who would only sleep for the
morn's fresh start.

Shall I find you south of the Gulf?
Or are you dead in my heart?"

The youngest of the gifted brothers, Charles G. D. R. being the eldest. At the front he served as "Assistant Canadian Eye-Witness." His muse, though vagrant, displays a vigorous and refreshing quality, the striking thought that inspired each poem being embodied in beautiful expression.

July 15. St. Swithin. (About 86 A.D.).

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain.
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair!"

He had great influence, not only on the weatherman, but on the aristocrats of his time, being chosen by Ethelwulf to accompany his son (the great Alfred) as guide, philosopher, and friend, on his journey to Rome. When it rains on the fifteenth, it is said, "St. Swithin is christening the apples."

July 16th. Charles Sangster.

"God gives the seed. The bread we need,
Man's labor must provide it!"

Born in the Navy Yard at Point Frederick, Kingston; son of a joiner in the British Navy. grandson of a U.E. Loyalist. He was but two years old when his father died, and at fifteen had to leave school to help his mother. He worked at drudgery most of his life, with little chance to exercise the wings of his spirit. But he published two volumes of verse, "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," and "Hesperus and Other Poems." He died in 1893.

July 20. Geo. A. Mackenzie.

"A sense of joy that He Whose hand
Shaped thee . . . .
Hath pleasure in the things he planned."

Born in Toronto. Educated at his father's private grammar school in Hamilton, and later at Trinity College, Toronto, where he had a brilliant record, graduating with honors and the Prince of Wales' Prize. He was called to Bar in 1873. His poems appeared in book form in 1914, entitled "In That New World Which is the Old."

July 21st. Matthew Prior.

"Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house and stable;
That I may read and ride and plant
Superior to Desire and Want,
And as Health fails, and Years increase,
Sit down and think—and die—in peace."

He was educated at Westminster school, under the famous Dr. Busby, but his father dying and his mother unable to pay his further fees, he was sent to his "Uncle the Vintners," to earn his living. His literary tastes were discovered by some af the aristocratic frequenters of the place, one of whom, Lord Dorset, took charge of his expenses, sending him back, nothing loathe, to Westminster. Politics were still attached to poesy, and Matthew had a long and varied career in both. His volume of poems, published in 1718, brought him in (report runs), four thousand guineas.

The Month's Records of New Books

FICTION.

Alias Red Ryan, Chas. N. Buck (Gundy), $1.75.

Black Buttes, Clarence Mulford (Gundy), $1.75.

Black, White and Brindled, E. Phillpotts (Macm.), $2.00.

Bonsoeur Affair, Wickham (McL.), $2.00.

Castle Conquer, Padraic Colum, (Macm.)

Contact and Other Stories, Francis Noyes Hart (Gundy), $1.75.

Day's Journey, The, W. B. Maxwell (Gundy), $2.00.

Desert Lovers, K. Rhodes (R.P.), $1.75.

Escape, J. E. Jeffery (R.P.), $1.75.

Geese Fly South, The, Mary Bourn (Gundy), $1.75.

Green Apple Harvest (New Ed.) Smith (McC. & S.), $1.50.

Grey Terror, London (McL.), $2.00.

House by the Windmill, Agnes E. Rothery (Gundy), $1.75.

My Friend from Limousin, J. Giraudoux (H. & S.), $2.00.

Mystery Road, E. Phillips Oppenheim (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Nobody's Island, Beatrice Grimshaw (Gundy), $1.75.

Not for Sale, Monica Ewer (H. & S.), (Gundy), $1.75.

Old Forever, Alfred Ollivant (Gundy), $1.75.

Powder of Sympathy, Christopher Morley (Gundy), $1.75.

Public Square, Comfort (McL.), $2.00.

Ralph Hearne, W. H. Hudson (Macm.), $7.50.

Sinister Mark, Lee Thayer (Gundy), $1.75.

Tarzan and the Golden Lion, Burroughs (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Tenth Woman, The, Harriet Comstock (Gundy), $1.75.

Village, The, Ivan Bunin (Macm.), $2.50.

Vengeance of the Ivory Skull, Harvey (McL.), $2.00.

Wolf Trail, Pocock (McL.), $2.00.

Yellow Napoleon, The, A. E. Southon (H. & S.), $1.75.

NON-FICTION.

Amiel's Journal, Mrs. Humphry Ward (Macm.), $2.25.

A Fisherman's Creed, W. H. Blake Macm.), 60c.

Autocamping, F. E. Brimmer (Gundy), $2.00.

Book of British and American Verse, Edited by Henry VanDyke (Gundy), Clo., $4.00; Lea., $6.00.

Book of Hosea, Crafer (Macm.), 65c.

Citizen Bird, M. Wright (Macm.), $2.50.

Descours de la Method, Descartes (Macm.), 40c.

Economic Imperialism, A. Viallette (Macm.), $2.25.

Electrotyping in Its Relation, etc., E. Pilsworth (Macm.), $2.00.

Eucharists in St. Paul, S. L. Tyson (Macm.), 85c.

Ferns, Vol. 1., F. P. Bower (Macm.), $9.00.

Few Figs from Thistles, A, E. St. Vincent Millay, New Ed. (Gundy), $1.25.

First Book of British History, Reed (Macm.), 40c.

Improvability in Typewriting, Edward (R.P.), $1.00.

Indictment of Queen Mary, R. H. Mahon (Macm.), $1.65.

Jesus of Our Fathers, The, J. W. Good (Macm.), $6.00.

Letters Ecrita Un Provincial, Pascal (Macm.), 40c.

Louise Imogen Guiney, E. M. Tenison (Macm.), $4.50.

Lure of Quebec, The, Raoul Clouthier (Musson), $1.00.

March Hares, H. G. Gribble (Gundy), $2.00.

Marie De L'Agnus Dei, Rev. M. P. Hill (Macm.), $2.50.

Merchant Marine, W. S. Benson (Macm.), $2.00.

Mind and What We Ought to Know About It, The (H. & S.), $2.00

New English Grammar, Leaper (Macm.), $1.35.

Old Memories, Sir Henry Jones (H. & S.), $1.35.

Peeps At History (America) (Macm.), $1.00.

Poems About Birds, Massingham (R.P.), $3.00.

Popular Poultry Pointers, R. Hannas (Macm.), $2.50.

Renaissance of Roman Arch., Thos. Jackson (Macm.), $12.00.

Scottish Earth (Poems), John S. Martin (H. & S.), $1.35.

Sea Change, Muna Lee (Macm.), $1.75.

Seven Stars, L. H. Bailey (Macm.), $1.65.

Some Luring Masters of the Pulpit, Newton (McC. & S.), $2.00.

Song of the Prairie Land, Wilson MacDonald (R.P.), $1.50.

Spain in Silhouette, T. Hall (Macm.)

Standard of Living, M. H. Comish (Macm.), $2.25.

Teaching of Arithmetic, N. J. Lennes (Macm.), $2.25.

Threshold, Martha Kinross (Macm.), $2.25.

Thirty Years of Psychical Research, Chas. Richet (Macm.)

That Silver Lining, Thos. L. Masson (Gundy), $2.00.

Three Modern Japanese Plays, Yozan T. Iwasaki (Gundy), $1.50.

Toward the Sunrising, Thomas Stewart, D.D. (Mc.C & S.), $1.75.

True Adventures of the Secret Service, Major C. E. Russell (Gundy), $2.00.

Voices of the South West, H. R. Green (Macm.), $2.00.

What is Mysticism, Chas. Addison (Macm.), 85c.

Wheelwright's Shop, Geo. Stuart (Macm.), $3.50.

JUVENILE.

Books of Wild Flowers for Young People, Mathews (R.P.), $3.00.

Catty Atkins, Financier, Keeland (H. & S.), $2.00.

Everychild's Book, Mrs. F. Peterson (Macm.), 17c.

Friend Indeed, Julia Schwartz (Macm.), 90c.

I Wonder How, Goldsmith (R.P.), $1.75.

Pocket Astronomy for Children, G. Johnston (Macm.), $3.50.

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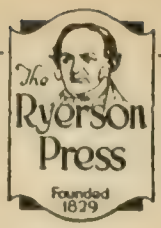

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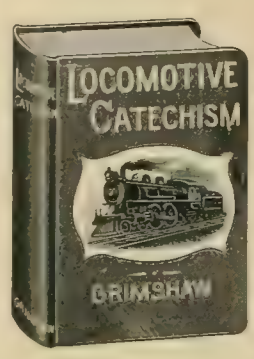

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* * *

The decision created a sensation which was vividly recorded at the time, and since then half Europe has read the book. It has now been translated into English,—an admirable example of literary translation, preserving the atmosphere, quality, and genius of the original text—and is available in Canada. It should hold a special interest for Canadians, and particularly for this Province, as one of the principal characters is posed as a French-Canadian teacher. It is a book few who read will fail to enjoy if they are capable of appreciating delicious satire and brilliant epigram, and it contains between its covers more wit than has illumined the pages of a notable French novel for many a long moon.

M. Giraudoux has utilized a thread of a plot upon which to hang a series of scintillating satirical comments upon Franco-German relations, the present condition of French thought and French mentality in its relation to Germany, and upon life in this year of the Christian era, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three. M. Giraudoux is no clerical. I will say that for him without being asked. Indeed, I shrewdly suspect that he is not wholly in sympathy with that particular party. He is by way of being an Ishmael when it comes to conventions, and to traditions and to proprieties and the hundred and one social amenities, and he writes with a disarming cheerfulness that serves to pave the way for some of the most astounding freedom of thought, comment, simile and paradox you could desire served up in one volume.

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* * *

The masquerading Monsieur Chapdelaine,—and the use of that particular name as a mask may suggest much to the discerning,—asked by the gentleman who has lost his memory and to restore whom to France Chapdelaine is performing his masquerade, what Canada thinks of Germany, replies that "the opinion held of Germany was that it was a great country, full of musicians in uniform, of soldiers in civilian's clothes, a country industrious and active, whose bar was held by anti-Semites in its dazzling hours and by Semites at all other times,—a country ill disposed, or ill prepared to fulfil for an instant the obligations imposed upon it for each moment of the next half century."

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* * *

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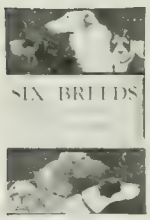

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The Canadian Short Story

By Raymond Knister.

WHAT, approximately, is the matter with the Canadian short story? The question is not in itself encouraging, though a search for answers to it may reveal potentialities as well as pitfalls. But the fact of the short story arriving at the stage of being considered at all as a division of our literature, is more or less significant. For I daresay that most people have pretty well passed it by until lately, left it unregarded in the magazines, except as a pleasant, more or less innocuous way of passing a quarter or half an hour. Nothing was the matter with it, so far as it went, they might have said. Now the publishers' lists show a number of books of stories by Canadian writers, of a quality above the average of the rest of our fiction, and a moment seems to have come for reflecting on this *genre* as displayed predominantly.

The most obvious defect of our magazine fiction is Americanization. Good stories are constantly being written in the United States, and many of the magazines print one now and then (a periodical with, I think, the second largest circulation, prints, or used to print, numbers of them); but it is only too clear that the short story there is pre-eminently a commercial article, except in a very few magazines of small circulation. I do not mean that English popular magazines are better, for it is doubtful whether they are as good. But their influence has not been so strong, because the chances of their printing the work of Canadian writers has been less and the money reward smaller.

The criterion of the American magazine is "What the Public Wants," and literature being as it is a matter of individuality, the public is not likely to want what a new writer has in him to give—at least until its taste for him has been cultivated. What does the new writer, positively original or not, do about this, usually? He studies what the magazines have made the public believe it wants and, the instinct of self-preservation being strong, seeing in this course his only salvation, oftener than not attempts emulation. Naturally he is scarcely ever successful. Too frequently he has nothing to record and no knowledge instinctive or ætiological of literature to aid him in attempting to record it. And when he has both or either of these, and produces or shows ability to produce good work, he is looked upon by the more wideawake editors as promising, though his contributions may not fit into the requisitions of "our readers"—as we have trained them. At this point the young writer is sure if he has escaped so far, to be canvassed by the correspondence schools giving courses in short story writing, and to consider their merits, which are practical if not so numerous as their publicity may insist.

The correspondence school has its finger on the markets, knows what is acceptable and what is not. And it has the short story reduced to a formula so regular that at the end of the course anyone with the minimum of acumen can turn out a story to conform in this way. And if the student transcends the minimum, has observed the life through which he has passed, and absorbed the current expedient notions which take the place of a philosophy of life in popular fiction, and indeed largely in daily life itself, he is prepared for his task and, granted industry and a knack with words, he will be a successful writer of short stories.

Now this does not seem the best way to form good writers. Doubtless they can and possibly they have been formed in this way, if we give a certain latitude to the word "good." It may even be that writers have or could go through this and become great—by shedding the induced fetishes. But innately the method seems better calculated to spoil good short story writers.

To be one of these, first of all, one must have known life. But we all have known that, and it is a matter of individuality and training whether we can present it in objectified pictures. Individuality it is that counts; it is his view of the world which the artist seeks to impart, as Henry James has said. But if individuality is a prerequisite, so is training. (Commonplaces, these, surprisingly too often ignored). And literary training, by which I mean study of the masters, is precisely what the beginner usually lacks. But he will not begin by imitating nobody, as teachers sometimes advise; even if he be a genius he cannot do that. He has been impressed, let us say, by some aspects or ironies of life. But he cannot record them independently, without reference to other writings. Indeed, it is his reading of other writers which as likely as not has brought him to a consciousness of life and helped to shape it within him—which at least has caused him to desire to impart himself. In his struggles to express what he has seen and dreamed, therefore, he will adopt the methods of writers whom he admires and wishes to emulate.

So this is the fault of the popular magazine and the correspondence school: the beginning writer has let himself accept them at their face value (he does want cash and applause), even before he has taken the second step necessary for success with them, of accepting life itself at its face value; and even if he tries to imagine honestly he is handicapped by a fortuitous rather than an inevitable technique.

Now technique is not merely an exterior matter; or even if it be that it is as the bark of a tree is exterior—and essential. Your subject will be changed, added to, weakened, heightened or diminished, by a change of method. And it is just in the mould-like effect of "plot" as understood which tends to make the short story a dead art form. It has become possible to know after the second paragraph of the plot story how it will end—unless the writer is a disciple of O. Henry, in which case one can count on the opposite to his expectations. One correspondence school, I understand, selects Maupassant's "La Parure" as a model in structure; another, a Canadian course which I have read, seems to hold up Charles A. Van Loan as a foremost exponent.

On the results of the conditions of the past scarcely more than a word is necessary here. To me they appear ominous enough; for I have never yet seen a good story

by a Canadian author in a Canadian magazine. I do not doubt at all that there have been such. The point is that the run of stories in Canadian magazines has been such that I have not had the patience to read enough of them to discover good ones, and I claim to be fairly omnivorous about such reading. It is not my purpose to affront popular editorships, as one youthful writer must have wished to do by saying that so far as practical evidence of the knowledge was visible they did not know a short story from a bill of lading; nor yet the conductors of correspondence schools. With them it is a matter of business, and they dare not be fooled there. What I wish to attempt is to give a word of advice from an experience not yet too frequently revised by time, to a few beginning writers of promise who, I feel sure, must exist and who may chance on these words.

What then is such an aspirant to do? First, consider his position. He does not want to turn out the sort of writing which the sensationally popular and would-be popular journals are sure to publish, much and naturally as he would like a large audience. But if he is determined to illustrate a new point of view he is to remind himself that there are not more than half a dozen literary magazines, all of small circulation and (except the endowed ones), giving small pay, into which he can hope that his work will fit. So that unless he too is endowed he can not hope to make a living from his art, or even see many examples of it published, for a number of years. Of course, when his name is made he can count on the "standard" magazines. These strike a balance, being also refuges for some of the popular writers in their less melting and less heroic moods. Book publication too may come with an established trade-mark. To all this he must reconcile himself, the sooner the better, if he really means to attempt craftsmanship in the short story. It means a curtailment in the practice of his art, for it will not pay to try to write in any manner, as little in that of the most recent cult as of the Sunday supplement—though either may teach him things about his own method. Neither is it wise to do other work as near in method as the novel unless he is genuinely drawn to it. But if he can write novels, I think that the present hospitality to new talent will save him from the necessity of doing anything but his best, of appealing for popularity. That is, if he cannot make money from other literary work which really commands his doing, he will have to content himself with looking forward to the pre-eminent rewards of consciously well-achieved effort and the approbation of small audiences, chiefly of other writers.

And next—if he still adheres to his determination—read the masterpieces of literature, and not of one literature or one age of literature. Only in this way will he come at a sense of life as it has been in the souls of the spokesmen of mankind. He must read them as one concerned by life, primarily, before they will help him as literature. But incidentally he will gain a knowledge of his instrument, of the weight and texture of language. This sounds discouraging and perhaps pedantic in our day, but there is still no philtre of achievement. Of course he will not read all the masterpieces! I know from experience that, however fortunately situated for doing so, he will not, and cannot, and if he is really a writer he will be impelled to attempt a contribution of his own before he reaches this goal. But before he begins let him study the best short stories of which he can obtain cognizance. All the kinds; not merely one school. Only thus may he have background enough to free himself of the influence of the magazine story, which, if his has been a normally uncloistered life, he has always had with him.

And not alone the magazine story. By reading many of the masters of the form he can escape from the disadvantages of a single technique and, if he is gifted, he can strive, though probably he will not succeed, to combine disparate virtues in his view of existence to make a new form of his own. For it is not too much technique which ails the popular story, it is too little, of too arbitrary a kind. The fact is forgotten that Maupassant, to whom journalism as well as this kind of writing shall always owe a debt, did not always care to live up to his vocation as a plot model. There are such stories as "Clair de Lune" in, I think, the "Boule de Suif" volume, in which the structure is so blended with the atmosphere and feeling that the "planned" element, the brick upon brick method which makes Maupassant a model for the correspondence schools, is altogether absent at the first reading. It is usually this way in any finished story. The great art is that which is concealed. So in calling for more technique rather than less, one should be careful to counsel the emulation of no one writer, be he various as Tchehov himself. Schnitzler and O. Henry will not be of equal value for any two writers, yet both should be studied.

But, as a young London critic has written, public agitation in favor of technique will accomplish little. The standard must be within. Every good writer takes care for the methods which shall further his purpose. If his purpose is high it is the same. Let him learn some of the elements of his art from a correspondence school if he elects; the important thing is to learn them and to hold to an interest in matters beyond the elements. But he cannot learn to be a good story writer there nor, unless he gets a great deal of fun out of them, from such preparatory occupations as I may have made only to seem laborious. His study at best will help him articulate; and, if his eye be true and his emotions universal and directed, he will be one of the artists for which Canada has awaited to heighten the consciousness of portions of her life. And it may be that a time will come at which he can find a publisher awaiting him in his own country.

Change

TO-DAY the seas are beating on the shore,
The trees are crushed and wounded by the wind,
Though yesterday the wave and breeze were kind.
We cannot chain our joys, nor bar the door
That holds our deep-loved treasures, for the more
We strive to fetter beauty do we find
Its loveliness is fleeting and assigned
To change, which rules and is the conqueror.

Though turmoil may the deep sea's surface fret,
Yet fathomless is its tranquillity.
Creation's chant is not an echoed voice,
Each note is breathed anew and must beget
A constant variation, endlessly.
Death heralds life, so may the earth rejoice.

The Question

IS life then but a mockery at best,
An anguish at the worst? Youth ends in age,
Love must know loss, death blots out every page.
Are we but puppets under the behest
And whim of some great Spirit without rest
Or sympathy? Is earth a monstrous cage
With wheels unending for our heritage,
And false delights the mirage of our quest?

Our vision is too weak to grasp the whole,
The final purpose of each separate life:
We only know that good begets more good,
Evil breeds evil, and that every soul
Answers for its own deeds of peace or strife,
Though linked to all by bonds of brotherhood.

Editor's Note—Marion Osborne's poem, "A Lament," in the Elizabethan style, published in the May "Canadian Bookman," has elicited many appreciative comments and has been freely reproduced in other Canadian journals. We are now privileged to publish two other of her poems and it is interesting to learn that a book of her poems, edited by Erskine Macdonald, is shortly to appear.

Hopeless Dawn

(In the Tate Gallery).

THE table that was spread by ready hands
Waiteth in vain the fisherman's return;
Exhausted, in the spray-flecked window, stands
A candle now that there for hours did burn.

A tardy morn succeeds a night of storm,
A boat is missing from the village fleet,
The brae shall never see that dauntless form
Hasten his children at the gate to meet.

I see a shrunken mother, white with years,
Who saw the night out in the old arm chair,
And, pillowed on her knees, a wife in tears,—
A moving, perfect picture of Despair.

—ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER.

North of the 56th Parallel

By R. E. Gosnell

SO much interest centres in the country north of the 56th parallel that any book written at first hand and well written, by a reliable author, is welcome. We have had a good many books about that country, relating, however, mainly to the old order of things and without reference to recent developments. The boring for oil at Fort Norman, with its inevitable though not very formidable rush, and Stefansson's campaign in favor of the Arctic, have excited new interest in it and to some extent brought about new conditions. Even if mineral expectations be not realized, as soon as transportation facilities are sufficiently improved, and we are led to understand that that is easily possible, there is bound to be an increasing tourist travel in that direction. The Far North has many fascinations for the man with plenty of cash in his pocket and a love of novelty and a certain amount of adventure. There are, as we know, many promising mineral indications—oil, copper, gold, coal and iron—and if sufficient development occurred to justify it, transportation facilities and practicable rates for freight would follow. If, for instance, the extensive tar sand deposits can be economically utilized, what a transformation it would make in road-building in the Middle West, not to speak of the value of the oil as a by-product.

The latest book to hand dealing with the North, is "Down the Mackenzie, Through the Great Lone Land," by Fullerton Waldo, who is an American, and who has travelled extensively and written a good deal. It cannot, therefore, be said to be a contribution to Canadian literature, but it is nevertheless a valuable addition to the literature on Canada. Incidentally, it is a story of a trip by the author from Edmonton—once called the "last house in the world," but not so now by a very long way—to Fort McPherson, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, via the now well known and fairly well travelled route—by the Waterways Railway, across Great Slave Lake and down the Mackenzie, past Forts McMurray, Smith, Providence, Simpson, Wrigley, Norman and Good Hope, Hudson's Bay Company mile posts which, apart from the numerous woodpiles for the steamers' fuel supply, constitute the only stopping places en route. In reality, it is a very interesting and highly instructive description of the country through which the journey is made. It is, as a matter of fact, a very old route, familiar to all students of H.B.C. history. We are now looking at it through new eyes. In an article in the Canadian Bookman recently I contrasted the value of the ephemeral and immature literary product with that which is the result of erudition, industry, and taking everlasting pains. Mr. Waldo's book, although the outcome of less than two months in the Northland, does not by any means come within the former category. If we except the opening chapter, which deals briefly with conditions in the Middle Western Provinces, and which reflects political and economic views that would probably be modified by a greater familiarity with the country, than can be obtained hurriedly "en passant," every page reveals wide reading, including the classics of literature, much travel, trained powers of observation and the industrious massing of information as he went along. He has the necessary foundation for good work, which will stand the test of time.

In northern travel we have started on a new era, which includes railways, steamers, automobiles, phonographs, aeroplanes and wireless and radio services. These are quick change artists and it is really impossible to predict what will be the result of their activities. Explorers and writers from Sir Alexander Mackenzie down, have made us familiar with the regime that has passed for ever, one which had its fashioning at the hands of the fur-trading systems, whose methods of transportation and social life established 150 years ago, continued on almost identical lines until within recent years. Mr. Waldo has given us a pen portraiture of the conditions of the beginning of the new era which will stand as a basis of comparison for all time. He tells us what he saw with his own eyes and what he was able to gather from original and authentic sources of information. Much has been written by travellers hastily passing up and down the same route. A good deal of it was the result of hearsay, the journeys being for the purposes of touching the high spots of its life with an eye on the market for a readable book. For instance, the late Agnes Dean Cameron, in her own spicy way, and the late Cy Warman, another pleasing author, gave us readable impressions in their books, but quite superficial. Many of their "facts" were not verified, and are smiled at by the old-timers along the line of travel, just as they smile at the "movie" effects by which they attempt to feature the North, only to a degree of "haw-haw." Waldo paints a day to day, almost an hour to hour, picture, and he has carefully sifted his information so as to separate the chaff of fiction from the kernel of fact; but withal in such picturesque and delightfully humorous way that your interest is riveted to the page from first to last. "Down the Mackenzie" leaves you with such a vivid impression of the entire trip that you feel as if you had made it yourself—the art of descriptive writing. Your enjoyment is materially enhanced by the many beautiful illustrations, as well as by the mechanical excellence of the printed page. The author evidently had a very fine camera, is skilled in its use, and has the artist's conception of what constitutes a "beauty spot" in nature. The enjoyment of the reader, if he be a lover of good writing, is further enhanced by the wealth of quotations and literary allusions. There is a real literary flavor to it, the literary flair.

One gets a real sense of what it means to travel on this long "by and devious" route—of the Waterways Railway (its discomforts and distractions as well as its attractions as an experience in primitive railway transportation); of river travel in flat-bottomed, stern-wheeled steamboats, reminiscent of Mark Twain days on the Mississippi, only, if not fraught with so much danger of the "boiler busting," the going down to the mouth of the Mackenzie has many annoyances to which Mark Twain was not subjected; of the numerous woodpiles along banks of the rivers and lakes to which the steamer noses up to get her supply of fuel, of which her boilers are gluttonous; of the mixed character of travellers and crew, a motley assortment all the way from the saintly missionary bishop to the ragged Indian urchins; of the hordes of dogs of all sizes, colors and pedigrees, that in summer infest every port of call, ever ravenously hungry and fiercely fighting for the scraps of food thrown from the steamer, or the fish that came in their way; of the mission oases in the desert of social life, and the arduous, self-sacrificing, and almost unbelievable hardships of the missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, and the sweet Sisters of Charity; of the ceaseless plague of bulldog flies and mosquitoes, which, Stefansson and his "friendly Arctic" notwithstanding, if in some manner not got rid of, must render the North country uninhabitable in the ordinary way; of the extraordinary medley of noises at night on board ship—musical, conversational, blasphemous, clamorous, snore-ous, everything imaginable—that render sleep almost impossible, and the author wonders if anybody does sleep at all; of the number and variety of "characters," from the college-bred man slinging wood to the lumberjack, each with his particular history accounting for his presence so far from home and civilization; and of the ever impressive scenery and the wonderful sunsets, which eclipse anything the author had ever witnessed. The best of the author's many picturesque descriptions comes at the last and that is of a dance in the log warehouse of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort McPherson in celebration of the marriage of the resident clergyman. It was attended by all the residents, red and white, old and young, except the palsied, and was a carnival of fiddling, jigging, clogging and "calling off," winding up after many hours by the clergyman distributing cigars. It is pictured to the life and is quite equal to any of the many American classics in that line.

Mr. Waldo dwells only suggestively on the economic outlook. He hints at the mineral possibilities, already referred to, and tells us about the buffalo, the caribou, the muskox and the failure to propagate the reindeer. Vegetables thrive amazingly almost to the last fort, and he describes patches of luxuriant wheat. But these things do not come within the limits of a literary review.

(Continued on page 209.)

Down the Mackenzie. By Fullerton Waldo. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

Communication

(The views of our correspondents are not necessarily the views of "The Canadian Bookman.")

CHARGES "EDITORIAL USURY."

Kamloops, B.C., July 17th, 1923.
Editor, Canadian Bookman.

After an experience of thirty years in the writing game, if one may so designate the calling of letters, it is amusing to encounter the sort of thing that happened to me recently. I have edited, owned and published a daily newspaper; served a few years as leading article writer; have a couple of books to my credit, and innumerable short stories and essays on all manner of subjects in many magazines, reviews and other periodicals in Great Britain, the United States and Canada; and having done all this in the way of earning a living by the click of my typewriter I am crushed, annihilated, by the receipt of a circular letter of which the following is a copy:

"No one knows better than I the disappointment that accompanies a rejected manuscript—no one realizes more fully the bitter struggle that awaits the aspiring writer—and no one has a more tender sympathy for his fellow craftsmen in that struggle.

"I have spent over twenty years on the road—I have learned the way. I have taken many a struggler by the hand, have helped him over the dark places, and planted his feet successfully on the road to successful authorship. As a personal friend of Jack London I helped him in his early struggle for success, and have his acknowledgment of that service. I was privileged to help others who are now internationally famous.

"For twenty years I have made an exhaustive study of the short story, and as a result I have a system of training which has the endorsement of editors, literary critics, authors, and publishers everywhere.

"De Maupassant, Basil King, and a host of others struggled for years before they tempted success. I have, by my system, turned out successful writers in six months' (sic) time, and every issue of the —— contains stories by these writers. The —— has a high standard, and as editor I can only select such stories as, in my judgment, measure up to that standard.

"I have no preference—but my sympathy is always for the struggling author. I have rejected your manuscript—and I am just as regretful as you are disappointed. I would be happy to see your stories in the ——, and I believe I shall.

"If you wish to eliminate the struggle, to reach the goal quickly and successfully, let me help you. I do not desire to intrude myself, but I know I have just what you lack. I will willingly place myself at your service, and will be happy to place in your hands interesting information concerning my system of training.

"I also have a scientific creative imagination test questionnaire which will test infallibly your literary ability and chances for success.

"Write me personally, and upon your request I will forward a brochure 'Successful Authorship,' and a copy of my 'Questionnaire.'

"Here, my friend, is the helping hand.

"Yours for success."

* * * * *

Quite an attractive proposition, isn't it? One might say, in the language of the street, that it is "JAM!" I had submitted MSS. of short stories to this remarkably philanthropic editor, and as invariably they were returned to me. Some, at least, were good stories, good enough at any rate to find acceptance elsewhere and bring in the shekels. I could not understand why my Jammy friend of the helping (and sticky) hand rejected them. Now I know. The receipt of this generous offer to teach his grandmother to suck eggs, elucidates the mystery.

But what are we to think of this generous, kind-hearted gentleman whose sympathy is always for the struggling author, whose sympathy takes the form of so delectable a temptation as his letter offers? There is but one meaning to be drawn from it; it simply means that if I—or you, or any other individual—want to have my stories accepted by the —— I must become a pupil of the Jammy editor. Or, to put it another way, this editor of a magazine that "has a high standard" (presumably of a higher standard than that of the editor himself), is either making use of his position to exact usury from his contributors, as the price of acceptance, or the so-called high standard magazine is of extremely low stature. Which horn of the dilemma are we to choose?

The magazine was heralded with a great fanfare. The public was told that the names of authors counted for nothing, that the worth of the story itself would alone receive consideration; the stories must be All-Canadian. Apparently this was "all in my eye and Betty Martin." The June issue has not a Canadian story in it. There is an "appreciation" of a Canadian by the Jammy editor himself, and as one reads it in the light of this amazing editorial circular demanding as a price, usury, one cannot help a feeling of wonder regarding that "appreciation" itself.

There are many of these philanthropic gentry at work in the United States. Apparently some of the gang have invaded the land we live in, and the odor they have brought with them is not savory. Some of the tribe have the courage of their convictions and openly, if shamelessly, advertise their wares—i.e., their amazing ability to instruct others in the art of writing novels, short stories, essays, and scenarios for the screen—at a price. Our Jammy friend, the usurer sitting in the place of editorship, has a more refined, less public, plan; he throws out a suggestion to his contributors whose MSS. he has rejected, presumably as a means to an end, that they cross his palm with a piece of silver (or gold), and the future will reveal acceptances in lieu of rejections. "O tempores, O mores! O quam cito transit gloria mundi!"

Are such methods as these conducive to the building up of a clean Canadian literature (if there be such a thing, which Mr. Gosnell questions), of a healthy type and literary worth? I trow not. I confess I am grievously disappointed that after all the pains of travail the promised high-grade Canadian production appears to be merely a venal abortion. That one holding such a high position as an editor, even of a story magazine, should prove so unworthy of his calling as to so besmirch it as has the individual in question, is more than lamentable; it is appalling.

Of course, I sent for the "brochure, 'Successful Authorship'," and the "Scientific Creative Imagination Test Questionnaire"; the former an elaborately printed and illustrated pamphlet, laudatory of the course of instruction offered by this big-hearted philanthropist—an expensive pamphlet. I know that it takes money, oodles of it, to pay for work of that sort, and this fact brings home the truth that some suckers must be paying through the nose to warrant our sympathetic and philanthropic benefactor baiting the hook with so dainty a morsel. The so-called "Scientific Creative Imagination Test Questionnaire" is too silly for words. It might serve as a test for children of tender years were it not for its vulgarity. The main test is given in the form of a story of a young "society" woman, masquerading in male attire, engaged in a whiskey-running escapade. The other tests are of the kindergarten variety. Edifying, is it not? Especially edifying in view of the high standard of excellence demanded of the contributors (who have presumably greased with palm oil the skids that shoot them in to its columns), to the magazine of which our philanthropic friend is the editor.

M. S. WADE, M.D., F.R. Hist. S.
Member of Canadian Authors Association.
Member of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, London.

Sinners in Heaven. By Clive Arden. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Barbara was young and truly adventurous, without having had a chance to try her wings. For she had come to Woman's Kingdom in a moss-grown stone-walled English village, and been betrothed to Hugh, the squire's son, ever since they had played their childish games together. Hugh's idea of a honeymoon was that they should spend it superintending the stock on one of his father's farms. With a little golf, and a few days' hunting. No one could help feeling affectionate towards Hugh, reliable and fine. But Bab wanted a thrill. So with her lover's consent (Hugh trusted her absolutely), she was to take a trip to Australia by aeroplane, to be once and for all "sickened of travel," before she came home to settle down world without end, Amen! Of the wreck of the aeroplane, with the loss of all on board, except the girl and the man who drove her; of their survival on a cannibal island, and their ultimate rescue and return, with its reactions on the various natures involved, Mr. Arden has woven one of those wonder tales of the Southern Seas, and incidentally won a prize competition.

Canadian Authors Association Section

Published under the direction of the Central Executive Committee of the Canadian Authors Association.

READ YOUR BULLETIN.

The Canadian Authors' Section of the Canadian Bookman is the bulletin of the Canadian Authors Association, and should be closely read by every member of the Association. Official notices, and other information without which it is impossible to form an intelligent opinion of the activities of the Association, appear in this Section.

While there are many reasons why the Association might wish to produce its own bulletin in its own covers, this has been found to be impracticable with the present financial resources of the organization, and the arrangement made with the publisher of the Canadian Bookman seems to meet the needs of the circumstances. All paid-up members of the Association are entitled under the arrangement to receive The Bookman at the Association's expense. If any omissions in mailing have occurred members are requested to inform the Secretary, P.O. Box 355, Ottawa.

THE GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

These may be the "dog days" for authorship pure and undefiled, but there is no abatement in the pressure upon the newly organized Grievance Committee of the Association. If all the allegations which are reaching the Central Executive are to be taken at face value, it must be true of publishers—some publishers, at any rate—that in at least one respect they resemble the glory of Solomon. One-half has not been told about them.

The Grievance Committee is spending what should be its holiday hours trying to disentangle these disputes. So far as the circumstances of each case seem to warrant the committee is prepared to make itself the champion of the author, and to endeavor to bring about an equitable settlement. The finances of the Association, however, do not justify the luxury of litigation in any case where it can at all be avoided, and the purpose of the committee is, as far as possible, to bring about amicable understandings. If ordinary pressure fails, perhaps a little publicity will accomplish the desired end. Some of the letters already on file will make very interesting reading, if the moment comes when their contents may be disclosed.

The chief complaints so far received have been against American and English publishers, but, as though to balance the score, the Authors' League of America now forwards a complaint of one of its members against a Canadian publisher. It's a busy world. And, withal, an interesting one.

One fact stands out in connection with these disputes: Most of the authors involved have taken no active part in the Canadian Authors Association. Some of them are not even members. If we were to point an obvious moral it would be that association with other authors is the best protection against being imposed upon by unscrupulous publishers. There is generally a good deal of information going around in inside circles which cannot even be published in our Section without flirting with the possibilities of libel actions. The way to get it is to get acquainted with all the members of your Branch; attend every meeting of the Branch, and don't be afraid to put your cards on the table.

Meanwhile the Grievance Committee will help you out of deep water if it can. But it is so much wiser not to get in!

THE COPYRIGHT SITUATION.

So much technical or contradictory "information" upon the situation created by the new copyright legislation has appeared in print that we may be justified in devoting some space to a summary of the new provisions, presented from two or three different angles.

The National Association of Book Publishers, 334 Fifth Avenue, New York, has recently issued a review of the new Canadian Copyright Act which is quoted below:

"On May 28 an amending bill passed the second branch of the Canadian Parliament, and on June 13th received the royal assent, thereby giving Canada a new Copyright law, which has been under discussion for some years. The law makes the situation in Canadian copyright very complicated and different from the situation in any other country.

"The chief peculiarity is certain licensing clauses which provide that, in the case of Canadian citizens or authors of countries not in the Berne Convention, if the books are not manufactured in Canada, the Minister of Trade and Commerce can at his discretion give to a Canadian printer or publisher the right to reproduce and sell the book. When the law first passed the parliament on May 25, 1921, this licensing clause applied to authors of all countries, but as the government found that such a law would keep Canada out of the Berne Union it was never proclaimed. The Canadian Authors Association used every effort to obtain a complete elimination of this section, but the printers, supported by the strong feeling that the United States was getting similar advantage through its manufacturing clause, finally obtained passage with these clauses still applying to those British subjects who are Canadian citizens and those of non-union countries. Some Canadian authors were born in Great Britain and it is not clear how they will be affected by a law that 'shall not apply to a British subject other than a Canadian citizen.'

"The amendment as first proposed provided that it should go into effect on July 1st, 1923, but it was changed to read January 1st, 1924. This means that the Canadian government will now get in touch with the Berne Union to see whether there are any reasons why the bill will keep them from belonging to the Union; and will also get in touch with the United States to see whether our government will consider that these clauses will prevent the United States from declaring that the reciprocal copyright arrangement between the two countries can be continued. It is also possible, although not likely, that a United States copyright bill, bringing the United States into the Berne Union, could be passed between the convening of Congress and January 1st. If this happened, these clauses would apply to only British subjects who are Canadian citizens.

"This licensing provision is so new that the Canadian Government itself does not seem to fully understand what the effect is likely to be; for instance: a provision of the Berne Convention is that authors of non-union countries, whose books are 'first published' in a Union country, are given all the privileges granted to a Union author. It is by this means that American authors at present get their Canadian copyright through publication in London. Unless that provision of the Union is abrogated, can Canada deny to United States authors, whose books are published simultaneously in London, the rights to protection in Canada? Canada has not been a member of the revised Berne Convention, but along with all the British Dominions joined the original Berne Convention. It is for that reason that United States authors have been obtaining their Canadian copyrights through England.

"Among those in Canada who have endeavored to get more satisfactory copyright legislation through, are the Canadian Authors Association, R. J. C. Stead, President, Department of Immigration, Ottawa; J. Murray Gibbon, Past President of the Canadian Authors Association, Canadian Pacific Railway Company, Montreal; B. K. Sandwell, of McGill University, Montreal, Past Secretary of the Canadian Authors Association; Louvigny de Montigny, translator to the Canadian Senate, Ottawa, Canadian Agent for the Protection Internationale des Droits d'Auteur; and the book publishers' section of the Toronto Board of Trade, whose adviser and attorney has been George M. Kelley, Toronto.

"In brief, the law provides, through Bill No. 12, passed May 25, 1921, amended by Bill No. 24, passed June 13th, 1923, that:

"Copyright in Canada shall in most of its detailed provisions follow the British act, but in Section 4 it specifically provides that 'copyright shall exist in Canada for a term of fifty years after the author's death, in original literary, dramatic, musical, and artistic work, if the author was at the date of making of the work a British subject or citizen or subject of a foreign country which has adhered to the revised Berne Convention, or is resident within His Majesty's Dominions; and if in case of the published work, the work was first published within His Majesty's Dominions or in such

foreign country; but in no other works, except so far as the protection conferred by this Act is extended as hereinafter provided to foreign countries to which this Act does not extend.'

"It then provides that the Minister, after due investigation, may publish the fact that a country not signatory to the Convention is undertaking to grant Canadian authors the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens, or copyright substantially equal.

"The special licensing clauses provide that any person may apply to the Minister for license to print and publish in Canada any book, wherein copyright subsists, if owner of copyright fails to print or cause the book to be printed in Canada, or if so printed the edition does not meet the needs of the Canadian market. Any application for license may be in the form yet to be subscribed and shall state the proposed retail price. This price may not have any relation to the price in the other countries. An applicant for a license deposits not less than ten per cent. of the retail selling price of a thousand copies. The Minister notifies the owner of the copyright of this application. The owner of the copyright then has two months in which to print a Canadian edition of not less than a thousand copies. If two Canadian firms ask for the same license, the Minister can award the license to the one making the best proposal. The license would give permission to the printer and publisher of the book the sole right for a term not exceeding five years, and the licensee shall pay a royalty at a rate determined by the Minister. The licensee then has two months to get out an edition of not less than one thousand copies. The reprint must be from the authorized edition and full and complete. Such reprints must bear the words, 'Printed under Canadian License,' and bear the date and the retail price.

"Section 14 covers the question from the point of view of serials, and provides that if a story is published serially elsewhere than in His Majesty's Dominions or in Union countries, and if the owner of the copyright has refused to grant someone in Canada right to use the material in serial form, the Minister may grant a license to such Canadian publisher, but not to more than one publisher. The act defines 'serial' to mean any book published in separate articles or as a short story complete in one issue in a newspaper or periodical. The applicant for the Canadian license for this material makes deposit on a basis not yet determined. The granting of the license does not prohibit the same material coming into Canada in a periodical from another country."

An article on the Canadian copyright situation appeared in "The Publishers' Weekly," New York, for June 9th, from which we quote:

"Canadian Copyright."

"The bill which passed the Canadian Senate on May 28th and which is now sure of signature by the government, as it had its backing from the beginning, so amends the previous existing bill of copyright, passed May 25th, 1921, that the so-called licensing clauses now apply only to Canadian and American authors. These clauses provide that if the Canadian market is not within a certain period supplied with books manufactured within her borders, the Minister is permitted to give permission to any Canadian publisher or printer to make a Canadian edition, and this licensee will then be protected against other Canadian competition.

"As originally drafted, this plan applied to authors of all countries. When it became apparent that this would keep them out of the Berne Union, the government held up the bill. As the present plan applies only to domestic conditions and to non-union members, the United States being especially in mind, the proponents believe that it will not keep them out of the Union. This cannot be said to be certain, however, and the new bill does not go into effect until January 1st, 1924, which will give the government time to communicate with Berne and also with the United States government for a continuation of the reciprocal arrangements now existing here.

"The movement for the licensing clauses has been at the instance of the printers in Toronto, who believed that by this method a larger Canadian publishing business could be built up, and the argument has been strengthened by the existence of the manufacturing clause in the United States, which has been the means of suggesting to many countries the possibilities of home market promotion.

"Although the bill is aimed largely at the United States, the results will be most detrimental to the Canadian authors, who have carried the weight of all the opposition. The Canadian author has his largest market in the United States, and if a continuance of reciprocal arrangements cannot be made here, his chance of copyright is jeopardized, and this cannot be offset by chances of developing his Canadian market, as the Toronto printers will be flooding that market with material by American authors who may have lost their Canadian copyright under this clause.

"American authors now obtain their Canadian copyright by publication in London, and, as the Berne regulations provide that first publication of a book in a Union country gives it protection throughout the Union, it does not seem at all certain that Canada can prevent American authors from retaining copyright in Canada after said authors do obtain prompt publication and therefore copyright in London. The Canadian authors could not work through this channel, as their arrangements are specifically provided for.

"Another disadvantage of the Canadian author is that, in the new arrangement, he cannot sell his serial rights to an American magazine, as no American magazine would buy rights that could be broken down across the border, where part of our circulation exists.

"When the amendment was finally debated, one member moved for a later date, in order that there might be better chance for perfecting arrangements with the United States. As our Congress does not convene until December there is little chance that a new copyright bill would pass here. The suggestion was, however, voted down, and the Canadian government must now proceed to open up its discussions with Berne and with Washington to discover the actual effect of the bill."

Although the purpose of the writer of the article in "The Publishers' Weekly" was undoubtedly to present a fair statement of the difficulties which would attach themselves to the Canadian author under the new legislation, there seemed a danger that the article might lead American publishers, who had not themselves investigated the facts, to suppose that the title of a Canadian author to his literary work in Canada was less perfect than would be the title of an American author. The article brought out the fact that a book by a Canadian author, if printed in the United States and not printed in Canada, would be subject to production under license in Canada, and the American publisher, assuming this to be the truth, and the whole truth, might well decide not to become involved in such a tangle. What was not made clear by the article is that the American author's books are in exactly the same position, so that, while neither of them may be envied in the matter, there is no ground for showing preference to one above the other. In order to make this situation clear the President of the Canadian Authors Association wrote to "The Publishers' Weekly" as follows:

"The article on Canadian copyright, which appeared in 'The Publishers' Weekly' for June 9th, is on the whole a very fair statement of the case, but contains one paragraph which is likely to give a misleading impression of the effect of the new Canadian copyright law. The paragraph in question reads:

"'Another disadvantage of the Canadian author is that, in the new arrangement, he cannot sell his serial rights to an American magazine, as no American magazine would buy rights that could be broken down across the border, where part of our circulation exists.'

"If this statement were complete, the Canadian author's position in seeking publication in the United States would indeed be more difficult than it is. But the fact, which is not brought out in the paragraph, is that the serials of American authors will, under the new law, be subject to licensed reproduction in Canada on exactly the same conditions as are the serials of Canadian authors. So that if 'no American magazine will buy rights that can be broken down across the border,' it follows that, beginning on January 1st, 1924, no American magazine will buy a right from an American author, as these rights can be 'broken down across the border' on exactly the same conditions as the rights of a Canadian author.

"Under the new law the fact that an American author obtains copyright in Great Britain will not protect him from licensed reproduction in Canada unless he manufactures in Canada.

"The Canadian Authors Association has vigorously opposed the licensing clauses of the new legislation and, indeed, did succeed in obtaining important modifications, but whenever

we urged the principle of free trade in copyrights as practised by the countries of the Berne Convention, we were met by the argument that the United States, the greatest publishing country in the world, does not subscribe to the Berne Convention, and insists upon manufacture as a condition of copyright. The licensing clauses in the Canadian Act are less sweeping than the manufacturing provision of the United States, as they do not make manufacture in Canada essential to copyright, and as they provide for licensed reproduction only under certain specified conditions including ...ment of royalty to the author, and as they further permit the importation of plates for the purpose of printing in Canada, whereas under the United States law, if a Canadian author does not have his work set up and printed in the United Sates he has no protection whatever in that country. Notwithstanding these differences, the lineage of this Canadian child traces very directly to its American parent, and it is doubtful if one can be destroyed without the other.

ROBERT J. C. STEAD,
President, Canadian Authors Association."

Here is a reprint of an editorial published by the Ottawa Citizen of July 2nd.

"Hamstringing the Native Born."

"One curious feature of the new Copyright Act seems to have escaped the notice of parliament—or perhaps after all it did not escape the notice of that august body. Section 2 provides that those parts of the Copyright Act of 1921 which relate to licenses and importation 'shall not apply to any work the author of which is a British subject, other than a Canadian citizen, or the subject or citizen of a country which has adhered to the convention and the additional protocol thereto set out in the second schedule to the said Act.'

"The object of this amendment was to bring the new Canadian Act into harmony with the provisions of the Berne Convention, which is in effect an international treaty designed to protect the recognized rights of authors in publishing their own intellectual property. The only country that still stands outside that convention is the United States, the American Act containing a manufacturing clause which limits the right of the author to print his book wherever he pleases, and is therefore contrary to the spirit of the convention.

"The Canadian parliament wished to adhere to the Berne Convention, but it also wished to embody in the Canadian Act certain provisions which have been rather impolitely described as 'licensed piracy.' These provisions enable Canadian printers and publishers to obtain a license to reproduce the work of an author with or without his permission. Now the Berne Convention is designed specifically to protect an author's rights, not in his own country, but in other countries, the framers of the convention having apparently got the erroneous idea that any civilized country might be relied upon to protect its own authors. The Canadian Act of 1923 therefore amends the Act of 1921 by exempting from the provisions of the licensing clauses authors who are citizens or subjects of any country adhering to the Berne Convention, with one single exception—a Canadian citizen. The rights of all other British subjects are protected; so are the rights of the authors of France, Italy and a score of other countries. But not the citizen of Canada. Parliament in its wisdom has been broadminded enough to concede to our late enemy rights which it denies to its own authors.

"And we have yet to reach the most curious feature of this legislation. The Act exempts 'a British subject, other than a Canadian citizen.' It appears that, in the opinion of competent lawyers, this exemption covers not only British authors other than Canadians, but also all Canadian authors who were born in other parts of the Empire, such as Stephen Leacock, J. Murray Gibbon, Arthur G. Doughty, B. K. Sandwell, Robert W. Service, and Ernest Thompson Seton, and who therefore enjoy the privilege denied to other Canadians of claiming their rights as British subjects. The Act cannot be enforced against these men. In fact it narrows down to this: every one is protected except the native-born Canadian. The Parliament of Canada has carried almost to an extreme the injunction to be kind to the stranger within our gates. To him, even though he speaks with a somewhat guttural accent, Parliament extends the right hand of friendship, —while with the other, it hamstrings the native-born."

VANCOUVER ELECTIONS.

The Vancouver Branch has elected the following Executive Committee for the year 1923-24:

President: Mrs. Julia Henshaw, F.R.G.S.; First Vice-President: Robt. Allison Hood; Second Vice-President, Dr. S. D. Scott; Secretary, Stephen Golder; Treasurer, Percy Gomery; Provincial Committee: Judge Howay, Frederick Niven, Mrs. E. McKeown, Francis Dickie, R. W. Douglas, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow, A. M. Pound, Rev. Dr. R. G. MacBeth, Mrs. W. J. Holt-Murison, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, P. W. Luce, Bertrand Sinclair, Dr. Bruce Clark, Dr. H. Ashton, Dr. Max Easton, Mrs. L. A Le Fevre.

EDMONTON COMMITTEE.

The officers elected for the Edmonton Branch for the current fiscal year are:

President: Rev. W. E. Edmonds; Vice-President, Mrs. Arthur Murphy; Treasurer, Mrs. G. M. Acheson; Secretary, Miss S. Jean Walker (8810—101st Street, Edmonton Sth.); Councillors: Dr. E. K. Broadus, Mrs. R. W. Cautley, Aubrey Fullerton, W. C. McCalla, Georges Bugnet (Rich Valley, Alta.), Mrs. Laura G. Salverson, Mrs. Perrin Baker, Mrs. E. L. Hill.

BLACK FLIES AROUND YOUR TENT.

Certain members, both Regular and Associate, are yet in arrears. They should give a minute of thought to the predicament of the unfortunate treasurers, and bridge the gap as soon as possible. In the near future, the rules will be strictly applied, and many names shall be deleted from the lists. Think of that during your fishing trip—it will bite at once.

The Book-Week will probably be held this year from Monday, November 19, to Saturday, November 24, inclusive. The Branches should prepare at once for action when the holidays are over.

NOTICE TO BRANCHES.

1. All fees shall be collected by the local treasurer, who shall remit the share of the central office to the national treasurer, Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, 801 Hope Chambers, Ottawa. The local treasurer shall also issue official receipts to the members of his branch.

2. Applications for membership shall be accompanied by the usual fee (Life, Regular or Associate), and the local treasurer or secretary, when filing such applications for final acceptance, shall send with them the proper share of the central office.

NORTH OF THE 56th PARALLEL.

(Continued from page 205.)

I did not like the opening chapter, not because it is not good literature of its kind, but because as such it is overdone. It is flamboyant in its estimate of the people and of the possibilities of the West. It reflects that spirit of optimism which gave that country too many railways and created for it problems that will not down for many years to come. You get the impression that everything is boundless and unending and the author indulges in that sin of American writers of making graphic statistical comparisons to express immensities. He was apparently feted by Canadian Clubs, Boards of Trade, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, and the chapter in question exhales overmuch the atmosphere of after-dinner oratory. I confess I am no great admirer of the exuberant Chatauquan style, which deals in heroics and is constantly creating little gods out of ordinary flesh and blood. Judging by the rest of the book, I do not think the author was quite himself in the first chapter.

As a whole, "Down the Mackenzie" is good literature, as well as presenting us with very artistic frescoes and murals of the stretches of his travel along that far trail. You get from it, apart from a very vivid coloring of the country and its people, several general impressions which stand out —the vastness of it all, the tragedy as well as the glory of it; one rather unfavorable in respect of the Indian population, and another that their Eskimo neighbors are superior, and are much to be preferred, in every way, and finally, despite the isolation, the climate and the many physical and social drawbacks, the lure of the Northland is remarkable. Every one of the long time residents interviewed would not and could not live in the "outside" world again, with the limits of what we call civilization. Not any of them, missionaries, traders, prospectors, or old river men, could be induced to live away from their own clear sky and endless open spaces.

THE GOOSE STEP: A STUDY OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

A Review by Merrill Denison.

AMONG the ridiculous anomalies of life none seems more regretable than the fact that truth is almost valueless as propaganda. A colorful falsehood, a skilful distortion, a vicious lie, will do more to mould public opinion, which is usually nothing more than popular prejudice, than any array of incontrovertible evidence; the language of hear-say and innuendo is more romantic and interesting than a bald statement of fact. Men seem to have an inherent dislike for the truth; possibly because it is so at variance with their accepted notions and the effort involved in changing one's opinions as great and certainly more objectionable than cleaning out the Ægean stables.

Upton Sinclair has been struggling against this unfortunate trait of human nature all his life; he has labored to correct a number of the delusions held by people on this continent by obtaining and publishing the actual facts concerning various institutions about which society, through bourgeois necessity, in all probability, has developed a most amazing ideology and an amazingly erroneous one.

The reason why he has had a comparatively slight success is because he deals altogether in incontrovertible fact. It is impossible to precipitate an argument over one of Sinclair's books. "Here are the facts, with names, dates and places, witnessed, certified and sworn to," he says. If the facts are objectionable, or not at all what one thinks they should be, there is nothing left to do but attack their discoverer; prove him a scoundrel, and it is a very easy matter to dispose of his findings. Roosevelt disposed of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" in this manner. He called Paine "a dirty little atheist."

An idealist of great singleness and purity of purpose, a man with a passion for the truth that is unusual, Upton Sinclair has been the object of vilification and ridicule. The American press has never attempted to argue with him or to discuss him rationally; it has either laughed at him, slandered him or ignored him. And viewed from the standpoint of the press, there is really nothing else to do with him. If his "Brass Check" only contained a few errors of fact it would have been possible to attack him, but nothing but proveable statements concerning the American press were there, and so Sinclair, no matter how devastating the material he unearths may be, never finds an audience except among those who already know him and in the main agree with his major thesis. While he deals in fact, it is bad strategy to attack him, and the few who have attempted it has demonstrated that it is worse tactics.

"The Brass Check," "The Profits of Religion," and now "The Goose Step" have all been written to establish one of the commonplaces of social scientific thought: that the Press, the Church and the School are instruments of special privilege; that they are used by one class, consciously and unconsciously, with malice and idealistically, to instill obedience in other classes to the accepted order, and not, as is popularly believed, to mould and further the higher purposes of humanity. It holds true whatever form the state may take; it is as true of England, the United States and Canada as it is true of Soviet Russia.

In "The Goose Step" is collected the evidence and observation to prove the contention with regard to the higher education in the United States. Even to one who has acquired the information concerning society which is unobtainable in schools and universities, the callousness, cynicism and brutality with which the plutocracy wields its power over the processes of group education to teach the sanctity and virtue of things as they are, comes as a revelation. It is particularly amazing in view of the great delusion current in the United States, that it is the freest country on earth, and that beatific myth of the middle classes that there are no classes.

To those who believe that free speech and academic freedom are realities "The Goose Step" may come as a horrible revelation; to those whose education has been supplemented outside academic walls the book is of immense value. It documents the evidence in this phase of the case of The People vs. The State. As propaganda the book is too truthful to be of much value. It will change nothing because the challenge contained in it is so definite that it demands action or rationalization. The net result of "The Goose Step" will probably be the further ridiculing and damning of Upton Sinclair.

Canadians, after reading the book, may possibly sink back with a sigh of relief and say to themselves, "Thank God, we are not like that in this country." It might be well for them to temper their enthusiasm. While the tradition of academic freedom is undoubtedly stronger in this country than it is in the States, it may be because it has never been challenged. Perhaps the reason why no Canadian university professor has been fired out of a Canadian university for expressing an opinion is because the Canadian professor rarely, if ever, holds any opinions which could cause the slightest offence to the established order.

We are travelling the same road as the United States has travelled, and we will develop, in all probability, every one of her evils. Whether we develop some virtues of our own to offset them cannot be decided until we have rid ourselves of our colonial consciousness. At the present time "The Goose Step" is almost as great a challenge to the Canadian university as it is to the American.

"The Goose Step." By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, Calif: Upton Sinclair.

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The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views, Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker

THE $2,500 PRIZE NOVEL.

ONE may have one's own opinion as to whether wholesale vaccination, or the Crusades for Spotless Town, have had most to do with ridding our country of the curse of smallpox. But the fact remains that in our times "a pitted face" stands out so conspicuously that one wonders how a man already so marked among his fellow men would ever dare to be a bandit.

The prevalence of both dirt and smallpox is one of the things that we are apt to forget, when visualizing the brave days of old, when "the odor of sanctity" was something more pungent than a mere phrase.

* * * * *

Etienne St. Denis was stricken with "the sickness," as the dread disease was called, and was carried from his seigneury at Crevecoeur to the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, there to be nursed back to health by the nuns of St. Ursula, and in the manner that has become almost a habit with sick men, Etienne fell in love with the pretty little Sister of Mercy who devoted time and strength and heartfelt vigilance not only to his restoration to health, but to bringing him through "the sickness" unmarked and unmarred. It was natural that the care she took of his good looks should give them a special place in Sister Jacqueline's heart, before she realized the fact. Natural, too, that Etienne should brood, appalled, over his passion for a dedicated saint.

But not even the horror of losing his own soul could check the fire of young love. The words would out—and absolution came with Jacqueline's delicious assurance that she was as free as her lover himself; only a lay nurse called "Sister" by courtesy, far from sure of any vocation for the blessed calling.

There remained her uncle, with whom to reckon.

Monsignor Francois Xavier de Laval Montmorenci, Abbe de Montigny, Bishop of Petrea and Vicar Apostolic of the Pope for Canada, was a man who wielded great power over the souls, bodies, and imaginations of his flock. He ruled them with a rod of iron; but obedience met with a response of love, for he cared for them as a father cares for his children.

But though willing to undertake menial tasks for the humblest of them and personally meek in outward things, such as self-denial in the use of food, water, furnishings, and with a tender generosity for the sick and poor of his flock, he was intensely haughty on behalf of his order. He was constantly at feud with the temporal head of French Canada, whoever the man of the moment might be in that position. To date he had usually proved the victor. Just where his personal humility ended and his professional pride began, it might be hard to say. But such a man was a dangerous enemy. A personal slight might easily be confused with an indignity to the priesthood; and he had crossed swords with Etienne at their very first meeting, in a manner that made an unpropitious beginning for any lover.

It was Monsignor's dearest wish that Jacqueline should emulate the worthy examples of the high and holy women who had dedicated their lives to the service of the Church. Here was no ignoble desire, no self-seeking thought. He was initiating her into the noblest life possible to woman.

Then began a long struggle.

* * * * *

It has been said that this book attempts to cast discredit upon Roman Catholicism. I do not think that any fair-minded critic, who has read the whole book, could honestly support such an opinion.

"The Bond Triumphant" is a study of life in early Canada. No book can be written concerning that period ignoring the great orders of the Roman Catholic Church. What they did for this country can hardly be over-estimated. It is a truism that all great virtues carry their defects with them. The stamina that will overcome savages is hard put to it not to establish the habit of dominance. It takes strength to inspire men to lay down their lives for a cause; to go in daily, hourly dread of tortures worse than death. Strength, called into being, trained and maintained, must be exercised! If this book is "against" the Church, because it gives two sides of a question, then it is also "against" the love of man for woman, because in times of stress, some ugly things are done in the name of that love. Whether the author's account of the liquor question in the days of our fathers constitutes an "attack" on the "Wets" or may be construed as an abuse of the "Drys," must rest upon the reader's opinion! To us, it appears a careful historical rendering of an interesting period, in the form of a good story.

Gordon Hill Grahame

* * * * *

Here then is the old, old tale of love under difficulties. Not the modern difficulties of the poor young man trying to make his way against the organized opposition of capital, but the struggle that was prevalent three hundred years ago—the struggle of youth against age.

In both cases, although the methods of approach differ, the results seem to be much the same. Only the ruthless and daring win. But when ruth and daring oppose each other with great force, it is staying power that counts, and wins in the long run.

The tragedy comes when opposition is so long that staying power, instead of being an active resistance, has degenerated into a case of locked muscles!

After that, we leave it to you to find out for yourselves how the book ends! Mr. Grahame has caught the spirit of the olden days; added some very human touches, and given us some enlivening pointers on historical bootlegging. Before the Ontario politicians start juggling with the O.T.A., it might be helpful for them to study this footnote to history!

Over and above, the book has a special place in contemporary Canadian literature as being the manuscript chosen from over two hundred and fifty that were submitted in the All-Canadian Novel Competition staged last year by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. This is the first novel from Mr. Grahame's pen, though it has been active in many magazines, while his sword was at his country's service during the war, to very good effect, as his war record shows. He has had a cosmopolitan experience of other lands, in peace as well as in war.

The Bond Triumphant. By Gordon Hill Grahame. Hodder & Stoughton, Limited. $2.00.

Epidemic of Size Blindness

Maligning Small Towns

WATCHING Esmeralda evolve soul-stirring plots for world-shaking plays has educative points. Esmeralda really does conceive plots like that. They are a little weak at the beginning and the climax is never fully decided upon, but the main outline is tremendous. She sits down with a thick black pencil and in her gusty handwriting indicates that outline, and you feel that you are on tip-toe at the edge of an epoch. Then come dots * * * * * a series of them.

"What do those represent?" you ask breathlessly.

"About twenty pages of scintillating dialogue that will leave the audience rocking with laughter," says Esmeralda lightly, as she takes the next hurdle—Act, I mean—at full speed. After having "written a play" or two, with Esmeralda, you feel sure that she has immense power, if only she would develop the details. But it is impossible, out of Esmeralda's personal aura, to take the brilliant dialogue on trust. There is no doubt that she has hitched her wagon to a star—a shooting star, at that. But she has overlooked the matter of ballast.

Beaumont S. Cornell's first book, "Renaissance," seemed to be written somewhat in the manner of Esmeralda. He appropriated a great theme, set the stage well, chose the actors—but failed to make them VISIBLE. He told us about them; how clever they were, how original, how able to sway vast crowds. But we were never able to see them doing it. Their wavering shadows showed none of the strength we were verbally assured was there. Such people we saw could not have done the deeds accredited to them. The climax seemed to remain somewhere around the corner, where the characters undoubtedly went to meet it, for they sent a somewhat verbose account of it back to the reader, couched in the best journalese.

In spite of all that, one felt "Here is something——"

So that it is a pleasure to find Dr. Cornell catching up with his actors, in his new book, "Lantern Marsh." He has again chosen a great theme—education and its effect on character. The setting is one which he appears to know from A to Z. His people walk and speak with that naturalness which is always a charm up to almost the end of the book. There is real insight in this story of Mauny Bard and his passionate struggle for personal and intellectual freedom; a struggle that can be both seen and felt, in spite of the even tenor of repression and disappointment of which the earlier part of his life is woven. Then all at once a horse kicks a hole in the web of his existence, and he escapes, with everything made easy, everything made simple, so far as material matters are concerned. From this point the thread of the narrative, with its development of character and environment, flows easily, simply and strongly on, until Mauny leaves—(Toronto?)—to take up teaching in the Little City. There the virus gets under the skin, leading our writer into a fog.

What is this epidemic of size-blindness that makes the young writers of this continent unable to see anything good in our little cities? Why, in a town of from twenty thousand to sixty thousand people, is it impossible to discover a decent citizen? Why do envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness warp every inhabitant to such an unlikely extent? Why, if they cannot be vulgar, must they be snobbish?

Such people do live in the little cities, and they show up more there because there is a wider background for the display of silhouettes. But they are not all like that. And the decent citizens show up in the same manner, for the same reason. Nearly every Canadian has been lucky enough to spend some of his life in a little city. Think back honestly, oh authors, and, remembering the friend of your youth, let us hear something of the other kind.

Apart from this defect, and the forced note at the end, Dr. Cornell shows an advance in lucidity, stamina and facility, that marks him as a writer of promise. In both novels he shows the ordered outlook, the ability to grasp an outline wide and strong. In the second book he has advanced considerably in his power to support the structure and suggest the embellishment that will make it a building. Eventually, perhaps, a national building. His development will be followed with interest, and surely with pleasure, by those who are watching our Canadian literature in the making. But it is to be hoped that he will eliminate the slipshod methods of writing that suggest careless proof-reading until their reiteration nullifies that solution. It smacks too much of those grades in our public schools where grammar is always carefully taught, but seldom carefully spoken.

Lantern Marsh. By Beaumont S. Cornell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Yesterday . . To-Day . . Forever

By K. K. B.

HOW did you fancy Pharaoh? Tall and grim,
With savage Guards and Priests of Sacrifice,
And all the garnered Learning of the Wise
In age-old Centuries, surrounding him?

Then let the sunlit airs of Egypt blow
Like golden sand across your dreaming eyes,
And learn the love and gaiety that lies
Embalméd in the Tombs of Long Ago.

The very names upon the papyrus
"My-Lady-is-of-Gold"—"Sweetheart"—"Cool Breeze,"
Whisper of lyrics sung beneath the trees
That find an echo—after years—in us.

For still in Theban Gardens, 'neath the stars,
(Where, on dim pools, the moonlit lilies lie),
Late lovers see the boats go drifting by,
And hear the Damsels sing to Dulcimers.

And still beside the Spring, some weary man
Resting upon his journey through the hills,
Wakened e'er dawn, by a strange breath that chills,
Hears flying hoofs, and scents the Desert Pan,

And sees "the Heavenly Nile" above him; ah!
How friendly in an older, simpler day,
In ghostly boats along the Milky Way
To claim loved faces: "There goes Grandpapa!"

* * * * * * *

So through these pages—an enchanted maze
Of lore, facts, fancies, and hard commonsense,
Humor, grace, mysticism, and immense
Deep knowledge of our own, and other days

We pass, enchanted also. Strange, how words
(Mighty as temples half submerged, and seen
By swimmers diving in translucent green
Still depths) brush wings across our hearts, like birds

That wake to Music when the Dawn appears!
Words that across three thousand Centuries
Can waft fresh perfumes of old ecstasies;
Words—the Immortal Shrines of Tenderness and Tears!

The Glory of the Pharaohs. By Arthur Weigall. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50.

How Time Flies---Off at a Tangent

"The Greatest Story in the World."

THE kindergarten methods of 1923 are about five hundred years ahead of those which were used by Mr. Squeers, encouraging the young idea to hit the intellectual target. "Reading without tears" lags about two generations behind the methods of Madame Montessori; and the little Arthurs of to-day are getting entirely different outlines of history to those bestowed upon their fond papas, only a decade or two ago.

At the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, learning was doubtless made lovely to the devoted scholar, to whom learning was the chief reason for living. But learning hardly existed for those with whom it was less than a passion. Of all the wonderful changes in the material world that the last hundred years have witnessed, surely the change in our curricula and the subsequent enlargement of our mental horizon on a broad scale, must be ranked as one of the greatest.

Take history! What an entirely different dose it has become in the last few years. It lurks in our very advertisements, it embroiders its lessons on our lingerie. (It is hardly secret history that our undergarments are influenced by the ancient Egyptians). And surely the outcrop of World Histories that have come upon us recently, bear startling witness to the truth that man (and woman) appreciate the fact that the proper study of mankind is man: appreciate it sufficiently to impress it on the little men and women in the making.

Every man's history of the world gives his interpretation of other men's tales of the development of the human race, influenced (however unconsciously), by his own outlook on life. Thus H. G. Wells gives it breathlessly, trying to get around the next corner—Hendrik Van Loon gives it caustically, burning his fingers a little in the flame of life as it passes from hand to hand. Horace G. Hutchinson gives it timidly, handing the glory to God, and casting some dust and ashes on the head of humanity. But in his version, which begins with the dawn of time, and stops at the firm establishment of the Roman Empire and the final destruction of Jerusalem, he threads the silver beads of the story on to the golden chain of the chosen people, and displays the world shaped after the Jewish pattern, evidently recognizing them as the most consistent moulding force in history; showing them almost incredibly tenacious of a nationality that seems but to be strengthened by disintegration and never dissipates itself in propaganda. All this, kept massive, to be a divine bedrock on which to build up the Church of Christ, and so slowly to disseminate Christianity through the world. A significant historical fact that we are apt at times to overlook.

Mr. Hutchinson calls Christianity the "world religion," a slightly insular definition, when one considers the mighty millions on whom it has made no impression. Admitting, however, that Christianity is the religion of most of the upper dogs of the world to-day, it "gives us pause" to consider just how far that religion has carried us, and in what direction. Many of us differ about the distance, as well as about its weight as a world force.

If you value the orthodox outlook for your children (an outlook of which no happy youth should be ruthlessly despoiled), by all means give them Mr. Hutchinson's book instead of Mr. Van Loon's, in spite of the rather smug savagery with which the former knocks fair Helen of Troy upon the head with the crowbar of commerce. If you are inclined to hold what you fancy is a "wide" view of history, read this book yourself, as a reminder that many savants and men of weight, your contemporaries in this our world, have much the same mercantile outlook on heaven and humanity as that enjoyed (in a manner slightly reminiscent of Uriah Heep) by Mr. Hutchinson.

It is always salutary to be reminded, in fine grammatical prose, on good paper (with illustrations), between scarlet covers, just how the other half thinks. K. K. B.

The Greatest Story in the World. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Hope

By Agnes Deane.

EVER since I can remember, Hope and I have been close friends; therefore, I feel qualified to speak about her with some understanding. In appearance, she is lovely. Only that adjective describes her accurately, for "handsome" applied to her would be incongruous, and "beautiful" conveys an idea of brilliance in the spotlight that is far removed from the soft tints and exquisite lights that play about her constantly. Her wings, when folded, have the satiny sheen of a pigeon's breast. In her flights—I have flown with her often—they take on the myriad hues that accompany the closing of day in the high Alps. She wears a diadem; the sparkle of its gems does not dazzle the eyes, but warms the heart. This diadem, she calls Enthusiasm, and among the many jewels that make it priceless are Love, Inspiration, Faith and Courage.

Now, I loved Hope at first sight, and clung to her and refused to be parted from her. But later another companion attached herself to us, and would not be denied. She is a gaunt woman, with large bones, and she wears a drab robe, tied tight around the waist with a hard girdle. Her name is Practical Sense. I have often begger her to wear this girdle loosely, with more attractive effect, but she shrugs her bony shoulders and says: "The girdle fulfills its purpose." She is very opiniated, and insists on having the last word, but sometimes Hope and I leave her in the midst of a remonstrance and fly away, high in the clouds. We go where fancy wills, and for us there is no darkness, for the lights of the diadem Enthusiasm guide us through dense forests and blackest night, till we come to the land where we wish to linger.

It may be the River Thames on a sunny June day, when bright parasols give the illusion of flowers floating on its surface; or the snow-clad slopes of Switzerland; or fields transformed by narcissi into scented white-and-gold carpets; or it may be the shores of the Mediterranean, under burning skies that pour diamonds on an oily sea. Nothing ever palls, for always Hope whispers softly: "There is still better than this." But be it where it may, sooner or later, a voice like the clanging of an engine calls us back, and we know that Practical Sense has found our hiding-place and that we must return.

One evening Hope and I talked together, and Enthusiasm flashed the light of her gems right into my heart, and I sat down to write a story. As usual, Practical Sense remonstrated: "If you **must** write, why not something practical that is sure of a sale?" Hope and I thrust her bodily out of the room, and the story was written and sent to a magazine. The manuscript did not remain away long, but with the instinct of a homing bird, came back within ten days. Practical Sense made some unpleasant remarks, but Hope and I laughed in her face: "We would be poor stuff if we were discouraged at the start," we said, and sent it out again. This time it did not return, and we heard nothing concerning it for more than six weeks.

Practical Sense triumphed, and had Hope not been near enough to brush me with her wings, I might have felt despondent. But those wings are touched with a magic that dispels gloom, and in their shadow, ever ready with encouragement, hover the strong souls of all those who have pushed on to victory by her help.

Hope said: "Suppose it is rejected again; other manuscripts are rejected too. The world is full of plots, and Enthusiasm and I are here to help you work them out; and you are learning, day by day. The time will come when your manuscripts will not be rejected." And then she reminded me how much I had enjoyed writing the story. "No amount of rejections can take that joy from you," she said

Then, after another week or two, Hope and I, returning from our day's work, found in the mail box a certain long, thin envelope that bore in one corner the name of the magazine that seemed to have engulfed our manuscript in bottomless depths. And the editorial letter, in pleasant, friendly terms, told us of acceptance. How we did deride poor Practical Sense, to be sure!

Now, I must admit that Hope and I have come to regard Practical Sense with much kindness, for, after all, she means well, and is very useful and keeps our house in good order. But were I given choice of one companion only—be the outcome what it might—with all my power, with all my will, with all my heart, I would cling to Hope and her shining diadem, Enthusiasm.

Evidence of the good feeling existing between the publishers of Toronto was the pleasant outing which they enjoyed on Wednesday, August 1st, at the Mississauga Golf Club. The success of the affair was attributable in large measure to Messrs. Thomas Allen and S. B. Watson. Some of the publishers and book travellers exhibited great prowess at golf.

Harold Nicolson's "Tennyson"

By Albert E. S. Smythe

IT is pleasant to think that Tennyson is coming to his own again, and the first symptom is the beginning of bitter, hostile criticism. A hundred years ago Tennyson was a boy of fourteen, not yet stung with the pain of Byron's death, still groping for expression, beginning to write some of the poems that were to become included five years later in "Poems by Two Brothers." He was a "long-limbed, swarthy creature," we are told by Harold Nicolson, whose "Tennyson" is much the ablest book on the subject that has appeared for several years. It is a thought-stirring book, especially for those who have made Tennyson a subject of worship for most of their lives, and the thoughts that it begets will do more to strengthen than to weaken admiration for the poet. The true admirer of Tennyson will not wish to import any false values into his admiration, and Mr. Nicolson offers a new standard of values by which to bring him to the proof. If the standard is on trial quite as much as the poet, the student obtains double value from his study. It is inevitable that we revise our estimates from time to time, if not from year to year, and the older readers will reflect that Mr. Nicolson, should he possess the open mind, is quite as likely to vary his views as any of the Victorian readers to whom he appeals.

Applying the tests of the psychoanalyst to Tennyson, Mr. Nicolson finds him "an extremely good emotional poet . . . but a very second-rate instructional bard." Thus, he continues, "if Tennyson the poet is to mean anything to the present generation, he must from the outset be differentiated, and somewhat ruthlessly, from Tennyson the bard." Again, "the essential conflict" between his work and his character is noted, "that is, between the remarkable depth and originality of his poetic temperament and the shallowness and timidity of his practical intelligence." This strength of temperamental gifts appeals to the Georgian critic for the same reason that it lacked attraction for the Victorian. Perhaps the reader who can appreciate both phases of Tennyson has an advantage over both. But listen to Mr. Nicolson further. "Temperamentally, Tennyson possessed all the qualities which should have rendered him one of the strongest and most original of our lyric poets. With the strong, full blood of his yeoman forebears mingled with the black and bitter strain of some obscurer ancestry; through the arteries of an athlete fluttered the frightened, sensitive pulses of a mystic; and under the scent and music of delicate and tender things pierced the coarse salt savour of the wold and marsh."

In all this Mr. Nicolson has designs "very far from being destructive," and states that if the constructive intention of his book is not apprehended he "shall most signally have failed." So he expects "the modern reader," which makes us feel as though we had been buried with King Tut—the modern reader, "while accepting with kindly resignation Tennyson's undoubted deficiencies, to come upon his virtues with a shock of sudden and delighted surprise." In fact, if Tennyson had understood "that what he felt was infinitely more important than what he thought, we might well have had a greater Francis Thompson." So then he proceeds to his analysis. "My only hope is to approach his writings from the purely literary standpoint, and his life from our usual scavenger point of view. But I admit my sense of irreverence in doing so; I admit that by Tennyson the man, especially by Tennyson the old man, I am very considerably overawed."

There is one observation that gives the clue to Mr. Nicolson's point of view. He thinks that Tennyson was a coward. "He was afraid of a great many things: predominantly he was afraid of death, and sex, and God." The Twentieth Century does not, at present at least, appear to be worried about these trifles, but "primarily demands from poetry a reality of emotional impulse." In other words, it has no desire to let the ape and tiger die, but would rather give them their head and let us all see what they will make of it. "Tennyson," says Mr. Nicolson, "flinched alike before the flame of passion and the cold nakedness of truth, yet there are sudden panting moments when the frightened soul of the man cries out to one like some wild animal caught in the fens at night-time—moments when he lies moaning in the half-light in an agony of fear. And at such times the mystical genius of Tennyson comes upon one in a flash, and there can be no question of the reality of his emotion and impulse." This is summed up—"for me, the essential Tennyson is a morbid and unhappy mystic."

If Mr. Nicolson by all this means to imply that the mystic is a morbid and unhappy being and a coward to boot, then all that can be said is that Mr. Nicolson knows much less about mystics than he does about Tennyson. The real mystic has the courage of Love and the Joy of Wisdom, and it does not appear that Tennyson was lacking in these attributes. Every poet naturally dramatizes his interpretations of the age, and it is much easier to understand Tennyson's works as interpretations of his age rather than vacillating expressions of his own moods. The real mystic conquers the animal in him by the intellect, and the intellect in him by the god. If the Twentieth Century does not believe in the gods then it may still learn something from Tennyson. At least it may learn that there is no fear in the god, and there is true courage nowhere else.

However, Mr. Nicolson has "concluded with the theory that the essential inspiration of Tennyson was the inspiration of fear, and that, if once this view is accepted and realized, the most damaging criticism against him—the criticism that he was both morally and intellectually insincere—will cease to trouble or to disconcert." Against this is the fact that fear shrivels and cramps and paralyzes all expression and action. Perhaps Mr. Nicolson does not distinguish between awe and reverence, and what he calls fear, or forgets the quality that leads some to rush in where others hesitate. Yet he should remember, for he has confessed to some awe for the old man himself.

One dwells on these phases of the book because they are the new element in the criticism which Mr. Nicolson so ably and so sympathetically sets forth. The book is delightfully written, and will send the student back to Tennyson with renewed interest if it be only to ascertain to what extent there is justification for the strictures it contains. He will find also a thoroughly well digested sketch of Tennyson's life with all its eccentricities and personal whims and crudities, but he gives us very little of the godlike being who moulded the English language into such perfect form that the modern objection is that it is too perfect and too saccharine.

Moderate opinion will have little quarrel with Mr. Nicolson's judgment as to the relative value of Tennyson's work. The most probable demur will be over the Idylls of the King. He says, "In spite of the magnificent poetry which the Idylls contain," the effect upon our generation can only "be one of estrangement and hostility, since it is impossible for us to conquer the impression (doubtless an incorrect and transitory impression), that these poems of the Farringford period are for the most part intellectually insincere." We cannot but be heartily grateful to Mr. Nicolson for his cordial appreciation of those parts of Tennyson of which he does approve, and there is no denying the cleverness with which he marshals his material and carries the reader along. Love of poetry, after all, is a matter of taste, and taste is born, not made. We must bear with each other's birthmarks. Mr. Nicolson places the stamp of his approval on about half of Tennyson's work, and there are many who would exchange what he approves for nearly all the rest of the Victorian output. So we part good friends.

Tennyson. By Harold Nicolson. London: Constable & Co. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd.

More Laughter---Thanks to Leacock

LET me state at once that the books written by Mr. Stephen Leacock are for me a perennial delight. He is one of the very few humorists whose books I can read, not only with silent amusement, but also with laughter—unpopularly loud and long. It is as well for me to declare this at the beginning, since if his brand of humor does not appeal to you, it is useless for you to pick up "Over the Footlights," for it is typically "Stephen Leacock," and one of the funniest he has yet given us—almost, but not quite, as amusing as that other humorous volume of his called "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," in my opinion a masterpiece of laughter. The first part, from which the book takes its title, is somewhat after the fashion of his "Nonsense Novels"—except that he has substituted film-plays and other types of spoken and unspoken drama for the average type of novel. And if you can read without laughing the synopsis of "Cast Up By the Sea: a Seacoast Melodrama as Thrown Up For Thirty Cents," or "Dead Men's Gold," then either you have never seen an old-fashioned melodrama or one of those films of terrific adventure in six long reels, or peradventure your humor does not include understanding of the funny side of these portentous bits of manufactured sensationalism. Maybe, then, the two chapters, one entitled "Why I Refuse to Play Golf," the other, "Personal Experiments With the Black Bass," will amuse you. The first shows the insidious lure of the game of golf in a Canadian town which once upon a time had scarcely heard the name. But presently some Scotchmen began to knock about little balls on the green with their walking-sticks, and very soon those who looked on and wondered became interested and wanted to join in, until at last and at present —"Each year more and more men, hitherto respectable, God-fearing citizens, are being caught in the lure of it. It is difficult to say just what the fascination is. But it is there. Sometimes I think it lies in pretending to be a Scotchman. It may be that; there are so many things about the Scotch that attract—their contempt of rain, their peculiar nerve in wearing a hen's feather in their hats, their comprehensive ideas on damnation—it may well be that the golf members are simply trying to be Scotchmen." While as for bass, the problem is, do they bite in the early morning, at noon, in the drowsy afternoon, or in the cool of the evening? Well, they do and they don't. Perhaps they bite best of all at midnight—when the tired angler has gone away home disgusted. But—why continue? No extract can convey the humor of Mr. Leacock's books. The smiles are cumulative, and the end is a roar of laughter. In such a summer as the one of 1923 promises to be—what a godsend he is.—Richard King in "The Tatler."

Over the Footlights. By Stephen Leacock. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.50.

For some Canadians there is a special tincture of charm in finding Mr. Counsell of Hamilton stalking somewhat wetly through a few pages. Most of us would be pleased to meet Mr. Counsell anywhere, wet or dry! Those who have suffered in the same way will particularly appreciate the essay on The Dry Banquet—that contradiction in terms. Others who have endured pangs trying to understand Russian drama as portrayed on our native stages, coming away with the painful impression that we had gone completely crazy, will be intensely grateful for being permitted to see it as it is, in good company. Personally, we do not agree with Mr. King about Sunshine Sketches. Perhaps the Canadian town is less humorous to those who have lived in it! But that is a mere matter of opinion; and it is delightful to watch Mr. Leacock's humor mellowing into the finer forms of wit, as he approaches nearer and nearer to the seats of the mighty.

K.K.B.

Clothes, Old and New

DENIS Bradley has written a book which he calls "The Eternal Masquerade," and if ever a book earned that hard pushed and panting adjective "devastating" it is this. Bradley, in case you are not familiar with the English weeklies and monthlies, is a member of the House of Pope and Bradley, London, England, and when he is not engaged in the agreeable task of lambasting politicians he sells clothes for gentlemen. His manner of advertising these clothes is, to say the least, unique. He cannily draws attention to his wares by ignoring them, except, at the end of a discourse, to give them casual mention, as though the subject had all but escaped him His method is being adopted by others, but the difference between Bradley and those who imitate him is that he is sincere.

He really is far more interested in living than in the business of getting a living; and his ideas on life in general, and ruling powers in particular always take up by far the greater portion of his expensive space. In "The Eternal Masquerade" he romps through solemn historical chapters with a gay and malicious abandon. His daring is breathtaking and he again reveals himself as an iconoclast with a pretty with a marvellously deft pen. He topples idols off thrones with even greater facility than H. G. Wells. Where Wells would stand beside a so-called great man's tomb and laugh a hollow, mocking laugh, Bradley steps right on the grave and dances a spirited cancan.

Taking clothes as the peg on which to hang his philosophy he argues and instructs with great freedom, infinite jest and sound common sense, on ways, ancient and modern, of living, dressing and dying; and it is plain to be seen he thoroughly enjoys himself while doing so. And yet, interwoven in his light manner, is a strong current of outraged feeling, the hot indignation of a sensitive soul goaded into retaliation. The ably reasoned, if flippantly presented arguments of a man driven to examine for himself life and its phenomena, forced to it by the palpable discrepancies between hard facts and current worldly assumptions.

He tells us himself that "This meteoric review of English history, which is merely a reflection of the type of thought governing all other nations, is a critical analysis of the effects, with a healthy disregard for sentimental patriotism. The presentation attempts reality and truth." Bradley certainly does not confuse patriotism, which is love of country, with that patriotism which has gradually come to mean love of the particular party that happens to be governing the country.

Politicians are his favorite game. Politicians and Puritans. He chases these with extreme gusto. Also, a co-related subject, he makes many acute observations on the firmly established and flourishing institution of war. Over the late war to end war he writes with a mixture of pity and hope. "Will the peoples of the world ever learn to understand that war in its design means the loss of all freedom for both victor and vanquished. And that the call to arms to fight 'A War for Freedom' is the transparent lie of a call to accept new bonds of slavery." . . . . Wars will cease because—although the world does not appear to be awake to the fact as yet—the involved system of our comparatively new commercialized civilization has already proved the impossibility of its survival if a war policy is adhered to. The simple lesson that economists have learnt is that war does not pay and that it leads to commercial and financial collapse." He might have added moral collapse.

Norman Angell said the same thing many, many moons ago, but it hasn't made much difference. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact that the knowledge that war doesn't pay is confined solely to the economists; neither the politicians nor the people worry much about it. But not all politicians are scoundrels. After saying a good word for William Pitt, Bradley goes on, "Pitt was one of those rare exceptions, and though surrounded by political thieves, he was strong enough for a period to reduce public expenses, and appointed commission after commission to introduce economy in every department of public service. It is conceivable that during the last few years Pitt's body has not only turned in its grave but has been perpetually gyrating in agonized contortions."

Bradley, like Ezra Pound, believes that governments should limit their activities to drains and things like that, and not interfere with the individual. He is not really interested in politics except in so far as the ramifications of government disturb him personally, and, of course, other people like him. He has no quarrel with any party so long as it allows the individual a generous measure of individuality. He is a happy lover of life and pours scorn on those who would shade the bright lights. He wants men to be gallant, women to be beautiful, for both to live spaciously, to revel in glowing colors, to taste to the full the joyous wines. And why? Here is the keynote of his philosophy. "Breed in ugliness, surround yourself in ugliness, clothe yourself in ugliness, think, scheme and evolve in ugliness, and cruelty and destruction are the natural consequences."

Denis Bradley's book contains both truth and poetry.

—THE SHY PILOT.

The House in the Woods

A Mazo-Tint.

PAVEMENT roads that run beside the grey-blue lake, past the old fort that once helped to make history; more roads along which hurrying motors go; houses where busy people stop to eat, and sleep, leaving again to gather the wherewithal for more eating and sleeping; then lots of trees and a road running westward; after that, a cinder track and then—a trail into the trees where a little brown house has grown up like a fairy mushroom.

If you have been touched with magic, and are the exact size of a fairy, you can walk right inside the house to find that the furnishings are made of sunshine and wonderful blue thunderclouds sewn together. To those who are not the right size for fairies, the walls may look like wood. But if your eyes have been "magicked" you know that they are really made from the insides of creamy clouds with the sun behind them, used thick enough to make them stand. Some of the sunshine, spread thin, is used for curtains and coverings, striped here and there with little slivers of the thunderblue clouds. Bits of these, undiluted, are spread upon blobs of midnight that have been stiffened into tables and a chair or two. Opaque pieces of sunshine are shaped into candlesticks or bowls; all the left-over bits of the clouds have been rolled together and with a cover of sunshine-and-thunder clouds flung over them, form a delightful couch.

Hailstones hang in a quaint little cupboard against the wall. You think they look like cups and saucers? Certainly they do! But if you are even the most distant kin of a fairy, you know that one day Jack Frost—feeling tricky because the weather was so hot—picked up some of the prettiest hailstones with which he had been playing pitch and toss across a garden, and blew them hollow, to make cups; flattening others into saucers to match, and reflecting on their sides, the flowers among which they had fallen.

In the midst of this, sufficiently cleverly akin to the wee folk to make it human, giving you a comfortable feeling that it won't all vanish in a puff of smoke, you will find Mazo de la Roche herself. Tall, very slim (she says that her favorite vice is overeating!), with a bobbed halo of nut-gold hair and a delightful shy friendliness that is dreadfully disconcerting to a marauding interviewer. How can one spring fiercely at a human fairy, and transfix her firmly with a pencil point, if one has been brought up with a deep respect for the hereditary laws of hospitality?

We discussed storms.

"We were hardly settled here, before a cyclone came," said Miss de la Roche. "It uprooted ever so many of the beautiful oak trees, as you must have noticed on your way here. They won't bend before it, and escape, like the birches do! Their roots grow brittle after years of holding on. Our little house shivered and shook; we felt that it might go over at any moment. But not a nail gave, and we felt very grateful to our carpenter," she added, in her soft voice.

It was then that I understood just how the house was made and trimmed. You never saw a magic mushroom uprooted by a storm? Of course not!

We discussed interviewing.

"I don't quite see why people want to interview authors," said this one. "The first time that anyone came to interview me because I had written a book, I wanted to escape. It seemed so unreasonable. But Mrs. Knopf (Mr. Knopf was my first American publisher), said that the American public were filled with a desire to know what authors eat for breakfast."

Delicately, with the tact that marks the marauding interviewer, I queried, "And what do you eat for breakfast?" But Miss de la Roche foiled me. For all I know, she breakfasts on ambrosia, or heaven-sent quails. It may be possible (lots of people know to-day, or think they know, what can be done by diet!), that this has something to do with her masculine outlook.

For in spite of her essential femininity, she has a distinctly masculine outlook, as one is well aware, after reading "Possession." The story of Derrick is approached from a thoroughly manful standpoint tinged with feminine intuition. The reviewer who said that from his personal point of view, the characters were either fools or knaves, had overlooked the latter quality in assimilating the book. That is, indeed, the trouble that most of us find in reviewing books where personality predominates. "How wrong—or how absurd!—of Derrick to do so and so. The thick-headed wretch. Now if only—"

In England, most of the reviewers, very enthusiastic over this first Canadian novel published by the Macmillan Company in England, took it for granted that it was written by a man. The interest and appreciation evinced were very gratifying, not only to author and publisher, but to all those interested in Canadian books. Including the high compliment of the Writing Man who said, "It isn't so much a Canadian book. It just happens that it was domiciled in Canada!"

"'Possession' was with me, growing in my brain, for six years before I wrote it," said Miss de la Roche, after one of those diplomatic questions as to her speedometer record in story writing. "I write almost incredibly slowly. But I see it all first in pictures and seldom erase or change. Only after a while, after I have 'let them out' and they are real people and have learned how to use their freedom, my characters can do with me very much as they please! Once in a while I even get sidetracked. Why only this morning," she laughed at the recollection, "a canary got into the story and I simply couldn't go on with it till he had sung and fluttered his fill for a page or two, and taken himself off."

This goes far to explain the concrete impression left by "Possession," not necessarily its strength, nor its picturesque quality, nor its grim acceptance of the facts of life, but its inevitability.

"Wouldn't you rather interview a murderer than an author?" asked Miss de la Roche, suddenly. "So much simpler, so much more interesting, with a far greater appeal to the general public!"

Perhaps it was this that brought us to the discussion of lonely localities.

"Yes, it is wonderfully quiet here all day, while my sister is in town. To-day I only spoke twice. Once to myself (or God, perhaps!), when I bumped my head in the kitchen. Once to a wasp that I murdered—at least I stunned him and cast him out with an admonition. But by and by he recovered and flew away."

So it seems that Miss de la Roche is not a past mistress in the art of murder, although I cannot quite forgive her for killing "Buckskin." He was such a real heart-curling baby! Of course he might possibly have grown up into a good-for-nothing, but it wasn't fair to choke him on the off-chance of that. It was too much like Nature's way with some of the best of her babies. It hurt!

But in spite of the fact that she is an adept in the gentle art of self-defence, I can tell you:

That every morning Miss de la Roche straightens and airs the fairy mushroom, plumps up the clouds, and sets the sunshine gleaming before she begins to write. There is a little ceremonial about it. She could not sit down and write in the middle of strewn hailstones that needed washing, no matter how fairylike they were. But she believes in using the best hours of the morning for her work.

So she writes, with no typewriter, but a pencil, for two or three of the bright morning hours. After which she puts manual literature in its place for the rest of the day.

Is her work over for another 24 hours? I think not. Dreams and fancies come to their appointed places, mist figures take tangible forms, and at the present moment another novel is being brought into being under the sungilt leaves in the little clearing; a novel of Canadian life set—

But that's a secret!

K. K. B.

Dobachi. John Ayscough. Toronto: Macmillan's. $2.00.

Here is an unusual tale, set in a New England village, a settlement of Cornish Puritans, telling the story of the pretty Dobachi's love for the bad boy of the village and his escape from the cramping and oppressive morality of his people through the influence of a Catholic missionary priest.

Some of the New Books

In Brief Review

The Adventures of a Lion Family. By A. A. Pienaar. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

So renowned an authority as Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who prefaces the book, tells us that this semi-imaginative narrative, based on a life-time study of the denizens of the Dutch South African forests (by one who has spent years close to the wild life there), contains nothing that is not based on actual facts. The result is a fascinating study of wild animal life. No human soul is read into their lithe or gigantic bodies. But their instincts are revealed as those of a race. Refusing to compare or contrast them with men, the author pictures them vividly as they are. So that we want to hear more of Maanhaar II and his brother, the orphaned lions, who go trotting out of the pages into the wilderness, behind the parents that they have adopted. It sends us to our library shelves for a book that will make pictorially clear to us the exact difference between a hippo and a rhino, for our better understanding of this odd pair of friends. We are stimulated by our introduction to the colobus apes. This is not "nature faking" but so creative of character that it appeals to children as well as grown-ups. Excellent for reading aloud, and further enjoyable for its satisfactory paper and printing, and also the artistic illustrations.

Angel's Shoes. By M. L. C. Picthall. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. $1.75.

Picking up a popular English magazine devoted to short stories, suddenly one struck us broad awake; a story that stood out like a living, breathing, human being, in an album of rather faded photographs. At the end it was signed by M. L. C. Picthall. That explained it. All Miss Picthall's work has something of this arresting quality. She transcribes the facts of fancy in words that give form and shape to the narrative, never leaving it flat, like a photograph, but investing it with the very breath of life. In "The Five Jars" (reviewed in this issue), it is described how the little people read in a glass. A knob was pressed in the mirror frame, and a knight came riding through the forest between your fingers. Another knob and the rustle of the grass, and the creak of the saddle was audible, as well as the song he sang as he went. Marjorie Picthall's words are just such a magic frame in which she sets her pictures, each one touched with a faerie quality pre-eminently her own. They are pervaded by a Celtic tint. "The Sleeping Fawn" is poignant and haunting as an old Irish tune.

The Five Jars. By M. R. James. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

A most unusual and entrancing story of dreams and magic, where the power to "hear back" and "see through" and to "project speech" is developed in a manner that far outruns radio. It has its own line of danger! It contains a world of fascinating suggestions, from which a series of stories might be woven. We hope that they will be! It has a charm for children, and an eerie fascination for grown-ups.

The Perilous Seat. By C. D. Snedeker. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.75.

If you are gifted with visual imagination, a picture, a poem, or especially some replica of Greek statuary, will bring to your mind's eye a dim dream picture of the olden, golden days when the world was young. But this rare tale—artistic, realistic, graceful, touching, beautiful—sets you in the sunflecked aura of a house in Delphi, where religion is a tradition of daily life; where Pindar comes to talk and sing; and where the exquisite Greek figures move and speak for you. The ancient worship of the gods—so pure, and yet so capable of tyranny and terror in human hands—the Pythia, the Oracle, the Tripod and its Servers, all the moving and miraculous scenes of Greek life and history are here enchantingly portrayed. A book of peculiar charm.

The Walbury Case. By Ashton Hilliers. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

"Catch your reader with the first line," is an adage that nerved one writer to commence a novel with the classic line: "'Oh, Hell!' cried the Duchess." Another author confesses to having introduced a corpse for the same purpose, though it was necessary to dispose of the body before the story proper could begin. Here is a book that catches you by pure bluff. Starts out to tangle you in the dullness of ancient family affairs, by suggesting a causeless murder on the first page; wades through archives, with the reader puffing and blowing behind, determined to shut the book in a moment if—and before he realizes it, said reader is absorbed—less by the plot than by the really charming people with whom he has been travelling through the pages. A mystery tale told in an entirely "different" way.

Prisoners of the Red Desert. By Capt. R. S. Gwatkin Williams. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons. $1.50.

A war diary with a difference, the scene being laid in a little known district. Retold from the log and memories of the captain of the "Tara's" men. Torpedoed by the Hun and handed over to the Turk, they were dragged into the interior under guard of the fierce Senoussi. The description of Arab home life as seen by the gallant captain after his escape and recapture, may come with something of a shock to those whose mental pictures of desert doings are founded entirely on the Burning Sands style of stories that we see in the movies. But it gives a vivid sidelight on tales in the Old Testament, enlivened with "comic relief" in the persons of entertaining types of the "Bing Boys," Ali and Mahmoud. A very human document.

THE PRIZE-WINNING REVIEW.

"The Four Men."

A CLEVER journalist has conceived a prototype to which he has given the name Mr. S. T. E. Ponnit. This ingenious name discloses the nature of its owner's preoccupation. He is a Gas-Buggy Tripper. One of that ever-increasing army of wild-eyed motorists who, in the course of "making" a hundred and fifty miles a day, "strike" Oshawa at nine-thirty-seven, "hit" Port Hope at eleven-two, and continue their course of blind destruction until they complete their century or century and a half by "pulling in" to their immediate objective, "the best hotel," just as the summer evening spreads its feast of evanescent subtleties on sky, lake, and field.

'Tis not for the likes of Mr. S. T. E. Ponnit that Hilaire Belloc creates three familiars (Grizzlebeard, the Sailor and the Poet), and with them goes a-walking through that part of Sussex, the woods of which "smell of home."

But if, despising the Highway of modern man's making (that thing of cement and a capital H), you would scent woods at dawn, rest under hedges at noon, dodge, with averted gaze, past towns and cities, sleep at night by chance-provided firesides, refreshed only with beer, bread and cheese; if you love descriptions of earth, sea and sky in terms of Shelley and Turner; if you hate the mealy-mouthed, and allow no puritanical accuracy to mar a good tradition—then, I say, will you slip "The Four Men" into the capacious pocket of an unpressed coat, and make your way leisurely to some green slope where, as the wind blows away the dullness of cities and the dust of highways, you will thank God that neither the pervasiveness of Freudian complexes, nor the chilling simplicity of Moral Reformers, has robbed us of that wholesome philosophy of which Mr. Hilaire Belloc is the greatest modern exponent.—H. W. B.

The Four Men. By Hilaire Belloc. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 60c.

Educating Ernestine. By Florence Kilpatrick. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons. $1.00.

Do you want a nice book to fill in a couple of hours when the mind needs a rest and a change, but balks at a sedative? Florence Kilpatrick has an observant eye and a trenchant tongued pen with which to describe what she sees. Listen to these:

"Of course, if you don't see that a possible £300 a year is going to relieve matters for a person who owes an immediate and pressing £500, I can only say that you must be a cynic, and can never have possessed for an instant the sublime optimism of Youth."

"Nothing is more wearing than the silent disapproval of a strong man who has no sense of humor." More, like these, in this amusing love story.

International Bible. With black face type. Reference. Toronto: John C. Winston Co. $6.50.

This new Reference Bible in Winston's International Series, is printed in black face type, and is self-pronouncing. It contains many maps and has 60,000 references in the centre column. The edition is on India paper, is bound in French morocco with overlapping covers, round corners, the pages having red under gold edges. It has silk head band and marker and altogether it is a most desirable copy of the Bible.

The Riddle and Other Tales, Walter de la Mare, Macmillan, $2.75.

A most interesting volume is this new collection of short stories by Mr. de la Mare who holds a high place in the English prose artists of the day. In 1921 his "Memoirs of a Midget" won the James Tait Memorial Prize and was one of three books recommended for the Vie Femina Prize for the best books of the year published in England. Included with the title story in the present volume are "Seaton's Aunt," "The Creatures," "The Almond Tree," "The Count's Courtship," "The Looking Glass," "Selina's Parable," "The Bird of Travel," "The Three Friends," "Out of the Deep," "The Vats."

Model Aeroplanes, Airships and Kites. London: Boys' Own Paper Office. 1s. 6d.

In the Boys' Own "How to Make" books comes this interesting and most practical volume replete with illustrations and diagrams showing how to construct different models of aeroplanes, hydroplanes, gliders and kites in great variety. This is a book of nearly 200 pages. The work is edited by A. L. Haydon, editor of the "Boys' Own Paper."

Mr. Podd. By Freeman Tilden. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

A satirical story of a multimillionaire who had kept the heart of a child and wanted to set the world to rights. So by a correspondence course of elimination he chose eight pilgrims to accompany him round the world on his ship, "The Future," where all were to be treated as equals while preparing a "Get-together Doctrine" for the Universe, on the lines laid down in Mr. Podd's famous book, which he had found it impossible to sell, or to give away!

Unfortunately, everyone had interpreted the lines differently and they became daily more and more tangled. The crew mutinied. Captain, owner, and pilgrims were marooned on a desert isle. Here the weak-minded boy of the party makes off into the woods with those things that the castaways feel are as the breath of life to them, chiefly tobacco and talcum powder. The only total abstainer in the party proves to be the man who had made a failure of everything but doughnuts. It is a slightly veiled caricature of a well known captain of industry who can afford these eccentricities, and who comes through them personally unharmed, even by laughter. Mr. Podd at least finds an acceptable husband for his delightful daughter, and thereafter worships efficiency less in the manner of a fanatic.

Birthday Honors For the Quick and the Dead

AUGUST.

August 2nd. Duncan Campbell Scott.

"Life is not the Goal—
It is the Road!"
—The Road Song.

Born at Ottawa, educated at Stanstead College, he entered the Civil Service in 1879 and has risen in it to a position of weight and importance. There, quietly, he has continued his steadfast growth as a poet. Some of his verses are among the most beautiful in Canadian literature and are making a niche for themselves in the hall of fame. Never an "advertiser," Mr. Scott's work is not so well known to the Canadian public generally as it deserves to be. Perhaps its delicate artistry is only fully appreciated by the finer spirits. But some of it possesses much that might make a popular appear. For sheer stir and gallantry there are few things to surpass the "Road Song," though it is his more stately measures, instinct with the exquisite grace of the muse, that have stepped into the hearts of an ever-increasing circle of appreciative friends.

BOOKMAN CONTESTS.

In the review competition dealing with "The Four Men," by Hilaire Belloc, first prize was won by "H. W. B.," whose review appears in this issue.

The "Men Like Gods" competition is still open. All reviews must be in by August 30.

For the next competition the book is "The Mine With the Iron Door," by Harold Bell Wright. Reviews should not exceed 450 words. The review of "The Four Men," in this issue, is a good model for length.

Address all reviews to Mrs. E. C. Bowker, 140 Rosewell Ave., Toronto.

August 30th. "Father" Dollard.

"Like sweet bells ringing,
Or a grove of linnets singing."
—The Faerie Harpers.

Born at Mooncon, County Kilkenny, 1872, the youngest of a large family, he came to Canada in 1890, to be with his brother William, who was parish priest at St. Stephen's, New Brunswick. There he decided to study for the priesthood under another relative, Archbishop Walsh of Toronto. He holds degrees from the Grand Seminary of Montreal and Laval University. The new church under the trees at Upthegrove, Ontario, is due to his energy and devotion.

His first book of verse, "Mist and Sunshine," was published in 1902, a second, "Poems," in 1910. A third and larger volume, containing "Clontarf," a lengthy drama concerning the overthrow of the Danes in Ireland, and more of his matured artistic work, is of later date.

His poetry has much of the singing Celtic quality. Mr. Joyce Kilmer declared that Father Dollard's sonnet on the Death of Rupert Brooke was the finest of the many that were written to commemorate and deplore that loss to literature.

The Dollards are descended from Normans who came to England with William the Conqueror. A great-uncle of the poet was first Roman Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick.

BOISSEVAIN—MILLAY.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, regarding whom an interesting article by Katherine Hale appeared in a recent issue of "Canadian Bookman," and whose Collected Poems are to be published in Canada in the autumn, was married last month to Eugen Boissevain, a noted New York and Holland merchant. The wedding took place at Croton-on-Hudson.

Mr. Boissevain and Miss Millay had planned to marry on Friday, July 20th, but two days before, she learned from her physician she would have to go to New York Hospital for an operation for appendicitis. She was ill—very ill. So she submitted to the importunings of Mr. Boissevain, was married at noon and began immediately the dreary ride to the hospital on West Sixteenth Street, New York City.

For her poetry Miss Millay was awarded the 1922 Pulitzer Prize for American verse. Her best known work is "Renascence," published almost ten years ago.

The Story of John Paul. V. R. Emmanuel. London: Constable & Co.

The futility of denial of race is the theme of this story of a Jewish boy whose father sought to have him educated in a Christian public school and become assimilated in Christian England, taking up one of the professions, thus assuming a position from where he could look down upon his brothers and cousins of London Jewry engaged in offices and clothing shops.

But young John Paul is too sensitive to successfully run the gauntlet of the course outlined for him, and the miseries of the Jewish boy among Christian school-fellows, yet a renegade among his bigoted Jewish relations, lead up to the tragic career of the man who at the end is as solitary and unhappy and as wholly out of tune with life as when he first left home.

That Silver Lining. By Thomas L. Masson. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

Whether its author will like the idea or not it must be said that this book seems to present him to us as sort of an American Doctor Coué. His method is different, of course, but the objective is the same—the encouragement of right thinking, in fact the book carries the words, "A Heartening Book," in the nature of a sub-title and in the message to the readers as to the application of the ideas which the book presents, he is asked first to believe that a book can be light and cheerful and yet deep. He is then led to Chapter II., "Your Troubles"; next, "First Aid," and on through various applications of the right attitude of mind toward life in its various ramifications.

The book is a mental stimulant and genuinely worth while.

Ten Wonderful Years

WITH the single exception of the *new* ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, practically all general sources of knowledge are out of date. But the *new* Britannica—Twelfth Edition—brings the story of mankind down to the present time. Think what that means! Other books are badly out of date because more revolutionary changes have happened in the past ten years than in any previous 100 years.

In these few years—hardly more than a decade—twenty-four monarchs were driven from their thrones; the maps of Europe and Africa were torn up and remade; 120,000,000 women were given the ballot; the countries involved spent 8½ times as much on war as in the previous hundred years; more coal, more oil, and more steel were produced than in the entire 19th century, more was spent on motors, "movies," cigarettes, and education than ever before, more on education, for example, than in the 100 years from 1800 to 1900.

In the past few years Einstein announced his epoch-making Theory of Relativity and Michelson at Mt. Wilson Observatory made the first measurement of the diameter of a star. Other men of science found new methods of charting the hidden recesses of the mind. Still others discovered that matter is not a mere "dance of the atoms," but actually a dance of the electrons—particles of electricity infinitely smaller than atoms. These discoveries open possibilities so great that the mind stands aghast. And in the same period inventors perfected the radio, made aeroplanes safe for daily travel and discovered and applied new ways of "curing" rubber, welding metals, and manufacturing steel.

The changes, inventions and discoveries of modern times have already remade the world. They have revolutionized our lives. To learn the full story of all these recent developments, so important to you and to everyone, you have only to turn to the *new* Encyclopaedia Britannica. This great work is unique in that it is absolutely abreast of the times. Every subject you want to know about, no matter how recent, is treated by an expert contributor, a world authority in his particular field. **Here for the first time is an adequate and authoritative account of the war; here for the first time is presented a complete and accurate survey of all the stupendous changes, events and discoveries of recent times.**

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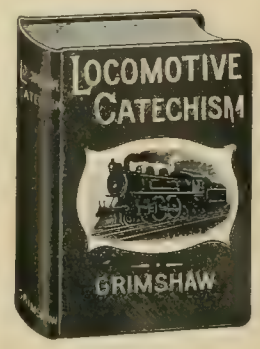

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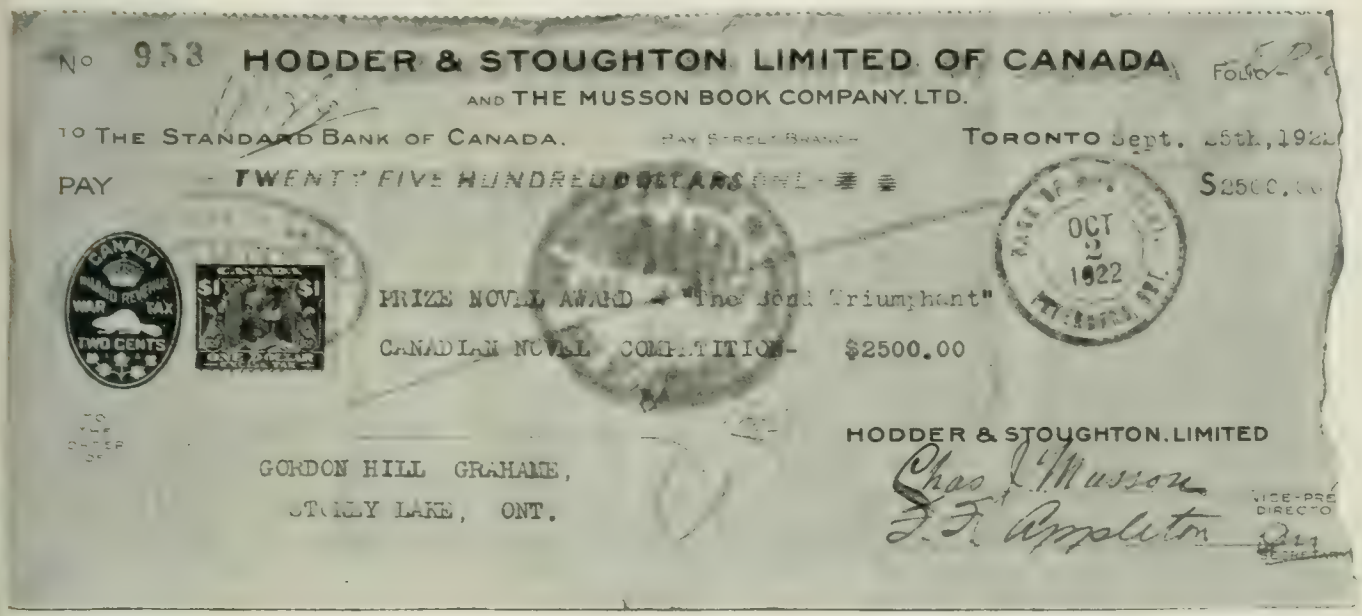
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The Fatal Gift

TO anyone who asks the question, "What is wrong with Canadian literature?" no satisfactory answer presents itself. That something is retarding the advent of real literary achievement in this country is apparent, but the nature of the impediment, or incubus, or whatever it may be, remains obscure. We have been told that we can have no good literature until we become politically autonomous, or until we learn to sin joyfully, or until we consent to starve for the glory of perfection, or until we cease to use the English language; but such pronouncements, whether their tone be pedantic or cynical, are little to the purpose. Analogy shows us that aesthetic achievement does not depend, in the last analysis, on any particular form of administration, or moral standard, or material circumstances: certainly not on the discovery of a new language to exploit.

Of course, no one can be so presumptuous as to assert why the mystic Pentecost of genius occurs, or where, or when. But without attempting to analyze the impalpable and transcendent flame, one may nevertheless try to determine what shall constitute the shrine that might be made ready for its possible habitation. To vary the figure, could this pool of Bethesda, about which we are all waiting so eagerly, be stirred by the unseen visitant, or must it first be purged of that which renders it turgid and sluggish?

Confronting with all possible frankness the query, if a literary genius were to arise to-day in Canada could he express himself through the modes now existing? One hesitates to reply "yes." But no one is justified in proceeding to deduce, as certain literary sans-culottes in the United States have done, that the existing forms must be abandoned, in favor of the visioned panacea vers libre, or some other entirely emancipated and virgin mode of expression. It is not in forms that the work of reclamation must be instituted.

We are not seeking to say something new—a fallacy which persists in defiance of critics since Solomon—but to give more adequate expression to the old thing, to the thing older than old, the eternal. For this we do not need new forms, nor emancipation from forms: how often has it occurred that when men felt that "all we can say is said," somebody has quietly set about saying a thing supremely significant, and saying it in the ancient forms that had become the playthings of triflers. It is not the form that is a writer's contribution to the heritage of his kind, but what he puts into it. The form develops naturally, and the more definite and familiar the form, the less will the reader's attention be distracted from the content.

If one were to choose from Canadian literature the single poem of highest importance, a poem that has filled its essential function of moving and inspiring every reader, and has at the same time retained the approval of the critics, that poem would be, "In Flanders Fields." Yet it is written in one of the strictest of those old French forms, of which the composition had long been relegated to the category of jeux d'esprit. Probably not a tithe of those who responded to the poem had ever heard of a rondeau, but the significant fact is that the critics had so utterly dismissed the rondeau from their consciousness that some of them failed to recognize it, and one at least devoted much attention to analyzing the rhyme-scheme and structure of this form which John Macrae had evolved!

I am not making a plea for restricted forms. I merely wish to clear the approach to my subject by stating that "In Flanders Fields," or a sonnet like Lampman's

"There is a beauty at the goal of life"

derives neither advantage nor disadvantage from its formal strictness when compared with the simplest metres of Carman or Duncan Campbell Scott.

That which endowed John Macrae with such potency was primarily of course that element which I have already declared my inability to discuss—the intensity of emotion, the clarity of vision, in which true poetry is brought forth. It is to the secondary quality of the poem that we must confine our attention, the quality which makes it so difficult for us to realize the strictness of the form. And this quality is supreme simplicity. Every word is brief and entirely familiar; not a phrase is distorted or far-fetched; with utmost directness, with rigorous economy, the poet conveys his thought and emotion in the words that seem inevitable; their pellucid clarity opposes no barrier to our communion with the mind of the poet.

This is the very crux of the situation. Most of our writers are hampered by their riches: their vocabulary is too extensive. It is not expression which they should cultivate, but repression. "In Flanders Fields" and its equally brief sequel are the fruit of twenty years' apprenticeship. Throughout that period the pages of the best Canadian jour-

nals were open to John Macrae, yet his whole production scarcely fills a slim volume. Contrast that with the bibliographies of our other writers—writers of fiction particularly, but of verse also to a large extent. The inference need not be elaborated.

The man who undertakes to write to-day has too many words at his command. Impressive words and whole glib phrases are stored profusely in his memory and transfer themselves thence on to paper with scarcely an effort of the intellect. All the languages of the world have been rifled to enrich him, and he uses them as a parvenu who appears jewel-decked at the breakfast table. His words and phrases are lifeless shells from which the vitality has been sucked by generations of vampirous writers and speakers. Or they are coins from which all traces of value and origin are effaced through constant usage. Words have ceased to be the winged and glowing embodiment of thought; they are pretentious masks, through the eyes of which no intelligence peers forth.

Even the more ephemeral productions of French literature possess a charm and distinction of style that is lacking in similar works of our language. The French vocabulary, being far more restricted than ours, the French writer must deny himself the luxury of synonyms. Every word is rigorously confined to its particular shade of meaning, and in compensation for this discipline it retains the full force and value of its connotation. An English word, picked at random from half a dozen others vaguely signifying the same idea, has no such accuracy. As the Frenchman enunciates his consonants more clearly and his vowels more purely than we, so does he select his words with a clarity and purity that puts us to shame.

If our language is to be vitalized, then, it must first be condensed. If the force which is now dissipated through a plethora of jejune words and platitudinous similes is to regain any effectual potency, it will have to be concentrated. The words to be selected for retention in this new vocabulary must be those which are vitally in touch with life, and not rendered moribund by the glib tongue of politics, the facile typewriter of the press. They must be rooted strongly in the ageless earth, they must breathe their sustenance from the atmosphere of free imagination and the unchanging human feelings.

The "man in the street," we are told, has a working vocabulary of only a few hundred words. Is he, then, the exemplar of our ideal? Unhappily he has been exposed too long to the platform and the newspaper. It is no individual language which he speaks, but a feeble echo of his mentors' diction. This is proved by the fact that when he himself takes up the pen, some malicious demon whispers to him all the turgid phrases which he has heard or read. And as they flow from his pen he mistakes them, in his innocence, for inspiration—oh! bitter agony—for the Promethean torture! His three hundred words, for all their impotence, are nearer to it.

When these resources fail him, he ekes out his conversation with slang. That a possible salvation lies in slang I am not prepared to deny, but of a certainty it is not in the current slang of this age: at best it is meaningless, and at worst would be nauseating, were it not uttered in so slipshod and unintelligent a manner that its meaning is obscured. Far different shall be the tongue in which the soul of this land may reveal itself.

The way will be opened when one man, who has in him the seeds of genius, recognizes in time that the tares of banality are encroaching by every contact with his contemporaries. He must have the austere passion for perfection that will make him dedicate himself to the most bitter discipline. Some glimpse of this truth has been caught already by a poet, who, for this vision, if by no other right, has justified his title of Canada's laureate. A comparison of "Behind the Arras" with "Later Poems" shows the immense progress that Bliss Carman has made towards simplicity. And there can be little doubt as to which book conveys best the deeper meanings of nature. But the fatal gift of facility is still evidenced in the numerosity of the poems. If the quintessence of "Later Poems" could be uttered in half a dozen pages, we might have a masterpiece indeed.

The great task of purification is no impractical vision. It can be done. There is an interesting parallel between the problem of to-day and that which Wordsworth faced. But one need not go beyond the present age to seek examples, for John Synge has done this thing incomparably, and his prefaces give magnificent expression to the ideas I have sought to apply to Canadian literature. We need not leave our own boundaries for an instance of what may be accomplished: Louis Hemon's sojourn at Peribonka produced a work which rises nearer to the confines of unqualified greatness than does the whole combined output of our universities. Whoever can in the English language surpass "Maria Chapdelaine" will have a chance of supplanting what has hitherto been essentially the greatest literary production of this continent—"John Brown's Body."

LIONEL STEVENSON.

The Copyright Situation

PROBABLY the most significant circumstance in connection with the copyright situation is the prospect of the United States joining the Berne convention. Mr. Robert McGlaughlin, representing the National Association of Book Publishers of the United States, was in Toronto since the last issue of "Canadian Bookman" appeared and while here called upon the editor. He said that the chances were very good of the United States copyright law being revised in keeping with the Berne convention and of the United States being admitted to membership in that organization by Jan. 1st next.

All interests affected in the United States are in close contact and something definite is expected to evolve at an early date.

It is said that the printing interests over there are no longer insisting upon the maintenance of the manufacturing clause which, on that side as well as in Canada, has been the great bone of contention, and that is what gives rise to the confidence in the ultimate concurrence of the United States in the requirements of the Berne convention.

The natural sequence would be a similar revision of the Canadian Copyright Act.

A Page of Poetry .. ..

The Blizzard

FOR days the sun dogs' baleful gleam
Had stood on guard beside the sun;
A stormy crimson splashed the sky
When day was done.

The wind came whistling from the north
And joined his brother from the west,
Together over hill and dale
They howled without a rest.
The clouds full pregnant with their weight of snow
Waited the hour of birth,
Their time came quickly, and they gave
Their burden to the earth.
The winds caught up the smothering flakes
And tossed them to the sky,
And like a cyclone funnelled them
Now twisted low, now high.
They hid the hills in clouds of white
They feathered far across the plain,
They whirled around each tree and house,
Drifted, and then whirled back again.
The slender trees arched down beneath their weight,
And trembled in the icy blast;
The grass and weeds lay deep beneath the drifts,
The oak trees branches groaned as each gust passed.

No sound came from the snuggled winter birds,
The trousered prairie chicken, warm beneath the snow,
The rabbit, in his winter coat
Was hid, long hours ago.

And in the welter of the wild, blind, storm,
The cattle on the range,
Their bodies huddled close for warmth
Crouched, hungry, lost and strange.
Some errant gleams of orange light
Flicked in and out, and up and down,
Through the storm-smother, as the blizzard passed
A wind-swept, prairie town.
Those little homes that unprotected lay
Upon the rolling, open prairie wide,
Were drifted to their chimney-tops,
But cosy warm inside.
The cattle in the barns were misted
With steam of their own breath;
The mangers full of hay they nozzled,
Nor knew the storm meant death.
Death to the beast or man who wandered,
Buffeted, blind and chilled,
Round and round in the lost-man's circle
Till the hope of life was killed.
Frozen, hungry, stumbling madly,
Longing to see a gleam,
To feel once more the warmth of fire
And the safety light can mean.

The winds returned from whence they came;
The frightened moon passed on her way.
Wave after silver wave—a sea—
The snows in silence lay.

Still is the air, and filled with frost-made gems;
Still are the tortured trees and woods,
And all the little houses are
Sisters, in snow-white hoods.
There are no signs, no paths, no roads,
Just sky, and trees, and snow,
And whisps of gray-blue smoke that climbs,
From little fires we know.
There is a silence brooding low on earth
All cruelty is gone,
The blizzard has roared on, and passed—
The sun has come.

Hilda Hesson.

Finite to Infinite

IF ease were all and smooth perfection gained,
How dull the days, how languidly would beat
Pulses unquickened by the generous heat
Of power-compelling ardor, effort trained
To find a pathway yet unknown, unplaned,
In native rock or forest. Incomplete,
The task more vital is, more great the feat
In progress than when purpose is attained.
Who "finis" writes, his work tho' passing fair
Has found its limit. Fain he starts to build
Anew nor stays to state exultant sight
With that which is attainable, aware
That the creative longing unfulfilled
Propels the finite toward the Infinite.

Annie Glen Broder.

Rhyme of La Pomme Fameuse

IF "Fameuse" could tell her story,
We should hear of French chateaux
Framed in green, and amatory
For the shoots that were transplanted

Groups of demoiselles and beaux.
Long ago by wise Champlain,
Flourishing, as if enchanted,
In the new world's wide domain—

Came from apple-trees which grew in
Picardy and old Anjou,
Raised by seignior, or capuchin,
For their fruit, as now we do.

And in Canada, this apple,
Beautiful as aught that grows—
Fragrant, foam-fleshed, forms a staple—
As she's famed for **snow**, and **Snows.**

We recall that fruitage classic—
Rosy on its weighted tree—
An enticement more than gastric—
Mixed of spice and reverie.

Laura B. Durand.

Is Love Sweeter in the Dreaming

IS Love sweeter in the dreaming?
In the having, or the seeming?
Oft, I wonder how 'twill be
When I meet him—as, they say,
Everyone must do, some day.
How will Love appear to me?

Think you he will greet me smiling,
All my wariness beguiling—
Fair as in my Fancy's dream?
When I welcome the new comer
Will dull winter turn to summer,
'Neath the witchery of his gleam?

Or, perchance, he'll meet me sighing,
Laughing, chaffing, singing, crying—
Love plays many parts, they say!
Tell me, shall I know the Schemer
I, who am, as yet, a dreamer
At the gate of Life's highway?

Oft, I've heard that Love's deceiving—
Others say he brings but grieving;
.....I cannot think 'tis so—
For within my world of dreams,
He is King of all, it seems
And his rule none would forego.

So, I take it, Love means gladness—
Though some folk have called it madness.
Ah, I would I really knew!
Many say he's sorrow-laden;
Prithee, tell an anxious maiden
Which is false and which is true?

M. Beatrice Hickson.

Communication

(The views of our correspondents are not necessarily the views of "The Canadian Bookman.")

MR. MALLORY REPLIES.

Toronto, Sept. 5th, 1923.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":—

Your August issue contained a communication signed by M. S. Wade in which I am accused of "editorial usury." As I have passed (apparently unscathed), through a few rather warm political campaigns, and have directed the editorial destinies of several newspapers, I have grown, personally, to be unmindful of mud-slinging; but as Mr. Wade's letter hits indirectly at some prominent Canadian authors who have favored me with their confidence, I feel that in justice to them I can do no less than ask you to give publicity to the following facts:

First. Mr. Wade says of his stories: "Some of them were good enough . . . . to find acceptance elsewhere . . . . and I could not understand why my Jammy friend . . . . rejected them." They were rejected because they were not the kind of stories I wanted. I don't doubt they were all sold elsewhere and perhaps for more than I would have paid. Does any real author need to be reminded that no one magazine can publish all the marketable stories offered it?

The letter quoted by Mr. Wade was sent to a large list of writers and would-be writers. That list was carefully edited by me before it was used and I endeavored to eliminate from it the names of persons who would be unlikely to be interested in a course of instruction in story writing. It is, of course, unfortunate that I did not recognize M. S. Wade as the name of an "editor, owner and publisher of a newspaper, a leading article writer who has a couple of books to my credit," etc. But such mistakes do occur. In fact the same mistake occurred in connection with the names of a few other writers who are much better known than even Mr. Wade; and invariably they wrote me letters of thanks and commending quite strongly the work I am doing. (These letters are on file and can be examined by anyone interested).

Second. The magazine in question has endeavored to print the best fiction obtainable in Canada, regardless of authors' names. That about fifty per cent. of the stories I have accepted and published are the work of my own students is due to the fact that they were the best stories available. Mr. Wade insinuates that an author has to cross my palm with silver in order to secure an acceptance and in doing so he accuses of dishonesty such well known writers as Archie McKishnie, Beatrice Redpath, Onoto Watana, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Merrill Denison, Donald G. French, Virginia Coyne, Norma Phillips Muir, Charles Christopher Jenkins, Benge Atlee, Madge Macbeth, Lloyd Roberts, Maud Petitt Hill, Louise Morey Bowman, and Lillian Leveridge. I think readers of the "Bookman" will readily agree that the authors named would not lend themselves to the support of a magazine which had for its object to compel "suckers to pay through the nose."

Third. It is true that I am the author of a course of instruction in story writing and that my livelihood at present is largely dependent upon the salary I receive for conducting that course. Of my qualifications to occupy such a position modesty (really, I am not as shameless as Mr. Wade would have you believe), forbids me to speak. I think, however, in view of what Mr. Wade has written, that it is only right that I should mention that the stories printed in the magazine under discussion, which provoked the most favorable comments from such critics as B. K. Sandwell, and the literary editor of the Toronto Globe, were the work of my students and had been re-written several times under my personal instruction.

Fourth. The institution which sponsors my course of instruction has a reputation that cannot be assailed by the innuendoes of Mr. Wade. It is backed and directed by one of the most successful and respected business men of Canada, it has been in existence for over thirty years and in that time has established a reputation for honesty, fair dealing and unlimited service that is unsurpassed by any educational institution in this country. It is thoroughly Canadian, its staff is composed of Canadians whose fathers were Canadians before them. It most decidedly is not an American importation—or an English one, either.

Fifth. Mr. Wade, if he were at all inclined to be fair, would have quoted more from that literature which he so earnestly requested to have sent him. He might, for instance, have quoted letters from Arthur Stringer, Nellie McClung, Prof. A. T. Allison, Mrs. L. M. Montgomery, Hopkins Moorehouse, C. C. Jenkins, J. Vernon McKenzie, Jas. L. Hughes, Prof. E. A. Hardy, Prof. David R. Keys, Hugh S. Eayrs, Newton McTavish, and Jean Graham. These men and women, representing the foremost authors, editors, and educators of Canada, have examined the course and have endorsed it. Mr. Wade also neglected to quote letters from students whose stories have been accepted by magazines in both Canada and the United States.

Sixth. It is too bad that Mr. Wade found the creative test questionnaire "too silly for words." It is, in reality, exactly what it purports to be, "a positive test of your ability to become an author." It is scientifically and psychologically accurate. If he had filled it out and received a sufficiently high mark, he would then have learned that we would have enrolled him for a course of instruction on the basis of "satisfaction or money back." Any student of my course who is dissatisfied with instruction or service rendered, will have his money cheerfully refunded. No other course of instruction is sold on this basis. And I might add that to date we have not been called upon to refund a dollar.

If it appeared that Mr. Wade was actuated by a desire to be of real service to Canadian writers, I should, of course not have the temerity to ask you to give space to this reply. The institution which I have the honor to be connected with invites the fullest investigation and publicity. If our course of instruction is what we claim it to be, what the men and women of unquestioned integrity named above believe it to be, then our work is a good work that can result only in good to Canadian literature, and we are deserving of the support so generously given us, and are also right in using all legitimate means to increase our enrolment. But Mr. Wade's attitude is very evidently that of a vain and narrow-minded person, smarting under the sting of rejection and looking for an opportunity for revenge. He is welcome to slander me to his heart's content, but I cannot stand passively by and permit that slander to reach some of the leading members of the Canadian Authors Association.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. MALLORY.

THE BOOKMAN'S PRIZE CONTESTS.

FIRST prize for the "Bookman's" review competition on "Men Like Gods," goes to Col. J. L. Biggar, of Ottawa; second prize to Mrs. Mary Q. Innis, of Toronto, and third prize to Garnet W. Richardson of Ottawa. The winning review is presented in this issue.

The review competition on Harold Bell Wright's "The Mine With the Iron Door," is open until September 22nd, and announcement of the winners will be made in the October issue.

November brings Canadian Book Week and it is the intention to have the November issue in the bookstalls not later than November 1st. For that month the contest will vary from books, three prizes of valuable books to be given for the best essays, not over four hundred words, on "Canadian Literature: What It Means to the Nation." There will also be three prizes for the best poems on the same subject. No poem for this contest is to exceed fifty lines.

Competition for Children.

For children there will be two contests, with three prizes in each.

The first is for essays, not exceeding 400 words, on "Children's Book Week," and the second for poems on "My Books." These two contests are for children under 17 years.

In all cases the editors reserve the right to exclude essays or poems not considered up to standard. The closing date for these competitions will be October 22nd.

From the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University comes the announcement of the session 1923-24—a booklet of over seventy pages. This will be the 92nd annual session of the Faculty. A frontispiece in the form of a folder the size of three of the pages, presents a map of the buildings and grounds, and graphically conveys an idea of the extent of this great Canadian university.

. . . Books of the Month . . .

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views, Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker.

Marjorie Pickthall

THIS is Marjorie Pickthall's birthday month. On September 14th she would have been receiving loving wishes from a host of friends, if she had waited here for them. And in whatever star she may be working out her destiny, with wider powers and enlarged horizon, surely a little haze of memory, affection, and admiration, touches the edge of that other planet, an emanation of appreciation from an ever increasing public.

In view of this, it is not amiss to reproduce the excellent review that recently appeared in the Montreal Star, by Mr. Morgan-Powell:

Authors sometimes meet the fate of painters and sculptors,—their genius is not fully recognized until after their death. It was certainly so in the case of the late Miss Marjorie Pickthall. She had won recognition in several discerning quarters as a poet of rare dramatic instinct and creative skill, and as a writer of short stories of genuine literary quality. But neither her verse nor her prose was rated as highly as its merits warranted until her early death brought her name prominently before the literary public. To-day, it is no exaggeration to state, Marjorie Pickthall takes rank as the woman poet who gave the greatest promise of any in our generation, and as a writer of creative short stories that challenge comparison with the best English literature has known for thirty years.

The more closely her work is examined and analysed, the finer its workmanship is revealed to be. She labored over each separate verse, each individual story, with the painstaking devotion to detail that a lapidary expert gives a rare precious stone. She cut and she polished and she burnished until the fire burned steadily, brilliantly. She eliminated the unnecessary word. She cultivated the selection of le mot juste until she had developed that selection almost into an instinct. And with all this she also created for herself an individual style of rare felicity and grace. She found new methods of expression, arresting similes, provocative themes, and above all, she revealed a keen sense of dramatic values that was of tremendous significance both in her poetry and her prose.

In the posthumous volume of short stories from her pen, entitled "Angels' Shoes," is to be found the genius of Miss Pickthall in its most arresting form. These tales represent her work at its best, and it is work of which no living writer of fiction could have any reason to be ashamed. She was not a widely-travelled woman, yet this book covers a remarkably wide range, from the tropics to the Arctic Circle, from England to the North Pacific; by land and by sea. Sometimes it is an incident of the utmost seeming triviality that provides the basis or the background for the story. But always there is the factor of motive or design, working itself out implacably against all opposing influences and efforts.

Miss Pickthall did not draw her characters with elaborate detail. Rather did she allow them to draw themselves for her readers in what they say and do. We find the characters created and developed as the story proceeds, with their thoughts and emotions and actions as active agents in such development. It is a dynamic method, but it is tremendously more effective than the static plan some authors affect. We know how carefully and how elaborately she worked over her stories, polished them, refined them, until they stood at last as near perfection as she could attain. But there is not the slightest vestige of trace left of any such meticulous method of revision. On the contrary, the gleam of spontaneity seems to charm throughout.

Her unerring selection of the inevitable word is not more marked than her unfailing sense of the all-significant detail. You find this in almost every story. And what an infinite variety,—what a range, what a wealth of color and of contrasted incident, character, and emotion! Miss Pickthall has always leaned more towards the tragic than the purely romantic. The note of tragedy is struck often, but never to the point of satiety.

* * *

The remarkable study of revenge in "Angels' Shoes"; the ineffable sadness of the romantic tragedy of "The Sleeping Faun"; the grim menace of the supernatural revealed in "Luck"; the stark tragedy of "Cheap"; the intriguing originality of "Stories"; the subtle blending of tragedy with romance in "The Stove"—as fine a story of the Canadian Northwest as has ever been penned; the fragrant charm of "La Blanchisseuse Doree"; the exquisite fairylike beauty of "The Lost Spring"; the sombre failure depicted in "The Third Generation"; the striking study of a girl's wartime sacrifice in "The Girl on the Other Side"; the striking dramatic qualities of "The Distant Drums", a gripping tale of the Far North; the poetic justice of "The Prisoner"; the compelling human qualities revealed in "Two Ways"; these and the balance of the quota all afford ground for satisfaction of the most solid kind to the reader who enjoys fiction with literary qualities and vision.

* * *

And there lies the keynote to all Marjorie Pickthall's work; therein is the secret of her genius. She was endowed by the high gods with vision, and the gift of revelation in words that paint pictures for memory to frame. It was a great gift, and she exercised it with a fine recognition of the responsibility its possession involved. We are the gainers, even while we realize afresh that Canada, in the death of this young writer, suffered an irreparable loss.

S. MORGAN POWELL.

"Angels' Shoes," and Other Stories; by Marjorie Pickthall; Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto. $1.75.

MAZO DE LA ROCHE
and the House in the Woods.
Described in the August issue.

The Harvest of the Quiet Eye. By J. R. Vernon, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society. 6s.

This volume presents a series of contemplative essays, first published anonymously, which aroused such widespread comment in England that the author was prevailed upon to issue them in collected form. It may be described as a book of poetic dissertations in prose form, on the influence of natural objects, with the religious viewpoint uppermost and the treatment of things that are temporary in terms of the eternal. There is a quiet charm about Mr. Vernon's essays, enriched by the apt poetic quotations with which they are interspersed. The style is reminiscent of the Victorian era, when contemplative thought was not so rare as in this high-power age. The book will strongly appeal to those who admire faultless English.

It is Reported

THAT

—"Candide's" book of essays, "Pens and Pirates," has just buzzed off the press in a black and yellow cover, and is creating a stir of its own.

—The Toronto Women's Press Club are carrying to Vancouver a very warm invitation to the "National" to hold their Triennial Meeting in Toronto next time.

—Mr. Stacey Aumonier, whose new volume of short stories, "Miss Bracegirdle and others," appeared recently, is the husband of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the well known pianist. Accomplished creatures, these authors!

—Jean Blewett, beloved by thousands, is going west for a six months' visit to her son and daughter, and that her "Katherine Kent's Page" in the "Globe," will be carried on meanwhile by Florence Deacon Black, perhaps the only person who could replace the irreplaceable!

—Lady Cynthia Asquith has written a little book on "The Child at Home," which should prove interesting.

—for the past seventeen years, for seven days a week, Gene Stratton Porter's books have sold an average of one thousand seven hundred copies a day.

—Mary Roberts Rinehart has turned herself into a "company," capitalized at five hundred thousand dollars. Well, Mary is good company at any time.

—Mrs. Gorgas, widow of the great surgeon-general whose conquest of yellow fever made the tropics habitable for white people, is collaborating with Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, the author of "Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page," on a biography of her celebrated husband. It will probably appear early next year.

—Frank Swinnerton, the author of "Nocturne," "September," "Coquette," and other exceptional novels, has instituted divorce proceedings against his wife.

—the Toronto Women's Press Club have taken to themselves a clubroom in the King Edward Hotel.

—Charles B. Falls, the poster artist, has made an A.B.C. book for his little daughter, Bedelia-Jane, which is going to be most attractive.

—each volume of the twenty-five "Masterworks of Canadian Authors" now in preparation under the editorship of John W. Garvin, will have a biographical and critical introduction by some well known literary authority.

—W. B. Maxwell thinks Americans manage their lives better than the English do—with less fuss and hurry. Nothing like getting new outlooks from across the water.

—a tablet to Walter Hines Page has been unveiled in Westminster Abbey bearing the inscription, "Friend of Britain in her Sorest Need." The presentation was made by Earl Grey of Falloden.

—Katherine Hale, who is going west for the National Press Club's Triennial, is giving a series of "Recitals" en route on the return journey, many clubs of various kinds being anxious to hear her in these original entertainments.

—Miss Grace Blackburn (Fan-Fan of the London Free Press, a well known member of the Authors Association), is deep in the "Arthur Stringer" volume of the "Makers of Canadian Literature Series" which is to appear shortly.

—a particularly attractive book has just come from the Macmillans. It is called "Indian Days in the Canadian Rockies." The author, Marius Barbeau, is one of the foremost anthropologists on the continent. He is a young Canadian at the Victoria Memorial Museum at Ottawa. There are fifteen exquisite quadri-color illustrations of Indian types, the work of Mr. W. Langdon Kihn.

—among the new volumes of poetry by Canadians this season is "The Garden of the Sun," by A. E. S. Smythe, with an introduction by George Russell. It is being brought out in a $1.50 edition by Macmillan's.

H. G. Wells. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50.

If you are a Wellsian, you can't afford to miss this delightful book, because it probably expresses your opinion of H. G. Wells better than you could do it yourself, as well as giving you some interesting facts about the gigantic little man, an extremely well done comparison of his novels and ideas, and an interesting exhibition of the Wells country. The contrast of Wells with Belloc, if surprising, is sagacious. Wells' idol is the machine-made man. It is only the inhabitants of his perfected worlds that give us pause, when we consider sharing our rooms and board with them. But this picture of Wells himself brings comfort to the cosy little soul who shivers a bit at the thought of the immense clean spaces unwarmed by wood fires, that distinguish H. G. W.'s Utopias. It presents an extraordinarily just appreciation of one of the greatest questing minds of our times.

A Rhymed Review

A WAY across the Desert waste
There rode a Hunted Man
Who hoped that it would pay him well
With Nuggets in the pan:
For every man must save his Soul
And Body, while he can!

Across the Canyon dwelt a maid
Of fathers she had two!
They took in turns to be her Dad,
A funny thing to do!
(There were not wanting those who called
Such Parentage untrue!)

But she was lovely as the Dawn:
What recked HE of **her** birth?
And He was Strong—what Sheriff's men
Could make HER doubt **his** worth?
For so A Wise God fashioned Youth
When first He made the Earth.

Inscrutable as Fate itself
Among the Mountains grim
An "educated" Indian
Looked down on her and him
And torn by ancient lusts, he wrung
Their hearts, to suit his whim.

While tinging all their daily lives
A golden Legend told
Of treasure found and lost again
In the Red Days of Old—
A Vanished mine: whose iron door
Was shut on piles of gold!

* * * * *

So through the pages of the tale
Are woven golden strands:
The hidden gold that testeth men;
The gold of Sun and Sands;
And the True Ore—that only Love
Can place within our hands!

—K.K.B.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR. By Harold Bell Wright. $2.00. The Ryerson Press, Toronto.

The Irish Guards in the Great War

A Review by Albert E. S. Smythe.

RUDYARD KIPLING wrote the history of the Irish Guards in the Great War, because his son, his only son, a lad just over twenty, a second lieutenant in the second battalion, was killed on the first day the battalion went into action on September 27, 1915. He was posted as missing, and there is no other reference than the official fact of his presence in the battalion and the record of his fate. With such reticence and amazing repression does the heart of genius, torn and bruised a thousand-fold more than common through the sympathetic imagination that has stirred the world, turn to the task of raising a literary monument to the child he had given to the nation. There is no complaint and no bitterness for one more than for another, but there is the criticism which will grow with the years in such a passage as follows the story of that fatal first day. "It does not seem to have occurred to anyone to suggest that direct infantry attacks, after ninety-minute bombardments, on works begotten out of a generation of thought and prevision, scientifically built up by immense labor and applied science, and developed against all contingencies through nine months, are not likely to find a fortunate issue."

This is not a solitary note. But the tone is rarer than might have been expected in a narrative that covers the whole war from beginning to end and gives all the details that world waited for while the war was going on. Nor is it one narrative, but practically two distinct and separate narratives, one from the records of the first and one from those of the second battalion. The battalion archives are drawn upon, but from letters and diaries and from conversations with survivors and with contemporary witnesses recorded at the time, a picture is given more intimate, more accurate, and more exhaustive than anything else of the kind that we have had yet. The Irish flavor is preserved throughout without being obtruded, and the spirit of the battalions is not robbed of any Keltic grace or strength that properly belongs to them. One is tempted to quote passage after passage from these Hibernian comments, profusely scattered through the two volumes, summing up results and opinions and experiences as no official report ever dared to do. After a small affair with eight men wounded, an authority delivers himself thus: "When you know that ye may be for it every minute, you can NOT be more frightened than frightened. The same as getting drunk, I think. After a while—dead-drunk ye get, and dead-drunk ye stay. Ah, but they was genteel trenches and pleasant-spoken Jerries down at Laventie where we'd come from, in front of Red House and all!" After a raid which "had been a fair, flat, but heroic failure," another philosopher expresses his judgment. "We lost one dam' good officer, and more good men than was worth a thousand Jerries, but, mark you, we might have lost just that same number any morning in the front line, as we have lost them again and again, under the expenditure of half a dozen, maybe one, shell, the divil happened to be riding that time. And them that it took would never have had even the exercise, let alone the glory, of all them great doings of ours. So, ye see, everything in war is good luck or bad."

The second battalion was described as a "happy" one. "None can say precisely how any body of men arrives at this state. Discipline, effort, doctrine and unlimited care and expense on the part of the officers do not necessarily secure it, for there have been battalions in our armies whose internal arrangements were scandalously primitive, whose justice was neolithic, and yet whose felicity was beyond question." A year later it is testified that the condition continues. "'Tis this way. A good battalion will do what is wanted; but a happy battalion, mark you, takes on from that. Did we work at the Sports? Remember we was all in the pink, trained on that dam' railway an' fatted up for Boesinghe. What chance had the rest of the Division against us at all?" Whenever any kind of Sports were toward the Irish Guards swept the field, clean.

It is natural in a battalion which was largely made up of Roman Catholics, that the priest-chaplain should play an important part, and full justice is done to the bravery and devotion of these men. There is a special tribute paid to Father Knapp in connection with the affair at Boesinghe, July 31, 1917, and the medical officer, Captain David Lees, is bracketed with him. Lees escaped but Greer the C.O. was killed. "A clean-cut, all-out affair, such as Boesinghe, was different, though it had been saddened by the loss of an unselfish priest who feared nothing created, and a commanding officer as unselfish and as fearless as he." Their indomitable souls, says Kipling, stayed with the battalion, which volunteered for service next day in a job as abominable as they had just gone through.

The first battalion was just as brave, just as humorous as the second, and perhaps more Irish at the end of the campaign, when the second had become half English. "They looked at it, broadly speaking, thus," remarks the historian. "There was times when ye'll understand if a man was NOT earning V.C.'s for hours on end he would not keep alive—an' even then, unless the Saints looked after him, he'd likely be killed in the middest of it." This was at the Somme on Sept. 26, 1916, when many honors were awarded, and the comment of the Warley drill-sergeants is worth reading, too.

These volumes constitute a gift for the Empire as well as for the Irish or for any man who was at the front. And we may feel gratified that such a book as this has been written for the perusal of the aliens who would like to estimate the tone and the temper of the British army by the history of one of its greatest regiments as written by one of its greatest men of letters.

The Irish Guards in the Great War. By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, $10. 2 vols.

BOOK WEEK NEWS.

NEXT issue of "Canadian Bookman" will have a special Book Week feature with special news about its activities in connection with this event by the Canadian Authors Association as well as the booksellers' organization, and with special announcements about Canadian books by the publishers.

This year's Book Week dates are November 19 to November 24.

The same issue will pay special attention to Children's Book Week, November 11 to November 17.

As announced elsewhere in this issue, special Prize Essay and Poetry Contests are being conducted by "Canadian Bookman" on the subject, "Canadian Literature: What It Means to the Nation."

For children, there are two contests, one for essays on "Children's Book Week" and one for poems on "My Books." See particulars of these contests elsewhere in this issue.

Pedlar's Pack. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

This is a book of fairy tales which are acclaimed in England as challenging comparison with Grimm and Hans Andersen. The author is the mother of Premier Baldwin and is one of the five notable daughters of Rev. George Macdonald. One of her sisters married Rudyard Kipling's father. Another married Burne-Jones the artist; a third married Sir Edward Poynter. Mrs. Alfred Baldwin has written four successful books under the pseudonym of Ayton Symington. Not only are these fairy tales presented with magical glamour, recapturing the lost romance of fairyland, but they are written in faultless English, greatly enhancing the pleasure which they afford.

The Rose of Santa Fe. By Edwin L. Sabin. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

A slashing story of the early American West, when Indians, Mexicans and Americans strove for the mastery of Arizona and Mexico and played hob with one another across the Border. Plenty of shooting and shouting, with a lovely and erratic lady as the final prize.

Autobiography of a Super-Tramp

Upsets the World.

SOMETIMES one comes on a book that blots out the world for a few hours by its genuine thrill, as "Robbery Under Arms" did for you, if you were fortunate enough to read it first at seventeen. Or that tears the solid earth from its foundations for the time being, as the "King Arthur" may have done for you at ten; or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" perhaps, or possibly "Anna Karenina," when you were between twenty and thirty, providing that you kept your collapsible imagination that long. But after thirty, unless Coué can really brighten the face of Nature for you by righting your liver, or a change of religion absolutely cut you off from your family, it is next to impossible to find a book that upsets the world for you, to any appreciable extent.

So it is something of an experience to find a book that turns the world quite upside down for your ocular edification, even for an hour or two, doing it so quietly that after a slight feeling of giddiness you think that it is you who are moving quite naturally and steadily, till the last car passes, as it were, and you find yourself opposite the exact same part of the station * * * * * * * * * * *

This metaphor may have got itself slightly mixed, but any intelligent reader (all readers of the "Bookman") will recognize that feeling.

William Davies was born of the story-book parents, who are "honest though poor," and was brought up by grandparents answering to the same description. In his youth he showed sufficient literary or histrionic ability to encourage his relations and friends to predict a remarkable future for him. He never points out that he fulfilled these prophecies. In fact, in his remarkable autobiography, he never points out anything! He unrolls his film very slently and quietly before you at an even rate of speed, without sub-titles or special lighting effects. If you are not a very careful observer, you may miss many of the most charming or startling or appallingly funny effects. Yes, appallingly funny is the exact phrase!

Sinclair Lewis, expending 42 pages to convey Mr. Babbitt from his bed to his breakfast table, expresses every well-fed movement with physical emotion.

Mr. Davies, using nineteen pages to convey himself, very distinctly, from infancy in England to young manhood in America, leaving several definitely shaped characters remaining like well sculptured statues by the wayside, portrays no physical emotions whatever. Theft, drunkenness, jail and death, to be sure, but they are presented like numbers on the houses in a winding street. Every one covering generations of families complete, but every one decorous and rate-paying. Decorous. Under the fascination of Mr. Davies' unusual style, the doss-house of two hundred men, most of them drunk, is decorous. If you do not believe this possible, begin the book after an early dinner and spend the evening reading it, if only for the sake of its sedately giddying effect.

If you think that a man should work for his living; that he owes a duty to the world; that it is well to have a roof (even mortgaged) over his head; that a family is an enviable thing and a bank account as good or better; then the effect of this book will be slightly intoxicating, without leaving any evil fumes behind. For it is written so straightforwardly, with such limpid sincerity, such depth of worldly wisdom and knowledge of depravity, such childlike naivette, affection and unsullied innocence, that whatever your point of view of it may become a week later, it will almost surely smite you into silence for the moment. The comment on Bernard Shaw (who writes an inimitable preface, surely the briefest in his career!), is worth pages of description. "A play-writer, an Irishman, as to whose mental qualifications the world is divided, but whose heart is unquestionably great."

And this: "It is on this rainy day that one sees those little kindnesses which are only seen among the very poor; one who has not sufficient for himself, assisting another who has nothing."

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp. By W. H. Davies. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. $2.25.

The Enchanted Garden

Henry James Forman's New Novel.

RODERIC WHITFORD has been "cribbed, cabined and confined" in his home life. His father—minister of a small Episcopal parish at Adams Rock, and his stepmother, that good man's mate, had ushered him through a blameless boyhood to the gates of college.

But this had been a very narrow path in life. Subconsciously he longed for the wide-open spaces. A taunting girl in a garden ignited the spark that caused the explosion, blowing his soul free of the trammels of circumstance.

For a day, between desire and fear, he haunted the quays of Boston. Finally, with a curt note to say that he had gone to England, he shipped "before the mast" of a sailing vessel, to find, after they stood out to sea, that her ports were the South Sea Isles. He was lucky in sailing with a skipper who had not only a "humane" but a "human" outlook.

The ship carried two passengers to Papeete. One was old Galbraith, owner of a mysterious island; the other, his beautiful daughter, Allene.

Roderic raged at being treated by the passengers as what he obviously was for the time being—a deck-hand, instead of as a gentleman of birth and education. When Allene, drawn by the alchemy between youth and youth, tried to be kind to him, he resented it with rudeness.

Roderic, given to vivid imaginings, built his dreams round Allene after her departure. Fate, lending him a hand, finally cast him up at her feet on the mysterious island, sole survivor of the wreck of the good ship "Alice." It gave him an enormous claim upon Allene's sympathetic imagination. Living on this enchanted island with a father whose brain, inflamed by the faithlessness of his beautiful wife, long since dead, had become slightly unhinged by the strain of one or two fixed ideas, she naturally welcomed and clung to this new romantic interest. Her father, infuriated at this eruption of the world, the flesh and the devil upon his coral-ringed beach, and unable to ship Roderic away, tries to break him physically and temperamentally, but only succeeds in stiffening their attraction into love. Galbraith would have his daughter marry an unattractive elderling with whom he felt she would be "safe." Roderic and Allene cannot run from the island. But, hand in hand, through the darkness, they scramble to its farthest edge, spending what remained of that agonizing night in some gruesome caves where morning, the despised lover and the outraged father, find them together. Galbraith was Scotch and sane enough to know when he was beaten. He dragged them home at top speed. Before noon they were man and wife, the ceremony performed perforce by the rejected suitor who, in the dawn of time, had taken "holy orders."

Life flowed on like a sea-idyl for Roderic and Allene, completely immersed in one another and their jewelled isle. The death of her father passes them like a ripple on the shore; the birth of their child came like the roseate dawn. Till strangely "like the bird that flies into the heart,

None knowing when he came,
Or whither will depart"

the great nostalgia rises and engulfs Roderick * * * * * * * * * *

Now we hope you are sufficiently interested to read for yourself and find how he catches his stroke again after the tidal wave swept over him!

The descriptions of the Enchanted Garden itself fairly sets one on the shining sand among the tropical trees, bright birds, and heady scents, with strange native sounds that blend in harmonious melody with the beauty of the sea.

The Enchanted Garden. Henry James Forman. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Postal Personalities

1.—Susan Ertz.

EVERYONE knows that everything can be done by mail today, whether it is choosing a husband, learning the piano, getting health vibrations at 8 a.m. daily, or going to Japan. (Well—don't you go by Mail Boat?)

Just to be in the fashion, the "Bookman" is weaving a sort of Magic-Carpet-by-Mail, to bring some of our farther-off authors into these pages.

Have you ever played the game called "Twenty Questions," by which a given object must be guessed, or given up, by the time the whole twenty have been asked?

We submitted Twenty Questions to Miss Susan Ertz, the author of that recent success, "Madame Claire." Interviewing by mail is bound to be something of a gamble, which, of course, may add to its attractions!

There is always the possibility that the Interviewee may look upon the levelled pen-point as a threat, the questions that drip from it, as so many insults, and must be regarded as within his rights if he refuses to join in the little game.

Bravely facing the possibility of an untimely grave in the W.P.B., and assuring Miss Ertz of the gentle kindliness of our intentions, and that our questions sprung from the true interest of the collector, rather than from the unquiet curiosity of the assessor, we proceeded to ask her about her age, her domicile, her tastes, and her intentions. We were rewarded by a reply so friendly and generous, so charming, and so written-in-the-spirit in which she was approached, that we reproduce it practically complete:

"Such a letter as yours cannot be put aside and forgotten and I find myself answering it at the earliest opportunity. I was delighted to see the two copies of the 'Canadian Bookman' which you so kindly sent and which I found most interesting reading. Your criticism of 'Madame Claire' pleased me greatly. It is delightful to think that I already have friends in Canada and I want very much to keep them, so I am gladly, if a trifle nervously, about to answer some of the questions you so amusingly put to me in your 'Questionnaire.'

"I, like you, would have preferred an interview over a cup of tea, but that being impossible, your letter has made me feel so much at home with you and the 'Bookman,' that I find myself thawing in a most surprising way.

"Having dealt with the question of where I live, by writing my address at the top of this sheet, I will only add that it is not very far from the region known as Chelsea, a small house in one of those small old London streets that are so like a village street, and help to make London the homely place it is.

"I am away on a holiday (without even my Corona, and that is the reason I am inflicting on you a letter in my rather bad writing), on the Yorkshire moors.

"As to what I look like, I think, not unlike the accompanying photograph, which was taken for the London 'Bookman.' I can answer that I am 'free, white, and (as you so tactfully put it) 'nearer eighteen than eighty.'

"As to earlier manuscripts, 'Madame Claire' is a second effort only, and the first one, I think, had best remain where it is—in my desk! It was T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, London, who first looked upon 'Madame Claire' and found that it was not altogether worthless; and it was later published by Appletons of New York, and Longmans, Green & Co.

"No, I haven't got 'that authoress feeling' a bit. I am trying to cultivate it, but it doesn't come naturally to me, which is a pity, as I am sure it must be useful now and then. Until I began to write novels I was an avid

SUSAN ERTZ

reader of them, but now I find it better to read one or two in a year and to choose those which are as unlike the sort of novel I could or would write myself, as possible. So I can't express an opinion on the novels you mention. But I did read 'Babbit,' and enjoyed it.

"I wonder if it will interest you to know that I was born in England of American parents, and that the question of my nationality has always been a slightly vexed one, as I am claimed by both sides. However, I have settled down in London, where, except for visits to the Continent, America, and, I trust, to Canada, I hope to remain.

"I've listened—and responded—to the Call of the Wild (and a good many others!) but at present the call of London sounds loudest in my ears. I've already been to the Rideau Lakes, and Kingston, and Lake Massawippi, and Quebec, and had a peep at the Canadian Rockies, and I'd like to see more. Some day I hope to come to Toronto, and have tea with you!

"I'm busy with another novel which I hope may find as many friends as 'Madame Claire' did. But for two weeks I am thinking of little but the beauty of these moors and the heather and the little tumbling 'becks' and the delicious air. I shan't let even a European crisis spoil it!

"All my best wishes to you and to the 'Bookman,' and if I've not told you the things you want to know, you must blame my inexperience, not my good will and intentions. It has been a genuine pleasure to come in touch with you.

"Yours very sincerely,
SUSAN ERTZ."

The letter is written from "Wemmergill, Middleton-in-Teesdale," although her home address is—but perhaps that had better remain a secret!

Have we won an inning for our side?

We think Miss Ertz has "honors." We can assure her that everyone who read her first book, eagerly awaits her second, and that the "Bookman" will have a real tea-party set for the date of her arrival over in Toronto.

We hope to present an intermittent series of "Interviews by Mail" from time to time, in the "Bookman." If our readers have any special questions that they would like to incorporate in our twenty, we would be glad to receive them (with suggestions!) if they want to get into the game.—K.K.B.

The Geese Fly South. By Mary Bourn. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $1.75.

One of these tales tinctured with mystery, in which the reader must keep his wits about him, in order to make sure of the elusive extras that filter like sunlight through the fretwork of some graceful writing. The author is not going to take everybody in to her confidence! A good romance, with an unusual picture of growing insanity, from its first flighty stages to its splendid moment of self-destruction, in which it washes itself clean of all wrong, in the restless and forgiving sea.

The Book of the Black Bass. By James A. Hensall. Toronto: S. B. Gundy (Stewart Kidd). $4.50.

This is an angler's book, written by that Grand Old Man of fishing, who has earned the right to be called "the Father of the Black Bass." It is carefully re-written from his older works, so that it may virtually be said to be a new book and surely contains everything that there is to be known about the fish that is said to be, "pound for pound and inch for inch, the gamest fish that grows." It is profusely illustrated in black and white, as well as with some special line drawings, photographs and excellent pictures in color.

Some of the New Books

In Brief Review.

The City of Lilies. By Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes. Toronto: F. D. Goodchild Co. $2.00.

This is not a satisfactory book from a reviewer's point of view. Due to the fact that it is the product of the joint labors of two popular writers, Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes, it lacks the interest of the author's personality. The art of Anthony Pryde is evident in almost every chapter and readers of his previous works, "Jenny Essenden," "Marqueray's Duel," and "An Ordeal of Honor," will recognize the hand of the master-craftsman in many of the thrilling situations with which the story abounds.

"The City of Lilies," Neuberg, a modern principality, is the scene of the story. It is a bilingual community, the inhabitants speaking both French and German, while the nobler families were Austrian by extraction. The reader will be puzzled in any attempt to locate Neuberg. The story is post-war, and the little principality, according to the authors, maintained a neutral position during the Great War. But for certain modern touches, the story is medieval, the tyrant Prince Heinrich with a penchant for chopping off heads, the pageantry, etc., all being of a bygone age. It is a return to the "Prisoner of Zenda" type, but it lacks reality. Never for a moment can the reader imagine that the characters were real men and women. They are mere stage puppets, created solely to entertain those who delight in thrilling situations. The book was clearly written with no psychological or ethical motive, but merely to amuse. The work, however, is vigorously done and the interest of the reader is kept up from the first page to the last.—T. G. M.

The Three Impostors. By Arthur Machen. Toronto: Macmillan. $2.50.

The author of "The Hill of Dreams" has written a real thriller—the mystery of the "Little People," of gruesome crimes in Blue Rock Park, of a man who was transformed into an indescribable object. In one of the adventures the plot centres about the "Gold Tiberious" drawing men and women into an awful net from which there was no receding. The adventures are told somewhat in the manner of Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." Besides the series of adventures under the title of "The Three Impostors," the book contains "The Red Hand," occupying the last fifty pages of the volume.

La Ville Aux Clochers Dans La Verdure; The City of Green Spires. By Victor Morin, LL.D. Montreal: La Patrie, Ltd..

This is a most interesting historical sketch of Montreal in French and English, published on the occasion of the recent general convention of the Knights of Columbus, to convey to the visitors an idea of the heroic and fruitful deeds of the founders of the country.

"How numerous yet are the English Canadians who believe that until Wolfe came this country was just a barren land enslaved by priestcraft! What a large proportion of our children heedlessly learn at school the ups and downs of our struggles, without pondering over the providential destinies of a race founded by a few farmers! How many business men, hastening in the chase of stock values or the signature of trade orders, have never stopped to think that the sky-scraper wherein they rush is built upon land imbibed with bloodshed by the founders of their families. It is with a view of reminding these facts to the people of our times, of inviting them to raise their hats before a spot consecrated by heroism, that we have rapidly sketched the striking deeds of our noble history."

The great fund of historical interest crowded into sixty pages makes this an interesting and valuable contribution to Canadiana worthy of reissue in cloth binding.

Oliver October. By George Barr McCutcheon. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Mr. McCutcheon always has a good story to tell, whether of the romantic little courts in imaginary corners of Europe, or of the industrial struggles of America. His latest book is no exception to the rule. He traces the effect of gypsy prophecy on credulous minds and evolves a very good type of modern young man, who wins through to love, money and renown after enough nagging and overseeing on the part of well-meaning friends to have excused six murders and half a dozen breach of promise cases. The author's usual clientele will be pleased. Others will find that he has developed a subtle strain of irony, from writing with his tongue in his cheek.

Time is Whispering. By Elizabeth Robins. Hodder and Stoughton. $2.00.

This book has been carelessly catalogued as "the love-story of an elderly couple." But it is a great deal more than that. It is a masterly exposition of life through the eyes of a mature woman. The author comprehends, as few people do, the desire of the woman past middle life, for the happiness that comes from comradely work; the lasting comfort of a world that is no longer lonely; the possibility of balanced "sharing"; how, more than devotion, or admiration, or attention, dear as these things must remain to one part of her, is the knowledge that she is necessary, **intellectually,** to the man who has captured her mentality as well as that overworked, lacerated, leather thing, her heart!

Judith Lathom settles down "unbeknownst like" to Sir Henry Ellerton as one of his tenants, during his absence on war work. And when peace comes he hates the thought of her! Because she is a woman whose perceptions are heightened by mature love, she brings something beautiful for both, to fruition. The interlude of Anna, as well as Judith's relation with Bobbie, are extraordinarily well done. Judith's love for Sir Henry's daughter and his growing satisfaction in Judith's son, are two of the best things in the book. The author's poignant appreciation of woman's greatest personal handicap—her lack of lasting satisfaction, because of her idealism and constant imagining forward, as well as her pathetic and immense power of weaving joy from broken strands and common things, prove the perception and artistry of Miss Robins, who thinks as fearlessly and as delicately, as she writes.

Old Offenders, and a Few Old Scores. By E. W. Hornung. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Cricketers will enjoy the latter half of this book, with its deep knowledge and delightful expression of the great game. Mere story-readers will get some genuine thrills from the tales of which the greater part of it is composed, for these are told with a remarkable sense of vivid narrative and an agile use of the right phrase to limn an arresting picture. "The Saloon Passenger," "The Larrikin of Diamond Creek," and "The Jackaroo of G. Block," are as clear cut as cameos.

Sudden Love. By Benjamin Swift. Thos. Nelson and Sons, Ltd. $2.00.

They were French, and so they looked at it differently, that perfectly natural but overwhelming "love at first sight" that overcame the young Englishman as soon as ever he set eyes on Mlle. Miannay, a love that later enveloped the girl herself. It swept them from their moorings, but they kept their heads! One cannot blame either of them, they are so appealingly real and delightful! A rather unusual story, staged with an uncommon setting.

The Diary of Nellie Ptaschkina. Translated from the Russian by Pauline de Chary. Thos. Nelson and Sons, Ltd. $2.25.

It is hard to decide whether the unusual development of this child (she was just past seventeen when she came to her death among the Swiss mountains), is due to the troublous times in which she lived, or to the older outlook of the Slav races, whose atmosphere is so different, intellectually, from ours. That Nellie is unusual, even for a Russian girl, is easily recognized, in spite of the rather pathetic flashes of childhood here and there in the strange pages that show such exotic development. "The little creature, a bundle of nerves, all strained attention, seated on a pile of stone, surrounded by eternity, listening quietly—more

quietly—to the breathing of Nature." Or again, "It is all before me. I am only sixteen, everything will be mine!" All life to try and test! But not in this world, O ardent spirit. How one hopes it is as interesting, and perhaps happier for her, where she has gone! Her really extraordinary trait is her perception and expression of the ordinary lives that survive crises and go to make up history. Interesting reading.

The Great Moment. By Elinor Glyn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Toronto: The American News Co., Ltd. $2.00.

Here is a new kind of Elinor Glyn novel, a dramatic story and full of action, with a clean-cut young American as the hero. It may be depended upon to please the large army of readers who have so assiduously devoured previous books by this author who has, on more than one occasion, been represented among the "six best sellers." It will be interesting to see whether the publishers' prognostications of a success like that of "Three Weeks" will attend "The Great Moment."

Canadian Commercial Correspondence. By H. J. Russell. Toronto: Macmillan's. $1.50.

This is a new and enlarged edition of a work that has won a place as an important text-book on this subject. It treats exhaustively upon the subject of business letter writing, with hundreds of specimens of letters and paragraphs.

Chambers Cyclopaedia of English Literature. Edited by David Patrick, LL.D. Toronto: McAinsh & Co. (3 vols.).

This is a noteworthy literary achievement, a veritable key to the golden treasury of English books. In carrying out the aim to give a conspectus of English literature by means of extracts from the most memorable authors set in a biographical and critical history of the work itself. Besides embracing the priceless gems of English literature the three volumes introduce the reader to all the great masters of our mother tongue along with a masterly dissertation on the outstanding qualities of their works.

"After Forty-eight Years" is the title of a booklet by Albert A. E. Smythe, president of the Toronto Theosophical Society, presenting some reflections on Theosophy in Canada.

CHURCH UNION IN CANADA.

While the fight about Church Union has been disposed of so far as concerns the chief governing bodies of all of the three Canadian churches involved in the movement, it is by no means finished. There is every prospect that a conflict to the death will be waged in Parliament and in all those political circles where the action of Parliament can be influenced, over the legislation which will be necessary before the three churches can be legally merged into one body. The participants in this conflict will experience the need of a compact record of all the important pronouncements and decisions leading up to the present situation, and this they will find in the volume, "Church Union in Canada: Its History, Motives, Doctrine and Government," by E. Lloyd Morrow (Thomas Allen, Toronto, $3). While the conflict is confined practically to one of the affected churches, Mr. Morrow has not limited his record to the proceedings of that one church, nor indeed to those of the three churches, for he includes the Baptist pronouncements against Union and a review of the somewhat diversified attitudes of different elements in the Canadian Church of England. His collection of documents is therefore about as complete as could be expected, and must prove invaluable to all students of the movement and its present problems. A small portion of the book, however, is devoted to a strongly partisan argument against Presbyterian participation in the Union; and while Mr. Morrow is perfectly entitled to express his views on the subject and does so with much moderation and good faith, it is impossible not to regret the fact that he has elected to do so in this particular book. For this circumstance will inevitably lead to a suspicion (not however justified so far as we have been able to find in a fairly careful survey), that his partisan feelings may have influenced him in the selection and arrangement of the purely historical matter. To those outside of the Union movement in its present scope the book can hardly fail to be intensely interesting, if for no other reason than its clear presentation of the enormous difficulties that attend any effort to break down the separations, crystallized and hardened by the action of centuries, between different religious organisms, even though they recognize one another's Chrisianity.

ENCOURAGEMENT!

Mille Roches, Point Au Pic, P.Q.,
August 2, 1923.

Findlay I. Weaver, Esq.,
The "Canadian Bookman,"
Toronto.

I am not so familiar with the "Canadian Bookman" as I should be. When a recent issue with an exceedingly handsome reference to "A Fisherman's Creed," fell into my hands, I was surprised and pleased to find what a creditable and useful production it had become under your editorship.

Perhaps you will allow me to say so and to congratulate you.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. BLAKE.

From Lloyd Roberts, Ottawa:

"May I congratulate you on the good work you are doing. We certainly need a Bookman—whether we deserve it or not I suppose depends upon our willingness to deserve it."

From Stella Brunt, Hamilton:

"It seems to me that anyone and everyone who believes in the possibility of a noteworthy Canadian literature, either imminent or in the uncertain future, should support those magazines which have this belief as their reason for being. Here's hoping that the voice of the "Canadian Bookman" may keep on growing in strength, and fineness, and in carrying power!"

HISTORY OF TORONTO.

Considerable interest attaches to the appearance of "The Municipality of Toronto: a History," in three volumes, the work of Jesse Edgar Middleton, with the co-operation of a group of special writers. It presents the history of Toronto from the time, just a little over a century ago, when the site of the present metropolis, was an unbroken wilderness. The purpose of this work is to unfold the romantic story of the building of Toronto. The care which has been exerted in the task and the graphic style of the narrative makes it a most valuable contribution to Canadian historical literature. One portion is virtually a history of the Province of Ontario with a great deal of space devoted to the War of 1812 and the Rebellion of 1837.

A Group of Noted Authors With New Books This Season

Joseph Hergesheimer

J. S. Fletcher

Floyd Dell

Carl von Vechten

Willa Cather

The White Flag. By Gene Stratton Porter. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

By nature books and novels, Gene Stratton Porter has made a well deserved name for herself, a special place in American literature, and won thousands—possibly millions—of friends. "Her Father's Daughter" was a magnificent piece of work, carrying its story-interest unimpaired to the end, as well as excellent subtle propaganda in regard to the Yellow Menace on the Coast and the cleverest and most gorgeous advertising for California as a country, that could well be pressed within the covers of a single book. But her latest publication will surely prove a great disappointment to many of her admirers. The characterization, the clear-cut phrase, the really brilliant work, are all there. And she illustrates and proves again her beloved and splendid theory that woman's belief in herself and her works, down (or up!) to the powder on her nose, have the power to remake and recover a broken life. But the theme itself is so morbid, so fantastic, so cruel, and so spoiled by the clumsy and obvious effects of retribution and readjustment, with which it ends, that its lesson, its power, and its intermittent beauty, are all thrown into shadow.

A BOOK OF CANADIAN PROSE AND VERSE.

With the view of presenting in a single volume of usable size a representative selection of Canadian prose and poetry and in so doing illustrate Canadian history and the varied aspects of Canadian life, Edmund Kemper Broadus and Eleanor Hammond Broadus have compiled "A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse," which the Macmillans are publishing.

The editors have sought to make a representative selection of Canadian poems of genuine worth which reflect the love of country or of empire; which relate to Canadian history; or which depict Canadian life and the Canadian landscape. To the poems in English have been added a number of examples of the works of Louis Frechette. To do justice to the variety and excellence of French-Canadian literature is obviously impossible in a book of this size; but these selections from the work of the greatest of French-Canadian poets may at least pave the way to a better realization, on the part of English-speaking readers, of the notable work that is being done by their French-Canadian fellow-countrymen.

The prose sections include "The Nation Builders," with examples of speeches of Canadian statesmen having a cogency of argument, a finish of style and a natural eloquence justifying recognition as literature.

In the sections devoted to "The Past," and "The Future," the novel has been, wherever possible, used as the medium of expression.

THE GLORY OF THE PHARAOHS.

In last month's "Bookman," in connection with the rhymed review of Arthur Weigall's book, "The Glory of the Pharaohs," the name of the publishers was incorrectly given as Longmans, Green & Co., whereas this is a publication of Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., Toronto.

"Ambling Through Acadia"

A Review by T. G. Marquis.

The Century Co. had a happy inspiration when it decided to send Mr. Charles Hanson Towne to Nova Scotia to do for the land of the Acadians what he had already done for Long Island. "Ambling Through Acadia" is in every way a delightful book. Mr. Towne left New York, his imagination full of the scent of the apple-blossoms of the Annapolis valley, left it with that sort of regret that all city-dwellers feel in breaking away from the busy, bustling, thundering human hive that they call home. His description of New York and his attitude towards city life, given in the first chapter, is one of the most admirable touches in the book. To him there was "a stern loveliness about those commercial buildings, a hard, compelling beauty that cannot be denied," and he had "always pitied those who fail to read the wonder of blundering, groping cities, with their message of human endeavor and dream."

But New York was soon forgotten. He was "following the spring north, free as those birds that swing through the air; and always there came the thought and dream of white orchards" awaiting him, "up there in the rich Annapolis valley." He reached Nova Scotia in no critical mood, but with an open mind and a spirit ready to be delighted with everything he saw, and every person he met. The farms smiling from the hillsides, the rude fishing villages, the patient oxen drawing the lumbering wagons, the flea-infested dogs, and the ragged urchins, all delighted his heart and he compels the reader to enjoy them to the full with him.

He was attracted most by the fishermen, some of whom along the shore are as handsome as cardinals, and quite as dignified; and all have the eyes of dreamers—that indescribable peace on their countenances which you do not see in city-bred folk. They have searched the long leagues of the sea, looked out to the far horizon, peered through fog and rain, and seem, themselves, to have become part of the very elements. They have that simplicity which seems to me the beginning of all wisdom."

The writer is at his best—and he is always charming—when dealing with the beauty of the apple-orchards. It was to see them that he had left New York and when they burst upon him he does them full justice.

"It was like finding oneself suddenly in a cloud of bloom. What drifts of wonder enveloped us! It is a strange and beautiful sensation to be in so deep an orchard that one cannot see where it begins or ends—something like sailing on a pink and white ocean of tenuous blossoms, with no coast-line to tell just when the journey will be over. All around us that magical purity, that glory of color and dream. It was as if we wandered in a fairy-tale, the world well lost. What drifts of beauty, what Niagaras of wonder poured their radiance upon us, and through the pink-white blossoms we could see shafts of sunlight falling; and now and then a flake of loveliness fell upon us, as though a star had lightly touched us on the shoulder. Oh, those clean blossoms! To be so magically among them, to have them over us, like clouds and drifts of snow, making a very heaven of the good earth."

The reader is filled with a longing to see this loveliness, this magic beauty for himself, and "Ambling Through Acadia" will doubtless be the cause of sending hundreds of visitors to this land of beauty which "makes you pay no heed to time."

Nova Scotia is rich in history, but Mr. Towne is so full of the country and its people that he gives little thought to its romantic and tragic part. Annapolis Royal with its old fort stirs up historical memories for a moment, and the land of Evangeline calls forth a somewhat lengthy historical aside. One is loath to be critical of a book which has so much charm. But when will American writers get sound judgment with regard to Longfellow's myth of Evangeline? According to Mr. Towne, the expulsion of the Acadians was brought about "because political despots bade them conform to British customs."

A crude and misleading way of putting it! The author forgets to add that among these simple Acadians were men who were aiding and abetting the enemies of England and encouraging the Micmac assassins. The exile was cruel in conception and brutal in execution, but American writers should not forget that it was brought about largely by the instigation of such New Englanders as Shirley, and that it was carried out mainly by New England troops, the Obadiahs and Jeremiahs who delighted in smiting these Philistines hip and thigh—and incidentally sharing in their rich lands and flocks.

However, Mr. Towne's outburst against brutal British rule is soon forgotten. It is concealed beneath the "white glory" of the "opulent orchards."

The volume abounds in exquisite black and white drawings by Mr. W. Emerton Heitland, who accompanied Mr. Towne in his summer rambles.

Ambling Through Acadia. Toronto: F. D. Goodchild. $2.50.

Canadian Authors Association Section

Published under the direction of the Central Executive Committee of the Canadian Authors Association.

Benjamin Sulte

IT is difficult to adjust oneself to an Ottawa in which there is no longer a Benjamin Sulte, and it would be much more difficult but for the fact that for a good many months past his familiar figure has been absent from the streets. Up to a comparatively short time ago he apparently enjoyed the best of health. Indeed, his bright eyes, rosy cheeks and alert bearing were a standing reproach to those of us who had much the advantage of him in years, but felt that he alone had kept the perennial spirit of youth. One finds it difficult to realize that had he lived to September he would have been 82 years of age.

In his death Canada has lost a poet of merit, and an historian who stood pre-eminent in the particular field that he had made his own. To those of us who were proud to count him as a friend, the loss is much more poignant. Benjamin Sulte, like all other men, had his faults as well as his virtues, but it was impossible to know him without liking him. His enthusiasm was infectious, and his good spirits acted like a tonic on those of us whose natures were more phlegmatic. With those who were engaged in historical work, he was the most unselfish of friends. His knowledge, the fruit of years of tireless research, was always at the disposal of those who needed it. It never occurred to him for a moment to withhold from other students information that it had cost him much labor to acquire, and that he could use in his own work. Indeed, it gave him as much, if not more pleasure, to dig up facts that you needed than to secure them for his own use.

He had the happy faculty of writing and speaking with almost equal facility in English and French. It was no uncommon thing for him to read a paper in French before Section I of the Royal Society, and follow it with one in English before Section II. His intimate notes, written in his very neat handwriting on odd scraps of paper, were delightful examples of the possibilities of bilingualism. I have before me a characteristic specimen:

"Mon cher Burpee. You are quite right. J'ai dit et j'ai écrit que la guerre avait été déclarée par les Etats-Unis à l'instigation de l'empereur des Français. You will find confirmation of this in the last 12 lines on page 151. Voyez aussi le bas de la page 16. Lucas a raison de dire, page 17, que les Etats-Unis auraient gardé le Canada pour eux-mêmes s'ils avaient pu le prendre. There is no doubt about it at all. For the French Party see foot of page 22. B.S."

It always seemed to me that Benjamin Sulte was a wonderful illustration of the vital importance of every man having a hobby or some engrossing occupation that stood absolutely apart from that which represented his daily bread. Here in Ottawa one has so many saddening examples of the fate of a man who has no such resource to fall back upon. For years his mind has been given entirely to the problems and details of his official work. Finally he retires. One finds him wandering about the town disconsolately for a year or two, or loafing aimlessly about his home. Then he is gone. There was nothing left for him to do in the world, and he quietly dropped out of it.

There was nothing of this kind in the life of Sulte. I remember very well the day he came into my office with the news that he had at last been superannuated. He roared the news to me as he opened the door, and almost danced a jig as he threw his hat into a chair. Superannuation for him meant unlimited leisure to devote to historical research. Plans that he had dreamed of unavailingly for years could now be realized. Instead of odd moments, he had the entire day to map out as he might choose, among his books and notes. No man, I verily believe, got more supreme satisfaction from life than Benjamin Sulte, when a more or less grateful country told him that he had done his fair share of government work, that for the remainder of his years he would be paid an annual amount quite sufficient for his simple needs, and that he was henceforth his own master, to go and come as he liked, and to do whatever he pleased, within the law.

We shall miss Benjamin Sulte, as historian and poet, as a good Canadian, as a man of sound judgment and broad vision, as a delightful companion and a generous-hearted and loyal friend, but we must feel that he, if any man, had earned his rest. His life was in every sense a full one. He served his country long and loyally in the public service, and even more effectively as a scholar and a man of letters. He has left behind him a name that will be remembered as synonymous with faithful and indomitable labor and fine achievement.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

CANADA'S TRIBUTE TO PARKMAN.

ALTHOUGH Francis Parkman was an American, the centenary of his birth, which falls in this month of September, is perhaps a more significant occasion to Canada than to his own country, for Parkman, though he was not a Canadian, was the greatest historian of early Canada.

What that other brilliant American historian, Wm. H. Prescott, did for Mexico and Peru, Francis Parkman did for the history of New France. Both, too, labored under serious physical handicaps. Parkman's health failed him at the very beginning of his great undertaking, but with fine courage he rose above the pain and physical disability, economized his meagre strength, and brought to a triumphant conclusion his great life work.

Parkman is one of the most notable examples of the historian who combines scholarship and good judgment with a clear and fascinating style. That type of historian is a rare phenomenon. Everything that he wrote was based upon most painstaking research. He never took any other man's word for an historical fact, but dug down to the original sources. He built his work upon a firm foundation, but the flow of his narrative is so smooth and effective that the reader is quite unconscious of the minute study of detail that lies behind it. Parkman was in no sense a partisan. While everyone has not in the past, and never will, agree with all his conclusions, there is no question that he honestly attempted at all times to do full justice to both sides when dealing with any controversial question.

He brought home to Canadians, no less than to the outside world, the fact that the history of early Canada was one long story of romantic adventure and achievement, the romance of discovery, of pathfinding, of the Indian missions, of the Colonial and Indian wars, of the western fur trade, of pioneer settlement. It is not at all too much to say that even to-day, a hundred years after Parkman's birth, and thirty years after his death, he remains supreme as the historian of New France.

If Canada had no other reason to be grateful to her big neighbor to the south, she at least owes a debt of gratitude to the country that gave birth to Francis Parkman. It is, therefore, eminently fitting that Canada should take the lead in honoring the memory of the New England historian of New France, and she is doing so. A National Committee has been organized, of which Sir Arthur Currie, Principal of McGill University, is Chairman, and Lawrence J. Burpee, President of the Canadian Historical Association, is Secretary, to make arrangements for a fitting celebration.

The committee is one of the most representative that has ever been brought together in the Dominion. It includes the Prime Minister of Canada and the Leader of the Opposition, the Premiers of the Provinces, repre-

sentatives of all the Canadian universities and learned societies, the Dominion and Provincial Archivists, members of such special bodies as the National Battlefields Commission, the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, and the Historic Monuments Commission of Quebec, as well as men prominent in the public and business life of the country like Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, President Beatty of the C.P.R., Sir William Price of Quebec, Sir Lomer Gouin, Senator McLennan, R. W. Reford and Sir Edmund Walker.

The committee has arranged to have a big public meeting in Montreal on November 13th, at which the speakers will be His Excellency, J. J. Jusserand, French Ambassador to the United States; Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard University, and Dr. C. W. Colby, formerly Professor of History at McGill University. It was thought peculiarly fitting that the Ambassador of France to the United States should be the principal speaker at a meeting to honor the memory of the American historian of New France. Mr. Jusserand is not only an eminent statesman and a brilliant speaker in both French and English, but he has taken a very keen interest in all that relates to the early history of Canada. Bliss Perry was editor of the Atlantic Monthly for ten years, and Professor of English at Williams College, 1886-93, at Princeton, 1893-1900, and at Harvard since 1907. He was Harvard lecturer at the University of Paris in 1909-10. He is the author of a number of delightful studies of American and English literature and has also made some notable contributions to the field of fiction. One who is himself a scholar and speaker of international reputation has described Dr. Perry as "one of the best speakers I have ever heard." Dr. Colby was Kingsford Professor of History at McGill University for fifteen years, and is the author of "The Sources of History," "Canadian Types of the Old Regime," and other studies in early Canadian history.

The Parkman Committee is also considering plans for something in the nature of a permanent Canadian memorial to Francis Parkman, particulars of which will be announced at a later date. Among the suggestions that have been put before the Committee are Research Scholarships in Canadian History, a Chair of Canadian History at one of the universities, and an appropriate monument at the capital or one of the Canadian cities associated with Parkman's historical work.

POUNDS STERLING AND STERLING FAME IN COMPETITION.

A LETTER from London to the National Secretary announces an important competition for prizes. The George G. Harrap Company, 39-41 Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C., is the convener in this gathering of manuscripts.

What the terms are?

Just read this:

1. Manuscripts must be submitted not later than Jan. 31st, 1924; they must contain not less than 70,000 words, and should comprise not more than 120,000 words.

2. Six of the novels submitted will be published simultaneously not later than Aug. 14, 1924.

3. The selection will be made by competent advisers.

4. The Authors of the six novels finally chosen will be informed of their success immediately after the selection has been determined. It will be a condition of the Competition that the said Publishers will be free to publish later in the year on the terms hereinafter set forth, others of the novels submitted, but these further novels will not be entitled to compete for the Prizes offered in paragraph 8.

5. The following royalties will be paid:

(a) Twelve-and-a-half per cent. on all copies sold in Great Britain, of the ordinary edition published at 7s. 6d. net (or at such other price as shall conform to the conditions obtaining in the fiction market from time to time).

(b) 3d. per copy on all copies of this ordinary edition sold in the Colonies (excluding Canada).

(c) Ten per cent. on the published prices of subsequent cheap editions published in Great Britain at 3s. 6d. upward.

(d) 2d. per copy on all copies of such cheap editions (c) sold in the Colonies (excluding Canada).

(e) 2d. per copy on cheap editions published in Great Britain at 2s. 6d., and less in proportion on cheap editions published at less than 2s. 6d.

(f) Two-thirds of these royalties on sales of these editions (e) in the Colonies (excluding Canada).

6. Every effort will be made to place the novels with American publishers (whose markets would be the U.S.A. and Canada) and the Authors will share equally with the said Publishers in royalties received from sales in these territories when the books are printed there. Should American publishers purchase sheets, the Authors will receive 10 per cent. of the price paid for such. The Authors agree to accept the arrangements made by the said Publishers for publication of the novels in America.

7. The said Publishers will be authorized to conclude arrangements for serializing and filming the said novels, and the Authors will agree to accept the said arrangements on the following terms:

(a) In the event of Serial rights being sold, the Authors will receive 60 per cent. of the proceeds.

(b) In the event of Film rights being sold, the Authors will receive 75 per cent. of the proceeds.

8. Twelve months after first publication, the following prizes will be awarded:—

(a) £250 to the Author of the novel of the six that has the largest sale throughout the British Empire (excluding Canada).

(b) £100 to the Author of the novel that has had the next largest sale in the same territory.

9. Competitors are to agree that in the event of the acceptance of their manuscripts for publication on the terms herein set out, they will make the first offer of their next two novels to the said Publishers on a royalty of 15 per cent. of all copies of the ordinary edition sold in Great Britain (Para. 5. Clause a), other royalties to be the same as herein provided.

10. Competitors who submit manuscripts agree to abide by the decisions of the said Publishers in all details, and in the event of their novels being chosen for publication to execute contracts embodying the terms set out above. Each manuscript submitted must be typewritten and clearly marked "Prize Competition" on the first page of the manuscript, and the latter shall be accompanied by a covering letter in which the competitor acknowledges having read the conditions and signifies acceptance of them. The names and addresses of competitors must be clearly written on the firsit page, and stamps must be sent for the return of manuscripts which are not accepted.

11. While every reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts the Publishers do not accept liability or responsibility for their safety, either in transit, or while in the hands of the reader, or on the Publishers' premises.

LEST YOU FORGET.

Correspondence pertaining to the Association should be addressed to Box 355, Ottawa. Otherwise, delays may occur in acknowledgements. A letter containing money came to the Head Office, the other day, after fifteen days of route. It had been sent to Mr. A....., care of Mr. B..... Now, Mr. B..... had moved his offices, and it took some time to locate him. Then Mr. B..... had to call Mr. A....., who was not for the moment in our sacred town. Finally, everything was smoothed over by lots of tramway expense, and a greater loss of time.

Box 355 is visited twice daily. You can be sure that chocolates, gloves and other typewriter supplies, will be delivered promptly if they are properly addressed.

THE BOOK WEEK.

Some members are opposed to it. The majority favors the proposal. The Book Week means something more than mere advertising. It means that there must be an awakening of the national spirit in Canada, and that this awakening will best be promoted by looking into Canadian literature. Agreeable surprises await those who will read Canadian books without prejudice. Remember that the Week is probably to be held from Monday, November 19, to Saturday, November 25. Think of it just now, so that you may be ready when the Fall season opens in your Branch.

MEMBERS AT WORK.

IT is quite natural that the Association should record compliments as well as rebukes. A circular recently issued by the editors of "Master-Works of Canadian Authors" says this:

"It has been felt by many who are interested in the progress of Canadian letters, that our own authors have been too long neglected. . . The Canadian Authors' Association, organized two years ago in Montreal, has done much to inspire a new and keener interest in native literary achievement, and recently courses in Canadian literature have been established by several of our most progressive universities and colleges."

Interest is found in this circular of the Radisson Society of Canada, publishers of the "Master-Works." Out of twenty-two writers who will contribute introductions to the twenty-five volumes of Canadian literature contained in the collection of "Master-Works," nineteen are members of the Association. They are, as they come on the list: Agnes C. Laut, Arthur Heming, Prof. G. M. Wrong, Sir John Willison, Mazo de la Roche, Lawrence J. Burpee, Stephen Leacock, John D. Logan, Prof. Archibald MacMechan, William L. Grant, Robert Norwood, W. D. Lighthall, John W. Garvin, George Iles, Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Andrew MacPhail, J. Castell Hopkins, and Jules Tremblay.

Among the illustrators named, three out of five are members of the C.A.A.: Arthur Heming, C. W. Jefferys, and Estelle Kerr.

Mr. John W. Garvin, of the Toronto Branch, is the editor of the collection.

* * *

The President of the Ottawa Branch, Mrs. Madge Macbeth, returned a few days ago from an extended trip up North. She took part in the Hiawatha Pageant at the Sault. Later she hooked up some terrible fish stories in the new Bungalow Camps established by the C.P.R. at French River, Nipigon, and the Lake of the Woods. That was the same trip taken by the Prince of Wales a few years ago. The campers enjoyed the services of the princely cook, of several of the princely guides, and took, or caught, the same princely fishes, or some of the same kind, at any rate. Mrs. Macbeth did not claim to have taken that 45-pound muskalonge. It now weighs only ten pounds.

* * *

Our National President has been roaming in the farthest West and North, getting material for another Apsley Hall dinner, so that Mr. Buckley can exert the criticism courteous of his cunning.

THE READING OF CANADIANS.

THE Ottawa "Evening Citizen," published the following editorial on August 30:

"WHAT WE READ."

"A Canadian writer who signs himself G. H. L., has been expressing some interesting views in the pages of the weekly 'Westminster Gazette,' the well known London Liberal newspaper, on the subject of what Canadians read. He points out that Britishers have reason to be acquainted with the spirit of Canada in times of stress, but that they are not so fully informed as to Canada's spirit in peace. He essays to indicate on general lines what sort of literature we in this country read.

"G. H. L. believes the organization of the Canadian Authors Association and the book weeks it arranged resulted not only in the recognizing and supporting of literature made in Canada, but of literature in general, and the place of the book in the life of a people. 'Already our literature has been enriched,' he says, 'and the quality improved.' Another powerful influence has been the public library, through which books of British origin come to this country. He mentions the case of one library in Canada which for eight years has purchased on an average 9,000 books annually from England. The libraries have stimulated reading and created a demand for certain authors, Archibald Marshall, who was unknown until the library got his books, being given as an example.

"We are ever on the lookout for English fiction of special merit," says our author, adding that Dickens and Kipling are perhaps the most popular of the so-called standard authors. Coming to instances of what we read in the way of periodical literature, G. H. L. states that the American illustrated magazines, especially the 'Literary Digest,' the 'Saturday Evening Post,' the 'National Geographic,' 'Harper's,' 'Scribner's,' the 'Century,' 'World's Work' and the 'Atlantic' are largely circulated with us. As with periodicals, so do we patronize America in the matter of books.

"The list of magazines given above may be the most popular in G. H. L.'s circle, but with perhaps two exceptions, there are other United States magazines which in Ottawa have ten times the circulation that those he names have. And he overlooks to mention the Canadian university monthlies and quarterlies, which to-day are publishing by far the most important stuff that is being written in Canada to-day, even though much of it is hemmed about by academic conventions. But with G. H. L.'s conclusion that the best way to offset the tendency to 'Americanization,' which is a 'bogey', is to develop within our own borders a confidence in our own ability as a nation to produce worth-while literature, all will agree."

Birthday Honors For the Quick and the Dead

Quotations From Their Own Works.

SEPTEMBER is one of the few months that can claim the distinction of never having been a bone of contention between those old Roman Emperors who could never allow each other to have a quiet day, but were always tossing them back and forward over the calendar!

This loveliest of months is a busy birthplace for celebrities.

Sept. 7th. Samuel Johnson:—

"Dictionaries are like Watches: the worst is better than none and the best cannot be expected to go quite true."

Sept. 11th. James Thomson:—

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"

Sept. 14th. Marjorie Lowrey Christie Pickthall:—

"Clear, O Clear my dreams should be,
Of emerald light, and amber shade."

Fame came to her earlier in life than to most poets, though a fuller meed of appreciation was hers when her short life came to its early end, because with a wider public, comes wider appreciation.

Her first poems were published (when she was seventeen) in the Young People's Corner of the Toronto "Mail and Empire," and quickly attracted unusual attention. From that time onward, success attended her.

She was born in Canada of English parents, and educated at Bishop Strachan School. Hers was a quiet personality and she blew no trumpet for herself. Several volumes of verse, two novels, and a posthumous book of short stories, are her legacy to Canadian literature, to which her early death was an irreparable loss. A special "Memorial volume" of Marjorie Pickthall, edited by Helena Coleman, is just off the press.

Sept. 21st. Charles Mair:—

"Here Peace has let her silvery tresses down,
And falls asleep beside the lapping wave."

C. M. may almost be called the first of "Canadian" poets, his first volume having been published the year after Confederation. The poems in "Dreamland" deal with Canadian Nature and certainly originated that school of verse, so far as this country is concerned.

He was born in Lanark, Ont., of Scotch parents, in 1838, educated at Perth Grammar School and Kingston University. He commenced to study medicine, but being called upon for parliamentary work of a legal and historical nature, he was led to other paths. The Canadian Government sent him to the North West, and his journalistic correspondence had a tremendous influence on western immigration. He was imprisoned in the first Riel Rebellion and, though he escaped with his life, he lost many valuable manuscripts and papers which he was revising and preparing for publication which he could never replace.

Later, when living at Windsor, he produced his great drama, "Tecumseh." He served during the second Riel Rebellion and later, settling in the Okanagan, became one of the founders of Kelowna, B. C. His collected poems, "Tecumseh," "The Last Bison," etc., appeared in 1901 and in 1908 an important prose work, "Through the Mackenzie Basin."

In relation to "The Last Bison," it is interesting to note that several hundred of the Government herd of these animals have been destined for slaughter, as there is not room for their rapidly increasing numbers!

Sept. 25th. Felicia D. Hemans:—

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers, to wither at the north-wind's breath
And stars to set: but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,
O Death!

A BRITISHER'S OPINION ON CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

THE Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers (England), Mr. G. Herbert Thring, contributed a very interesting letter to the Literary Supplement of the London Times, June 28, 1923 (page 440, first column). Here is the text of it:

* * *

Sir,—It has been considered the duty of a Government when dealing with the intellectual output of its country (that is, with the work of the author—when the term author is used in its widest sense) first to foster the literature and art of its own citizens by giving them the widest possible protection; and, secondly, to assist the spread of knowledge by giving as wide a protection to the producers of intellectual property in other countries.

The Canadian Government has just passed a small Act to amend the Copyright Act of 1921; it will be remembered that the Act of 1921 was passed with a view to join the Berne Convention, but its proclamation by the Governor-General in Council was delayed to allow the Government to ascertain whether the terms were such as would be approved by the authorities at Berne, and in the hope that the United States Government, which has been trying for years to find a way in the Berne Convention, would propose new legislation to do away with its typesetting clauses and thus save Canada from passing any retaliatory measure.

The United States have not passed any satisfactory legislation. The Canadian Act of 1921 was defective from the international point of view. It still is unproclaimed. The defects of the Act are in certain sections—13, 14, 15, and 27. The following are some of the main points in these unsatisfactory clauses:

First, as regards book production. If the copyright owner fails to print the book in Canada and to supply by means of copies so printed the reasonable demand of the Canadian market then any person can apply for a license:—

1. *Such license, if granted, shall be for a maximum period of five years.*
2. *The licensee is bound to print and to continue printing, and to keep the market supplied.*
3. *The owner of the copyright retains his right to restrain third parties from infringement.*
4. *If the licensee does not fulfil his obligations, the owner may apply to cancel the license.*
5. *The royalties are fixed by the Minister.*

Secondly, as regards serial publication. If the copyright owner has refused to grant a license to a publisher of a periodical, then:—

1. *Any publisher of a periodical can apply for a license.*
2. *The Minister may issue such license.*
3. *The Minister fixes the remuneration.*

These licensing clauses clearly impose a condition on the author's exclusive and absolute right of protection as recognized under the Berne Convention.

Unless the author prints and publishes an edition of his book, he may be deprived of his right, and further may have to place under the control of a Government Department the drafting of contracts and the settlement of the monetary value of his literary property. What can a Government Department know about the clauses that should be inserted in or omitted from this most difficult form of contract? What as to the varying value of the property of each individual author? A's property may be worth £1 per thousand words to-day, and worth £10 per thousand words to-morrow.

Now section 2 of the Amending Act reads as follows:

2. *Sections thirteen, fourteen, fifteen ad twenty-seven of the Copyright Act, 1921, shall not apply to any work the author of which is a British subject, other than a Canadian citizen, or the subject or citizen of a country which has adhered to the Convention and the additional protocol thereto set out in the second Schedule to the said Act.*

and section 5 delays the proclamation of the amending Act to January, 1924.

The second section was hotly debated, but we regret to say without success from the authors' standpoint, with the result that the Canadian Government has declared that it is willing to hamper the output of true Canadian literature and secondly to interfere with the property of the Canadian Author for the benefit of the Canadian printer and to spite the United States.

Is this worthy of the Government of a great country? Is it wise to hinder the growth of the intellectual output which may be the standing glory of the Canadian people through countless ages for the financial benefit, if any, that may possibly accrue to a small section of the present generation?

We can only hope that the delay in the proclamation of the Act to January, 1924, may give the Canadian Government time to reconsider the issues. It is difficult, nay impossible, for any other nation to interfere between a Government and its own citizens.

G. HERBERT THRING.

THE COPYRIGHT COMMITTEE.

For the year 1923-24, the copyright committee of the Association is composed as follows:

Chairman: Robert J. C. Stead, national president of C.A.A.; Mrs. Madge Macbeth, president of Ottawa branch; Arthur Beauchesne, K.C., member Ottawa executive; Lawrence J. Burpee, national treasurer of C.A.A.; Warwick Chipman, K.C., president of Montreal Branch; Louvigny de Montigny, representing the Section francaise in the national executive; John Murray Gibbon, member of national executive, and past-president of the C.A.A.; Dr. Charles Morse, K.C., registrar of the Supreme Court of Canada; Hon. Justice E. Fabre Surveyer, LL.D., Superior Court of the Province of Quebec; Jules Tremblay, national secretary of C.A.A.

* * *

Our copyright legislation strikes not only at Canadian born authors and composers, but reaches the Britishers as well, inasmuch as licensing provisions affect the reproduction of British composers in Canada. Many other points may be taken up by the English Society of Authors, as striking at their own members. The spirit of the Berne Convention is that all unionists must be fully protected in a Union country, or else that country cannot be considered a member of the Union. A most important question is to know whether the revised convention or the Canadian statute will prevail in cases of conflict.

NATIONALIZING FACTS.

The death of Mr. Benjamin Sulte, historian and poet, leaves a galaxy of most important notes on the history of the French Regime in Canada. Some of these are ready for publication. Yet they should be sorted. For the last few years a certain number of them have been published pell-mell. The form in which they came to the reading public is worthless inasmuch as dates of writing and topics are mixed up in a hopeless manner. These notes should be acquired by Canada, or by the Province of Quebec, and produced in a critical and analytical edition that would have some value for students of history. The Association has no desire to enter into polemics about the supposed value of this or that book, but Dr. Sulte's notes are too important to be scattered at random in a form of publication that prevents easy and useful consultation.

Such papers naturally belong to the Archives, whether national or provincial.

* * *

The national treasurer, Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, will address the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society in Montreal during October on "The Beaver Club." He is also booked to speak to the Ottawa Women's Historical Society on "Fur Trader's Better Half," in January.

* * *

The President of the Toronto Branch, Mr. J. E. Middleton, is in receipt of many congratulations from members throughout Canada. His son Arthur received the Gold Medal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. It will be recalled that Middleton Junior played splendidly at the farewell dinner of the last convention.

* * *

Major John Bassett, of the Ottawa Branch, has our sympathy in the demise of his son Avery, who died at St. Patrick, Que., in the last days of August.

PRODUCERS BLAME AUTHORS.

According to one of the big motion picture producers, Rex Beach and Rupert Hughes are about the only well known authors who understand the requirements of the screen. Other authors, he says, should learn the technique of motion picture writing.

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In Flanders Fields: Poet Psychology

By V. B. Rhodenizer.

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS," without doubt the best-known poem of the Great War, when it first appeared in "Punch," December 8, 1915, filled with wonder a war-weary world. There is about the poem, as there is about every work of art, something inexplicable, and yet it is possible to explain, in part at least, why John McCrae, rather than some other, was the author.

To be able to write the poem, the poet must have been deeply impressed by the tragic inevitability of death; by the fact that many die before they have completed a work dear to their hearts; by the idea that the dead are conscious, and anxious about their unfinished work, and that they regard it as the duty of the living to assume the uncompleted task. All of these elements appear in early poems by McCrae.

The deep impression made upon him by the tragic inevitability of death, is shown by the fact that every poem in the volume of collected poems alludes to, or treats directly or indirectly, in figurative or literal language, the subject of death. Nor is this hard to understand. McCrae had a cultural as well as a professional education. He had a tender and loving nature, as is shown by his fondness for dogs and children. As a cultured, sensitive physician, he could not but be impressed by the tragedy of death, especially since it very frequently takes away children.

JOHN McCRAE

The tragedy of unfinished life work, also, had early impressed itself upon McCrae. "A Song of Comfort" (1894), tells the dead not to think with regret of their unfinished tasks. The poem entitled "Unsolved" (1895), has for its theme the uncompleted transformation of a man by love—uncompleted because of the untimely death of the woman. "In Due Season" (1897), also touches the subject of death taking the worker in the midst of his task.

The idea of the conscious dead, the most striking feature of "In Flanders Fields," was an old idea with McCrae. It is implied as early as 1894, in "A Song of Comfort." In "Penance" (1896), the dead lover is in anguish because in life he wronged his sweetheart. In "Disarmament" (1899), the dead British soldiers speak with "silent voice" on the subject of world peace. In "The Unconquered Dead" (1906), the fallen are proudly conscious of victory because, though others fled, they held their "earthen ramparts." After the publication of "In Flanders Fields," McCrae wrote still another poem, "The Anxious Dead," (1917), in which is implied the consciousness of the dead.

From the idea that the dead are conscious, it is easy to pass to the idea that they expect the living to "carry on." Even this step had been taken in the mind of the poet long before he wrote "In Flanders Fields," for "Disarmament" (1899), clearly implies that the dead British soldiers regard world peace as undesirable until living soldiers have completed the work begun by the dead.

The preceding paragraphs show clearly that the raw materials for "In Flanders Fields" had been in McCrae's mind for years before the poem was written. What was needed was the great occasion, the intense stimulus that would inflame his imagination to white heat. This stimulus his sensitive nature found in the soul-stirring experiences of war, and the various elements were fused into an artistic whole.

The form as well as the substance of the poem follows naturally from the poet's previous experience. Sir Andrew Macphail, in his "Essay in Character," appended to the collected poems, points out that the form is one upon which McCrae had worked for years and made his own. When the great moment fused into an artistic whole the material that had long been stored in the poet's mind, it found apt expression in the form upon which he had spent much time. The result is a poem that, however clearly we may see why John McCrae, rather than another, wrote it, still leaves us face to face with the mystery of artistic creation.

A Sheaf of Canadiana

Reviewed by Raymond Knister.

WE are all for these tales of the Acadian past, of Indians sinister or magnanimous, of ministering cures, of witches, swashbucklers, Galahads and habitants. All for them, and by "we" I mean the Canadians who make a point of reading Canadian books. This one is of a type which may almost be said to have become traditional. Reciting, as it does, historical glories which irrefragably appeal to our patriotism, it is yet something as far removed from an archivistic rehash as it is from genuinely creative work.

The deciding factor may be defined as a matter of method. To have taken this material and boldly invented and imputed, in the manner of the romancer, would have lent another sort of satisfaction: we shouldn't have cared whether the minutiae dovetailed or not, but demanded an inhereing life, at least interesting, if not beautiful. To have taken it and constructed an historical work might have convinced only the credulous that these were indubitably the facts. No, Mrs. Rogers' purpose was something different, and probably she has chosen the most direct method of attaining it.

Legendary and semi-legendary figures were what attracted her interest more than the historical background, though she has not neglected that. The terrible Kaduskak Giant, overcome by the indomitable Pauline, the Petit Pere Felix who persuaded and accompanied his ostracized father to intervene to save the town from the besieging English, the Messenger Maiden of Minas, threading forest trails to warn her Indian friends, the "Boy Blue" of Grand Pre, with his arduous endurances to keep faith with his sweetheart, Old Mag the Scarlet Spectre of Sandy Ridge, haunting the spot at which she had tried to forewarn her "boys,"—these figures appeal inevitably at their moment, and it is almost with a start that one finds each story conclude with some formula such as, "Years have passed, but the spot is still pointed out, and the story, etc." "So it is true," one says. "But how could it have happened just in that way? Better to have pretended it all story." And indeed that should have been quite easy. It wouldn't have been necessary to have gone the length of Guizot, who feigned telling his eight-volume "History of France" to his grandchildren—to have believed him would have been to have commiserated the children. But putting the tales into direct narration should have added vividness and not impaired the prose, which, incidentally but importantly, is competent and economical—a pleasure, in fact.

Stories of the Land of Evangeline. By Grace McLeod Rodgers. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

Emily of New Moon. By L. M. Montgomery. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd. $2.00.

The Master Breed. By Francis Dickie. McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

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One who has not read "the Green Gables" book since his interest in Anne was that of a contemporary, finds it difficult to say whether "Emily of New Moon" is an improvement or not. Emily is essentially Anne, in the same position in regard to staid guardian relatives. She is more volatile and more perceptive than Anne, as an embryo poet the reality of whose gift we are not allowed to doubt; and this, in allowing for an assortment of cute sayings and whimsical conceits whose arrangement calls for considerable tact, give the author more rope, with which, to put it bluntly, to hang herself. That she does nothing of the sort is owing to a real understanding of this type of child.

Yet there is a flatness, as though Emily were viewed always from the same angle, an underlying sentimentality which is so unobstrusively part and parcel of the matter that one wonders whether sentimentality is not excusable in regard to certain subjects, and which still weakens the book. The author is capable of describing a sunset as though it were a piece of confectionery; and since it is one attitude only to Emily which she is trying to define, the other characters conform, playing up to her with mechanical exactitude. Yet Aunts Elizabeth and Laura, Great-Aunt Nancy and Caroline, Doctor Burnley and Mr. Carpenter are "good," as one says of an art still less classic than that of the novel. They have intervals of life but they don't live; and Emily must have been as here pictured much of the time—only, where is the rest? One need not have swallowed whole the later revelations of "child psychology" to pose this. There is in fact no reason why this kind of book shouldn't be as good as "Peacock Pie" or "A Child's Garden of Verse." Possibly this one is a classic manque. At least Mrs. Macdonald's experienced deftness is not negligible, and it is honest work, true as far as it goes.

* * *

"Wild Bill" Kane, protagonist, enjoys his creator's unquestioning homage more than is usual even in this type of story. Of his international gambollings, his pseudo-piratical yachting, we are told with no affectation of an intellectual's disdain. Later he and a reporter friend are shanghaied on one of his own ships. But having been a figurehead merely in his shipping enterprises, the captain will not recognize him, even worsts him at fisticuffs. Bill accordingly relishes the voyage following the more deeply; the whole affair smacks of romance. And "of all the hell-ships that ever passed out the Golden Gate to the wide world beyond, none quite approached the Ena. She was supreme of her kind; out-helled all others by widest margin."

GRACE McLEOD ROGERS
Author of "Stories of the Land of Evangeline."

Yet somehow Mr. Dickie's brutality seems more the result of conviction than of nature. The style, in fact, in its variation, seems to bear this out. First one is reminded of the grave, cheek-filled nonsense of Leacock's burlesque, varied by splashing minor-poetical phrases; then these evolve into a dialect apparently inspired by movie-captions; after which, toward the middle of the book, the influence of Dr. Frank Crane seems to predominate. For with the advent of the heroine, who sails her own ship and is a Berserkeress and the One Woman, we are treated to long reaches of philosophical dialogue. Now the present reviewer will be one of the last to insist that in order to be good art a novel should be devoid of ideas; but the creation of characters is the first problem. Bill and Elfrida never become more real to us than at the first moment of our acquaintance with them, and then they are described, not evoked. With the point of view properly engineered, all of this could have been imparted without loss and with compression, in a really good short story.

* * *

Not surprisingly these poems tend to involve religion with beauty. The purpose of love is indicated in a stanza of "You Ask Me Why."

"You ask me why I need you, dear?
Why Love's lone star must flame through skies
To lead Life's pilgrim feet—at last—
To where the cradled First-born lies?"

And invocations are unceasing of great gods, clean winds, eternal snows, harp of the spirit, woman, and so forth. In such choices, and in an unerring reminiscent banality of phrase we have marks of the conventional beginning poet, seldom found so natural in novels and on the stage. Yet Mr. Stephen seems to show himself better-informed than most beginning poets. The range of his vocabulary gives this effect, not his ideas, which are few and subordinate to a central one. The fact that love is of God, and also of the soul, the body and the mind, has perhaps not been overstressed in Canadian verse, but it is not so newly-discovered that one can be patient with its constant iteration in most of the poems of a volume of this size.

A New Anthology

Reviewed by A. E. S. Smythe.

WHEN one gets a book of Canadian prose and verse and opening it finds the first lines that strikes his eye to be these:

Chacun eut son destin, et chacun
eut sa tombe:
Le panthéon pour l'un, pour
l'autre un trou de bombe!

he is apt to wonder whether he has not got into the wrong boat, but is reassured when he discovers that it is only a few pages selected in tribute to real Canadian genius from Louis Fréchette that he has happened upon, and that the only other French piece in the book is a French-Canadian Folk Song; he feels there is a chance for the tongue commercial yet. That settled, the next point is to decide whether he is in a veritable pantheon or merely a shell-hole. The editors have done their best but the time has hardly arrived yet for erecting a Canadian pantheon and the material furnished does not run to it. But we have an excellent display of the best that Canada has done without maintaining an uncomfortable altitude or providing a book which would appeal only to those who pass their time upon the peaks. In other words, it is a popular and creditable selection from the already recognized leaders of Canadian literature, and if a few who are represented are not yet beatified there are none that are not in a fair way of being canonized. It is a book that can be sent to England or Australia or any of the other English-speaking areas—the gentle reader will note that this is a strictly non-political term—with the conviction that he need not be ashamed of the impression that will result.

As a Canadian at home, and speaking the vulgar tongue, he may be inclined to regard the volume as the verdict of the west on the work of the painful and protracted east. The only born westerner included is Roderick George Macbeth whose accounts of the North West Mounted Police have made a literature native to the soil. Robert Stead has written of the west, but he is an eastern migrant. Bertrand W. Sinclair and Alexander Ross are Scots, imported young, with the nitrogen-generating bacteria clinging to their roots. Except for these the book is a book written by eastern Canadians, and the choice of the editors is the judgment of the west on the east. That affords us a point of view and when we find Ralph Connor, and some other writers about the west, excluded from the Pantheon, not to say relegated to a shell-hole, we can accept the decison.

The bulk of the 390 pages is devoted to the section entitled The People, and in this we are led to see that it was the Canadian people rather than their literature that was the subject of the volume. Over 200 pages are given over to the history, customs, domestic life, adventurés and character of that pioneer stock which has penetrated British North America. In these 200 pages criticism stands aside. The reader will enjoy himself thoroughly whether he occupies himself with the elders like Judge Haliburton or Susanna Moodie, or the latest born like F. W. Wallace or Arthur Heming. Canadian literature is full of the most picturesque and entertaining prose, and whatever the stylists may say, this is what the general reader is after.

If there is any mistake in the book it is in placing the poetry ahead of this prose section, for the reader will find his greatest pleasure in these tales of the life that has made Canadians. Take at random Alexander Ross's story of a buffalo hunt, and directly following it Frederick William Wallace's deep sea fishing yarn from "Blue Water," and in what land in the world can anything be found to equal the atmosphere and the occasions? The editors have succumbed to the charm of Louis Hémon, like so many others, and give liberal extracts. There is nothing more exciting in the book nor better told than Charles G. D. Roberts' bear story. It will gratify those home-rooted Britons who still think of Toronto and other commercial centres as the haunts of the bear and the buffalo. Bulls and bears—yes! But this tale of a real bear in a real forest, and a bear with a hunger on him, is the real thing. Robert Stead's sketch of homesteading on the prairies, with a proud and plodding Russian as the hero of the great adventure of founding a family, is another of those good things which it will do our European friends good to know. There are several historical pieces from Kirby, Parker and Richardson, and altogether a more attractive reading book could scarcely have been ccompiled.

The last seventy pages are devoted to oratory, and the section is entitled The Nation Builders, which may leave a wrong impression that Canada is being built with hot air. It is perhaps enough to say that these selections have been made from the cooler moments of the orators. Might we ask what is the allusion in "rotten-burroughs?" Or is it a typographical error?

One approaches the poetic section with trepidation. Applying a test it is cheering to find that the editors have had the courage to omit that egregious poem which crops up in all anthologies under the title of "A Canadian Folk-Song," whose lamentable refrain is "Margery, Margery, make the tea!" It is permissible to think that his enemies perpetuated this lyric to discredit Wilfred Campbell, but the present editors have been generous to him, and he is represented by three of his best poems, including the fine ode to "England." Copyright restrictions have cut down the wealth available in Bliss Carman and C. G. D. Roberts, but there is enough of each to create a thirst for more.

It will always to be a test of critical taste to choose from Archibald Lampman that which represents him as a fine workman and also a serious thinker. He is the most considerable of our Canadian poets whose account is entirely closed. It is time for a careful selection and a study of his work to be made. What essence of the Spirit of Life has he distilled into these visions and memories of Nature? Are exquisite pictures sufficient, like that of "A Sunset at Les Eboulements," or must there be something that speaks audibly to the heart also? It is the prime secret of poetry, and possibly in these lines of loveliness there is that which stirs as nothing outside the world of sheer beauty can.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall is another writer with copyright limitations. The judgment of the editors is that her two volumes contain "nothing which will place her among 'the few, the mmortal names'," and in this most readers will concur. She was an artist in words, and had the faculty of writing most preciously, but hers were "short swallow-flights" and did not go deep. She moved in the shackles of an early tradition and grew accustomed to them in thought, which is fatal for any creative purpose. Perhaps she is a supreme example of the gift of words having been bestowed without the courage to think and to say what the world would be eager to hear.

Enough has been said to indicate the success of the editors in drawing together a collection of Canadian prose and verse which will bear scrutiny, give pleasure to any reader, and serve to introduce the Canadian literary world to those who may be unable to sample it in bulk, but are open to the allurements of some of our best work, illustrating the mind and character of a people modified by new conditions in a new world, and struggling to conform themselves to facts and ways of life that differ totally in all that has gone to establish the ancient traditions and standards of Europe. Life here is running white from the furnace and these are some of the sparks that fly from the molten stream.

A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse. Compiled and edited by Edmund Kemper Broadus and Eleanor Hammond Broadus. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. $2.50.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK.

This year's dates for Children's Book Week are November 11th to 17th and it is up to each individual community to do all in its power to make the event an agency for the good of the community. The Public Library, the bookstores, schools, churches, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, Women's Clubs, Canadian Clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis, the newspapers and the motion picture theatres should all be actively enlisted in the campaign. The Children's Book Week Committee will help along Children's Book Week activities in any community, or write to "Canadian Bookman" for data on How to Conduct Children's Book Week.

There will be a special Children's Book Week feature in the November "Bookman."

Plays to be Read and Acted

Reviewed by Fred Jacob.

FIFTEEN years ago, a person who wished to read plays in his library found it difficult indeed to find books enough to fill even a two-foot shelf. Now the volumes of plays published every year are almost as numerous as the volumes of poetry, and probably, on the whole, a great deal higher in the average of their quality. This is a direct result of the little theatre movement. Whenever you find a group of community players, you are also making the acquaintance of a body of literary scouts who are always seeking new and interesting plays to present. The old days, when amateur players were content to do "Box and Cox" or "What Happened to Jones" have gone, never to return. Nowadays, amateur actors want to present plays that would not prosper in the commercial theatre, where the long-run records are established by such vulgar and infantile banalities as "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Lightnin'."

People have also, as a result of little theatre activities, learned the secret of reading plays. It requires more imagination than the reading of a novel. There are only a few playwrights, like Bernard Shaw, who put almost as much stage directions as dialogue into their dramas. In the majority of cases, you have to visualize the characters from what they say and do in the play. You also must be able to see on a miniature stage in your imagination the play in progress. Reading a play requires an entirely different sort of mental action from the reading of either fiction or poetry, but once a taste for it has been acquired, you will find it a fascinating pastime.

Not all the plays published in book form will suit the requirements of community players. There are few groups of amateur players whose technique is sufficiently sure and delicate to enable them to produce "March Hares." This satiric comedy is too fantastic to be successful on the commercial stage. That is not merely a matter of opinion. The play was tested in New York two seasons ago, and delighted those critics who like the clever, the unusual and the caviar, but the public could not understand it. To them, the madness of the characters, for which the title should have prepared them, was utter nonsense. The comedy was originally entitled "The Temperamentalists." The characters are types of over-civilized men and women who can be found in every large community, but normal people usually keep away from them. The members of Mrs. Janet Rodney's household live to be clever and original. They want to have all their actions unexpected and all their conversation daring. Harry Wagstaffe Gribble has introduced a delicate note of indelicacy into the comedy, and not even a French playwright could have been more subtle in the handling of that part of the play. But the average theatre-goer does not want to watch the goings-on of march hares. After the critics had spent more than a year regretting the short life of "March Hares," it was revived on Broadway, but once more the majority of play patrons shook their heads over it.

"March Hares" makes amusing reading. Everything in it is new, and the agility of the dialogue makes it fascinating. The play will probably find a permanent place in the repertoires of those little theatres that are fortunate enough to have mature groups of players.

Stuart Walker, who wrote the Portmanteau plays, is a commercial manager who possesses ideals. He has operated a stock company in Indianapolis for many years, but it has always differed from the ordinary American stock company. He is not ashamed to include in his repertoire plays that are as frankly box-office attractions as "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," but he is not afraid to offer his patrons, on the other hand, the plays of Lord Dunsany and even a dramatic version of the Book of Job, one of his most widely known experiments. Stuart Walker's favorite hobby is his Portmanteau Theatre, the purpose of which is to simplify the transportation of productions. All his own plays are written with the requirements of the Portmanteau Theatre in mind—probably the best known of them being "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," which has been done by amateur groups everywhere. There are three dramas in "More Portmanteau Plays," a short comedy, "The Very Naked Boy," and two long pieces, "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree" and "Jonathan Makes a Wish." Although Stuart Walker possesses a nice fancy as a playwright, his work is frequently a trifle thin. Still, he is one of the few American dramatists to whose work the community groups can go with confidence. "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree" is based upon a Japanese legend, and should lend itself to effective production. "Jonathan Makes a Wish" was tried in New York, but Broadway found it too light, a little like a dramatic macaroon. It will be noted that Stuart Walker has a pretty taste in titles.

LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

Whose story of the Icelanders in Canada in their pioneering days has just been published under the title of "The Viking Heart."

The work of Colin Campbell Clements is evidently done without any thought of the commercial theatre. If you may judge by "Plays for a Folding Theatre," he does not aspire, like Gribble and Walker, to reach New York ultimately. He has written his plays for those little theatre groups who want to do "arty" things on a small scale, who would rather do a Lord Dunsany fantasy than a Barrie comedy. There are seven short plays in the volume, three of which deal with Pierrot and Columbine, two characters who have come to life in recent years in the little theatre because they are so colorful. In the three one-act dramas of the Orient, Colin Campbell Clements shows an ability to create atmosphere, and the same is true of "Moon Tide" a tale of the sea that completes the collection. These plays are direct and dramatic, and the author apparently likes to put into them a feeling of horror. "Moon Tide" will doubtless convince you that Clements is a student of Eugene O'Neill. This little tale of crime and beastliness might never have been written if there had been no Provincetown Players to find O'Neill. But Clements has his own gift of power. He makes you feel that the sea, "crawlin' up out of the black mud" to avenge Old Hank's murder, is a living thing.

Those persons who have read "The Affairs of Anatol," the airiest and most unmoral of comedies, are always surprised when they turn to other plays by Arthur Schnitzler. The Austrian dramatist put a spontaniety into his most famous comedy, which is really a cycle of one-act plays, that he has never been able to suggest again in the same degree. There are five plays in "Comedies of Words." They are "The Hour of Recognition," "The Big Scene," "The Festival of Bacchus," "Literature" and "His Helpmate." These comedies are ponderously psychological. The dramatist selected an excellent title when he called them "Comedies of Words," for he develops the situation and unfolds the characters with many words indeed. "Literature" would be the best adapted to the uses of a little theatre group, but one feels that Canadian audiences would respond more quickly to the plays of Walker or Clements than to Schnitzler, even though the Austrian is internationally famous, while the reputations of the Americans are comparatively local.

March Hares. By Harry Wagstaff Gribble.

More Portmanteau Plays. By Stuart Walker. $2.50.

Comedies of Words. By Arthur Schnitzler.

Plays of a Folding Theatre. By Colin Campbell Clements. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co.

. . . Books of the Month . . .

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views, Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker.

Audacious Ann. By Archibald Marshall. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

"Marie-Germaine-Felicite-Ann-spelt-in-the-English-fashion-Sinclair" is the charming child of a French mother, and comes to spend her school days with the gracious old grandmother that represents the English part of her parentage.

It gives the modern girl's outlook (English outlook anyway) without cant or affectation and puts upon the reader that spell of ordered ease and natural affluence that gives such a charm to Archibald Marshall's writing The story has a moral that is never pointed and gives a compelling picture of the charms of commonsense that would seep under the skin of any intelligent reader of any age, without causing a reaction. With Christmas coming, many Aunts and Uncles will be glad to know that "Audacious Ann" is sure of a welcome from all girls between the ages of 12 and 16 and sure to be "well entertained" by their mothers. It has most comfortable printing and some attractive illustrations.

Round About the Rockies. By Chas. W. Stokes. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton, $1.00.

The United States commenced National Parking in 1832. Canada in 1885. The former has twelve of these People's Playgrounds, Canada only seven as yet. But the Canadian preserved territory is larger by four hundred square miles than that of the U.S.

These and other interesting facts will be found in a Guide Book for Tourists compiled by Mr. C. W. Stokes, with maps, photographs, colored plates and altitudinous statistics. It gives a complete itinerary for the tourist who travels west-coast-wards by either of our great railroads.

Since the writer has chosen the less exacting part of facts unmixed with fancies in this publication, it seems a pity that he has not rounded out the information with prices and those details of personal kit that are always so helpful and encouraging to those who contemplate conventional camping.

One hopes that it will be followed by a fleet of little publications, of the kind that the C.P.R. have encouraged Miss Thornley to do for the Orient. It seems a pity that such unique work should not be done, and marketed, for Canada by the showmen of our country.

The Winding Stair. By A. E. W. Mason. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton. $2.00.

He certainly has a touch, that Mason man!

Paul Ravenel, son of a dimly remembered French mother of an English father who had taken her name, comes back to England, an orphan at eighteen, to find out the secret that his father had so carefully concealed from him all these years in Morocco, to be remade an Englishman and become a soldier. He has a suitable romance in his boy's mind that explains everything.

When this is destroyed, by the knowledge that his father was cashiered for cowardice, it almost annihilates his own courage. But understanding that he must win military fame under his mother's name, before he can reinstate his father's, he passes into St. Cyr, and presently begins his long slow climb in the French army. When he is within appreciable distance of his goal, a girl comes into his life.

She was out of place in that horrible Cafe in Casablanca, where the women had reached the last stop in that long downward march. She was too young, too straight. . . . Then one night she disappeared. . .

It is the story of a great long, and breath-taking adventure, that rings true, and makes its way into the heart.

Old Brandy. By Louise Valmar. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. $2.00.

About every fifteen years there seems to be (if one follows the fiction of the time), a rather violent arraignment of the rising generation.

It is generally done by those who have risen recently from the flapper stage themselves, male or female. For there is a flapper stage for each, though the males spread theirs over a slightly longer period, so that it seems somewhat less blatant; while the females make one shrill shriek of theirs, and get it over!

But having been forced, by a growing sense of values, to leave it behind them, they resent the inescapable encroachment of the years; resent it almost spitefully, until they have crossed the crest of the next wave and begun to thoroughly appreciate the change. At the moment, they put their resentment into words. Go carefully back over the fifteen years apart stiles (well, spell it either way!) and you will observe this plainly. But, having topped the wave and begun to savor personal progress, they look back, and see that they have done their young selves an injustice. After which (bless them for it!), they give us books like this of Louise Valmar's, showing, as they might have known all along, that under their exuberant foolishness, nice young things are nice young things still. It is their youngness that matters, and must be loved, more than their foolishness that should be denounced. With luck, they will outgrow foolishness. But alas! it is inevitable that they outgrow youth!

Under its clever bits of flippancy, its charm, its humor, and romance, there is real nourishment with flavor in "Old Brandy." (Assuredly). Don't miss it!

MABEL BURKHOLDER

Author of "Before the White Man Came." Imaginative and fanciful Indian tales and legends.

The Adventures of Maya the Bee. By Waldemar Bonsels. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

A nature book, different from any other you have ever read. The little bee is given, not only a human entity, but almost a human soul, and her adventures (as well as being true to bee-nature), are true to human nature too. Told with a mixture of high purpose and humorous sarcasm that is very entertaining. The world of woods and fields is pictured by an artist in words. Illustrated in black and white, with four full color illustrations. A delightful gift book for children, that parents will thoroughly enjoy reading aloud.

The Back Seat. By G. B. Stern. Toronto: Macmillan's. $2.00.

There is a back seat in every family of course. Some are born to it, some have it thrust upon them, and some, with an aplomb worthy of a curtain call, make it their own with an insight that cushions it. After all, the back seat is usually the keystone of the family.

In this really delicious volume, the occupants of the front and back seats try to change while crossing the stream and the occupant of the middle seat gives a slight, involuntary rock to the boat. Whereupon the occupant of the back seat (having really the best view, if the seating is properly arranged), has just time to adjust the balance. * * * * * *

No, it isn't a treatise on life, nor an advertisement for self-abnegation, it's an entirely delightful story, of perfectly captivating people, told with insight, charm, and a chuckle.

The Parowan Bonanza. By B. M. Bower. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Here is a typical Bower novel—a tale of the Nevada gold fields and may be depended upon to please those readers who liked the same author's "Voice at Johnnywater" and the many other western stories which she has written. This is the tale of a hero of unquenchable optimism and if it has the effect of dispelling some of the too-prevalent pessimism abroad in the land, it will have served a good purpose.

The Lavender Lad. By Dolf Wyllarde. Boston: L. C. Page Co. $1.90.

This emotional love story is one of those issue in the St. Botolphe Library of Unusual Fict.on. It is a tale of old London involving human passion and spiritual struggle presented with vivacity and color.

The Scarlet Macaw. By G. E. Locke. Boston: The Page Co. $1.90.

This attractively bound book bears out the favorable impression it makes as a book, by the well told tale of mystery and adventure between its covers, if anyth.ng, better than the same author's "Red Cavalier."

In Greenbrook. By Merritt P. Allen. Boston: L. C. Page Co. $2.00.

This tale of daily life and doings in a typical Vermont village has been aptly described as a "New England Main Street." There is a great deal of interest and charm in it and .t will appeal especially to those who have known village life anywhere.

Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass. By Lewis Carroll. Toronto: Macmillan's. $1.75.

This is a new issue in the admirable "Ch.ldren's Classics" series. It is bound in blue cloth uniform with the other volumes in the series and the illustrations in color and black and white are by John Tenniel.

Public Speaking, a Natural Method. By Frank Hume Kilpatrick. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. $2.00.

In this volume emphas.s is laid upon the necessity for complete naturalness in saying something that is worth while saying, as against mere "oratory" and rhetorical periods. The necessity for concentration, avoidance of monotony and the eliminat.on of self-consciousness, are stressed, and not only are there interesting points set forth on the ways of interesting an audience but the text is rounded out by numerous extracts and lists of assignments for students of the art of public speaking.

The Clockwork Man. By E. V. Odle Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

If you got back, with your motor car, your radio set, your electr.c stove and your flying machine, among the neolithic men, you would be sure to disconcert them. Of course, some might not believe in you; others might kill you; yet others might look upon you as a god. But you would surely prove d.sconcerting to them!

The Clockwork Man, by a maladjustment of mechanism, dropped back into our world from some two thousand years in the future.

Some of us tried to smash him, some to disbelieve in him and some—well, the book isn't as disconcerting to the reader as it might be, since The Clockwork Man has chosen to be mechanical, and thinks perhaps that the flesh and blood men, however stupid and imperfect, may be nearer the gods after all. It is worth reading to decide whether you agree that it's still a matter of choice. The last chapter in itself justifies the book 100 per cent.

Heart's Blood. By Ethel M. Kelley. Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

If you can swallow the title at one gulp, in a capsule for choice, you will find in a few pages that a powerful medicine is at work. It is tragically sincere—not because of what happens, but because of its cruel clarity regarding those misfits in life, the women who are superfluous in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, and who are powerless to change the state. It distills, drop by bitter drop, the truth that the unsexed woman has been g.ven one of the most cruel handicaps that it is in the power of the gods to bestow, and that the oversexed woman has no safeguard from self save conscience, but can take happiness.

If Lila had been cursed with conscience, in addition to what she had, she might have known a bitterness deeper than death. But she was born comfortably without it. Gwenny had consc.ence to burn and conscience, as "every wise man's son doth know," burns its possessor first and fiercest. The whole rings so true, because of its very inconsistencies, that it might be an actual human document.

Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Great Northwest. By Emily F. Murphy. Boston: L. C. Page Co. $1.00.

In this interesting add.tion to the noteworthy "Little Cousin" series, a very good account is given in story form of life in the northwest of Canada and of the characteristics of the great prairie provinces. H.story is woven into the narrative in a most interesting manner, and much is told of the great rivers, of the buffaloes and of the fur trade, nor is the glamor of the Northwest Mounted Police overlooked.

Tetherstones. By Ethel M. Dell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Frances is a plain stenographer of thirty whom the Bishop (her employer) so overworks that she faints distressingly, rousing the pity of the Bishop's man-of-the-world nephew, who happens to be spending a few days at the palace. In his kindly sympathy he hides with Frances in a corner of the garden one evening. The Bishop finding them, and suffering from an evil mind with an entire lack of the finer feelings, turns them out of the garden with mediaeval denunciations. Frances has never in her busy life had time to learn to love, to smoke, or to use her natural powers which include "majesty" and the charms and beauty of Circe, but remarkably little common sense. Perhaps she had used up her whole share of that, in the first "thirty years hard." However, she makes up for lost time now, in regard to the other attributes and everybody falls under her appealing queenly witchery, through 375 pages of soul-searching mystery, madness, murder and love, mixed in the most Dellish manner. Truly this writer has the power of the Silver Screen put into print.

Mr. Do-Something. By Blanche E. Wade. Boston: L. C. Page Co.

This is an attractive new juven.le gift volume replete with illustrations in color and black and white accompanying the story of the visit of a large number of children on the good ship "Busy Bee" to the Island of Make-Believe, where they found Mr. Do-Something and where there was Someth.ng Doing all the time! The book is a veritable mine of stunts that will appeal to boys and girls.

The Waddington Cipher. By William Johnston. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

Buried treasure, mystery and romance race each other through these pages in the most improved "mystery" manner, with ghosts and a lifelong hate playing a dramatic h.de-and-seek with everybody round all the corners.

Midwinter. By John Buchan. Hodder and Stoughton, $1.75.

This purports to be the tale of two lost years in the life of Samuel Johnston. But Mr Buchan has merely used that legend as an airy framework on which to hang one of his fascinating stories of high emprise. It is the romance of the lost cause that really appeals to J. B., the plaintive appeal of loneliness and high endeavor, with material gain ruled out. He loves the character whose imagination not only o'erleaps fulfilment, but continually outruns desire. All stories of the Stuarts labor under the disadvantage that we already know the end of the tale. But this one plucks at the heart-string of history. For it shows how the cause was lost less by treachery and indifference, than by the character, and the phantastic (the spelling is chosen) imagination of the finest of its followers, which led them into strange bypaths of ephemeral research among men's passions, instead of following the high road to victory.

Such was Alastair's pursuit of Sir John Norreys. He held the fate of England and two kings in his despatches and turned aside to spare a woman the direct destruction of love, leaving her to the daily disillusions of matrimony. Mr. Buchan is rather impatient of woman. But since in the recipe of romance, they are indispensable, he treats them with the utmost courtesy. There they are, beautiful, charming with the charm of boys, as sexless as he can make them. Since they are necessary he bows beautifully to the inevitable. But the spring of his power lies in his delineation of the gallant gentlemen whose mistress is "the Open Road, and the bright eyes of danger."

We can feel the throbbing heart hunger aroused by the magic of the violin in the woodland places; we smell the woodsmoke, and chill to the clinging mist; hear the grinding of Journeyman John (a great scene that, greatly played) see "the mattress of leaves underfoot and the bare branches above" and sense the sudden lift that comes to the heart when "the whole world is full of melting snows, running water, and light breezes."

Mystery, atmosphere, the wild sweet bitter beauty of the world—in painting these, Mr. Buchan has few equals.

Pens and Pirates

Candide's New Book.

THE Oxford Dictionary comfortably defines an essay as "A literary composition on any subject."

Mr. Deacon opens his book (if one omits his own delicious if slightly hypocritical "review") with the most smartly audacious of his collection. It comes like a swaggering smack on the face is not the word!—of the reader's attention, a direct challenge to his ideas of the canons of good taste in the art of the essay. But it achieves its end, by reason of its rollicking impudence, which knows what it is about. It is a swashbuckling blade, the first of the Pen Pirates, but has the weight of well-authenticated truth to recommend it.

W.A.D. has drawn his piratical comparisons with a chuckle that is infectious and has followed the wise dictum of S. P. B. Mais, who asserts that if you are not willing to sponsor your own ego in your writings, it is probably because your personality is not worth it. He is "sure" enough to do without the protection of the editorial "We" and is surely the more enjoyable for this omission.

It is no slur, but the sincerest of appreciation to say that Mr. Deacon has expressed his fundamental self in that complete little essay of seventy-three words entitled "The Dog" for surely he himself goes at life under the "blessed guidance of a perennial curiosity."

Under the title "Booze, Religion and Poetry" he has drawn an extremely ingenious analogy between the intoxication caused by spirituous liquors and the inebriation brought about by carefully mixed words. Perhaps it is due to the slight obfuscation naturally induced by this subject that he places the novels of Ralph Connor and Ethel M. Dell in the same financial bracket. But the whole is admirably done, producing that exhilarating feeling otherwise painstakingly attained by the consumption of a cocktail after a twenty-four-hour fast. In a like vein is "The Pot—an Apology"—which goes straight to the heart of the grateful Martha, who is often driven to wonder as to just the mood in which the day would have ended, or the tomorrow have been commenced, if all the females of the family had chosen "the better part." The Pots and the Marthas are hung upon such similar hooks.

"Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh" is eminent commonsense that wakes an immediate echo in the unbiased heart. "National Character" is worth re-reading and consideration: "Heritage and Destiny" might form a First Chapter for "Local Color" which I would like to see made the text of many a sermon.

More serious, to be read, re-read, and enjoyed several times over, are "Manhattan, the Book-buyer's Heaven" with its mixture of Guide Book, Savant, and Modern Man, and the chapters on "My Shelves and Immortality," which, resembling the procedure followed at the Wedding in Cana of Galilee, are saved till almost the end. They contain not only interest by inspiration, and some salient examples of the actual alchemy of words.

"And because we believe in minority representation, there flames out at us the savage orange-colored back of 'The Soul of Ulster.' An angry, self-righteous self-assertive lookin~ book—may the curse of Crummle be on it for making all that disturbance now—between the decent greens of Ferguson and Monahan. Look at the scholarly Thomas MacDonach sitting there so quiet like and making never a sound, and his book all dressed up in dark blue, like the eyes of the colleens waiting for their lads.

"The Irish renaissance is a youthful thing to have come into the world. For these men have thrown a glamour over the land, till we expect to meet leprechauns in every valley and to see the great gods, Pan and Angus Og, striding across the hills. They have performed a miracle greater than Joshua did when he commanded the sun to stand still; for they have caused us to see Erin "all in the morning of things"—a golden age of sunshine and laughter, and brave unbelievable deeds—till the comfort of the spirit of childhood is with us again and in the mad hurry of an efficient Saxon world we pause a little in wonder and contentment. The perfect spontaneity of the mirth of Synge; the austere other-world voice of A. E. whose hands do constantly the little practical things, and whose words acclaim the glory of heights angelic."

The last sentence will always remain to me as one of the most exquisitely illustrative that I have ever read.

K. K. B.

Pens and Pirates. By William Arthur Deacon. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.50.

MARIE CORELLI.

Miss Corelli is to have a new romance out soon, entitled "Love—and the Philosopher." It is a simple story, with ordinary happenings thrown in, but, naturally, Miss Corelli, being a past mistress in the art, will give to those ordinary happenings a thrill which will endow her book with readable qualities. Anyhow, her characters are people to be you and I. And, after all said and done, we normal persons make up the world. It is a good thing that this old land of ours is not teeming with those strange few—of course, we cannot do without them—whom we call "Men of Genius."

Book Week Number

PROMINENT Canadian authors are again volunteering their services to give addresses in connection with Book Week, which will be held this year in the week of November 19th.

The November issue of "Canadian Bookman" will be the Book Week Number and will contain special articles and illustrations that will help to develop intense interest in The Week in all communities.

There will also be special announcements by the publishers which will provide a wealth of vital data as to the books of special appeal that are being published—new books and also new editions of old favorites.

Never before have there been so many fine editions of Canadian books than are available this year.

The Book of the "Princess Pats"

By Ralph Hodder-Williams.

Lady Patricia Ramsay, Colonel-in-Chief of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, has written a Foreword to the official history of the Service Battalion of the Regiment, written by one of its officers, Mr. Ralph Hodder-Williams, M.C. This history, which is to be called "Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry 1914-1919," will be published in two volumes during the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Lieutenant-Colonel A. Hamilton Gault, D.S.O., now Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment which he was most instrumental in raising under such remarkable circumstances in August, 1914, contributes an Introduction. The narrative is illustrated by photogravure portraits of the Colonel-in-Chief, and of the six commanding officers, with a facsimile reproduction of the famous Color worked by Princess Patricia during the fortnight of mobilization. In four years of active service on the Western Front, Princess Patricia's took part in nine major actions, and those are described in detail with the assistance of specially drafted large-scale map.

Post Mortem. By C. McLaurin. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. $2.25.

Each man looks at the world from the standpoint of his own calling. Nowhere is this more completely demonstrated than in this book by Dr. McLaurin.

Here we have a man with a profound historical knowledge, who has applied his scientific skill to a dozen well known personages and has speculated upon the effects of their recognizable pathological conditions of mind or body, upon the course of events. He deals with people as diverse as Anne Boleyn and Joan of Arc, Benvenuto Cellini and Napoleon. His data he has secured as far as possible from original documents and he has left no stone unturned to learn everything he can about his people and their environment.

It is something of a shock to hear the truth about Henry the Eighth's second matrimonial venture and to be made to realize upon what evidence Joan of Arc was condemned and what was her manner of meeting her fate.

One of the most interesting of the essays is that about Don John of Austria. In this Dr. McLaurin maintains that the gallant prince suggested to Cervantes one phase of the immortal Don Quixote and his tutor another. The article includes much interesting material about that Philip the Second who was King of England in fact if not in name, and also regarding that unfortunate woman who is unjustly known as Bloody Mary. Indeed the human sidelights it throws on history make it enlightening reading. Death is the subject of his last essay. His remarks show him to have considered profoundly the inescapable end of man and to have come to a conclusion that not only sets forth the plain facts of the manner in which we shuffle off this mortal coil, but which is also in complete harmony with the principles of Christianity.

J. L. B.

Two Technicians

By J. E. Middleton.

IN recent years hundreds of self-confident young persons have declared that only outside the rules of Art have they found expression possible. In hot disdain of anything "Academic" they have turned to an individualism almost barbarian, each doing what seems right in his own eyes, and not always doing it well. While some creations have been notable, the product of this spiritual anarchy has not always been such as to make the Early Twentieth Century an era of triumphant achievement in the annals of Art. Some creators have mistaken noise for passion, bad taste for realism, ill-manners for sincerity and abuse for satire. Often the search for Beauty has degenerated into a hunt for intrinsic ugliness; therefore have we some novels of superlative nastiness and stupidity, and some poems as flat and noisome as ditch-water.

Yet in this era of clamor some artists have not ceased to maintain high ideals of technique, based on the experience of English writers through a thousand years and on an understanding of the tenets of true beauty. Some poets have not scrupled to enshrine their high and individual thought in a casket of musical speech, devoting to the making of the casket the care and patience of the true craftsman. After all there is satisfaction in the mastery of contrasting rhythms, in the suppression of too frequent sibilants and gutterals, in the avoidance of a succession of similar vowel-sounds, in the fashioning of rhymes that are apart from triteness. It is technique, the cleverness that comes from laborious days and nights, applied to the task of intensifying the message; but the true poet knows, as well as the youngest critic, that the message is the reason for it all.

It takes a long time for creators to learn that only within Law is there true freedom. Alice Maynell learned it long ago. Consider her poem "The Laws of Verse:"

"Dear laws, come to my heart,
Take all my frame and make your close arms meet
Around me; and so ruled, so warmed, so pressed,
I breathe, aware; I feel my wild heart beat."

"Dear laws, be wings to me.
The feather merely floats. O be it heard
Through weight of life—the skylark's gravity—
That I am not a feather but a bird."

The same thought is found in John Masefield's poem The Builders:

"I saw the delicate man who built the tower
Look from the turret at the ground below,
The granite column wavered like a flower
But stood in air whatever winds might blow . . .
And in that peak the builder kept his treasure,
Books with the symbols of his art, the signs
Of knowledge in excitement, skill in pleasure,
The edge that cut, the rule that kept, the lines."

There are a good many edges in our modern poetry that hack and tear, but true, clean cutting is not usual, and the "rule" is a warped piece of green elm. Despite all the prophets bathing themselves in the sludge of psycho-analysis, there is no beauty in clumsiness. "A clumsy artist" is a self-contradictory phrase.

It is true that the story of English poetry is a tale of frequent revolt; that old rules have been broadened at the demand of men whose thought was too big to be confined—but there is no present sign of supreme greatness among the Newer folk, justifying the construction of a new technique, or the abolition of all craft.

John Masefield's new book, "The Dream," is a delight to those who admire the Art of poetry. Lines like these are to be cherished:

"And in the moonlight, mothy owls that cried,
Floating along the covert for their food."

"for life is nought,
A few short hours of blindness, shot by gleams,
A few short days of mastery of dreams
After long years of effort, then an end."

"Even as a ghost along the corridor
Beside dark panelled walls with portraits peering."

The complete works of Alice Maynell occupy fewer than 150 pages but the true lyric spirit gleams on every page, and quotation is idle. Coming through the mid-Victorian period to the Great War and the Fighting Peace she maintained individuality and cherished her own thoughts—the little sheep that she watched and folded all through the years. It is a good book, a book to dream over. "Man, on his way to Silence, stops to hear and see."

The Dream and Other Poems. By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. $1.40.

The Poems of Alice Maynell. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. $2.00.

Birthday Honors For the Quick and the Dead

Quuotations From Their Works.

OCTOBER is another of the months that escaped being "butchered to make a Roman holiday" by those old day-disturbers, Julius Caesar, and Augustus. In England it is the month of hop-picking and was known to our Saxon ancestors as "the wine monath." In those days, hawking was also emblematical of it. Have you ever looked on the branch from which the leaves have just fallen in October and seen the beginnings of next year's buds? It is not alone due to the frost that the leaves fall, but also to the haste of the rising generation to come into their own. Such buds are the first to break into leaf in the spring.

October 5th. Horace Walpole.
"Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel."

October 19th. Leigh Hunt.
"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

October 19th. Sir Thomas Browne.
"Nature is the art of God."

October 21st. S. T. Coleridge.
"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

October 25th. St. Crispin's Day, the patron saint of shoemakers.
"Let not a shoemaker judge above his shoe."

October 29th. T. R. E. McInnes.
"Pledge me to the time that yet may be!"

"Tom" is a son of the late Senator McInnes, who subsequently became Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Born at Dresden, Ont., Oct., '67, he learned to lisp in numbers there, finally graduating from Toronto University. In 1893 he was called to the Bar. In a varied career he has been Secretary of the Behring Sea Claims Commission, a member of the Yukon Special Police, and one of the Customs Force at Skagway; Private Secretary to the Governor of British Columbia, and Secretary of the British Columbia Fisheries Commission.

Later, by special request, he gave advice to the Government re the anti-Oriental riots—and they took it!

Indian titles, the Canadian Immigration Act, the Anti-Opium Act, and Dominion Northwest Water Power Regulations, are open books to him, as he drew up most of them. His first brilliant book of poems, "Lonesome Bar, and Other Poems," appeared in 1909.

1910 saw what was really a reprint of the older book, "In Amber Lands," and the "Rhymes of a Rounder," followed in 1913.

His new book, "Tom McInnes' Complete Poems," consists of the very best of all his published work, and much new and beautiful material in addition. It is just published.

October 30th. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
"He is the very pineapple of politeness!"

October 31st Lloyd Roberts.
"His orchard is a treasure house,
Alive with song and sun."

Youngest (living) son of C. G. D. R. of that ilk. He was born at Fredericton, October, 1884. After studying there and at Windsor, he broke away from school, and went "on his own." By 1904 he was assistant editor of "Outing," New York. Later he became editorial writer for the National Encyclopaedia of American Biography. Returning to his native land, he is at present occupied in the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. He is possessed of a lyrical muse and expresses beautiful thoughts in a delicate fashion, with a heart-touch that brings his matter, poem and subject, straight to the emotions of the reader.

The Way of All Flesh

A Story of Heredity.

IT is said that this book is really autobiographical, at least in so far as the author's relations to his parents and his own mentality are concerned.

If this is true, then we can thank our fates that we were born in a later generation. It presents a repellent picture of the relation of parents and children. It is one of the most merciless studies of the fathers taking pleasure in personally visiting their own sins on the heads of their children, that has ever been achieved.

At a time when parental domination was considered a sacred thing, it exposed the cruelty, the egoism, and the tyranny, by which it might be, and often was, maintained. The theory that by the supreme gift of life to one's children, one bound them forever in steel chains of servile gratitude, had never been questioned. The theory that Life had been thrust upon children for the personal gratification of the parents, who thereby bound themselves with a lasting debt, had not even been conceived.

It is true that the theory of the Free Gift of Life could awake reverence and humility in the children. But while these are beautiful attributes in themselves, they do not make for progress. They induce the acceptive state of mind, which precludes independent and logical thought.

It is, indeed, a tremendous review of the powers of Love, Fear, and Heredity; and at the end, one is left with the ever growing conviction that all that training and environment can do, is to modify or develop that character that is already there; that if you desire to mold a human being, it is necessary to begin with his grandparents.

If you sit down to consider this question seriously, as grandparents in embryo, you will find that this is a true theory. And it may comfort you to consider that while you may not find much visible result in the manipulation of your children, you can be comfortably certain that your trials, your efforts, your vague impulses and studied intentions, which may merely result in reactions in your own offspring, will surely work together for Something!—in your more distant descendants.

Old Mr. Pontifex, the carpenter, is the gentleman of the book. His son George, an admirable horror. His son Theobald received the appalling inheritance of a kind of cross-character between his grandmother and his father, with some tincture from his mother's side. In his son Ernest, this strain had cleared and settled and some mixture of his great-grandparents came to flower in him.

True, it took a cruel amount of manipulation in the crucible of life, to harden him into a character of his own at all. And Ernest's children are a distinct throw-back to Christina and Theobald, brought to fruition in the open air, instead of in a forcing house for the rigidities, preserving all the fine, natural, simple powers of their grandparents, undistorted and untrained. Theobald and Christina were like those trees in ancient gardens, cut and twisted to represent peacocks and gargoyles. Their grandchildren were allowed to shed a natural and grateful shade.

But if you are interested in the story of heredity, the material immortality which is the only visible certainty of our souls; in a vivid presentment of what religion might mean to certain types, before it started to advertise; if you want a tale of life and death, transition, wealth, imprisonment, assault, cruelty and content; or if you care to quaff something from the unmuddied wells of literature—all these desires may be gratified herein.

The Way of All Flesh. By Samuel Butler. $2.25. Another edition at $1.00. Thos. Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Toronto.

W. J. Locke's New Novel

Moordius and Co.

TIMOTHY was lame, and gentle, and timid, and bound in the groove of the Chartered Accountant, which he had smoothed and oiled till he slid up and down in it without causing a creak or a jar to its environment or his own.

His little daughter, Naomi, sole legacy from the woman who had married him by decorous assault, taking away all active unhappiness from him when she died, was his only cherished possession.

When she was nine years old, he set up a modest establishment, took her from her temporary home with his sister, the mother of eleven children, and endeavored to make friends with her, without having learned even the rudiments of that particular line of business. He proceeded also to build a pyramid of pennies to protect her future.

Chance sent him to take momentary charge of the financial affairs of old Joe Grabiter, a gouty, ghoulish grinning multimillionaire whom the War had brought into being, whose sole companion was the destitute Suzanne, daughter of a sister who had married a Colonel of the French Army and who had been doubly orphaned by the War.

Not able to bear more than a limited amount of untrammelled Grabiter, Suzanne told him, in round terms, to go to the devil, and descending upon Timothy, engaged him as her employer—for that was about the size of it. Whereupon, as the Perfect Governess, she proceeded to run his life and child.

But suddenly, gout got the better of old Joe, who died after making a preposterous will, which the experienced lawyer who drew it up characterized as "one of the most extraordinary documents I have ever had to write."

In this, Suzanne, who had won his heart by her independence of spirit, was named practically sole heiress, under a series of epoch making conditions. Timothy, and Joe's own and only friend, Peter Moordius, a wizard of finance with an international reputation, were named as joint guardians.

After that, of course, the story hinges on the execution of the terms of the will, and all that it entailed. The story is one of Locke's best, which is saying a great deal. For surely Locke is the beloved tale-teller of his day and generation, with his travelled knowledge, his descriptive ability, his expert divination of the human heart and fancy, his whimsical imagination, his delicious coining or disinterring of odd words (have you, for instance, a "commensal" in your daily life, or do you know what it is?) and the sunlight of his artistic sense, to co-ordinate the picture.

An afternoon on the warm sand beside the lapping lake waters, with the "new Locke story," can only be equalled by a long uninterrupted evening by the fire, in the same companionship.

You won't be set speculating on the problems of the universe. But you will be entertained, amused, intrigued, and charmed!

Moordius and Co. By William J. Locke. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. $2.00.

The Bookman's Prize Contests

FIRST prize for the "Bookman's" prize contest on "The Mine With the Iron Door," by Harold Bell Wright, goes to Garnet W. Richardson of Ottawa. This review will appear in the November issue.

Second prize in this contest was won by Mrs. L. Schrag, of Brampton, Ont.

As announced last month, the November contest will be for the best essays on "Canadian Literature: What It Means to the Nation." Three prizes of valuable books will be awarded.

Three Prizes for Poems.

There will also be three prizes for the best poems on the same subject. No poem for this contest is to exceed fifty lines.

Competition for Children.

For children there will be two contests, with three prizes in each.

The first is for essays, not exceeding 400 words, on "Children's Book Week," and the second for poems on "My Books." These two contests are for children under 17 years.

In all cases the editors reserve the right to exclude essays or poems not considered up to standard. The closing date for these competitions will be October 22nd.

December Competitions.

For December the book for the review competition will be "The Winding Stair," by A. E. W. Mason, reviews not to exceed 400 words; and in the Children's Competition the subject chosen is, "What I Think a Christmas Book Should Be." These essays not to exceed 350 words.

The closing date for December competitions is Nov. 15.

MUSIC AND HEALTH.

An interesting volume is announced by Messrs. John Lane. It is called "Music, Health and Character" by Dr. Agnes Savill, a well-known physician of Harley Street, where most London specialists live. It is a good book, for I have seen it in proof, and moreover, it is a sensible work. It ought to have a good sale.

It is Reported

THAT

—if you have been interested by "The Greatest Story Ever Told," as repeated by Horace Hutchinson, you will like "The Jews in America," by Burton J. Hendrick, who tells a fascinating tale of this indissoluble race.

—Beatrice Grimshaw, who wrote "Nobody's Island," is really an intrepid explorer, an Englishwoman, who has bought a vanilla plantation at the tail-end of New Guinea and built herself a charming home there. It thrills us to think of her bravery in actually visiting and being visited by cannibals. But what price us, serving ourselves in cafeterias and facing perils of crowded streets, mid-day hold-ups and the price of coal? It's all in the point of accustomedness.

—O. Henry has been discovered by the Bolsheviks, who are pirating his stories in Russia with great success, there being no royalties to pay since Russia has no treaty with the U.S. Consider the copyrights, how they wither!

—Kipling wrote this little verse in a copy of "Plain Tales from the Hills," given to a friend and recently sold at Sotheby's for £98:

"But we—brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours;
What leisure to grow wise?"

—Gene Stratton Porter will spend the winter in Los Angeles, supervising the filming of two more of her novels.

—Mountain climbing is the favorite pastime of C. E. Montague, author of "Fiery Particles."

—that eggs in the Yukon sometimes go as high as five dollars a dozen. Why should they trouble to turn into chickens if they can fly so high without chipping the shell? The statement is made by a writer about Alaska.

—there is a new book by James Stephens coming out in about a minute. One or two people have been left cold by "The Crock of Gold," but find me the man who can resist "The Demi-Gods" if he meets them in the right mood.

—Booth Tarkington has been spending the summer in his home in Maine, finishing his newest novel. His main effort?

—"Labyrinth," a new novel by Helen Hull, treats the same subject as "This Freedom," but from a different standpoint. In a world of a million mothers, why pick repeatedly on those who have **three** children?

—William Jennings Bryan has given his unqualified approval to Prof. J. W. Good's book, "The Jesus of our Fathers."

—"A Book of British and American Verse" has just been published by Josephine Preston Peabody who also wrote the libretto for "Pan"—composed by Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss, a Canadian, who goes to take charge of the music of the great Exhibition in London next year.

—hundreds of people whom he never saw, take the loss of John M. Siddall, late editor of "The American Magazine," as the loss of a personal friend. He knew the art of an encouraging refusal better than most men, and many a timid young writer has taken a new start in response to one of those pencil-signed notes of his.

—"Pigs is Pigs" is being translated into Esperanto—you know, the universal language that nobody speaks!

—"Land and Sea Tales," by Rudyard Kipling, with sixteen poems and stories that make up a book for boys and girls, is coming out in time for "Children's Book Week."

—there were more than five hundred entries in the "Best Ending" Contest, conducted by MacLean's Magazine, to complete "Days of Prosperity," by Beatrice Redpath, which was run "incomplete in one issue." The fifty dollar prize was won by Archie P. McKishnie.

Book Mutilation.

Wagg—Say! more than one person has been guilty of mutilating the books I lent them, but my latest experience caps the climax.

Wigg—What was it?

Wagg—I lent Blank my dictionary last week and yesterday he returned it without a word.—Boston Transcript.

Prize Winning Review

"Men Like Gods"

H. G. WELLS might perhaps best be called the most militant idealist now in captivity. Or our outstanding scientifically speculative theorist. Or one of the bitterest critics of the present social and economic conventions. Or the English author who continuously displays the greatest interest and the most vivid imagination in regard to the problems of the day. It hardly matters how you describe him. Either you enjoy his books immensely, or you dislike him and all his works beyond words.

In his latest book he gives us a forecast of what we might make of ourselves and of our social organization within the next thousand generations, if only we would give our minds to it. The period looms even longer in retrospect than it does in anticipation. It takes us back to those of our ancestors who prowled through the primeval forests, clothed themselves in skins, lived in caves or wattle huts and used as their only tools and weapons fragments of broken rock. Rome was not yet born and Greece was in its infancy. In the light of what has happened since then, it is not impossible that even the incredibilities he describes may become commonplaces by the time this period has been doubled.

Since "Tonobungay" Wells has, if not explicitly at least implicitly, constantly drawn attention to our lack of any plan or vision for our common future. He has thundered against the blindness that will not see that only by the elaboration of some plan can we hope to win free from the welter of injustices and inequalities of our present situation. His books have contained the most trenchant criticism of our present attitude towards business and education, religion and ethics. He has urged with all the emphasis and ability at his command that the only hope of further progress lies in the universal realization of the paramount necessity for co-operative effort. But in the last analysis he does but repeat a teaching which we all have at least heard with our ears, even if we have not followed it in our hearts. His is that rule of life called the Golden, though indeed he amplifies it by implying that the salvation of our common humanity is more important than our individual fate, and that we can reach it only by the recognition of our innate capacity to enjoy service and to work for the joy of working if only circumstances would permit us to do so.

The "Men Like Gods" are the inhabitants of a world separated from ours by one of those dimensional differences with the existence of which Mr. Einstein has made us familiar, but of the nature of which most of us have only the foggiest idea. The "Utopians" who inhabit this other world are at the time of the story learning to play with these dimensions and in so doing they inadvertently introduce into their world a small group of people, some of whom are very well known Englishmen wearing the thinnest of disguises. The reactions of this group to the society in which they suddenly find themselves do not reflect very much credit either upon their intelligence or dispositions, and they appear in comparison to the Utopians who have purged themselves of those cardinal and seemingly inirradicable of faults which Wells asserts that most of us display, to be very stupid, mischievous and unpleasant. We learn that the Utopians had suffered some thousands of years earlier from those very social and economic difficulties and injustices that we know exist among us and by which all our minds are distorted. They speak of that time as the "Age of Confusion," and they tell how after a long and bitter struggle they succeeded in eliminating the acquisitive, the self seeking, the exploiter and the parasite. Science, social, psychological and economic, had gradually and only with the utmost difficulty come into its own, and had freed their world from the dominion of greed and selfishness. For centuries their so-called practical people had denied the possibility of such freedom. Just as we deny it to-day.

All this Mr. Barnstable, the subeditor of a pessimistic Liberal Weekly, discovered when he stole away on a holiday. How he was whirled into this other wonderful world, who were his noble and ignoble companions in the adventure, what they found there and how they reacted to it, how they behaved to their hosts and to each other, how Mr. Barnstable avoided the futilities which the rest undertook, and how at last he got back, 'Yellow Peril' and all, to the Bath road again, for all this you must read the book. Its plausibility, the vividness of its language, the wealth of its imaginations, and the thrills of the story itself will more than repay your effort.

J.L.B.

Literary News From London

By Our Own Correspondent.

Autumn Prospects.

I suppose that there has never been such a prospect of a fine harvest of books as there is this year. Announcements are steaming out of the publishers' offices, and the lists are full of the most delectable items. Were I to make even a selection of the titles, I should need a page or so of **The Canadian Bookman.** From time to time, I shall try to tell you of the more important ones.

Lovat Fraser.

Mr. Henry Danielson announces "The Printed Work of Claud Lovat Fraser." Only one edition will be printed, limited to 275 numbered copies on handmade paper (of which 25 are not for sale). This book will be finely printed and will contain a frontispiece in collotype from an unpublished self-portrait of the artist, specially printed four line illustrations, all of which are hitherto unpublished, and one color-print.

A Story of London.

And no one is better able to give us a fascinating book on this theme than Mr. Stephen Graham, whose novel "Under-London" is about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It should find many readers in Canada. He takes a group of "lower-middle-class" boys and girls born in an Eastern suburb of London, and he describes their lives and doings from infancy to the time when they start out in the world. Mr. Graham believes that in London the West knows nothing of how the East lives.

Galsworthy.

Most people who read seriously—at least that class which must have its intellectual sacraments — always await, with feverish intent, a new book from the pen of Mr. Galsworthy. I do not know how many years since it was when I was commissioned to review his novel "Jocelyn," which he wrote under the name of John St. John. I did not realize how great a part he would play in literature years after. Now, I suppose there is no author living who satisfies the mental hunger so much as Mr. Galsworthy. A new volume of his short stories has just been published by Messrs Heinemann. It is called "Captures."

The Blue Lion.

This is the title of Mr. Robert Lynd's new book. **Bookman** readers who came to like Lynd through such collections of his essays as "Solomon in all his Glory," and "Books and Authors" will surely look out for the new book. Mr. Lynd is one of England's most alluring essayists, and his articles in "The Daily News" are eagerly read. He is a delightful Irishman, full of ideas, has a rich voice, a contemplative mind, and a modest demeanour. These are virtues most of us have a right to covet.

Another Irishman.

He is James Stephens, and if you have not his acquaintance, just get hold of a copy of his "Crock of Gold." This, and Temple Thurston's "Passionate Crime," the plays of Lady Gregory, Lord Dundany, and Lennox Robinson, all express the weird but fascinating mysticism of Ireland. Mr. Stephens's new book is called "Deirdre." The author has constructed a romance out of the famous Irish story of "Deirdre," the "Troubler," who had the ill fate to be born "to bring evil to Ireland, and to work destruction in Ulster as a ferret works destruction in a rabbit's burrow." It is a dramatic story of youth and love, of treachery and doom, and of mighty fighting.

From Workshop to War Cabinet.

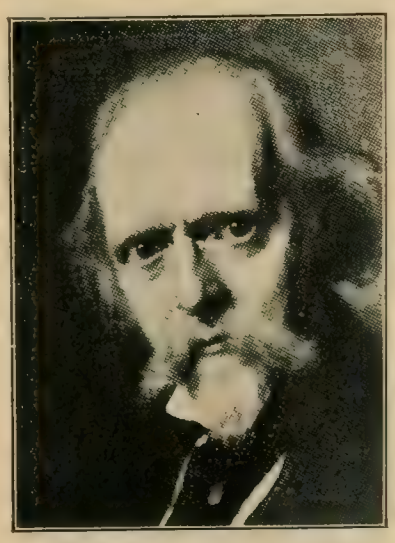
This is the title of a volume of memoirs by that moderate man, the Right Hon. George N. Barnes. It has an introduction by Mr. Lloyd George, who speaks most highly of Mr. Barnes, and there is no doubt that he had, and has the finest qualities that one expects in a statesman. It is an interesting volume of reminiscences told in a modest way. He gives us vivid impressions of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Winston Churchill, John Burns, and many others.

Collected Verse.

It is a habit of poets—Mr. Drinkwater is also doing it—to make a collected edition of their verse. The latest instance is that of Mr. Belloc, whose "Collected Verses" is about to be published by Messrs. Duckworth. The volume will contain the poetry which Mr. Belloc wishes to preserve, with the exception of the matter contained in his humorous books ("A Bad Child's Book of Beasts," and so forth), which are published separately. While it includes the poems in his earlier collection entitled "Verses," which is now out of print, it also contains an equal amount of verses not hitherto published in book form.

The London Bookman.

I would like to draw attention to this excellent monthly, edited by my friend A. St. John Adcock. It is a literary medium which we who work in the realms of books cannot do without. It is sound in its judgment, and entertaining in its news. By-the-way Mr. Adcock has just published through Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.—whose managing director, Mr. F. J. Rymer, was in Canada this month—a most excellent work entitled "Gods of Modern Grub Street," illustrated with many fine portraits by that wonderful photographic artist Mr. E. O. Hoppé.



SIR HALL CAINE
Who is to write a Life of Christ.

Two Great Successes.

These are Drinkwater and Orpen's "Outline of Literature and Art" and Hammerton's "Wonders of the Past." I do not think I know or any two serial works which have entertained and educated hundreds of homes so much as these, unless it were "Outline of Science," and "Outline of History." The two first named ought to find many purchasers in Canada.

Mr. Wickham Steed's Memoirs.

"It will be learned with interest that Mr. Wickham Steed, lately editor of the "Times," is writing his memories as a journalist," says the "Daily News." "He has, indeed, made good way with the book, which will appear in the autumn. There can be little doubt that it will be one of the most intimate reviews of European politics given to the world since Blowitz.

The Northcliffe Prize.

The Northcliffe Prize of £40 for the best French novel of the year has been awarded to Jean Balde (Mdlle. Jeanne Alleman) for her romance, "La Vigne et la Maison." In future this prize will be given by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Katherine Mansfield Material.

During the autumn Messrs. Constable will publish a volume of verse by the late Katherine Mansfield. The poems have been collected from her papers and carefully grouped by Mr. J. Middleton Murry, who has also contributed an introductory note.

Mr. Murry is the editor of a fine new literary monthly entitled **The Adelphi,** which is decidedly worth reading. Constables are also publishing a new and most attractive edition of the works of Katharine Mansfield. "Bliss and Other Stories," and "The Garden Party and Other Stories," are the first two volumes.

Hall Caine.

Sir Hall Caine, C.H.,—which stands for Companion of Honour, a highly prized decoration, which was also held by the late Sir W. R. Nicoll—has a new novel being published in a few days: "The Woman of Knock-a-Loe." It is a fine new Manx story which, I believe, is to be published by The Ryerson Press. Canada should buy thousands of it. The advance English orders are prodigious. Messrs. Cassell who publish it, will also bring out an uniform edition, in cheap form, of Sir Hall Caine's earlier novels. We shall also have a new long short novel before very long, and later Sir Hall Caine will publish a work which he has wanted to write—a Life of Christ.

G.K.C.

"Fancies Versus Fads" is the title of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new volume of essays which Messrs. Methuen are publishing. Whatever Mr. Chesterton writes is arresting, benign, witty and wise. His new book deals with a variety of subjects in his own inimitable fashion. It is, as usual, vastly entertaining.

The Nations of To-Day.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish this season the first 12 volumes of a new political, social and economic History of the Modern World, under the general title of "The Nations of To-Day." "This series," says Mr. John Buchan, the General Editor, in his Introduction, "has been undertaken to provide for the ordinary citizen a popular account of the history of his own and other nations, a chronicle of those movements of the past of which the effect is not yet exhausted, and which are still potent for the peace and comfort of the present."

Walter De La Mare.

Mr. De La Mare, not many years since, won the Hawthorden Prize, and in the subsequent years he has made such strides in his work, that each new book from his pen is eagerly sought for, and high prices are paid for his first editions. An additional and important indication of Mr. De La Mare's great hold upon his public is that many of his earlier books, long since out of print, are being reprinted. Last year—I think it was last year—his remarkable story "The Return" was re-issued. Now Messrs. Collins are bringing out a new edition of "Henry Brocken," which is the author's earliest prose work. It will be illustrated by Marian Ollis. The first issue appeared twenty years ago.

Farnol.

One speaks of him so, nowadays, for his name is a household word. And yet I have met many people who had not read that exquisite romance, "The Broad Highway!" Jeffery Farnol is as fascinating as his books, and he tells stories as well as he writes them. His new novel has the attractive title of "Sir John Dering," and I think it is the best thing he has done since "The Broad Highway." And that is a venturesome thing to say.

Some Important Biographies.

There is a good crop of biographies this autumn, including a "Life of Sarah Bernhardt," by Sir George Arthur, Mr. Basil Worsfold's "Sir Bartle Frere," "The Life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman," Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick's "Life of Lady Henry Somerset," beside volumes of autobiographies of Maxim Gorky and Sir Philip Gibbs.

Robert Burns.

Some time ago, Mr. Andrew Dakers told me he was at work upon a book dealing with "Robert Burns: His Life and Genius." Mr. Dakers, who has been writing this for many years, was at one time associated with Mr. Curtis Brown, the well-known literary agent. Mr. Dakers has now set up shop himself, and he is doing very well, and gathering around him not only writers of considerable standing but many of the younger men and women who are going to count in the future.

JIM MAITLAND

THERE'S a dapper chap—er—"Sapper"
Is the name by which he's known.
Who writes o' fights and sights that blights
In manner all his own.
The ills he kills with thrills and chills
Will comfortably curdle
Your sluggish blood, as with a thud
He jumps each inky hurdle.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

You're sure to like the Lad who does
These deeds of derring-do.
His frame is lean, his eye is keen,
His height is six-foot-two.
His name is Jim: 'twas said of him
His eyeglass was a "blind"
To keep his face right "in its place"
And hide his state of mind.

He knows enough of poker bluff
To beat the Sharpers' game,
He'll "touch the spot" with faultless shot
As quick as spurting flame.
He laughs at Death with even breath!
To him, no Time's too short:
Life, Love and Fun, he meets each one
As fits a **Dead Game Sport!**

* * * * * * * * * * * *

So if you feel that Chiel (McNeile!)
Can tap a snappy story,
You'll hear with cheer that THIS is here,
And know it's "hunky dory."

Jim Maitland. By "Sapper" (H. C. McNeile). Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $1.75.

Short Stories.

Mr. J. D. Beresford is having published a volume of his short stories, under the title of "The Imperturbable Duchess." Many of Mr. Beresford's short stories have appeared in American magazines, and they are highly appreciated over there. There is a likelihood that Mr. Beresford will go to America to lecture, one of these days.

FRANCIS DICKIE
Author of "The Master Breed."

John Buchan.

From Messrs. Nelson we may expect an exceedingly important work—"A History of English Literature." The attractiveness of this promised book is to be found in the fact that it is definitely planned to appeal to the general reader rather than the student. For the latter there is always that magnificent work, "The Cambridge History of English Literature," and I remember, that not so many years since Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton issued a most readable and well illustrated two-volume work which they called "The Bookman History of English Literature. I have often wondered why it has not been reprinted. I believe it is not now available, except in the second-hand bookshops, although I may be mistaken. Mr. Buchan's work is bound to be readable and will probably have a big sale, although Messrs. Newnes' "Outlines of Literature and Art"—which is doing so well here (and in Canada, too, I hear)—is likely to "lead the line." Messrs. Nelson also expect to publish another book by Mr. Buchan—"The Last Secrets: The Final Mysteries of exploration—while I understand that he is also at work upon, and has probably finished, a new novel.

Some new novels worth reading: Sabatini's "Fortune's Fool," Swinnerton's "Young Felix," Maxwell's "The Day's Journey," Pertwee's "The Singing Wells," Hardinge's "The Whirlwind," Kaye-Smith's "House of Alard," "Locke's "Moordius & Co.," Jameson's "Pitiful Wife."

An Artist in Life

By K. K. B.

"To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth; and to settle, when the time arrives, in to a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life, and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor."

—R.L.S.

THERE is a street in Toronto, running off the busy thoroughfare of Yonge Street, one of whose corners is dedicated to God and the other to Mammon.

But that is only a blind!

Some laughing Dryad set the ugly tabernacle cat-a-corner to the trig office of the Business Man and then ran away into the Apple Orchard, jubilant to think how clever she had been! If you are quick enough to catch a glimpse of her and follow, you will find, within sound of the street cars, an old sombre apple orchard brooding over ways and days that are no more. That's the Dryad's City Apartment.

But if, on some hot September morning, you trail her to her rendezvous with Indian Summer, you will be caught up in the glamor of the woodland, and believe yourself bewitched.

Five minutes since, you were dodging motors in a crowded street, shouting to make yourself heard by the conductor. But now, you are straining your ears in the warm stillness where noises are not, to hear the comments of the sylvan populace as the woodland sprite rustles past them, through their multicolored leaves. There's a little secret path down the side of the hill and you could swear you heard the plink of the pebble that she chucked into the dwindled stream below, and see!—a shower of golden leaves float down to veil her passing.

Quickfooted, you follow across a tiny bridge and a sunlit space where Imperial August has cast behind her all the colors for which she has no further use. Great splashes of purple and gold that are michealmas daisies, and golden rod and the Royal Insignia of Scotland. And so on, up a sunny bank and a bit of cinder road, till you are suddenly aware that the Dryad (bless her) has led you to a cream-colored wood, set with a brown door like a flat tree, that gives way at a touch * * *

And you are met by the outstretched hand of Miss Marshall Saunders, accompanied by her canine friend "Billy Sunday."

Every well-bred-and-buttered interviewer poises a pencil above a thick notebook to catch the pearls and diamonds that fall from the author's lips, just as the Wicked Stepmother does in the Fairy Story.

But if **YOU** got round the high corner of the brown settle that casts a hint of a hallway round the front door, into the sunsoaked living room with its cream-colored walls, dark oak bookcases, wide fireplace, generous sofa, and chairs covered in restful blue to match the curtains—if you were set in a luxurious wickerism (cushioned in exactly the right places) and had a little oak stool tucked under your toes, while your hostess hurried to brew the tea in the brown teapot and to take her place on the other side of the oaken table whose uplifted carven flap "wore a wreath of roses" like the lady in the song if this was **YOUR** good fortune (at eleven o'clock in the morning too) would you try to act like a Wicked Stepmother, or just sit down and enjoy yourself?

The Saunders' Family Tree (perhaps it was the first one in which the Dryad lived!) had its roots in Austria somewhere in the 12th Century. Mayflower pilgrims were somewhat nearer relatives; but for close on two hundred years the Saunders have been Nova Scotians and little "Marshall's" early life was spent in Evangeline's country till her father, the late Rev. Edward Manning Saunders, himself a writer of historical distinction, moved to Halifax.

Books, animals and character are so merged in one personality that it would be hard to strike the line where one ends and the other begins. Manual dexterity and mental equipment were interchangeable during the early days, which may be why Miss Saunders describes herself as "a housekeeper first and a writer afterwards." Warmth and light for the whole atmosphere were supplied by parental companionship. Father was never too busy to fit and adjust the skates for the children and help them to learn balance by stumbling up and down upon the carpet (of course it cut the carpet, but that didn't matter!) or to build a kennel for a new pet, or share in their outdoor games as well as to help with, or direct their lessons. Round the big table in the evening, under the shaded lamp, the children gathered for study, mother with her capacious darning basket in her lap and her thimble ready to beat a tattoo on the table, to recall an errant attention. Intelligent learning was the breath of daily life, whether it was studying Greek, or making a bedstead at a moment's notice. Money, as money, was no object. There was always lots of house room, excellent food, plenty of service, abundant opportunity to travel, books, and the leisured things of life. Clothes counted least. Clothes could always be managed by mother and her tap-tapping thimble, which seems to have been an instrument of infinite resource. Maturity came to them, happy and unhurried, to be welcomed with understanding, sympathy, and pleasure. Surely this family are a living proof that "to travel deliberately through one's ages, is to get the heart out of a liberal education."

By and by came the double study for Marshall and her father, with French doors between, where they worked under the protecting care of the mother and her satellites, undisturbed till one o'clock, except by the mid-morning tea that still remains an institution.

Later came years of travel, begun first to visit the school friends made in the years spent in Scotland and Paris, that presently took her, for one reason or another, to half the pleasant places in the connected world. The United States have put forth many claims to Marshall Saunders and provided her with thousands of devoted readers and hundreds of personal friends. But she has a heart as indigenous to Canada as the maple, which is perhaps the chief reason why she has built her this nest between two bits of the Toronto woods.

The little house itself (with a twisty-pansy-trimmed path to the door, and enough flower beds among the grass to make the rooms gay with roses, sunflowers, nasturtiums, branching asters and other garden friends) is the ideal place for two sisters or friends to run, with the minimum of labor and the maximum of joy.

One big living room, with electric outlets in every imaginable spot and a faint smell of lavender pervading it; two bright bedrooms connected by a shining bathroom, outside which hangs a bird house and a bird's pantry, the latter a bit of fine chicken wire fastened to the tree, to permit of bread, cake, corn and suet being tucked behind it, where the birds can reach them and a "personal" kitchen where one could talk to a friend at the telephone and turn a pancake at the same time.

If your limbs are as light as your heart in such a kitchen, you could turn a somersault too, right out on to the square wide porch that plants its feet firmly on the lawn, ready for you to spread your table there, in sound of the bird songs.

Everything, in fact, is in sound of the bird songs. A little winding stair goes up, like incense, from beside the electric stove, and you can hear the twenty-five canaries praising those from whom all blessings flow, at the top of their darling voices, before you have realized where they are. At the top of the stairs is Miss Saunders' wide delightful study, with all sorts of clever contrivances and homelike touches and a wee balcony that shows you how close the lovely woods are set. At the back, over the all-occasions-porch, is the aviary, alive with feathered joy, song, impudence, and delight!

There's "Johnny Doorstep," who got his name from being left there in a box one night, by some one who valued Miss Saunders' heart and powers aright; the robin who was hurt, who loves egg-food and eats and coughs and eats, with a little bow between, and a companion, also rescued from a bitter fate, busy pursuing beetles among the fresh grass, a basketful of which his mistress had just strewn upon the floor for them.

Miss Saunders has a permit from the Government allowing her to keep robins, as it is against the law to keep native birds in captivity. But she does not need it for these little fellows, who will be allowed full liberty as soon as they are fit for it. Then there is "38 Front St.," reminding one of the old tale of the mayor and the Duke of York, and the thunder-blue pigeon, billing and cooing to himself in the mirror which he loves so much, or to his little friend "Fanny," all frills

(Continued on page 279).

Philip Guedella's Essays

Appraised by Edmund Gosse.

NONE of his contemporaries, whether writers or readers, can have aught but a real delight in Mr. Guedalla. He appeals to the intellectual palate, like an array of literary hors d'oeuvres arranged by a **cordon bleu.** He fits in so "preciously" with that modern spirit that takes life with "a conscious smile of effortless superiority," if one may be allowed to misquote a little. He is cynical with the charming cynicism of pleasant youth.

His delicate and delightful use of words, his carefully carved phrases, his thorough intellectual training and perception, illumined with a satiric smile, are unalloyed delight. A contemporary that did not applaud wholeheartedly, might well be accused of jealousy!

Older and more experienced litterateurs may praise and blame in the same breath and be forgiven, on the score of age for wishing to set this amazing young man in his place. The accompanying review by that doyen of critics, Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the London "Times," being on the same epicurean plane as the book itself, is too delicious to be missed. We feel that we owe no apology to our readers for quoting it at length:

The late Mr. William Dean Howells, who in early life had a very sharp sense of the ridiculous, wrote me not long before his death a melancholy letter in which he said: "How we used to giggle together! Do you ever giggle now? I never do." I have rarely been more saddened by an evidence of the shattering passage of time. "I never do"! If my delightful friend, more delightful in himself than even in the best of his novels, were still alive, I should be tempted to send him Mr. Guedalla's essays, in which almost everything under the sun and over it is treated in a spirit of airy persiflage, without bitterness, without anger, by a writer who is the son of Ariel and the nephew of Puck.

Mr. Guedalla quotes as the motto of his book some verses which present Scaramouche and Pulchinella gesticulating in silhouette against the moon, while it is impossible not to laugh at their caprices. When Scaramouche tells us that International Law is a sort of Cinderella in a pantomime by Henry James we are startled into amusement. The reader may penitently say, like Keats, "why did I laugh to-night?" and if M. Bergson is not at his side there will be no answer. But that the reader did laugh will be a matter of history. Mr. Guedalla is master of the mirth which is born of scandalized surprise. He turns head over heels in the holy of holies, and we cannot help being diverted at his intellectual harlequinades.

A Warning.

The merry little tome before me, called "Masters and Men," consists of twenty-seven short essays, which, I suppose, are all characteristic of Mr. Guedalla's faculties and faults. He has, perhaps, been too easily taken, with cries of joy, to the wild breast of Fleet Street. It is not a healthy sign when a new writer is accepted too suddenly by journalism. There should be a period of observation, a decent interval of close time. The more "brilliant" a young author is the less is it to be desired that the moment he leaves college everything he prints should be styled "characteristic of the great historian." The essays which compose "Masters and Men" are strongly marked by a petulance which is not quite spontaneous enough to be becoming. But this is not improbably the result upon a sensitive nature of the preposterous laudation which, he must be perfectly aware, with his delicate intelligencec, he has not yet done enough to deserve.

Hence, while admiring Mr. Guedalla very much, I do not hesitate to follow the practice of the funeral sermon on Rebecca Offentort; in dealing with him, I

"describe his virtues, it is true,
But dwell upon his vices, too."

The vices of Mr. Guedalla are, I believe, the crudities of youth, which he will outgrow, if Fleet Street will leave him alone. His manner of writing is at present hard and metallic; his notion of verbal melody is to go on hitting the golden gong. As far as matter is concerned, he is too painfully anxious to be shining at every moment; he gives the reader's mind no rest; there is not allowed to be a single inconspicuous sentence all down the magnificent page. Every mouse is heralded by a blast upon the ram's horn. The inquisitive student—who will, I hope, not be deterred by any faint praise of mine from purchasing a copy of "Masters and Men"—will see what I mean if he turns to page 216, where Mr. Guedella's fancy radiates round the corpse of the German historian Treitschke. Rocket rises after rocket, and finally we read that "the adventure of reading Treitschke quite gives one the stale flavor of early recruiting posters, and the sound of Mr. Asquith unsheathing his sword comes faintly down the wind." No! that won't quite do.

A Corinthian Style.

It is pleasant to turn to what can be praised without reserve—to the keen playful alertness, the whimsical penetration, the lightness of touch. When Mr. Guedalla has tempered his style, which is now too Corinthian, he will fall back upon a store of native as well as cultivated graces. His powers of satire are already considerable, and I hope that I shall survive long enough to see his irony ripen and his sarcasm become less boisterous than it is at present. He writes very carefully himself, although he affects to laugh at those who try to keep English pure and to cultivate the harmonies of the language. He mocks at every attempt to preserve the dignity of literature. That, I feel sure, is merely the ebullience of youth, lunging at friend and foe alike, since Mr. Guedalla can have nothing to gain by muddying the wells of literature. He has two objects of admiration already, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Max Beerbohm, and in dealing with them he drops for a moment the mocking Scaramouche attitude.

Those are admirable models—Mr. Max with his elegant harmony, Mr. Conrad with his broadbreasted magniloquence. Mr. Guedalla's jeering spirit will not lose all balance so long as he shares with those masters his spiritual home. And safe in that persuasion, we are free to enjoy his caprices. How delightful is this:—"Historical parallels, even since Einstein, rarely meet!" How laughable the picture of the ill-equipped critic of novels, who "scrawls 'Flaubert' on people's walls and runs away!" Of a notorious war-diary he says "there are moments when one wonders whether the Colonel was living in reality or in an early story by Mr. Kipling." The essayist is at once amusing and sound in the reflection: "One would give whole books of Polybius for one good picture of a little dinner at Carthage in the Second Punic War." "The student of history—especially of Continental history—should always have a blush ready." It must be a poor heart that does not rejoice at these things.

An Impartial Jester.

The subjects which the essayist treats are various, but they lean to the intellectual. This I approve of, since themes like "The Proper Time to Beat Carpets" and "Indigestion Among Titmice" have been a little overdone. Mr. Guedalla is interested—hilariously, of course—in the constitution of Switzerland, in the influence of France upon German history, and in the phraseology of English jurisprudence. He strikes mirth even out of that flinty rock, a National Industrial Council. He robs poor Mr. Chesterton of his beer, and is quite unduly, and rather uncivilly, severe with Mr. Saintsbury for his taste in wine. He shakes the peas in the bladder, and flicks at every one in turn; nobody escapes, yet nobody is hurt. The whole thing bears the same relation to real criticism as Gilbert's "Trial by Jury" bears to the Old Bailey. I feel that "Masters and Men" represents merely a stage in the career of an extremely gifted young writer, who, I hope, will ripen and flourish long after I am dead and gone.

Masters and Men. By Philip Guedalla. Toronto: Macmillan Co.

CARLYLE AND MILL.

This autumn will see the publication of a big work containing a large number of hitherto unpublished letters which passed between Thomas Carlyle and John Stuart Mill. I happen to know that the letters are intensely interesting, and while they will, in no sense, create a sensation, they will be looked forward to with considerable anticipation. There will also be included in the resume, I understand, some Browning letters which have not before seen the light of day—at least, in print.

Section of the Canadian Authors Association

Published under the direction of the Central Executive Committee.

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"HER GATES BOTH EAST AND WEST."

"THE wholesome sea is at her gates, her gates both East and West." Who is the author of this quotation in the stonework over the main doorway of the new Parliament Buildings, Ottawa? This question has recently provoked a modest controversy that has extended beyond the boundaries of the capital of the Dominion. An official of the architect's branch of the Department of Public Works, when asked, said he believed it was taken from Kipling's "Lady of the Snows." But he was wrong. Other high dignitaries in Government circles ascribed the quotation to the Bible and various authors of either Canadian or British birth. It was a surprise for officialdom to learn that the author is the Crown Attorney of Ottawa, H. A. Ritchie, K.C., who has more than a local reputation as a poet and dramatist.

It appears that John Pearson, the architect of the Parliament Buildings, wanted an appropriate quotation to greet all who entered the main portal of Canada's chief legislature, and was impressed with "The wholesome sea is at her gates, her gates both East and West," which he found in Mr. Ritchie's poem, "There is a Land," written several years ago.

In an interview Mr. Ritchie said, "I knew nothing of the use of the lines from my poem until long after they had been carved where they now are to be found. It appears that John Pearson found them not unsuitable for his purpose and so used them without reference to me. It is only right to say, however, as he himself has told me, that it was not his intention that they should be so nakedly exposed to the eyes of a censorious world as they are to-day—they were to be surrounded by, and more or less discreetly hidden in carvings of the flora of Canada. The words of many others, far greater than I, having some Canadian significance, will be found, similarly dealt with, at various points in the building by the interested or the curious. The words in question are, of course, a mere statement of an existing fact. It is not unreasonable, however, that we Canadians should trust and be very firm in our resolve that this fact shall remain one, and that the words shall not become a mis-statement."

The words of the poem, "There is a Land," follow:—

There is a Land that we must love,
A North Land, wide and fair,
A Land of Pine and Maple Trees,
And beauty everywhere;
And there free hearts have found a home
And space to still be free,
Fronting the morrow confident
In Her high destiny.

When the leaves are crimson,
When the fields are white,
When the woods are green in Spring,
Or bathed in Summer light,
Be sure we love Her dearly,
Her woods, Her streams, Her flowers,
This sunny Pine and Maple Land,
This Canada of ours.

And Oh, Her skies are bright and blue,
Her waters bright and pure;
There's balm within Her Forest shades
All world-worn men to cure;
The wholesome Sea is at Her gates,
Her gates both East and West,
Then is it strange that we should love
This Land, our Land, the best?

When the hills stand dreaming,
When the Winter's here,
When the slumbering earth awakes,
Or Summer crowns the year,
Be sure we love Her dearly,
Her woods, Her streams, Her flowers,
This sunny Pine and Maple Land,
This Canada of ours.

THE COPYRIGHT RULES AND FORMS.

The Office of the Copyright Registrar has issued a Bulletin containing the Rules and Forms which will govern the application of the new Copyright Act. These can be had from the Commissioner of Patents, Copyright Office, Ottawa. Every Branch of the Association should get a copy of these Rules and Forms, discuss their tenor, and then let the Executive know of the general opinion expressed by local members. This will enable the Executive to know exactly what the members think and what they wish to be done, immediately, with regard to the Rules aforesaid. It must not be forgotten that the law automatically enters into force on the 1st of January next.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Many members inquire about the existence of a Bulletin of Bibliography. The best one now available is that which was published by the Public Library of Toronto for the Ontario Department of Education. It can be had from Mr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian. The title is "The Canadian Catalogue of Books Published in Canada, Books About Canada, as well as those written by Canadians, during 1921 and 1922. Compiled by the Public Library, Toronto, 1923."

G. A. PALMER CARRIES OFF PRIZE OF REGINA BRANCH OF AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

("The Leader," Regina).

G. A. PALMER, secretary-treasurer, was the winner of the short story contest held by the Regina Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, and which was concluded recently. Articles were prepared by seven members and all were of more literary merit, as short stories, than were any that were submitted in last spring's contest.

"Chummy Does It," was the subject of the winning story, the plot of which was woven around a "sky pilot's" discomforts among a flock of cattlemen, until he proved his mettle by saving a couple of their pet cowponies when they themselves had abandoned them to a merciless prairie fire.

The prize for the contest had been offered by a former member of the club, Mrs. Geo. Salverson, of Calgary. It is an autographed copy of her new novel, "The Viking Heart." A racy plot, lifelike dialogue and directness of movement marked the winning story, where a degree more of compactness could have been gained was pointed out by last night's meeting, which had resolved itself into a committee of judges.

To the president, A. M. Bothwell, the club voted its congratulations on his success a week or two ago in winning top place in a Dominion-wide competition held by the publicity medium of the Canadian clubs. The local scribblers last night subscribed for a professional publication which will circulate among the members of the club.

The original articles to be read by the club members at their October meeting will be a book review or else a review of a book review. A magazine has offered cash prizes for the best article on any book review in its pages of the current issue. As the local club's exchequer is low, the members will take the pains probably to look up the magazine and do their best to turn in the winning review of a review. The earliest plans for observing Book Week, November 19 to 24, were sketched last night.

EDMONTON WORKS.

GOOD news comes from our western friends. The Edmonton Branch is well prepared for the long wintry nights. A programme of lectures and entertainments has been arranged, and already two functions have been held with success Here is a clipping that explains all:—

"The general public is cordially invited to attend a series of lectures which is being given in the Public

Library hall (Edmonton), under the auspices of the Canadian Authors' Association, and to take part in the discussion which will follow each lecture.

So far, eight lectures have been arranged. The first was given on September 17th. It was a Parkman meeting, when Prof. A. L. Burt of the Alberta University was the lecturer. Rev. Everard Edmonds, president of the Edmonton Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, occupied the chair.

The succeding lectures will be held as follows: October 1st, Cyril Wates, "Mountaineering—The Cult of the Land of Mystery." With twenty minutes talk and twenty minutes lantern slides.

October 15th, Rev. Dr. J. Macartney Wilson of Robertson College, on "Browning."

November 5th. Capt. Sir Cecil Denney, provincial archivist, will give lantern slides and a talk of old times and old timers in the West.

November 12th, D. C. Cameron of the University Library on "The Reading of B.ography."

November 19th, Miss Jessie Montgomery of the provincial travelling libraries, who will tell of her work.

December 3rd, E. L. Hill, city librarian, on "Books, New and Old." J. W. Diller will also speak on "Books We Buy."

December 17th, Prof. J. M. Millar.

There will be no charge at all in connection with the lectures.

OFFICIAL DATE.

The official date for the Canadian Book Week will be fixed at the next meeting of the National Executive, towards the m.ddle of October. It has been impossible to make arrangements sooner. All sorts of unexpected circumstances have arisen to break down the fine and hopeful projects of the Executive.

TWO OPINIONS ON BOOK WEEK.

("The Daily Province," Vancouver.)

ONE of the most misused and misapplied words in the language of the great British Commonwealth is "Patriotism"—a word, which, while it should stand only for that sp.ritual impulsion which guides or drives nations and individuals up the heights towards the development of their finest qualities and characteristics, has in the sordid struggle of modern existence become too often merely the name for a terrible kind of local ambition, and confused thereby in the partly educated mind with that most questionable product of commercial competition, the habit of "boosting" either a race, or a country, or a locality. Its meaning has even degenerated, in a few regrettable instances, into something even more limited and less worthy still; it is used as a mere tool in the busy hands of trade—a "stage-name" for self-advertisement.

The consequence is, it frequently happens, particularly in young and crude countries where tradition enforces little or nothing in the way of safeguards and standards, that a movement in itself wholly desirable, whose aim should naturally be based on patriotism in the purest sense, is sometimes liable to be diverted at the outset from its legitimate path into the wandering by-ways of self-interest and vanity, which, wherever they may ultimately end, lead certainly never towards the high goal pointed out in the use of a national title.

Such, it seems to some of us, has been noticeable in the launching and early growth of the Canadian Authors' Association. Its object is avowedly patriotic. It has adopted a patriotic name. It presumes to develop by its activities a Canadian literature. It aspires to establish Canadian work in the literary world. Yet false guides, masquerading in the guise of patriotism and art, are but beckoning the members of this group of workers, at their very start, away from the only path along which true art and true patriotism could ever walk hand in hand. The magic words "propaganda' and "distribution," we are told, must be our watchwords—our beacon lights! And we are directed to consider the finest literary work of Canadians as our literary models. We are urged to write in Canada, of Canada, for Canada. And this is supposed to be the path of patriotism. We are implored to talk about our Canadian writers, to buy their productions and send them to the Old Country, in other words, simply to "boost" the work of Canadians.

To realize the falsity of this guidance, and the futility of these methods, it is only necessary to look back into the history of the Old World and see whether there they could ever have been useful or desirable either in the field of literature or of any other art, or in the wider field of national character. What, for instance, would have been the measure of Shakespeare's production if he had so narrowed his vision and crippled his capacities as to set himself the goal of earlier British literary output had refused to write except of his own immediate local surroundings, for the handful of persons who at that time would so have constituted his reading public? How feeble, how self-conscious, how petty, would have become the achievements of Virgil, of Horace, of David, of Goethe, of Dante, of George Meredith, of Alfred Noyes, to take familiar names haphazard, if they had all written with one eye on the gallery and the other on the bank, and hedged themselves about with artificial limits of mundane fact, time and space?

The great danger attending the steps of a young nation is that of confusing with patriotism a petty parochialism which only hampers its progress: "we do squint each through his loophole and then dream broad heaven is but the patch we see!" If we look anywhere but at the highest, we only defeat our own ends—slide into the attractive bog of facile mediocrity—and prostitute a gift of God.

The historian writes of mere facts; a book may be the result, but it seldom achieves a place in literature. The bookseller is quite capable of attending to the minor details of propaganda and distribution: these are not by any wild stretch of possibility gates into the field of art—literature is an achievement of the mind of man moving in humble obedience to what he can read of the Mind of God. It is the outcome of a great love of beauty of sound and form and rhythm, of a listening attitude of the soul, and a discerning quality of heart. To a writer with this equipment, the rules of grammar and composition are mastered almost unconsciously, and gathered more from the study of masters in literature than from text books alone. But the born writer will never consent to be governed by false principles or led by false guides. He will be satisfied with no model but the highest. A national literature can be built up from no other basis. Just as the great nations of the world look not to their national heroes for the one model of character, but to a Jewish Carpenter of two thousand years ago, so the nation seeking to reach an enduring name in any field of art must look, not to the passing public for fame, nor to its own highest efforts and successes, but out into the wide world of literature, or music, or painting, as the case may be, to learn from the great masters of all races and their work, the technique of their calling, and, always, for unfailing inspiration, up to the One Mind governing all.

H. CHERITON HILGATE.

A recent article in "The Province" by Mr. H. Cheriton Hilgate, entitled "Canadian Literature" and dealing with the aims and objects of the recently formed Canadian Authors' Association, voices a protest which is quite undeserved and conveys an impression which should not be allowed to pass without some comment. While the article is admirably written and its general contentions in regard to what patriotism is and what true literature springs from none of us would deny, these have no real bearing here because it is not in authors' associations or such organizations that literary inspiration is to be found, nor do the members of the Canadian one expect to find it there.

Yet although our association is looking mainly towards the financial betterment of the craft, and its leaders have made no secret of this since its inception, this tendency does not merit the censure which Mr. Hilgate pours out upon it. It does not necessarily "beckon the members away from the only path along which true art and true patriotism could ever walk hand in hand" as Mr. Hilgate contends. On the other hand it may make it possible for them to walk in that path if by its "propaganda" (which Mr. Hilgate seems to think is a terrible world to be used in connection with literature), it enables them to make a living at the work they love instead of being compelled either to abandon it entirely or to pursue it only as a sideline instead of as a life work. Again, it may save them from the temptation to leave Canada and take their talents abroad, as so many, alas, have done, where they can make a living by their pens.

* * *

In an age where every trade and profession finds it necessary to organize, for protection and mutual betterment, are the writer folk to be

branded as mercenary if they organize too? It is a well known truth that great literature is inspired by the spirit of its age, by the mind of the people as a whole. It is either starved or nourished according to the quality of their reception of it and the sympathy which they show to its proponents. Shakespeare, to whom Mr. Hilgate refers, was great only by the help of his age and, from what we know of his life, apparently had a fairly keen "eye on the bank" if not "on the gallery," which tendency Mr. Hilgate seems to deprecate in Canadian writers. If the Canadian Authors' Association succeeds in getting the people of our land to take more interest in the work of its own writers and to evolve a lively literary consciousness, it will have made no small contribution to the richness of our national life. That is a patriotic aim which is not to be sneered at and the term "boosting," which Mr. Hilgate quotes, is not happily applied in connection with it.

* * *

The association does not urge its members to write solely of Canada, by any means, but if it encourages them to think that in their own country there is good, and perhaps, for them, the best, literary material, because it is closest to their experience, is this not a desirable thing in every way? Is it not to a certain extent injudicious to despise the environment we have sprung from as a vehicle for our literary expression, and fly to foreign parts that perhaps seem to provide more color and atmosphere? If a writer is ambitious to celebrate the section where he lives, with such a classic as Louis Hemon's "Maria de Chapdelaine," for instance, this is surely not "confusing with patriotism a petty parochialism." It is just what Walter Scott, in a grand fashion, did in his day for certain parts of Scotland, and such writers as Hardy and Blackmore for their own sections of England.

In Canada, of course, our literature is in its beginnings. But it will never be great if Canadians themselves refuse to take an interest in it. The Canadian Authors' Association is a trades guild, formed primarily for the benefit of the craft, and only indirectly for that of Canadian literature. What helps the one, however, must necessarily build up the other. In this our association is similar to the **British Authors' Society,** which devotes practically all its energies to the help and protection of its members in a financial way. Fortunately for them, it is not necessary for it to urge upon the British public the desirability of taking greater interest in the work of the native writers; otherwise, I daresay its leaders would not consider it improper to do so.

ROBERT ALLISON HOOD

An Artist in Life

(Continued from page 275)

of white feathers in her fantail; or having a thrilling sham fight with his mistress's thumb!

A self-supporting ironing board holds a delightful array of food, including apples stuck on nails to hold them steady, an ear of corn and a dish of hard-boiled eggs as well as providing perches below. Cuddling back into the housewall (the other three sides are all window) is a leaf-lined cupboard, to make a warm nesting place. The walls themselves are festooned with boughs that make one feel that the autumn woods have come to the aviary. Through them the canaries flit, embodied music.

Marshall Saunders is the author of twenty-four books, large and small, of which "My Pets," and "Bonnie Prince Fetlar" are perhaps the best known next to the world-famous "Beautiful Joe," which has been translated into Swedish, German, Bulgarian, Japanese, Chinese, Czech, Greek, Turkish, and Arabian; and has sold over a million copies! It is, indeed, a best seller that has become an international classic.

This season will give us her latest book, "Jimmy Bold Coast," which is filled with all the sweet associations of her Nova Scotian home life. The story is told by the pet monkey and he has managed to include a good many interesting sidelights that might have been missed if told by another!

* * * *

And the Dryad? I forgot about her, who wouldn't? But I think she must have gone to ground somewhere below a cluster of milkweed, for the last I saw was an enthusiastic Billy Sunday (who, by the way, is really a Perfect Lady!) digging at its roots with a noise like a young steam shovel.

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WRITERS WORRIED BY CRITICAL FRIENDS.

By P. W. Luce

OF the making of books there is no end, even as there is no end to the friendly criticism hurled at the head of the author who has not quite "arrived," but who is nevertheless sufficiently advanced on the way to be recognized as a prolific writer. Most of the suggestions advanced are useless. Many are absurd. A very few are helpful. But, unless he is willing to risk offending his friends, the scribe must lend an apparently attentive ear to all.

Some acquaintances are lavish of praise of everything a man writes, be it good, bad, or indifferent. Others are mildly censorious at all times. Others again maintain an attitude of such strict neutrality that they never admit having read a line of it.

Possibly the most exasperating friend is he who wants to discuss an article or story printed months ago. A candid confession by the author that he has completely forgotten that bit of writing always being looked upon as a piece of affectation on his part.

In my own case—I write half a million words of humorous matter a year, and one or two short stories a month—I am frequently at a loss to grasp what my friends are talking about, and I have learned that, be they never so positive, they are quite likely wrong about the authorship. Time and again I have been flattered by being credited with some of Mark Twain's best work, and time and again I have been deeply insulted by being asked to father some of Ring Lardner's atrocities. Between these two extremes there is hardly a humorous writer who has not, unwittingly, contributed to what little fame I have in a limited circle.

I have long since ceased trying to explain. At first native honesty impelled me to set my friends right, but it took up too much time. Usually I had to produce the original story in print before they would be convinced. Even then, as likely as not, they would hand out this cheerful remark:

"I thought at the time it didn't read like your usual stuff. It struck me as ever so much better!"

The humiliating part is that they really mean it!

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

If my readers are not acquainted with Edmund Blunden's verse, I advise them to get hold of some of his volumes of poetry—particularly his "Shepherd and Other Poems" which won the Hawthornden prize in 1922. They are exquisite. But he writes beautiful prose too, as you may discover if you read his book "The Bonadventure." I am, indeed, glad to learn that among Mr. Blunden's plans there is an edition of Christopher Smart's "Song of David." There are many, besides myself, who will look forward to it. Incidentally, a friend of mine, a real book-lover and a bibliophile, drew my attention this week to what I consider is the most perfect catalogue of rare and old books, with a part devoted to modern works, sent out by Messrs. Elkin Mathews, of 4a Cork Street W., and in it I found noted a set of the first editions of Mr. Blunden's works. There are six volumes, and ten guineas are asked for the set.

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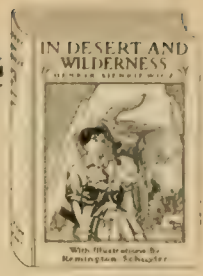

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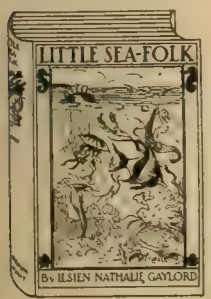

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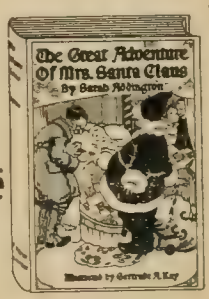

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Canadian Literature: What It Means to the Nation

By IRENE MOORE

"To have a common glory in the past, a common will in the present, to have done great things together, to desire to do still greater,—these are the essential conditions for being a people."

ERNEST RENAN'S reply to the question "What Is a People?" lights up the relationship between a nation and its literature. " To have a common glory in the past," pre-supposes an intimacy with the brave days of old such as could not be formed through traditions. Folk-songs, pictures, totem-poles and fossils help man penetrate the gloom of the centuries behind; but the lovers and toilers of the past can be restored to glowing life by literature alone. The writers, only, know the secret of firing the mind of the living that they may recover the glory of the days when the forest fastnesses of Canada were being explored, the wildernesses conquered, representative government established.

"To have a common will in the present,"—if this is an essential condition for Canadians being a people, then to have a Canadian literature is imperative. Without the convincing presentation of the national purposes on which all wills should be fixed, the essential condition could not exist.

"To have done great things together, to desire to do still greater,"—the essentials still lean upon a national literature. No nation without a literature can parallel Canada's record. Volney's words may be recalled, "Ignorance and cupidity! These are the twin sources of all the torments of man! From ignorance and cupidity man has armed against man, family against family, tribe against tribe." Literature disperses ignorance and cupidity. To all but the opulent few, Dominion-wide travel is forbidden. Canadian literature must be depended upon to kindle in the minds of the Canadian-born the understanding of the pricelessness of being part and parcel of the true north strong and free. The desire to do greater things together will be translated into action best when all are certain of the thoughts and motives of each other and no distrustfulness is there. A live, vibrant Canadian literature will interpret Canadians to each other and unite them in the performance of the "still greater."

A Page of Poetry .. ..

Sandbars

THERE the black crows gather; there the herons wade
Along the amber margins, far from their willow shade.
There the patient clams trail out their senseless scrawls;
And there the little waves break white in the sudden squalls.

Driftwood lodges there, polished and smooth and grey,
Washed down from above the Falls hundreds of miles away—
Shingles thin as paper, rafters and tide-worn planks
Ripped from houses and ferries when the river tops her banks.

There the loud crows gather. There the slim terns fly
With curved wings flashed like paper against the cobalt sky.
There the whitecaps ride when the wind blows up at dawn,
And there the plovers cry when wind and sun are gone.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

River Morning

MIST along the dugway creeping down
With spinning clots of drift and blinks of foam.
Terns screaming out along the sandbars.
A heron winging from his reedy home.

Breath of pennyroyal on the gravel.
Breath of wet willows down the shore.
Breath of life around the bushy islands;
And at the east's gold gate a blue day more.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

A Sonnet to Days

I SHALL go out beyond your reach, O Days,
And all the things you clutch me with shall fade
Into a quiet past, like garments laid
Upon a shelf, which other hands shall raise
And shake, and form unto their needs and ways.
No more shall morn's clear chord for me be played,
Or sweethearts in the dusk make me afraid
Of my own heart!—dreams pass with you, bold Days!

I shall go out to timelessness, quite glad
To step beyond your sweetest futile spell
And leave what my poor human heart must praise—
Content to say, "Yet once—I might have had—"

But I—I, too, who say this last farewell,
Have loved and warmly cherished thee, O Days!

Clare Shipman.

Forfeit

THE bartered years foregather, one by one,
Within the sunless orbit of the past,
The barren years, unhallowed and undone!

They hold no memories of zealous noon,
No twilight wistful at the birth of stars,
No night gold-vestured by a harvest moon.

Had we on one far day—forgotten—dead,
Together watched the miracle of morn,
Or followed April where her laughter led

When the arbutus in its mossy snood,
With scented whisperings of sorcery
Invoked the tardy children of the wood—

Armed with the comradeship of such an hour
Against the ambushed arrows of despair,
A shield were mine, and sceptred battle-tower!

October comes, a sandalled acolyte,
With censer for the maples' altar-fires,
Lighting tall tapers for the primal rite,

While we stand hesitant, or walk apart,
Paying strange tribute to uncaring gods . . .
In ash of leaf I trace love's erring chart!

Kathryn Munro.

Je t'adore

IF I am dumb, 'tis not because I'm blind
To what is beautiful
In life and love
And thy dear eyes,
But that their violet depths
Are far away
As purple witcheries on distant hills,
To promise, yet deny.
For me 'twere poetry to kiss thy lips—
Forbidden both in act
And utterance!
So, am I dumb
Throughout the noisy day,
But when the silent stars their watches keep
My soul shall sing to thine.

I know a Dreamland garden where the sun
For ever shines
Through trailing vines
And leafy canopy;
Where passion flowers and sweet azaleas blend
In an exotic fragrance
With the rose: and spirit song-birds call
In low note melodies.
Here mossy paths invite the feet of loves
In other worlds denied,
And these may wander
Till their lips unite
To give soft kisses as of butterflies:
Oh! wilt thou come and share dream hours with me
When my soul sings to thine?

Francis Cecil Whitehouse.

Shadows in Sculpture

I AM in love with this white statue! Flower-slow
Its rose-white beauty opens to the eye
In poising shadows, pearly shade on shadow . . .
Though all is travesty . . . Poor artists try
A noble flow of curving shade to capture,
Man's strength's repose, romantic peace, to tell;
But shifting light will end this haunting rapture
As shifting life makes artists' heaven hell.

Lyn Tallman.

Memories

DIM in the distance, whispering low,
Glimpses of memory fitfully grow,
Shadow and sun from a poignant past,
Pitiful, precious, and fleeting fast.

Laughter and love and a baby's cry:
Kisses by light of a flame-red sky:
Sobs dried up in a lonely heart:
Cold rain drops on a grave apart.

Hand of a friend held over the years:
A mother's song in a mist of tears:
Echoes of memory fading away,
Come back lest we lose you! Stay, O stay!

H. Glynn-Ward.

A Prayer

ANACREON of Samos,
From where years are not long,
From where immortal singers rest,
Come back and sing my song!
My life is like your wilful lyre,
Keyed to a single theme,
Vibrant with it—yet somehow doomed
Only to lisp its dream.
Anacreon, your wilful lyre
Is voiced! Clear, wild, and deep,
Sing once the song I must have sung
Before my heart will sleep!

Stella Brunt.

Postal Personalities

II. W. H. Blake.

Author of "Brown Waters," "A Fisherman's Creed," and Translator of "Maria Chapdelaine."

EVERYONE who has read Mr. Blake's translation of Louis Hemon's classic, "Maria Chapdelaine" will be interested to know that a school edition of the book is promised shortly. In regard to it, Mr. Blake says:

"There are those not only in Quebec, but elsewhere, who criticized and resented this picture of habitant life, who treated Hemon as a somewhat inaccurate recorder of facts, and not as an artist.. Of course, he took the fullest license with his beautiful creation, as he had every right to do, never passing beyond the truth, but selecting and rejecting as he pleased, and **'Maria'** is to be judged accordingly."

This point of view is set forth by Mr. Blake in the Introduction that he has written to the School Edition; and the point of view of his publishers is set forth in the Publisher's Note which precedes the preface to the original edition of "Maria." Publishers presumably always think well of all the books they publish, though there have been times when they did not really admire the books. But honest admiration will sometimes burst out of a publisher, just as if he were an ordinary human being, which is the reason we like the way Mr. Hugh Eayrs has spoken right out in the front of the book!

Mr. Blake is not fond of being interviewed, and so we are especially proud of having obtained a generous answer to our letter—most of the "Twenty Questions" having received a reply. We give most of it, warm, as it were, from his own pen, written from his Summer Home at Pointe au Pic, Quebec. Asked:

"When did you begin to write?"

"Do you go in Search of ideas, or trust them to come to you?"

"Do you think one is justified in writing for money, just because it brings in necessary cash?"

"What do you consider the best manner in which to develop one's literary talent?"

He replies to this series:

"Being denied the dear ambition of recreating beauty with colors and brushes, I began forty odd years ago to try and conjure up with words the things that made vivid and deep impression, perhaps in the spirit of Browning's lines: 'No gain that I experience must remain unshared.'"

So I began to spoil fair white paper with attempts at verse and prose. There followed some reporting, and a season as Editor of "Varsity." While sitting uneasily in that chair, one of our best-known Canadian poets brought me three exquisite couplets: so beautiful, but so slender, that I asked from him another touch or so, if the vein could be held. Obediently he appeared in the morning **with forty-two others!** One by one these perished beneath the blue pencil, leaving only the original six lines, as they now appear in his published poems. Harsh treatment!

But most fervently do I believe that . . . and . . . and . . . and your humble servant would vastly profit by the like. For does not Canadian literature lack, first and most of all, a thorough lambasting? This, administered with no gentle hand to wincing but chastened spirits, might serve a double end, and change two equally unjustified attitudes on this and the other side of the Ocean, i.e.:

Canadian, therefore worthy of indiscriminating praise.

Canadian: therefore negligible!

(Loud "Hear, Hears."—Ed.)

"With the keen desire to share with others what one found interesting and moving, were joined a conviction and a hope: a conviction that the lamp of letters burnt none too brightly with us Canadians of English speech: a hope that even the dullest spark kept smoldering might serve to kindle some enlightening torch in the hereafter. . . . .

"And there was the ambition as well to help in the weaving of a tie between our countrymen of Ontario and Quebec. When Virtues and Vices are complemental and not correspondent there is every material for misunderstanding, and wide room for service in explaining each to each. Knowledge and comprehending sympathy, and our best self-detachment, are the moral engines most likely to bring us into happy accord.

"And so the little leaves grew, and fluttered out into a pale sun, and prolonged their frail lives in books, as the years went by.

"I should not know how to go on the hunt for ideas, nor in what cover they would be likely to harbor. Do they not come whence and where they list?

"The trades of the Writer, the Plumber, and the Lawyer, may all be practised reputably for gain, but I am doubtful if this motive **alone** ever fathered a line of literature.

"We learn to play on the harp by playing on the harp—and by having javelins thrown at us when we play ill."

(If we may believe the Bible, Saul threw javelins purely from nasty temper.—Ed.)

Asked: (a) Your chief hobby (after fishing)? (b) Your favorite food? (c) Your new Book?—the replies are:

(a) A passionate thirst for the accumulation of useless and unmerchantable knowledge. (b) Surely Eggs and Bacon have no real competitor! (c) Judge Rivard's "Chez Nous" is in course of translation; a book that portrays with sure and quiet touch the old habitant home, and the lives lived within its walls. It abounds in words and phrases that are passing out of use in this generation.

Regarding modern education:

"Beyond a certain modest measure of compulsory instruction in the elements, it is my belief that all education is self-education.

"Five minutes of School (a revealing glimpse of a poem's beauty).

"Five minutes of College (the sudden glory of discovering that the man measures the book!) is all of mine that lingers. Worth the years spent at it?—perhaps.

"Wrong-hearted, maybe; but I believe that the waste in education exceeds the waste in lumbering (19 feet of wood burned for every foot brought to market). How shall you make Youth desire understanding and ensue it till the brain in him dies—at 14 or 94—that is the crux of the question!

"What is my idea of the Perfect Woman?

"Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the Calm of thought."

Mr. Blake has given some very interesting opinions and opened more than one vista of thought in his replies to the 20 questions. The Game is, that if we can guess something of the Interviewer's character before reaching the end of the questions, we win. We feel that our readers win here, something well worth having. Perhaps the results may be some comments on these opinions. We will be glad to receive them.

—K. K. B.

Fenceless Meadows. By Bill Adams. Toronto: Longman's, Green and Co. $2.00.

Bill Adams followed the Sea until the Sea laid him flat on his back and left him too disabled to make a living where a man needs all his muscle all the time.

After that he still followed the Sea in his thoughts—never, perhaps, got very far away from it. He wrote of it "For I've been many, many things; but I've never forgotten the sunrise at sea, down where the trades blow easy; nor the moon-bow, in misty night watches; nor the songs and laughter and the bitter curses, of my old pals." Twenty odd years after his accident, having lived out of sight and sound of the Sea for years, since his lungs could not stand it, his first sea-faring tale was published. But the Sea is in his bones. It is the essence of his life. You can feel it in these strange rough sketches, with their snatches of mystery, their smooth moonlit spaces, their delicate sunrise tints, their bitter salt tang, and their roll like a sailor's chanty. It is just as you sense it at once in their beautiful imaginative name, that comes to haunt you. Truly spoke Damodara, "None have been truly happy, who have not loved a vast horizon."

The first volume of poems, by Cecilia MacKinnon, of St. Catharines, Ont., is being brought out by the Brimmer Press, of Boston, under the title of "Fountains of Orduna."

Good, Papini and Others

By H. J. Cody.

Editor's Note—This article by Canon Cody is more than a review. It is a valuable commentary on the significance of different lives of Christ which he brings under view.

THERE were many in the first age of the Christian Church who realized the amazing richness and superabundance of the words and deeds of Christ. This view is expressed in the closing verse of the Fourth Gospel: "There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be kritten everyone I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." Only a selection of Christ's words and works was recorded and handed down. But the selection made is so profound in meaning that every retelling and re-study seem to disclose some fresh significance or vital relation to present-day problems. Hence it comes to pass that of making "Lives of Christ" there is no end. Christ seems to find a fresh interpreter in every generation. As a very recent biographer (Papini) puts it: "Each age must rewrite its own Gospel." It is, however, worth remembering that nearly all these biographies of our Lord belong to this century or the last.. After the Gospels were written there were no more attempts to write the life of Christ till quite modern times. The effort to reconstruct the career of our Saviour as it was passed amid the surroundings of Palestine under the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius is a modern phenomenon.

These modern lives of Christ may be classified according to certain characteristic emphases. Some wholly ignore modern New Testament literary and historical criticism; some make a few concessions to it; some adopt its most extreme conjectures. Some are chiefly interested in the scenery of the picture, in the manners and customs of the Palestinian Jews adn the natural features of the country. Some seek so to interpret the character and teachings of Christ as to illuminate the social and moral problems of the present age. In the English-speaking world Dean Farrar's Life is probably the most widely known. It is based on much learning and is picturesque and rhetorical in style. In more recent years Dr. David Smith's "The Days of His Flesh,". Archdeacon Paterson - Smyth's "People's Life of Christ" and Dr. T. R. Glover's "Jesus of History" combine scholarship with devoutness and interest. Bishop Headlam's "Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ" is calmly critical of much modern criticism without being reactionary. It is a book written with direct energy in defence of what he believes to be the faith of the Church. It is the product of a well-informed and well-balanced mind and should exercise a steadying influence on those who are in danger of being carried away by rash and unsupported assertions. Perhaps the most striking of these recent lives is that of the Italian critic, philosopher, and litterateur, Giovanni Papini. His "Story of Christ," translated into English, has become a "best-seller" in England and America.. When a man who has not always been a devout Christian, but actually was once a scoffing atheist, an anarchist, a satirist of religion, comes to believe in a Divine Christ and expresses his new faith in a glowing literary appeal, his words are likely to carry far and to reach a public untouched by most theologians. The war and reflection upon the deep world problems stirred by it has wrought this miracle of conversion. Frankly adopting an attitude of supreme indifference to literary criticism a scientific comment. on the basis of the Four Gospels as they stood, he has written the story of Jesus of Nazareth, Son of Man and Son of God. He seeks to make the figure of Christ real and vivid to mind and imagination. The chief value of his book as a life of Christ lies in its vivid scene-painting and its pungent exposition of the Master's Teaching. The book is the testimony of a convert and the manifesto of a missionary.. That this story should receive so wide a welcome in many lands and languages, is a significant fact. It means that Christ is still the most attractive, needful and redeeming of all figures. Papini, a Florentine, exults in being a citizen of the only state which once on a time—in 1527—formally chose Christ to be its King. He is proud to call himself "a subject and soldier of Christ the King."

The volume which is the specific subject of this notice adopts the same critical standpoint as does Papini. It represents the extreme rightdoing of traditional conservatism. The author. Dr. John W. Good, is a Professor in the Georgia State College for Women, and for years has had charge of Bible Study in that institution. In this massive book of 840 pages Dr. Good gives the results and accumulations of his life's work as a teacher of the Bible. "The author's purpose is to exhibit again those old truths concerning the Lord Jesus as our fathers saw Him, believed in Him, loved Him and served Him." The "Jesus of our fathers" is the Eternal Son of God. Dr. Good has a remarkable mastery of the contents of the Bible. On the basis of this knowledge he has written a thorough and comprehensive study of the life and teachings of our Lord. The titles of the seven parts into which the book is divided are: "The Son of God born into the world"; "The Divine Saviour introduced to the World;" "The Organization of the Kingdom of Christ"; "The Propagation of the Kingdom of Christ;" "The Facing of Christ toward the Cross"; "The Passion Week"; "The Exaltation and Sovereignty of Christ." With almost passionate diligence Dr. Good analyzes and explains the teaching of Jesus as laid down in the Gospels. Every word or deed of the Master in the New Testament receives a straightforward and stimulating exposition. The style is clear. The arrangement is lucid. The references are practically all limited to the Bible itself. The student will find a mass of well-ordered information and no avoidance of difficulties. There is no narrow-minded or ignorant denunciation of views other than those held by the writer. Yet every student of the Gospels knows that for some of the problems raised, there are varying solutions, and all commentators of modern date are not to be wholly disregarded. One of the finest revelations of the book is its writer's loyal devotion to the person of the Living Christ.

H. J. CODY.

The Jesus of Our Fathers. By John W. Good. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada. Price $6.00.

A Treasury of Verse for Little Children. Selected by M. G. Edgar. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $3.00.

One of the most delightful rhyme books for children is a collection just published under the title, "A Treasury of Verse for Little Children," collected by M. G. Edgar, who has every right to know what children want! Here are to be found all the old favourites, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," "Wynkyn, Blynkny and Nod," "Foreign Lands," "Twinkle Twinkle," and others of that ilk, as well as the well-beloved "Once there was a little Kitty" (taken from that fascinating book that seems to be out of print nowadays, "Little Susie's Six Birthdays"), and "Lullaby of an Infant Chief" and "Jog on Jog on," that delightful motto from our old friend, Mr. William Shakespeare. There are the most fascinating pictures by Willy Pogany, of whimsical imagination, and the whole is bound in a colored cover that reminds one of tooled leather or some old illuminated treasure.

Jack Without a Roof. By Major Charles Gilson. London: Religious Tract Society. 6s.

What Henty was to the boy readers of a generation ago the boys of to-day find in Major Gilson's red-blooded tales of adventure. This latest one is a stirring tale of the war in La Vandee.

It is a handsome book, having an exceptionally fine frontispiece in color and eight other full-page illustrations by John De Walton, R.W.A. This is one of the outstanding juvenile books of the year.

The Fifth Room Mystery. By Harold Avery. London: Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.

There is adventure and excitement a-plenty in this story of English school life. It is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, has six full-page illustrations and a jacket in full color. An admirable gift book for boys.

A Scout of the '45. By E. Charles Vivian. London: Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.

A thrilling tale of the Jacobite Rising; an admirable book for boys, but one of the sort that "Dad" picks up and reads avidly at a sitting.

Of Special Canadian Interest

Book Week and Other Activities.

CANADIAN books will be to the fore stronger than ever during this year's Book Week. For instance, in Toronto, all the bookstores will devote their window space entirely to Canadian books during that week.

The publishers are co-operating with booksellers in the chief cities across the Dominion, to carry large display advertisements in the newspapers to be entirely devoted to Canadian books.

Canadian Clubs, Empire Clubs, Women's Clubs, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Rotary and similar organizations will be addressed by prominent authors who will also give talks to the pupils at Collegiates, High Schools and Colleges.

Branches of the Canadian Authors Association are active in promoting Book Week activities in the different cities.

The Prize Essay.

In the "Bookman's" prize contest for essays on "Canadian Literature: What It means to the Nation," the first prize was won by Irene Moore, of Regina. Hers is the opening article in this issue. The spirit of her plea for a live vibrant Canadian literature to interpret "the true north strong and free," finds practical support in the suggestion of a correspondent in this issue of the "Bookman" that a purely Canadian text be prescribed for the teaching of our own national literature in the High Schools and Collegiate classes of Canada.

The time for receiving entries in the "Bookman's" December contests is being extended to Nov. 20. The book to be reviewed is A. E. W. Mason's 'The Winding Stair," reviews to be not over 400 words. The children's contest is for essays on "What I Think a Christmas Book Should Be." The latter contest is open to boys and girls under 17 years.

I.O.D.E. LITERARY COMPETITION, 1924.

IN order to encourage Canadian literature, the I.O.D.E. again offers two prizes, the first of the value of $200.00 for the best short story, the second of the value of $100.00 for the best one-act play. The conditions under which they will be awarded this year differ slightly from those announced in 1923. They are as follows:—

The Short Story.

1. It must not have been published before being submitted in this competition.

2. It must not contain less than two thousand words nor more than six thousand.

3. It must be typewritten on paper of letter size (8½ x 11 inches) and written on one side of the paper only.

4. It must be sent flat, not folded or rolled, have the author's "non de plume," but not his or her real name, on the title page, be registered and mailed to the National Educational Secretary, I.O.D.E., 238 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

5. A sealed envelope with the "nom de plume" printed or written clearly upon it and the author's name within must accompany the manuscript.

6. The manuscript must be submitted on or before March 15, 1924.

7. No manuscripts will be returned.

8. The prize will not be awarded twice to the same person.

9. No competitor may submit more than one manuscript a year for each prize.

10. The writer must be a British subject, resident in Canada.

11. The copyright of the story adjudged the best is to be vested in the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire with power to arrange for its publication in magazine or in book form or in both.

The Play.

1. It must be a one-act play.

2. Its presentation on the stage should occupy not less than twenty minutes nor more than thirty minutes.

3. It must not have been published before being submitted in this competition.

Conditions 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 for the short story apply also for the play.

* * * *

The judges shall take into consideration the special merits both of the story and play as a reflection of Canadian life and sentiment. The names of the judges selected by the Canadian Authors' Association will be announced at a later date.

WINNIPEG CONTEST DECIDED.

LAST June it was decided by the Community Players of Winnipeg, that in order to stimulate and encourage interest in the writing of purely Canadian plays they would offer a prize of $50 for the best, original one act play, written by a Canadian, with the scene laid in Canada. Notice of this offer was published in newspapers far and wide and plays came in from east, west, north and south. It was noticeable that Ontario and Quebec where the Little Theatre movement has been established for some considerable time, contributed the largest quota of playwrights. In this connection it is interesting to note from a recent article in "Canadian Bookman" that one act plays of merit, once a rara avis, are now, since the establishment of the Little Theatre movement, very easily obtained, and that many books of really good collections may be found in the libraries.

The judging of the plays has occupied the spare hours of the members of the General Committee ever since the date of the closing of the competition, and it was only after really strenuous labors that the numbers of the most meritorious were reduced to five. On these five opinions were divided, and the final decision was not made until they were all read aloud before the General Committee by an experienced and dramatic reader who did full justice to each play and thus gave the listeners an opportunity not only to hear the dialogue spoken aloud, but also to visualize the stage settings and the movements and positions of the players. After this reading the decision was unanimous and it was without a dissenting voice that the prize was awarded to "The Lost Day" by T. M. Morrow, La Gabelle, P.Q.

This tense little one act play has as its central theme the callousness of man to man. The scene is laid in the office of a construction company whose bosses are rejoicing over a fine day in which they will get some of the work caught up which they have lost. Into this rejoicing breaks a white faced clerk with word of the hideous death of one of the workmen and a rumor that all the rest are striking work for the day. In spite of the efforts of the foreman all the men leave "out of respect to the dead man." When the foreman remarks that respect could be shown better by remaining on the job and giving their wages to his widow, the answer comes back with a laugh, "He's an old bachelor." And so with the clink of their time checks in the door-box the men leave and the foreman calls the "wagon." The writer of this play knows his subject and his atmosphere. He knows how to make his characters live and speak like living men and not like puppets. There is not an unnecessary word or movement in the scene, and with clear-cut precision, each character adds his quota to the mounting callousness which has included before the scene closes every one who has taken even the smallest part in the play. It is not a pleasant play, nor one that will improve your general opinion of humanity, but it is twenty minutes of realism, cruel, tense and arresting, and there is little doubt that Mr. Morrow having so successfully mastered the technique of his art will be heard from again among the playwrights.

The remaining four of the final five plays were:

"The Loading," by Raymond Knister, Blenheim, Ont.

"Autumn Blooming," by Fred Jacob, Toronto.

"Cloistered Love," by Capt. H. C. Howard, Knowlton, P.Q.

"Judas," by A. E.Johnson, Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

It is the hope of the Community Players, of Winnipeg, that some time during the next season all these plays may be produced on the stage of the Community Theatre.

THE IDOL-MAKER.

LONG have I wrought to fashion thee;
Lovely thy length,
And holy thy face;
Waiting and sacred is the shrine
I dreamed would be
Thy dwelling place.

Empty and waiting now, and yet
I hasten not
To place thee there,
But start again to build anew
Another, much more fair.

—Cecilia MacKinnon.

Literary News From London

By Our Own Correspondent.

PUBLISHING is in its full stride again and from all I hear, this season will be as good as last, if not better. I hope it may be, because there is no other profession that suffers so much and so immediately as the making and selling of books, when there are national and international difficulties. I had in mind, of course, the grievous condition of unemployment, which bids everyone of us to be sober in mind and in expenditure. Yet it is at such times, that books are a boon and a blessing. Their quiet friendship may help us over many rough places. And there's no more delightful time for book reading than during the winter-time. Sitting comfortably in a cosy chair in front of the fire; in the English way, a coal fire. Yet I would sooner read my book in the aroma of the log. On the other hand, I have enjoyed not a few books this summer lying out on the heather-clad hills in sight and sound of the waves dashing on the shores of Old England.

A New People's Library.

A new People's Library is promised us by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The General Editor is Mr. Sidney Dark, that very able joint Editor of the ever-popular "John O'London's Weekly." Mr. Dark is a prodigious worker, and writes extremely well. He has had a vastly interesting career, and his judgment in providing a literary menu each week in "John O'London," which everybody just happens to want, is amazing. The library will consist of a series of well-produced half-crown books on life and letters, the arts and the sciences. The first six volumes augur well for the eventual success of the series. They are: "The Life of St. Francis Assisi," by G. K. Chesterton; "Everyday Biology," by J. Arthur Thomson; "Victorian Poetry," by John Drinkwater; "The Story of the Renaissance," by Sidney Dark; "Atoms and Electrons," by J. W. N. Sullivan, and "The Poetry of Architecture," by Frank Rutter.

Since Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, C.V.O., became head of this famous publishing house, it has made enormous strides, and has given the public not only many fine books, but a great number of series at once readable and of considerable utility, both nationally and internationally.

New Novels.

Mr. H. C. M. Hardinge has written an exceptionally fine first novel, entitled, "Whirlwind." It is a romance of merit, and as distinctive as any first novel that I remember ever having read. It is a wonderful picture of society ranging from the drawing-room of a duchess to dingy lodgings in a lowly part of London. There are some vivid scenes in the continental demi-monde. The author ably avoids melodrama, and does not overload his story with sentiment. He also has a rather attractive, whimsical method of telling his story. I should judge it will have a good circulation in Canada in due course. Putnam's are the publishers.

I had the privilege of reading a new Indian story the other day, and I should reckon it will be a good seller everywhere when it appears. The author is that popular novelist, Mrs. E. W. Savi, and she calls her new novel, "Mock Majesty." Good title, too. The hero is an Indian prince, educated in England, where his wealth and charm open all doors. When he returns to India, however, everything is different. In the end, happiness comes to him through a great love.

Mr. Gladstone's Daughter.

People are talking about a forthcoming volume of reminiscences which it is said Mrs. Drew is writing. If the rumor is correct, we ought to get a "book of the season," for Mrs. Drew must have a wealth of memoirs about her illustrious father to draw upon. And she has a charming style, as some readers may recall, as was evidenced in that book about Mrs. Gladstone which she gave us not so long since.

Pamela Wynne.

Last year, Messrs Philip Allan & Co. issued the first novel by a writer who bids fair to be one of the popular writers of the day. In fact, it may be said, that she became successful with this first novel, which was entitled "Ann's An Idiot"—a clean, encouraging story, with an Indian setting, full of dramatic incident, and not without considerable power. Now I learn from Messrs. Allan that Miss Pamela Wynne, the author, is to give us another Indian story, entitled "Warning."

What Is Man?

A great question this, but Professor Thomson (whose wonderful "Outline of Science" still continues a best seller everywhere), gets very near to the answer in his great study of the matter in the volume bearing the title at the head of this paragraph. It is made up of a series of fascinating lectures delivered at Aberdeen University.

C. W. WHITAKER

Mr. C. W. Whitaker's novel "The House of Lyes," just published by Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Son, is finding favor with an increasing number of readers. It is a fascinating first story and ought to do very well. Mr. C. W. Whitaker is editor of "Whitaker's Almanac," Director of Whitaker & Son, Limited, and a brother of Mr. G. H. Whitaker, editor of "The Bookseller."

The Author of "The Way of Revelation."

"The Life of Wilfrid Ewart," the brilliant and fortunate young author of "Way of Revelation," by his friend, Mr. Stephen Graham, will be published on December 31, the anniversary of his tragic death in Mexico City. It was a tragic ending to a real genius. I knew him well, and came to understand that whatever he wrote had a touch of realism in it, which spoke volumes for the brain which did the creating. "Way of Revelation." This sells well, and we may see people in all stations of life reading it.

Lord Morley.

At about the time Lord Morley passed away, the Macmillans announced a uniform popular edition of his works to be completed in twelve volumes. The first batch, containing "Politics and History," "Critical Miscellanies," "Biographical Studies," and "Oliver Cromwell," will be ready almost immediately, and the balance will appear some time later. It is not astonishing that there should be a demand, as there is, for this popular edition, for there was no purer stylist, or more polished mind who lived in the Victorian era. Lord Morley was the last great one of that great period. The quips of self-imposed critics of the Victorian times will never reach the heights of such writers as Lord Morley.

Mr. Churchill on "The World Crisis."

I think Mr. Churchill must be very well pleased over the success of the first volume of "The World Crisis." In fact I heard that he was so well pleased with the excellent start it made that he at once began on the second volume. There is a big crowd of people awaiting it, and I happen to know the advance orders are particularly plentiful.

"Is It Peace?"

Mr. Lloyd George has published through Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a volume bearing the title "Is It Peace?" In addition to a certain amount of new material not hitherto published, the book consists, in the main, of articles which have been appearing during the past year in various newspapers under his name, and dealing with the problems which are disturbing the world to-day.

A Famous Woman Preacher.

Messrs. Putnam's announce the publication of two more books by Miss Maude Royden, similar in character to her "Political Christianity" and "Prayer as a Force." These are entitled "Beauty in Religion" and "The Friendship of God." In the first of these she emphasizes the beauty of Christ's teaching and the poetry of the Gospels, while in the second she gives examples of various "friends" of God and claims to show how that friendship may be obtained.

. . . Books of the Month . . .

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views, Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker.

A NEW CANADIAN POET OF PROMISE.

The Song of Isafrel. By Mirian Osborne. The Macmillan Co. of Canada. $1.75.

Here is a book distinguished from most good contemporary volumes of verse by a reversal of the usual aptitudes: Miss Osborne's touch with the lyric is not very sure while with the ode and the celebratory in general it can be quite distinctive; as witness "The Song of Isafrel" proper, and the dedicatory sonnet, to which the word noble might be applied.

There are some customary faults, however. "Winter" and others are so cluttered with figures that one thinks of Cabell who somewhere speaks of "evading the whole issue by comparing (the object) to something entirely else." Poetry will never reach perfection by this criterion, but a little chariness and less of the obviously eloquent will do much for minor verse.

Some of the sonnets exemplify that bane of poets, the set subject. One wonders if some of them do not shake up cards with names of titles in a hat, and write on whatever they chance to draw, so little, apparently, are their feelings engaged. The worst example here is "Florence Nightingale" whose lamp is "a deathless star." Yet the next page contains a really fine if uneven sonnet, "Thy Gift." Then there is the strong and immediate "A Rhapsody," and among others only less good, "The God Immortal" and "Aftermath."

It is common in reviews of verse to say, "If only this book had been half as thick. . ." But the far from merry fact is that most books are of an unvarying tenor of mediocrity. The most hopeful thing about this one is that it is not.—Raymond Knister.

A Book of Escapes and Hurried Journeys. By John Buchan. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons. $1.50.

"Why is there such an eternal fascination about tales of hurried journeys?" The author does not attempt an adequate explanation but rather proves his interrogative statement by illustrations and they are delightful illustrations surely.

He forgets the story-worn hills over which "Hannibal crept on Rome." He ignores "the mighty Caesar" and mentions not a word about Stamford, Stirling, Blenheim or Corunna. In fact it is not a book of bloody conflicts and stealthy plannings at all, but just of romances based on truths and the author defines romance as thus: "that which affects the mind with a sense of wonder—the surprises of life, fights against odds, weak things confounding strong, beauty and courage flowering in unlikely places." And so with this definition he includes the story of the little army of the great Montrose and the escape of Prince Charles after Worcester.—J. McE.

Why Don't You Get Married? By Norris Hodgins. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd. $2.00.

Norris Hodgins makes a welcome contribution to Canadian humor in this volume of sketches on topics that come close to everyone's experience as their titles suggest: "Buttons," "Catching Trains," "Having a Shave," "The Rural Phone," "Lap Dogs," "Paint," to mention only a few of them. The entertainment is enhanced by the cleverly done black and white sketches by Robert E. Johnston.

Golf Through the Ages. By G. A. McLean. Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co.

This is a delightful burlesque history of golf with an introduction by "the Secretary of Foreign Golf Affairs." Proof is presented of the prehistoric origin of golf and that a conspiracy of Caesar and Brutus staging an attempt to change the rules caused the fall of Rome. The game is traced through the middle ages up to the time when the Scotch enter the picture. Coming down to modern times, the awful blow occasioned by prohibition in America receives great attention as does the great push-in of the gentler sex followed by the repeal of the Sunday anti-woman law. Lewis Hymer's clever illustrations add appreciably to the fun provided in the text.

Eleanor in the Loft. By Grace Rhys. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons, Ltd. $2.00.

I do not think that I ever read a story like this before! It is written with an understanding of the contradictory Irish that is characteristic of the average careful Irish observer. But whatever else she may be, Grace Rhys is certainly not an average writer.

Eleanor was the daughter of a fascinating Irishman, who tried to run his household on the lines of fifty years ago, while he was still shrewd enough to realize that in regard to the world at large he must conform to modern requirements. The innate adaptability of the adamant Irish is depicted in a manner that savors of genius. The picture of the Sinn Fein Court is an unforgetable piece of work. Then the horses "Picture" the Chestnut of "unusual intelligence, and perfectly sweet temper, good heart, sweetness and brain—a combination as rare in a horse as it is in a man." Omdurman, the black horse, with the story of his subjugation; those inhuman stables, so alive, so masterful; best of all, Eleanor herself! All these woven together like the flowering climate of the Emerald Isle. If Ireland ever welds itself into a Nation, let the world beware! Meantime, don't miss Eleanor.

Pirate Tales From the Law. By Arthur M. Harris. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Did you know that Captain Kidd was a Scotchman (son of a "meenister," too!) who started his career as a "trusty and well-beloved Captin" in the service of the King, and that his whole piratical history only covered one year? Or that the doughty Quelch was merely the mouthpiece (and final whipping boy) of a stronger man? Or that Blackbeard, robbed of none of his horrible glory in these forthright accounts, was hand in glove with the Governor of the Carolinas? These and many other stories are bound in this volume of pawkily told tales, the combined weight of whose evidence goes to show that a pirate's end is usually a poor one!

The Spell of Provence. Andre Hallays. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Decorative cloth, boxed, $3.75.

In the admirable "Spell Series" of books of travel and description the latest arrival is "The Spell of Provence," by Andre Hallays, author of "The Spell of the Heart of France" and "The Spell of Alsace." The translator is Frank Roy Frapie, who contributes an interesting foreword. His translation preserves the light touch of Hallays, the learned French architect and litterateur.

Provence, "the province," was the first conquest of the Romans outside of Italy. It is famed for the charms of its varied landscapes, the wonders of its architecture and the pleasing manner and customs of the people.

The graceful and colorful manner of the author, together with his triple capacity of learned architect, accurate historian and brilliant student of men, raises this volume above the average travel book.

There are many illustrations, including some in full color.

Star of Mercia. By Blanche Devereux. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons. $1.75.

Would you catch a glimpse of the beauty of the Welsh Hills, a whiff of their freshness; would you know something of their folk-lore, something of the gentle placidity of their peoples; something of their sternness and patriotism, too? Then in this book there is food for your mind, and maybe, too, if the blood of the Welsh patriots flows in your veins, fire for your heart. There are times, perhaps, when the plots of the stories become congested. Nevertheless, through each one there runs the grace of the genuine story-teller, who from an old legend has created a new and vivid thing.—J. McE.

A Book of Canadian Inspiration

Reviewed by J. L. B.

DR. LOCKE has chosen a unique method of sketching a most important aspect of Canadian history. He has delved into the records and brought together speeches by prominent politicians and publicists dealing with our national growth, prefacing each extract with a brief biography of the speaker. In this way he has outlined the constitutional development of the country from the bad days of the Family Compact and the rebellions of 1837 to the year of grace, 1923.

In my school days the history of Canada was "the only thing we learned everything else but." To-day, I believe, all that has been changed and the story of the birth, growth, and vicissitudes of their country is being impressed upon the minds of our youthful fellow citizens. Whether or not one is well versed in the details of Canadian political development this book provides a great deal of interesting material, which one may well believe has not previously been easily available.

There is a thrill in reading the very words spoken on the floor of legislative assemblies, on the hustings of political gatherings, or at public meetings where questions of vital importance were under discussion. One might wish that the extracts had been somewhat fuller. One misses the introductions and the perorations. Only the central matter is given. One is left with the impression that, taken by and large, few Canadian public men have been blessed with much eloquence or oratorical skill. The matter is there; the adornment is lacking. Even Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech in Parliamnt on the death of Sir John MacDonald does not seem to convey the charm he invariably displayed. It may be that the author's determination to include nothing that did not bear more or less directly upon the constitutional question of the moment, explains the absence of that fire and passion with which the names of many of the great ones of old are associated. It is their sober arguments that he has selected.

His introductory biographies are models of compression. They contain all the essential facts of the lives and activities of his chosen speakers. They are excellently done. From them one gets an outline of the progress of the political development of Canada that is clear and complete. He has, however, omitted all criticism of his protagonists, and one is left with the impression that all his geese are swans. It may be that this is right. It is a matter of honest difference of opinion whether a biographer should try to draw a plain, unvarnished picture of the people of whom he is writing, or whether he should be blind to their faults and should magnify their virtues. Dr. Locke is not of the school of Lytton Strachey or E. T. Raymond.

Of the twenty-nine whose speeches are quoted, some were or are of international reputation; some have a genuine place in our history, and a few seem, perhaps, to have impressed the author rather more than they have the rst of the world. Among them we find some peculiar combinations. Imagine if you can, that dour, passionate Scot, William Lyon Mackenzie, in company with Stephen Leacock; or Sir John Macdonald, whose reputation as the most charitable of bon-viveurs equals that of his statesmanship, bound up in the same volume with Newton Wesley Rowell! But in the speeches of all of them, however dissimilar they may have been, one finds a common inspiration. From Papineau and Mackenzie to Meighen and Borden, from Baldwin and Lafontaine to Mackenzie King and Gouin, one can trace a sense of nationhood, the passion for independence, and the courage to insist that Canadian affairs belong to Canadians.

Dr. Locke has brought together a fine group. However much one may disagree with the ideas of some of them, everyone will subscribe to the patriotism by which all of them were animated.

The Builders of the Canadian Commonwealth. By George H. Locke. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Katherine Hale's New Book

Reviewed by K. K. B.

DID you ever saddle your horse in the dull mist of morning and, turning from your garden gate on to the prairie trail that feels like turf beneath his feet, ride forth to meet the Dawn? Or pause, an hour later, on a lift of the land above a sky-blue river that winds its way below the sloping fields of ripening wheat, to let that same hungry horse short-cut the field by jumping the dew-wet haycocks between him and his oats, you and your bacon, and the warm day's work?

Did you ever watch under a sun, hard and sparkling and cold as a yellow diamond, the spin-drift frozen snow sifting and drifting with a sibilant sound across the already arrested and frozen waves of the snow-sea that stretches without a break to the skyline? Or paddle hastily through the darkness to your hide among the rushes, from which to watch the early morning flight of ducks outlined against the super-moon in a dark sky, like something pictured by an artist in Japan, and hear the dawn-wind stir the reeds, and watch the wild world wake among the rushes to a glory of gold and blue with a whole gamut of delicate browns to give the scene perspective? Or sense the squalid end of the Redmen in their 20th Century prototypes? Know the aching futility of the personal lives of prairie wives and feel the lift of happiness that comes to those "who have loved a vast horizon"?

If you have done any, or many, of these things you will know how well Katherine Hale has caught the essence of the "Land of the Great Spirit," the Place of Big Beginnings ("I never thought then, I should come to Bridge!"), in her volume of poems well named "Morning in the West."

In "Women," the second division of the book, she combines an understanding of the spirit and an appreciation of the outward attributes of life with a choice of words, a sensitiveness to sound, the form and color and perspective of tones, that enables her to voice a picture in a way that makes it visible and embodies its meaning. Read "Pavlowa Dancing." The touch is sure, with a singing tone, and a subtle strength. Katherine Hale has written charming poetry before. But here we feel that she has heard a whisper telling something of the secret mysteries of life, and suddenly grown-up! In conception, execution and power it is so far ahead of her other work as to seem almost as if it was written in a new language. To apply a quotation from it :

"In it there hangs a sword, and through it blows
A laughing wind . . .
That strange, and quite inevitable word
That Time can never kill!"

"She Who Paddles" is like a miniature set in pearls, one of the heirlooms of the heart, and "Silver Slippers" is a poignant setting of the old truth that every one of us has to learn. The last fourteen lines of "White Porches" is Canada personified on two sides of the National street!—But space forbids quotation, and we can only advise you to make this little volume your own.

Morning in the West. By Katherine Hale. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.25.

Woman. By Albert Durrant Watson. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, $1.00.

Dr. Watson has issued a trumpet call to Woman. Or perhaps, not only to woman, but to Humanity on her behalf. In a series of connected poems, he depicts her as the Slave of the Ages; in Man's desire for her, and her desire for peace, plenty, and protection. Now, partially freed from mechanical chains and at liberty to take a larger part in the world work, he calls upon her to free her soul and strike off her loosened shackles, standing upright to take her place among those who lead on to the New World

"Where worth, not wealth, is made a self-rewarder,
By taking all the profit out of sin."

He represents her as holding the Soul of the World in her charge, by reason of her motherhood.

Among many splendid lines and stanzas, perhaps the loveliest is this, with its picture of the inward glory of the freed woman:

"She felt God's presence in the common places;
The little things that dull eyes never see.
Put glory on, and all the upturned faces
Of flowers and ferns were wreathed in mystery.
The kindly earth smiled like a vale in Arden
Where God at eve was walking in his garden."

The Diary of Nellie Ptaschkina

"Sad—and Russian."

NELLIE PTASCHKINA, whose diary translated from the Russian by Pauline de Chary "dreamed of becoming a writer, without realizing that she already was one, that with her diary she had won a place in Russian literature"—at least so says Sergei Svatikoff who writes a prologue to the diary. F. Ptaschkina (Nellie's mother) bequeaths the diary "to all those who appreciate the tender unfolding of a soul." Nellie herself met a tragic end at the foot of Mont Blanc in July, 1920, when she was only seventeen.

It is all so sad—and Russian. Nellie's extreme youth and the tragedy of her death bespeak for her diary the reviewer's chivalry and charity. 'Tis hard to say nice things about the dairy nor does one feel that Nellie was a very pleasant little girl. She was clever and precocious beyond all reason and introspective to the nth degree. Her callow comments (at fifteen) on free love and prostitution are in violent contrast to her rather unpleasantly saccharine attachment to "Mummie."

The Russian Revolution leaves its mark upon her and her work—but one does not really pity her, for Nellie was a natural born revolutionist.

Nellie Ptaschkina was a brilliant youthful prodigy—but her diary will not appeal to the lovers of "The Young Visiter."

The love motive becomes apparent in Nellie Ptaschkina's life at the age of fifteen, when an unmistakable melancholy oppresses her and she writes, —"No burning questions occupy my mind and I am beginning to wonder if I have really become so narrow. What can you expect from my present normal, monotonous existence—and yet . . ." The poor child is simply pining for excitement and would have died of ennui had she lived anywhere but in Russia during a revolution. At sixteen Nellie is not bored but expectant. She exclaims,—"What is love? There is no answer; no knowledge except experience. Will it come? Is it really so big that it absorbs all one's faculties? So immense and radiant?" And yet there is a streak of good sense about Nellie's philosophy which inclines one to a more serious interest in the diary. Her comments on newspaper reading are sound. To quote again,—"Do I read the papers? Not very much. I consider it my duty to read them, but I am not always able to do so as I have but little time. My life is so full that there is no room for other interests. But here too it is unforgivable to go to extremes. It is unforgivable to stand aside from such an extraordinarily important historical moment, which will perhaps mark the turning point in the history of the world. And therefore it is everyone's duty to acquaint himself at least through the papers with what is going on."

Nellie Ptaschkina is occasionally stimulating but oh, so aggravating.

The Diary of Nellie Ptaschkina. Toronto: Thos. Nelson and Sons.

Freeman's New Book

"Punch and Holy Water."

ONE of the most interesting episodes in literature, is to observe the writer of a recognized type of book, poise himself on the point of his fountain pen, and take a deep header into an absolutely different kind of ink. Especially when he swims in it as one in his native element. This is what John Freeman has done in his just-published book with its awkward but intriguing title of "Punch and Holy Water." Just how much Mr. Freeman really knows of Warsaw and its environs—whether his knowledge comes from study, hearsay or travel, I do not know. Of th veracity of the atmosphere I am not personally qualified to judge. But he has written a very interesting, lively and rather touching tale of a Polish woman and an English soldier, which has a dramatic appeal that was lacking in his earlier book, as well as a freer atmosphere and more accustomed style.

John Freeman

Janina Petrovna Savinov steps into Ernest Mylie's life in the light of a powerful searchlight at the edge of a forest on the Brest-Litovsk road to Warsaw, in June, 1920. She was beautiful, unusual, alone among dreadful people. It was the first step towards Ernest Wylie's heart. It may be also, her first step into the hearts of the readers, for Janina is an extremely well-drawn and ensnaring person, quite believably composed of not exactly equal parts of the liquids named in the title. The dramatic moments of the story are well cast. It would be a pity to spoil it for the reader by saying more than that the young man had a roving commission in the Polish Air Force, alternated with intervals as a war correspondent, and that the lady was a patriot and a darling! She was also the unhappy wife of a Russian officer. Wylie's infatuation merging gradually into an heroic love, is an excellent and considered piece of writing, but Wylie's letter to his father, though useful to the reader, seems rather unnaturally historical and political. It is a pity that Mr. Freeman has blurred the dramatic effect by the melodramatic finale, just for the sake of declaring a conventionally happy ending. Still more to be deplored from an artistic standpoint is the melodramatic ink-blot, that ends it with that classic quotation, "Three Weeks." It was worthy of a better valedictory! For it is a good story, well told.

Punch and Holy Water. By John Freeman. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton. $2.00.

Prize Winning Review

"The Mine With the Iron Door."

Editor's Note—This review by G. W. Richardson won first prize in the "Bookman's" October Contest.

WITHOUT doubt Harold Bell Wright's "The Mine with the Iron Door" is one of the most interesting of recent books, and is by all means this author's best work. Those who have had the good fortune to read "The Winning of Barbara Worth," or some of Harold Bell Wright's other books, will appreciate this assertion.

The description of the scene of the story—the Canada del Oro—and the portrayal of the characters reveals a marvelous imaginative power, and quite clearly shows the author's intimacy with life near the Mexican boundary and his true conception of it.

Although Natachee, the Indian, plays rather a minor role, probably that of a connecting link, yet the intelligent sayings of this guardian of the Mine with the Iron Door again brings before our eyes the horrors the Indians endured at the hands of the white man, and that they in their primitive living were much happier than the civilized white man in his quest for gold.

Marta, the heorine of the story, finds herself in an unusual dilemma. She has two fathers, each taking turns to be her Dad, and her true parentage is unknown.

Then the coming of Hugh Edwards arouses the woman spirit in her. A great love grows up between the two, and even the revelation by the sheriff that Hugh is a convict cannot shake her love.

They are separated by the Mexican bandit, Sonora Jack, who escapes with Marta after a terrible fracas. She is rescued by Hugh and the Indian, who kills the bandit. Marta's true parentage is established by notes found on the person of the dead bandit. It is later revealed that Hugh is innocent for the crime for which he had been committed to prison, and he marries Marta.

The book is interesting from start to finish, and at every turn there is a climax leading to the grand climax at the end.

The Mine with the Iron Door. By Harold Bell Wright. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Wacousta and Others

By J. E. Middleton.

AN American paragrapher recently exulted in the fact that despite the efforts of parents, teachers and friends, he had not yet been driven to read "Pride and Prejudice." The irony was lost upon a good many, no doubt. One of the curious phases of this literary age, in which many critics clothe themselves with omniscience, is a resolute disregard of the classics; an assumption that the writers of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries are outworn, and unworthy. One ventures the guess that "Wacousta" is an unknown book to most Canadians. Yet Major John Richardson's novel, first published in 1832, ran through several editions and was popular in its day; at least in England and Scotland. The early sale in this country could not have been large for Richardson said that one might as well publish in Kamschatka as in Canada. There is a new edition issued by McClelland and Stewart and illustrated by a series of admirable black-and-whites by Mr. C. W. Jefferys. One hopes that the shade of the author across the Styx will bend a milder regard upon Canada after the Fall and Winter sales are over.

"Wacousta" is a story strangely unreal and theatrical in its chief features, but natural and easy in its episodes. The leading characters are artificial and indeed incredible, the minor figures are living people. Here is an English outlaw driven by the loss of his sweetheart to a course of studied revenge against a single enemy, an army officer, who happens to be commandant of the Fort at Detroit in 1763. In order to compass his vengeance he joins the French and fights against Wolfe at Quebec, then becomes a super-warrior in the Ottawa tribe of Indians and the adviser of Pontiac in the siege of Detroit. The character is an extravagant conception; according to our modern notions, a mere artist's nightmare. Still one must remember that the English novel before Dickens and Thackeray transformed it by sound creative perception and honesty of imagination, was a thing of fustian and tinsel and the characters too often were mere scarecrows with the straw stuffing visible. Perhaps the main feature of Richardson's plot was a concession to the low taste of the day, while in the development and in the invention of minor figures the author pleases himself. Certainly the novel gives a picture of the conditions of Indian warfare which makes it invaluable to thinking Canadians interested in the romantic days of this country. Major Richardson knew how to write. It is easy to select passages of his prose with a nervous living quality; he was over fond of adjectives and could be stilted and even stodgy at times. Here are a few sentences: "Already were the gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontiac had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon when, at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians." Few writers in these days are as garrulous; but despite the oddities of plot and style, "Wacousta" is a book that is worthy of perusal.

A hero without spot or blemish is created by Harwood Steele in his adventure-novel "Spirit of Iron," and for this very reason the story lacks convincing power. After a few hundred pages of perfection one wonders if such a person ever lived in this imperfect world; and above all, if he were a member of the Northwest Mounted Police. As soon as the reader begins to have misgivings about the existence of a character, the first aim of the fictionist is defeated. A novel is great only in the measure of its credibility, in the truth of its picture of life and action. No one can question Mr. Steele's knowledge of the West and of the remarkable military force which his distinguished father moulded into supreme excellence. No one who reads the book can fail to be impressed with the sincerity of the writer, the fineness of his ideals, and the charm of his writing.. He has the dramatic sense also, but with respect to the hero it is a melodramatic sense. It may be said that the action took place in a melodramatic time and that painting in mass is more suitable to the period than laborious cross-hatching. For that reason there may be a partial excuse for concentrating all goodness in one person and giving all the other characters redeeming traits of badness that make them stand out as living creatures.. Mr. Steele draws a vignette of one character—the Marquis—who would have made a hero of supreme quality. It seems ungrateful to quarrel with a book that kept the reviewer sitting up long after his usual bedtime; it is a good book, but it might have been a better one.

Catharine Parr Traill's classic "Canadian Crusoes" needs no review for it has long been a treasure in many a boy's library. Seventy years ago it first appeared, the work of one of four famous sisters. The most eminent of the four, Agnes Strickland, was the author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Susanna wrote "Roughing it in the Bush."

The publishers cannot be too warmly congratulated for their enterprise in bringing before this generation new editions of some of the books which delighted our grandparents and which still are capable of exciting interest and pleasure.

An interesting collection of Indian Legends and Myths by Mabel Burkholder is one of the novelties of the same publishers' list. It is illustrated by C. M. Manly and should be popular on the Christmas book-counter.

Wacousta. By Major John Richardson. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

Spirit of Iron. By Harwood Steele. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

Canadian Crusoes. By Catharine Parr Trail. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

Before the White Man Came. By Mabel Burkholder. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

Harwood Steele

Spirit Lake. By Arthur Heming. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $2.00.

ArthurHeming is an artist who was driven to write his own text, because he found it practically impossible to discover an author who could catch the delicate essence of his pictures, distilling it with technical accuracy and that simple narrative quality that is one of the salient features of his own work. He has proved himself an artist with the pen, as well as with the pencil and the brush. He is fast developing an international reputation. The meticulous care he expends on his drawing is carried over into his writing, and the result is a narrative as clear, and almost as cold, as the atmosphere of that north of which they are written. Mr. Heming is an apostle of truth, as well as an authority. When he portrays clean, excellently dressed Indians, we believe in them, even though we have never seen one like them. He conveys the spirit of the primitive to an unusual degree; that impression of aboriginal character whose imagination never goes beyond mystery, whose souls are most deeply stirred by superstition. Hodder & Stoughton have just brought out a new and very fine edition of his book, "Spirit Lake," first published in the States. It gives seven incidents, or chapters, in the life of Standing Wolf, a Saulteaux Chief, the Saulteaux being a branch of the Ojibways, and his family. By the end of the book, that limpid precision of Mr. Heming's style has etched a very indelible picture on the reader's mind. This is not only a story. It is an accurate reflection of one of the formative periods of Canadian history.

A Novel of Canada's Icelanders

Reviewed by Austin Bothwell.

THERE are signs that this is to to be a notable year in Canadian fiction. A prize novel has been launched with a gesture. "The Bond Triumphant" does not quicken the blood; it has many immaturities, but it is a promising first novel. Harwood Steele has in filial piety written a novel which commemorates his father, Sir Sam Steele, one of the outstanding personalities of the West, that is gone. It is the real North-West Mounted Police we get in "Spirit of Iron," not the figures of fun that bob up so persistently year after year in the Western romances written by citizens of New York, London, or of the world, such as Robert W. Service. "Spirit of Iron" has the merit of genuineness, but does not mark a path of advance for the Canadian novel.

"The Viking Heart," by Laura Goodman Salverson, does suggest greater things than have been. It is the story of an immigrant race, the Icelanders, told by one of that race born in Canada, a new Canadian, who brings to the telling of her story a first-hand knowledge of the traditions of her people and a viewpoint different from that of the older generations who sought a promised land on the prairies. She has found the promise fulfilled, not in material things to be sure, but in spiritual. She tells that story in "The Viking Heart," the story of how realization came to Borga, the outstanding figure in the novel, that Canada was her land, her home. In sorrow she learned the lesson, as indeed all the great lessons are learned. For it was her son's death at Paschendaele, brilliant young surgeon as he was, he gave his life to save another, that taught her that she loved Canada because she had sacrificed so much.

The novel is not a war story. It is the account of the coming of the Icelanders to Gimli (which means the promised land) before the railway. A fine chapter describes the two-day journey down the Red River to the very primitive Winnipeg. Borga, a girl of seventeen, is separated from her family, who go to Gimli, while she goes into service with a farmer near the city. A smallpox epidemic devastates the new colony, all her family perish, and Borga is left alone. She marries after some years a young man of her race and they take up land. In the crude shack they are able to build is born Thor, the son of storm. There are two older children, Elizabeth and Ninna. The description of Thor's birth is a remarkable piece of writing in its restrained power. There follow years of toil, of hardships stoically endured, of hope deferred of patient waiting, and eventual attainment. Life in the settlement is not without color, not without alleviations of friendship and devoted love, not without excitements and pleasures and, above all, not without ideals.

Among their neighbors are some whose personalities also become very real. It is an achievement to have created so many persons who live, whom the reader feels, when he lays down the book, he knows. There is Finna Johnson, who is very endearing with her quaint sayings, "Now we have a light," and her innate kindliness. There is Fru Felsted, poor woman, with the lovely voice, who is driven to madness by the harsh realities of the years of struggle. There is the pastor who is so cultured and so devoted, and his wife, whose efficiency causes her to be respected rather than loved.

The younger generation, schooled by hardship, are the finer for it. Their success is not wholly their own. They owe a great part to their parents, the pioneers who bore the brunt. Elizabeth is so lovely and lovable a girl that one desires her happiness and rejoices when she finds it. Ninna one loathes, but she has a Becky Sharp-like fascination.

The style of the novel is perhaps uneven; the prentice hand is sometimes evident, but for the most part it has distinction. It is akin in its directness and vigor to Johann Bojer's. It has a Scandinavian tang.

For the first novel, "The Viking Heart" is a notable piece of work. Written at white heat in the short space of three months, it has the force of a passionate outpouring. It realizes the Icelander as "Maria Chapdelaine" realized the habitant. Its canvas is large and crowded and yet the story unfolds with the logic of life—not always from major premise and minor reaching — the expected conclusion. But the theme is worked out triumphantly, the groping Icelander of yesterday is the achieving Canadian of to-day.

The Viking Heart—Laura Goodman Salverson.. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, $2.00.

The Patterson Limit. By Madge Macbeth. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $1.75.

The Canadian writer, perhaps more than other writers, learns his art by practising it, and lets you watch him at it—or her, as the case may be. I think that this is because so many of our writers are forced to work fast, either because they have to earn their living by writing, or because they have to earn their living some other way, and that therefore much of their early work is done as an extra. Every author who has a spark of the divine fire, has to practise, and improve as he goes. To anyone interested in our Canadian literature, it is inspiring to watch that progress, year by year, seeing our writers growing stronger and finer, as they climb.

All of which heralds the opinion that "The Patterson Limit" is the best thing that Madge Macbeth has done yet. It is the story of a girl who goes on a real job as a fire ranger —and who "ranges" to some effect The picture of the heroine on the jacket isn't worthy of the girl that Mrs. Macbeth has drawn in the story. You can really see Ray Lane!

Mr. John Buchan (in politely refusing to be drawn as a Postal Personality), says that a writer's personality should be expressed through his work. In this case, one can see the author in the very best of this book —in her love and understanding of the woods, her hatred of subterfuge, her frank way of meeting life, her loyalty, and her power to hang on like grim death and keep smiling! To outline Love with a thick line of humor, still keeping love ideal, is something that has been accomplished in this book, with a mixture of tenderness and verve.

Madge Macbeth

THE LATE J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

Canadian literature suffers a distinct loss in the passing of J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., F.R.G.S., P.R.S.I., whose death occurred on the night of Monday, Nov. 5th, at the Toronto General Hospital, following an operation. He was in his sixtieth year. His literary activities were many, but his outstanding achievement was his work as editor of the "Canadian Annual Review," a monumental task and a most valuable contribution to Canadiana.

In 1921 he was made a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, which has a standing equal to that of the Institute of France. He also was a Fellow of the Statistical Society and of the Royal Geographical Society.

"MIRELLE" AND "MARIA CHAPDELAINE."

The Alliance Francais of Toronto is exerting efforts to actively support the project to erect a monument at Brest, in Brittany, to Louis Hemon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine." At the meeting held on October 22nd Professor Deschamps, who presided, threw out a challenge in art. It was that in "Mirelle," France had a heroine who could rank with Skakespeare's "Juliet" and Dante's "Beatrice" and, regarding Hemon, he considered that "Maria Chapdelaine" although a smaller work might claim an affinity to Mistral's "Mirelle."

It is Reported

THAT

—Bliss Carman in referring to the new copyright law as regards its provision for handing the author's royalty over to the printer said: "That peculiar species known as the Canadian authors will become extinct shortly because of the distinct effect of this law, and, therefore, I would advise you to patronize your writers at once while they are still in the land of the living."

—the members of the Toronto Women's Press Club are all back and at work after their "Morning (and Evening too!) in the West." They bring glowing reports of kindnesses received at each turn of the long, long trail.

—Hugh Lofting, whose story of "Doctor Doolittle" won the Newbery Prize last April, was born in England, though he has since become a naturalized American. Little touches in the famous story reveal his nationality. The Newbery Medal is awarded yearly by the Children's Librarians' Section of the American Library Association to the author having made "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for Children."

—Anne Elizabeth Wilson has a book of verse coming out with the flowers that bloom in the Spring. It is to be called "Eager Footsteps" and will be published simultaneously in Canada and the United States.

—Authors had better begin to reserve "Radio Rights" on their books—since the success of the broadcasting of William Johnston's novel "The Waddington Cypher" chapter by chapter, evening by evening. But just fancy the results if a high wind were to mix broadcasted bits of Dr. Locke's "Builders of the Canadian Commonwealth" let us say, with snatches of "Rookery Nook."—!!.

—Merrill Denison and Arthur Heming are hibernating at Bon Echo and their friends are expecting great developments by the end of the winter.

—H. H. Johnston is the first man to state in print (as you will see he does, when his postal personality appears in these pages), that he has gone to stay with his mother-in-law for a rest.

—Robert Service's new novel is to be called "The Rough Neck, a tale of Tahiti"; and 'tis said that the story never had the back of its neck shaved. By the way, some of Service's best known poems have been "broadcast" lately.

—Arthur Weigall has written a new book, a novel, not of the Egyptian tombs, but all of Persian gardens.

Stichomythia is not a sudden seizure in the side, or any kind of a disease at all, but "a dialogue of alternate lines," common in Greek tragedy and in imitative English writers.

—in the Boys' and Girls' House of the Toronto Public Library there are thirty copies of "Tom Brown's School Days", thirty-five of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare", thirty-five of "Water Babies", in constant circulation. This gives a clue to children's tastes.

—that Books are the Best Christmas Gifts.

—the Toronto Woman's Press Club are opening their new Club Room this week.

—that Ethel Hume's book for girls, "Judy of York Hill" was considered by experts on the subject, as one of the best of its kind published last year. Her new book "Camp Ken-jockety," a tale of the Georgian Bay district, is said to be just as good or better.

—Raymond Knister whose recent contributions to "Canadian Bookman" have been so well received, has been appointed assistant editor of "The Midland," the fine review published at Iowa City, Iowa, under the editorial guidance of John T. Frederick whose fine novel "Druida" was reviewed in a recent issue.

—that in last month's issue an error was made in the paragraph about Lloyd Roberts. He is the eldest (living) son of Charles G. D. Roberts, not the youngest as stated. We learn too, that he is not in the Department of the Interior at Ottawa nor any other government office, but is one of the few Canadian writers living entirely by the fruits of the pen. In this connection the "Bookman" would like to get the names of all the Canadian writers who write for a living and do nothing else. We issue this call with impunity, safe in the assurance that it will not entail employing additional help to handle the increased mail!

WOMEN OF RED RIVER.

There has been published in Winnipeg a most interesting volume arranged and published by the Women's Canadian Club of that city through Russell Lang & Co. There are a number of contributions by writers who draw upon a wealth of reminiscences and historical data for this collated account of the pioneer women of the Red River district and the book is highly attractive physically as well as regards its contents. A more extended notice of this creditable addition to Canadiana will appear in the next issue of "The Bookman."

WILSON MacDONALD

Regina, Nov. 6th.—The Saskatchewan Branch of the Canadian Authors Association had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Wilson MacDonald, a Canadian poet who is not as widely known as his work merits. The Women's Canadian Club here in Regina together with the Women's University Club, joined with the "Authors" and a very pleasant dinner was enjoyed. Mr. MacDonald read several of his poems. Mr. MacDonald has a deep personality and in his reading the fulness of his poetry was revealed.

Rufus. By Grace Richmond. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

He was a War Wreck, and she was a War Widow. He was a Doctor, and she was his niece. He was clever, and she was lovely, and both loved children. Out of a next to impossible position, she created a new heaven and a new earth for them both. An attractive little story of a sweet and simple type, that will appeal to thousands of readers who love a decorative tale, charmingly told, with an assured happy ending.

Teach Canadian Literature

Dr. Palsson's Plea.

Elfros, Sask., Oct. 25, 1923.

Editor, Canadian Bookman:

AFTER reading Mr. Hilgate's article as quoted in the "Bookman," and the reply to it by Mr. Hood, it occurred to me that we might as well live up to our reputation as propagandists.

I received some of my education in the Canadian public school, and I taught off and on for eight years in that institution. Canadian history, Canadian patriotism, Canadian geography were and are to be emphasized; but what about Canadian literature? That is immaterial. Young Canadians and new Canadians do not have to learn anything about Canada's soul. It is not necessary. Perhaps our country has no soul. Anyway, seventy-five per cent. of the people of this glorious nation are fully convinced that we have no national literature.

Why not start a campaign in the schools? Why not make a **School number of the "Bookman,"** and get after the teachers? I believe they would be interested. Why could we not, in time, have a text of purely Canadian literature prescribed for the Collegiate or High School classes? Is the idea worth a thought?

The Canadian Authors' Association has to fight ignorance and prejudice, that has established itself through the years. We are in a worthy cause—so let's go!

Yours faithfully,

J. P. PALSSON.

A SOUVENIR VOLUME.

There was a time not so long ago that Canadian publishers felt obliged to apologize for the crudeness of the workmanship and appearance of their Canadian-made books. But things have changed and to-day books printed and bound in Canada may stand beside those printed abroad or in the United States, without losing caste.

As an example of good book making, the souvenir volume marking the 75th anniversary of the establishment of the firm of Warwick Bros. & Rutter of Toronto, does credit to this house which has taken a leading place in the production "edition" books for publishers.

The binding, paper, decorative treatment and the printing are all most admirably done, introducing considerable typographical originality.

Incidentally the subject matter, while dealing with the history of a manufacturing and wholesale house, is of historical interest, especially in its scope of delving back into the archives of Woodstock, Ontario, where the house was established by the late William Warwick in 1848, removal to Toronto being made twenty years later. An interesting illustration in this book is a Woodstock street view of a row of stores, all having the old fashioned porches over the sidewalks, while in the foreground is shown a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen. By special request a copy of this book has been supplied to the Woodstock Public Library because of its association with the present thriving city when still a village of under 1,000 population.

Section of the Canadian Authors Association

Published under the direction of the Central Executive Committee.

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Postal Box 355, Ottawa, Ont.

Executive Meeting of October 20th, 1923

THE National Executive met at Room 801 Hope Chambers, Ottawa, at 2 p.m., Saturday, October 20th, 1923, under the chairmanship of Mr. Robert J. C. Stead. Those present were: Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Mr. L. J. Burpee, Mr. L. de Montigny, the National Secretary, Jules Tremblay, and the President.

The minutes of previous meetings were accepted as read since they had already been published in "The Canadian Bookman" by the Editorial Committee.

Notices in English and French, to the members of the Executive for the day's meeting, and letters of apology for not being present, from Messrs. J. M. Gibbon, George H. Locke, Sir John Willison, Mr. Hugh Eayrs, Judge Surveyor, Mr. Middleton and Prof. B. K. Sandwell, were submitted.

Business held over from last meeting was considered.

Resolution A.2 of June 16.—Next Convention. A recommendation from the Annual Convention had referred this matter to the Executive. At the first meeting of the Executive action was postponed until further developments.

The National President, Treasurer and Secretary, appointed as a committee for this purpose presented a recommendation that the next Annual Convention be held at the City of Quebec, about the middle of June, 1924.—Carried.

Resolution B.2 of June 16. Editorial Committee. A request of the French Section to have representation on this committee was deferred until arrangements were put through with the CANADIAN BOOKMAN.

Action: A part of the section secured from "The CANADIAN BOOKMAN" by the Canadian Authors' Association, is put at the disposal of the French Section; and the President de Section is the recognized representative of that section on the Committee.

Resolution C.2 of June 16. Improvement of business relations between authors and publishers.

Action: The Executive will get into touch with the Authors' League of America and other societies.

Resolution D.2 of June 16. Practical support to the CANADIAN BOOKMAN. This matter had been referred to Messrs. Stead and Middleton.

Action: A section of the "CANADIAN BOOKMAN" has been secured as the special organ of the Association.

Resolution E.2 of June 16. Increase of Associate Members' fee. This recommendation had been approved by the Executive, and a report was to follow.

Action: Recommended that the fee of an Associate Member be $5.00 per year from the first of April, 1924. The Branches will be notified accordingly.

Resolution F.2 of June 16. Revenue readjusted. President, Treasurer and Secretary were to consider and report.

Action: By increasing the Associate membership fee and leaving $2.00 per head thereof to the Branches, a readjustment is obtained. No half-year fees will be considered in the future. Branches will collect the fees and remit to the Executive its proper share, with the application of a candidate. The foregoing to take effect on April first, 1924.

Resolution G.2 of June 16. University Courses on Canadian literature. The Canadian Universities were closed during the summer and action was deferred.

Action: The Secretary was instructed to get into touch with the proper authorities in connection with this matter.

Resolution H.2 of June 16. Settled by action on F.2.

Further action taken. The local Treasurers will be notified by circular that they are to collect fees themselves and to remit the Executive's share to the National Treasurer.

Resolution I.2 of June 16. Listing of the French Section. Secretary to consider matter with President de Section.

Action: Mr. de Montigny reported that having been delegated by the President and Secretary to confer with Dr. Morin in order to establish closer relations between the National Executive and the French Section, he had had a long interview with the President de Section, who was quite willing to make an arrangement governed by the general regulation on the autonomy of Branches. A copy of the report was filed. The matter will be dealt with at length by the special committee on the revision of the constitution.

Resolution J.2 of June 16. Publication in the United States of compositions by Canadian Musicians. Matter under consideration.

Action: The Secretary was instructed to communicate with the British and American sister societies in order to secure their co-operation in the matter.

Resolution K.2 of June 16.. Canadian Books at British Exhibition. Referred to Mrs. Black.

Action: Reference confirmed. The Secretary to get into touch with Mrs. Black asking for information on the work already done in the matter.

Resolution L.2 of June 16. Canadian Books on the French Exhibition train. Referred to Mr. de Montigny.

Action: Mr. de Montigny reported as follows:

Having had the honor of being appointed, by our General Convention of April ultimo, with Mrs. George Black, member of a Special Committee to secure the displaying of Canadian literature in the Canadian Exhibition train then being organized to tour in France, as well as in the other Exhibition train which is contemplated soon to tour in the British Empire, I beg to report that, on behalf of our Association, I have attended to the Exhibition train for France, Mrs. Black looking after the Exhibition train which is to tour the British Empire.

I have communicated the wish of the Canadian Authors Association to the Speakers of both Houses of Parliament, jointly acting Presidents of the Library Committee, and they have been pleased to authorize a certain number of Canadian books to be loaned to the Exhibition train in France. Upon my special request that perfectly bound volumes only be placed on the Exhibition train, the Librarian of Parliament has suggested to me a set of thirty-five (35) Canadian-English books, as per annexed list A, which I have accepted with gratefulness.

As for the Canadian-French books, the delegate of Quebec Government to the Exhibition train has secured a set of one-hundred-and-nine (109) nicely bound volumes, as per annexed list B.

All these English and French exhibits of Canadian literature have been displayed in a show-case furnished to us for this purpose, in front of the special car representing Canadian Thought.

By the reports of the French newspapers, as well as by personal correspondence from France, I am glad to report that the showing of Canadian literature has been highly praised by the visitors to the Canadian Exhibition train in France.

Resolution M.2 of June 16. The Poet's Plot. Referred to Ottawa Branch.

Action: Mrs. MacBeth, President of the Ottawa Branch and member of the Executive, reported that the question had been submitted to a meeting, with a recommendation that it be referred to the Branch of the District in which Marjorie Pickthall's home was located, as present conditions do not allow of having a Poet's Plot in Ottawa.

Resolution N.2 of June 16. Acknowledgement of manuscripts. Had been referred to Grievance Committee.

Action: As this is a personal matter for authors, the latter had better take it up with the publishers themselves, before enlisting the help of the National Executive.

Item O.2 of June 16. Parkman Celebration.

Action: Mr. L. J. Burpee reported that the date has been fixed for the celebration (November 13th, 1923), and that Parkman exhibits will be open at the McGill University Library, the Bibliotheque St. Sulpice, at Montreal, and at Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Vancouver. The Branches will be asked to co-operate in the celebration by having special functions in honor of Francis Parkman.

Item P.2 of June 16. The Maria Chapdelaine Monument. Referred to Secretary.

Action: The Secretary was instructed to communicate with the proper persons with regard to the resolution introduced by Dr. Morin at the last Convention.

NEW MEMBERS. The following members were admitted: Miss Nina V. Wright, 625 29th Avenue W., Calgary, Alberta. Reg. member. Patrick Harcourt-O'Reilly, 314 Herald Building, Calgary, Alberta. Reg. member. Edgar Rodolphe E. Chevrier, M.P., 451 Rideau St., Ottawa, Ont. Associate member.

CHATHAM BRANCH. Correspondence between officials of the Chatham Branch and the National Secretary was submitted for action. Some members of the Chatham Branch believe that the membership is not sufficient to permit of local activities and recommend that the Branch Offices be transferred to London or Windsor. The matter stands until London members report thereon.

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

Case A. This question is one in which the Bankruptcy Laws of Massachusetts and the interpretation of liquidation contracts are implied.

Action: The Secretary will communicate with the American League of Authors.

Case B.

Action: The Secretary to ascertain if adjustment has not yet been reached between the complainant and the Canadian and British publishers.

Case C.

Action: The complainant will be asked to write direct to the author against whom she believes a grievance exists, and if no satisfaction is obtained the matter will be brought to the attention of the British Society of Writers.

Case D. Matter settled since the complaint was sent in. In this case the name of the Canadian Authors' Association seems to have brought about a settlement.

Action: In this matter the complainant will be notified that the magazine to which he refers has suspended. The matter of personal responsibility of the former editor will be left to the Toronto Branch for the present.

FINANCE.

The Treasurer presented a financial statement to date. This statement shows that Branches have not, as yet, sent in the full complement of their fees, and that they should hasten to file them so that the apportionment of revenue can be made without unnecessary delay. Apparently fifty per cent., only, of the possible revenue has been paid in to the National Treasurer.

A tentative budget for the year 1923-24 was presented by the National Treasurer. This budget indicates that a possible surplus of the revenue over the ordinary expenses can be foreseen, providing the fees are fully collected, thus enabling the National Executive to enter into special undertakings.

A statement of expenses from June 15th to October 15th was presented by the Secretary.

COPYRIGHT.

The Copyright Committee reported on the new regulations, issued by the Commissioner of Patents. It was decided that the President would get in touch with the Commissioner and arrange for a meeting between the members of the Copyright Committee and the former.

The Secretary reported that Mr. Chevrier, M.P. for Ottawa, had agreed to act as Counsel for the Association at $100 per year; that he had already done a great deal of work and was willing to do all he possibly could. The arrangement was ratified. It was decided that Mr. Chevrier would be invited to meet the members of the Copyright Committee at their next sitting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the former National Secretary, wrote to notify that he had not succeeded in selling the furniture of the Association in Montreal. The furniture has been in an auction room since September 1st. Stand.

Mr. Charles A. Richards, of Montreal, asked for a list of Canadian authors and their works. Acknowledgement referred him to the Canadian catalogues of books published in Canada, by the Toronto Public Library under direction of Dr. Locke.

A letter from Gordon Bates, Editor of the Public Health Journal, concerning certain types of objectionable literature, was referred to Mr. Middleton.

The Secretary submitted the terms of a novel competition organized by Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co. Ltd. These terms have been already published in the Association's Section of the CANADIAN BOOKMAN.

The Ontario Book Co. asked for a list of the members of the Association for the purpose of circularizing them. The Executive decided not to furnish lists of members for purposes of circularization.

A letter was submitted from the Incorporated Society of British Authors, Playwrights and Composers, concerning the help which that Society can give to Canadian Authors and the conditions upon which such help can be given. The Branches of the Association will be notified of the proposals involved and their acceptance will be communicated to the Incorporated Society.

Reports from the Ottawa, Calgary and Regina Branches were received.

The President reported that he had chosen as members of the Committee on the Revision of the Constitution, Messrs. Judge Surveyer, Dr. Morse, John Murray Gibbon and Jules Tremblay.

Canadian Book Week.

The date of the Canadian Book Week was fixed from Monday, November 19th, to Saturday, November 24th, 1923. The President was authorized to send a circular to the Presidents of all the Branches asking their co-operation. The Secretary was instructed to arrange with the Canadian press for general publicity purposes.

Letters from Mr. A. H. Jarvis, Ottawa; from the "Bookseller and Stationer," of Toronto, and from the Canadian Clubs, were referred for action to the President and Secretary.

In connection with the Book Week a very interesting letter was quoted from Mr.. M. W. Mott, Queen Alexandra School, Belleville, Ontario, asking for a list of the names and works of Canadian Authors, now living, for the purpose of securing suggestions regarding the best book published by each for the use of children. The list will be sent to Mr. Mott. Mr. Mott is doing excellent work in his school with regard to Canadian literature.

The meeting adjourned at 5.00 p.m.

MOTION PICTURE RIGHTS.

AN interesting development in motion picture rights is noted in the Bulletin of the Authors' League of America. It has been found that a new motion picture audience grows up about every seven years and that pictures which were in vogue say in 1916 can now be re-made and may attain as great or greater success than they did on the first instance. The case of "The Spoilers," by Rex Beach, is quoted in point. This story was picturized several years ago and had a satisfactory run at the time. Mr. Beach, who has since gone into the motion picture business himself, recently re-made the picture, and it is now reported to be having a greater success than when first produced.

The Authors' League Bulletin quotes Mr. Beach on the subject as follows:—

> "Producers are awake to the possible value of the re-make rights, and of late they (or many of them) are making a determined effort to buy all of their material outright. I think the members of the League should be warned as quickly as possible of the danger involved in this, and should be told just what they are parting with when they sell outright, and should be strongly advised to follow the practice of limiting the sale of their rights to a period not exceeding seven years from date of release."

A few members of the Canadian Authors' Association are now writing for the screen and doubtless many will do so before seven years have elapsed. The suggestion that every motion picture contract should contain a clause providing that the rights revert to the author in seven years is one that may prove exceedingly valuable to the writing fraternity.

BE SURE WHAT RIGHTS YOU SELL.

Authors in submitting manuscript whether for book or magazine publication, should be specific in stating the rights that are offered for sale. Many misunderstandings arise from the fact that no stipulation was made at the time of sale concerning the rights which it was proposed to convey.

There has been a tendency in the United States to regard Canadian rights as included in American rights, although there seems no justification for this other than a more or less generally observed custom. The Authors'

League of America has recently taken the position that American rights and Canadian rights should be stipulated separately and that the former should not be understood to include the latter. This is a point which Canadian writers in particular will do well to keep in mind.

COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION.

LE Droit d'Auteur," official organ of the Berne Convention International Bureau, publishes a remarkable study of our Canadian legislation on Copyright. We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Duclos, Deputy-Registrar of the Exchequer Court, for the translation of this article, which appeared in the September issue of "Le Droit d'Auteur."

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT

The New Act of the 13th June, 1923, and the Conflict with the United States.

The conflict between Canada and the United States, following upon the former's passing of the Copyright Act of 4th June 1921, becomes more and more acute. This Act provided (as a reprisal) for a system of compulsory licenses in the interest of the Canadian printers and against that of the American authors.

Has this conflict reached its crisis and may we soon expect it to subside, or will it become chronic and endemic? We do not know; but we can only repeat, in face of this dangerous situation, what we have already said in our issue of April 15th, 1923 (pp. 37-42): "It is a conflict where, in case of defeat, the International Union will have to defray the costs for the stake is: shall Canada adhere without reserve to the Revised Berne Convention and shall the United States enter our Association of Nations?"

We were obliged to discontinue our narrative (1) of the matter at a point where the Hon. J. A. Robb, Minister of Trade & Commerce for Canada, had introduced Bill 24 before the House of Commons, to amend the Act of 4th June 1921—which the British Government had not yet promulgated—by striking therefrom sections 13, 14, 15, and 27 which had reference to the issue of the Licenses aforesaid and providing for its coming into force on the first of July of the then current year.

This Bill, as we foresaw (p. 38), met with organized opposition on the part of Canadian publishers of magazines and printers, and went through many vicissitudes, in its various stages before the Canadian Houses of Parliament, which it would be interesting to follow. However, we shall not dwell upon them at length here, because, in the first place, we desire to be brief for certain reasons we have already declared (p. 42) and, secondly, because the result only is of importance for the purpose of this article (2).

The Bill was finally amended on two important points: Sec. 2, instead of suppressing or repealing the sections of the Act of 4th June 1921 which were contested, allows them to stand, but on terms suggested by the Government and adopted in Committee by a vote of 55-34.

"Section 13, 14, 15 and 27 of the "Copyright Act 1921 shall not apply to any work the author of "which is a British subject, other "than a Canadian citizen, or the "subject or citizen of a country "which has adhered to the Con"vention and the additional Protocol "thereto set out in the second "Schedule to the said Act."

Moreover the date of the coming into force of the Act, as amended, is fixed for the 1st of January, 1924, unless earlier brought into force by the Governor in Council.

* * *

Here, then, are the consequences which this Bill No. 24 passed finally by the Houses of Parliament (thanks to the House of Commons) on the 28th May, 1923, and assented to on the 13th June last and now become law will have: In the first placce it will come into force, by the authority of Parliament, not later than the first of next year. True, the Governor in Council is empowered to bring it into force earlier—a power which under all the circumstances would not likely be exercised; but he has no power to extend the time beyond the date mentioned as it is fixed by legislative authority.

(1) See "Le Droit d'Auteur" 1923, p. 38.

(2) See stenographic report of the debates of the House of Commons, of the 24th, 27th and 30th April and 28th May, especially pp. 2224, 2377, 2433, 2532 and 3274, and Senate debates of 9th, 14th, 16th and 7th May, especially at pp. 517, 536, 611 and 622. See also Summary in "Publishers' Weekly" of 26th May (No. 21, p. 1571).

In the second place, the Act of 1921, as amended by this Bill, maintaining conditionally the system of compulsory License, will, from the 1st of January next, affect all authors of countries not in the Union, above all Canadian citizens and their neighbors in the United States.

Possessed of this legislation, will Canada be able to adhere to the Revised Berne Convention? Let us see what this means. Canada will be free to apply the new legislation to those authors of the United States who write and publish their works only in that country (or in some other country not a member of the Union); but Canada will be able to apply it to Americans, if they remain outside the Union, and publish their works exclusively in an Unionist Country (England or France, for instance), or even simultaneously, on the same day, in one of these countries and in the United States, **only** in the event of the British Government advising the Swiss Federal Council that Canada intends to avail itself of the restrictive treatment provided by Section 1 of the additional Protocol of 20th March, 1914, as regards authors who are citizens of the United States—not domiciled in an Unionist country (See "Le Droit d'Auteur" 1914, p. 45).

In fact, without this declaration of exceptional and unfavorable treatment, to be applied to Americans, the latter would continue to enjoy, in entirety, the advantages conferred by Sections 4 (3) and 6 of the Revised Berne Convention (1). No country having as yet applied the comminatory measures provided for by the additional Protocol of Berne, the complications which would result therefrom would be considerable and not at all to be desired.

Likewise, Canada could in no way exact from her own authors the observance of Sections 13 to 15 and 27 of the new Act, where these authors limit themselves to publishing their works in another country of the Union (2). **Already, under the present regime** of the Berne Convention 1886-1896 (and evidently up to now this regime has not caused any inconvenience to Canada) the work of a Canadian author published in France, for example, becomes a French work, and must be treated, by virtue of the said Convention, as such in all countries; and is therefore exempt from all conditions and formalities other than those provided by the country of the work's origin, in this case France. This would be all the more true under the Revised Berne Convention, in as much as this provision, which was assented to since the foundation of the Union, is, so to speak, strengthened by either Section 5 or by the principle of Section 4 under which the enjoyment of the rights conferred is, within the Union, absolutely freed from all formality.

These provisions are imperative. Canada has been obliged to respect them so far under their old form, and will be equally obliged to respect them in the future under their revised form. In other words, the new Canadian Act must give priority or precedence to the Convention on this point in respect of the category of Canadian citizens who find themselves in the situation indicated, and can evoke the rule of the Union (3).

As far as the United States are concerned, they can prevent the reprisals which those who control the Canadian industry have succeeded in imposing and which threaten them beginning from the new year, only by deciding to become members of the International Union in order to benefit by the amendment made to Section 2 of Bill 24, or by arriving at some kind of bilateral agreement with Canada relating to the matter. There are obstacles to both these alternatives. The settlement of such a difficult question cannot be arrived at on a moment's notice, and is rendered all the more difficult by the bad example set by the United States as inventors and upholders of the "manufacturing clause" which is more onerous and more general than the Canadian system of Licensing.

Furthermore, time is short; the

(1) See also the opinion of Mr. Sandwell, Secretary of the Canadian Authors' Association, Montreal "Gazette," 4th May, and "Publishers' Weekly," 19th May.

(2) We are not concerned here with the situation made by a Canadian author publishing his work for the first time in the United Kingdom or another Colony or Dominion, i.e., in another part of British territory. (See "Le Droit d'Auteur," 1916, pp. 17-31). From the point of view of the Union and other Unionist countries he thus creates an English work.

Canadian Parliament, which alone can extend the period for the coming into force of the new Act will not meet till January. Will it be willing to consent to such an arrangement, now that supporters of the law of retaliation have obtained their end by a majority of more than 10 votes in the Senate? However this may be, one cannot help anxiously wondering whether, in the absence of any real and efficient protection of reciprocal Copyright, piracy will be revived to the great prejudice of the authors of both countries, whose markets would undoubtedly be flooded with spurious editions.

There would be no conflict if the United States would join the Union before the end of the current year. But their Congress will not meet before December, and consequent upon the death of the President of the United States, the representatives and senators will have other things to occupy their attention. Moreover, the supporters of this measure are disunited and the Separatist action of last January, as well as the unfortunate concession then made to the representatives of the Labor Party by representatives of the authors (See "Le Droit d'Auteur," 1923, p. 15 & seq.) have greatly imperilled the success of the movement in favor of the Union and have soured the minds of the interested parties.

But we know that devoted friends of the Union are at work, and they hope to arrive at an agreement by the month of December, for the drafting of a Bill to meet, in any case, the most pressing needs, and to pave the way for their country's entering into the Union.

This is a matter that should be done in the fundamental interest of all countries concerned, unless they wish to add to the causes of discord, already sufficiently numerous among them.

(3) referring to previous page 2—However, See our observations relative to United States and its becoming a member of the Berne Convention, "Le Droit d'Auteur," 1923, p. 40, 3rd col.

NOTES FROM BRANCHES.

The Ottawa Branch had a splendid gathering at the University Club, on October 25th. Mr. Merrill Denison, of Toronto, was the guest of honor. Arrangements are made for the coming of Bliss Carman at the Chateau Laurier, on December 10th. A special Book Week meeting will be held November 20th.

The Calgary Branch, which closed last winter's activities with a dinner to Dr. A. O. McRae, is planning the winter program for 1923-24. A tea and reception were held on October 9 in honor of Katherine Hale (Mrs. John Garvin) and Miss Elizabeth Wilson, of Toronto, at the residence of the Consul and Mrs. S. C. Reat. Mrs. W. F. W. Lent sang songs of her own composition to the words of the late Marjorie Pickthall and Mrs. Francis Reeves (Onoto Watanna).

The third season of Mr. G. A. Palmer's organization has been auspiciously launched on October 11th, by a lecture delivered on "Religions of the Cree and Blackfeet Indians," by W. E. H. Stokes. A week later, Z. M. Hamilton spoke on Francis Parkman —his life and works. Both lectures were given at the Regina Public Library.

Le Livre Canadien

LE rêve caressé par plus d'un écrivain français est de se faire imprimer à Paris. Si cet objectif ne comporte pas absolument la consécration du génie, il met du moins l'auteur en mesure de se faire connaitre au grand public par la diffusion de ses oeuvres.

Aussi nous fait-il plaisir de communiquer aux membres de notre section l'invitation qui nous est faite par une maison de Paris de lui signaler ceux de nos auteurs canadiens, dont le mérite se recommande auprès du public français. Cette maison se chargerait de publier un certain nombre de volumes à ses frais après entente prise au sujet des droits d'auteur.

On sait combien il est difficile de trouver ici un éditeur qui consente à débourser le coût de l'impression d'un volume avec la perspective assez aléatoire d'en tirer profit dans un délai raisonnable! L'auteur canadien droit se faire imprimer à ses frais la plupart du temps saul à compter sur une commande bienveillante des pouvoirs publics pour se refaire d'une partie de ses déboursés. Aussi l'offre qui nous est faite ne peut-elle manquer d'être accueillie avec empressement par ceux que la gêne financière empêche de publier leurs oeuvres, et nous savons que cette raison majeure a retenu dans les cartons numbre de manuscrits qui pourront se révéler grâce à cette intéressante initiative.

Nous invitons donc les membres de notre section à nous communiquer les ouvrages qu'ils jugeraient dignes de publication en France; nous en ferons la lecture, et après une première sélection nous signalerons à l'attention des éditeurs ceux que nous croirons acceptables, aprés quoi nous recevrons d'eux les propositions qu'ils croiront devoir faire.

Les oeuvres d'imagination sont le plus en demande, mais le roman basé sur les personnages et les faits de notre histoire éveille actuellement un grand intérêt dans notre ancienne mère-patrie. Le peuple français s'enthousiasme aux récits émouvants de l'épopée de la Nouvelle-France où nos ancêtres, qui sont aussi les siens, ont fait preuve de tant d'héroisme obscur, et il constate avec délices combien, les canadiens d'aujourd'hui lui sont apparentés d'âme et de culture. Les moeurs et coutumes de nos paysans, qui ont gardé si fidèlement les traditions des provinces de France, provoquent une sympathie dont le succès de "Maria Chapdelaine" a fourni ample preuve. Les recherches purement historiques reçoivent également bon accueil ainsi que les récits de découvertes et d'aventures à travers les immensités de notre pays. Tout ce qui se rapporte au Canada provoque en un mot l'intérêt du lecteur français.

Quant aux volumes déjà publiés, ils peuvent aussi faire l'objet d'une nouvelle édition en France où ils auront l'avantage d'un débit plus important qu'ici. Notre population de langue française est restreinte et nos compatriotes, attachés à la culture du sol et au développement de nos ressources naturelles, ne font que commencer à prendre goût aux oeuvres littéraires. Notre Association des Auteurs Canadiens a déjà stimulé l'intérêt du public pendant les "semaines du livre" et mis en lumière un bon numbre de nos auteurs de mérite; elle donnera suite à cette initiative en signalant à notre correspondant les écrivains dont les oeuvres s'imposent à l'attention. Mais pour éviter des oublis regrettables elle invite ceux de ses membres qui pourraient aspirer aux avantages d'une réédition en France à lui adresser leurs oeuvres de concours.

Sans prétendre que notre littérature est un "écrin de perles ignorés" où nous n'avons qu'à plonger la main pour en tirer des chefs-d'oeuvre, nous croyons que nombre de nos littérateurs tiennent assez convenablement la plume pour être appréciés de nos cousins d'outremer, et c'est un des objets de notre association de faire connaître au public les talents cachés à qui l'occasion de se produire fait seule défaut.

Que nos membres veuillent donc prendre notre de cette invitation; on demande des auteurs!

VICTOR MORIN,
président

BLISS CARMAN'S TOUR.

Bliss Carman has begun a transcontinental tour. He was in Hamilton on Nov. 2nd, gave a private reading in Toronto on the 3rd and filled an engagement in Woodstock on the 6th. The remaining Ontario engagements are as follows: London, Nov. 8th; St. Thomas, Nov. 9th; Windsor, Nov. 13th; Toronto (Private Reading), Nov. 16th; Toronto (Public Reading), Nov. 20th; Peterboro, Nov. 22nd; Orillia, Nov. 26th; Collingwood, Nov. 28th; Owen Sound, Nov. 29th; Meaford, Nov. 30th; Whitby, Dec. 3rd; Oshawa, Dec. 4th; Belleville, Dec. 5th; Kingston, Dec. 6th; Brockville, Dec. 7th; Ottawa, Dec. 10th; Carleton Place, Dec. 11th.

RECEPTION AT VANCOUVER.

A Reception was held on the evening of Thursday, October 4th, at the Hotel Vancouver, under the auspices of the Vancouver Branch of the Authors' Association, the guests of honour for the occasion being Mrs. Jean Blewett and Mrs. J. W. Garvin, better known as Katherine Hale, of Toronto; Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Calgary; and Mrs. Eva McKown, of Cranbrook. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Julia Henshaw, the duties of host fell upon the Vice-President, Mr. R. Allison Hood. Mrs. McClung spoke with much humour in thanking the members for their welcome, while Mrs. Garvin and Mrs. Blewett gave pleasure by reading from their own works. Music was contributed and a delightful evening spent.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

NOVEMBER 11th to 17th, 1923

The Invincible Kingdom

I know
A girl and boy
Who live
On the "far-flung fenceless prairies,"

Where there are no Shops—
Or Trains—
Or Ice Cream Cones—
Or Picture Palaces—

Poor children!

* * * *

But in and out among the grasses,
  Where silver sloughs reflect the sky,
Each day there passes and repasses
  A Very Gallant Company.

Here "Kate" in trailing silks and feather
  Comes swift to meet "Petruchio";
Here Gnomes and Pixies dance together,
  And Juliet dies for Romeo;

Christian escapes his heavy burden;
  Apollyon shakes his flaming brand;
Sir Lancelot receives his guerdon
  From Fair Elaine's own Lily hand;

Dear "Alice" and the Queens foregather;
  Good Mr. Pickwick "makes so bold,"
John Gilpin's Horse is in a lather,
  And "Sarah Pig you here behold."

For all the Prophets, Saints and Sages,
  And all the Gods of Ancient Days
Have slipped through the belovéd pages
  To take their part in Children's plays.

O Blessed World, unchanging ever!
Though thrones be wrecked, and Kings and Crooks
Take turns at being Cursed—or Clever!
  The Kingdom's safe that's built of Books!

* * * *

And you, who, for a fleeting minute
  Make all their World—Dear Dad and Mum—
Give them this Land with Magic in it,
  And let the Children's Kingdom Come!

—C. K. and K. K. B.

"MORE BOOKS IN THE HOME"

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

At Home!

From Now Till Christmas

SUCH a party has been planned
By Jack and Jill Canuck!
For Christmas Time, you understand,
And if you should have luck,
And know the proper thing to do,
You may be at the party, too!

Mrs. Santa will be there
To breathlessly relate
The story of their **dreadful** scare
That Christmas might be late.
It would have been, but—if you'll come
You'll hear the way they made things hum!

"Mrs. Tubbs" is going to bring
Punk and Ponk and Pink:
(Isn't she the dear Old Thing?)
And just to make you think
Of something Nice, and Strange, and New,
"The Radio Girl" will welcome you.

And lest you find the Party dry,
They'll bring the ocean in,
With fishes that know how to fly,
The Crab, the Sea-urchin,
"The Little Sea-Folk," Flower and Shell,
With **such** a lot of yarns to tell.

To show you how our Minds were made,
A story will be told
Of how men lived, and worked, and played,
Before the World was old,
Or Christ had in a cradle curled:
"The Greatest Story in the World."

And just in case the night grows dark
Before the Party's end,
You'll hear a jolly, friendly bark,
The voice of "The First Friend"
The Dog—who through each pleasant page
Calls "Welcome-woof!" to Youth and Age.

So tell your Dad, and Cousin Jane,
And Gran. and Uncle Ned,
To **buy you books,** and buy again
Till these have all been read.
Come one! Come all! for Christmas cheer
In covers gay awaits you here.

* * *

"The Great Adventure of Mrs. Santa Claus," by Sarah Addington. $1.75
"The Story of Mrs. Tubbs," by Hugh Lofting. $1.50
"Little Sea Folk," by I. N. Gaylord. $1.50
"The greatest Story in the World," by Horace Hutchinson. $1.75
"The First Friend," by Lucy Menzies. $1.75

All from Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Some of the New Books for Children

IF the Children's interest in History can be really aroused, a great part of the parents' problem has been solved. For it means the awakening of an intelligent interest in everything in the world, a healthy curiosity, which the astute elder, guardian or teacher, may develop in various ways along many lines. It may blossom later as a love of science, art, the drama, or the carpenter's bench; but at least it will find an eager outlet, first, in some desire **to know,** and **to make:** later perhaps, in a power to reason, and to act accordingly.

It is a long cry from "Little Arthur" and the "learnt by rote list" of the dates-of-the-kings of England, that too often made up the technical historical ideas of our young grandparents, to the possibilities contained in the histories of to-day. These are less personal but more dramatic, if rightly interpreted. They set the stage for the individual character. They are the "long shots" by which we learn to understand (from atmosphere and environment) the "close-ups," not only of historical personalities, but also those of our contemporaries. The more knowledge we have of them, the better chance we have, to understand and beware.

"For I but speak, and move and do
As my dead fathers move me to."

Horace Hutchinson has done for children something of what H. G. Wells has accomplished for their parents. He has drawn Nations with a broad brush, and then set some pencil sketches in the foreground—a character here, a home there—to emphasize the picture and provide perspective. He has given a magnificent orthodox setting to the jewel of Christianity and drawn an arresting picture of the Jewish Nation, always losing, but always victorious, and at that, as Mr. Hutchinson abundantly makes plain, all the first Christians were Jews, a fact that we occasionally forget. But he **is** smug!

The Greatest Story in the World. By Horace Hutchinson. Toronto: Longmans Green and Co. $1.75.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A real event in the juvenile world is a thoroughly new Kipling "Land and Sea Tales for Boys and Girls" published this month by Doubleday Page & Co., (S. B. Gundy, Toronto). A most interesting circumstance is that this book is made up of stories and poems that have not hitherto been published in any form. It is Kipling's first book for children since "Rewards and Fairies." The value of the influence of this book and the preceding juveniles by Kipling, on the children of Canada is all the more important in the light of Kipling's place as the tribal singer of the Anglo-Saxon people. It is published in a $1.75 edition.

HIGHLIGHTS
For Young Canadians

A NEW departure in Canadian publishing was made last year when Hodder & Stoughton brought out a book for "littlest readers," entitled **"Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes,"** by Mrs. Carol Cassidy Cole. It was the collected adventures of Eric, a little Canadian boy in Nature's Wonderland, among furry friends and feathery. The little book was profusely illustrated, wrapped in a piquant colour jacket which seemed to attract the attention of purchasing Mamas—and it cost only 75c.

The experiment was a huge success, as the many reviews which it received indicated. "Children throughout the Dominion will be gladdened, I am sure," said "Candide" writing in "Saturday Night," "when this little book reaches them. And I hope it will reach many, many thousands of them. It is a long time since I have seen a children's book of which I approve so heartily; it is an ideal thing for the very youngest Canadian readers to start on. Canadians are most fortunate in having Mrs. Cole to write such wonderful stories for the babies. The illustrations are piquant, the binding is strong, the paper is good, the type is clear, the price is nominal."

So this year we have brought out a sequel in uniform format, called **"Downy Wing and Sharp Ears,"** which carries on the fascinating story of Eric's little wild friends, and it is being read by the hundreds of boys and girls who loved "Velvet Paws" as well as many new converts to this charming little series.

* * * *

It is an interesting fact that while the "grown-ups" are reading Gordon Hill Grahame's prize novel **"The Bond Triumphant,"** the boys and girls from ten to eighteen should be provided with a story of their own by the same author. **"Larry, or the Avenging Terrors,"** is the first schoolboy story ever written about Canada, and it is already being placed on a par with "Tom Brown" and "Huck Finn." Here is an excerpt of a review which appeared in "The Canadian Magazine": "This is undoubtedly the best story of schoolboy life that has been written, either in the United States or Canada. . . . 'Larry' is full of wholesome delight for boys, and will be scarcely less appreciated by their sisters, fathers and mothers. It is really an event among Canadian books." The "St. John Globe" says: "A school that had for its house-master a man who could write a story for boys as thoroughly delightful as 'Larry' was a fortunate school indeed. (The school referred to is Lakefield Preparatory.) It carries one back, if one is older, to the Prep. School, and if one is younger, it creates a desire for the days that are the best ever—those spent at Prep." "It will surely be welcome to youngsters everywhere—errs neither toward rowdiness, on the one hand, or goody-goodiness, on the other."—"Saturday Night."

"Larry" is published in the now famous "Young Canada" series, which includes—

"Openway," by Archie P. McKishnie.
"The Girls of Miss Clevelands," by Beatrice Embree.
"Around the Campfire," by Charles G. D. Roberts.
"The Wilderness Campers," by James C. Hodgins.
"The Boy Tramps, or Across Canada," by J. MacDonald Oxley.

All books in this series are sold at $1.25 by

The Musson Book Company, Ltd.

Story Hours with Dickens and Scott

By J. McE.

THE little folks slipped into their chairs around the long table. The fire in the big grate chuckled a bit, spluttered a bit, and then smouldered down to a cheerful glow. The "story lady" took her place in the big chair at the head of the table, looked around at the rosy faces, and began.

"Now, we really should have visiting cards to-day, for we're going calling."

A hum of eagerness ran down the table.

"Still maybe we won't need the cards, for it isn't going to be a 'society' call at all. It's to be a friendly visit, and we are going to stay right here in this room. It's a 'pretend' call, you see."

"Our first visit is to be to a little girl. 'She lives with her grandfather at the Old Curiosity Shop, and her name is Little Nell.'"

With this for a beginning the story lady told about "a little old man with long grey hair," about "a shock-headed, shambling, awkward lad, called Kit," and about the dwarf, Quilp; the kind schoolmaster, the generous Mrs. Jarley, and, of course, about the little girl, who sometimes seemed a grown woman, but was really "a very little girl indeed."

The room was very quiet; the listeners forgot the story lady's voice, and instead of hearing, imagined they were seeing, first a gloomy, shuttered shop, then a long dusty road that ran on and on; then a little, kindly village with a cosy little cottage, and, of course, Mrs. Jarley's waxworks.

The clock on the mantel struck one, two, three, four. The little folks were back in their chairs. The fire was glowing, and the "visit" was over.

"Next week we shall make friends with a little boy named David Copperfield, and the next week Nicholas Nickleby, and a lonely boy called Smike, and next week—" But there was a shuffling of feet, and the "Story Lady" stopped to help with coats, and scarfs, and caps.

"Little Nell" lives in a book entitled "The Old Curiosity Shop," the "Story Lady" is Miss Alice F. Jackson, and the little folks are all the boys and girls who have the opportunity of making early friendships with the delightful people of whom Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens wrote.

The text in these books is very simple, and in many instances quite similar to the original. The plots are in no way changed, for the books were written, because everyone knows "That the friends of childhood are the friends of maturity."

The Children's Dickens and Scott. By Alice F. Jackson. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. 15 vols. $1 each.

The Wind Boy. By Ethel Cook Eliot. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

Have you ever been in the Clear Country? Almost, perhaps! It can teach you to be "deep-still," this little book, and that is the way that you get there! It is a delightful story of lovely mother and charming children, with its human side, its heavenly side, and its odd reality.

"No, I'm not a fairy," said Nan, but she answered gravely, as though in reply to a sensible question; as though she might very well have been a fairy, only it happened that she was not."

That is somehow the keynote of the book, which tells how Kay, and Gentian and their mother Detra, refugees from a foreign country, found it hard to find a welcome in a strange land just because they were different; just because they were foreign. But Detra, who was really an artist, knew how to make a wee brown cottage into a real home, just with flowers and love. By-and-bye, because they saw crystal-clearly, and lived by that light, friends, and help, fame and their lost father, finally came to the little brown home. It is ts full of breeze-blown fancies as a summer's day and has some delightful illustrations in pictures, as well as in words.

Animal Personalities. By Samuel Derieux. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

Many a writer has personal cause to think kindly of John M. Siddal, late and loved editor of the "American Magagine." Now plenty of other people are going to be grateful to him, because he made Samuel Derieux write of animals just as he evidently talked of them.

You can't set it down as a child's book, of course. (Every sportsman will particularly love it!) It's a book for everybody. But, as regards animals, it is a really great book. A superlative book about animals is always suitable for children. Moreover, it is a true book. You can't read more than the first chapter and not know that. It's so alive, intense, knowledgable, friendly and dramatic, that you know at once that the man was right who said "It was just as fascinating to hear Samuel Derieux talk about a mule, as to hear another man gossip about Prime Ministers."

If you can read "The Gopher Gang" without a smile, or "Peerless Mary" without getting excited, or a single chapter without being honestly keen to go on, then—

But you can't!

The Stranger Star. By Allen Crafton. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.25.

Ever so many animal books have been written for children, and they have all become well acquainted in the last few years with their furred and feathered friends. Now, here is a new idea—a story in which the stars come alive, and take on human shapes, voices and feelings—a quite new departure. One wonders how many immediate imitators the author will have. At any rate he is to be congratulated upon having found a new way (milky or otherwise) into the hearts of children.

What the Pixie Picks

* * * * *

AS the first snow was falling
(on Hallowe'en)
I met a Pixie of Pumpkin Sheen
And he hollered at me with his Lantern Jaws
In a Witcherful way that made me pause:
"I got a message from Santa Claus!"

"He's bringing many treasures for your stocking:
'The Shining Ship' (by Isabel Mackay),
Whose silver spars, at twilight softly rocking,
To Slumberland will carry you away;

"Brave Stories of Romance and Heroism
That grow around the name 'Evangeline,'
And glowing tales, like colours in a prism,
Of all an older Canada has been;

"Strange legends of the early Indian Races,
Of childish Crusoes and adventures wild;
Of Brock, who touched with glory splendid places
Whose names mean 'Canada' to every child.

"An' 'Doctor Doolittle's' comin', too,
To Boys and Girls who are good (like you!),
An' 'Diggledy Dan,' the Circus man,
Is tumblin' along as fast as he can;
An' the Flower Pictures that Burgess draws,
An' a whole lot more," said the Pixie, "'cause—
McClelland & Stewart work for Santa Claus!"

* * * * *

"The Shining Ship," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. $1.50.
"Stories of the Land of Evangeline," by Grace McLeod Rogers. $2.00.
"Before the White Man Came," by Mabel Burkholder. $2.50.
"Canadian Crusoes," by Catherine Parr Traill. $2.00.
"The Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter R. Nursey. $2.00.
"Doctor Doolittle, The Story of," by Hugh Lofting. $1.75.
"Doctor Doolittle Post Office," by Hugh Lofting. $2.50.
"The Voyages of Doctor Doolittle," by Hugh Lofting. $2.50.
"In the Land of Diggledy Dan," by Edwin P. Norwood. $1.75.
"The Burgess Flower Book for Children." $3.00.

All from McClelland & Stewart, Toronto

Keeping *Children's Book Week* with S. B. Gundy Toronto

SUNDAY, NOV. 11th

Perhaps the very best book with which to start, if you are past your Sixth Birthday, is **"The Wind Boy,"** which is like a lovely breeze all perfumed with flowers and bright with silver laughter. It might be called a Sunday book, because you couldn't get anything nicer to read on any day of the week.

By Ethel Cook Eliot. **$2.00**

MONDAY, NOV. 12th

May well be spent in **"The Grampas Toyshop"** by Little Folks from 3 to 7, reading the delightful rhyme in the rhythm familiar and beloved in "'Twas the night before Christmas," and thoroughly enjoying the new story, with its fascinating full-page pictures and jolly coloured verse-borders, every one as gay as Christmas itself!

By Dudley Morton. **$2.00**

TUESDAY, 13th

will be occupied with the **"Friendly Adventures of Ollie Ostrich,"**—the only ostrich who ever swam right out to sea, because he was made of wood and had a solid mahogany tail. YOU just go and get a solid mahogany tail and see how adventuresome **you'll** feel! This book tells how it's done, and a lot of interesting things besides.

By Janet Lewis. **$1.00**

WEDNESDAY, 14th

The week is getting older. If you are clever enough to be aged between 5 and 9, you'll want to read **"Mainly About Nibble the Bunnie"** and the habit he had of hair-breadth escapes, because as fast as he gets out of one he falls into another! And you, being a Really Intelligent Child, will be glad to know that on

THURSDAY, 15th

you can go right on with him and his friends. For there is a whole series of these delightful books, of which the eighth and latest is **"The Jay Bird Who Went Tame,"** which is a pretty wild thing for a bird to do! Each volume is illustrated with photographic-looking pictures by Will Andrews. The whole series by John Breck. **Each 60 cents**

FRIDAY, 16th

You will now have become so interested in Animals that you will be glad of a real **"Little Folks' Book of Nature"**—all absolutely true, with over 150 pictures, heaps of them of interesting new animals. Have you ever met the Serval or the Klip-Springer? There are lots of old friends as well. It's just like an afternoon at the Zoo!

By Hiram Hunter. **$1.25**

SATURDAY, 17th

You'll want to spend the day outdoors. So take a grand run through the woods with Samuel Derieux's dogs, play with them in the open, or watch their training in the yard. You can't help but enjoy yourself if you're anywhere between 8 and 10.

By Samuel Derieux. **$2.00**

And for any other one of the fifty-one weeks that are not Book Week we can give you a seven days' programme just as good as this.

Downy Wing and Sharp Ears. By Carol Cassidy Cole. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton Limited. 75c.

Is there anything in the world that children love quite so much as an animal story? It is nice to think that we are able to leave our dear American friends (with their fine Americanly patriotic feelings) for a moment mingle with the denizens of our own Canadian country, enjoying their outlook and their feeling for Canada!

Little Eric Oldson and his great chum Nat. the Collie Dog, have the joy one day of discovering their old friend Yota the Wild Goose, actually in their neighbor's goose-pen. She has been caught and her wings nipped. What brought pain to Yota, brings rapture to Eric. Once more he enjoys the wonderful stories (jealously interspersed by Nat. with tales of his own) of the doings of furred and feathered folk the world over. But all those in the book are native to Canada, at least at some time of the year! Did you know that there were Flying Squirrels here? Have you heard about the Island of the Gulls? Do you know how the birds came to Canada? Mrs. Cole does not vouch for the natural-historical truth of this particular story, but it is an excellent epitome of Canadian geography which might well serve as a text book to many English enquirers regarding our climate and natural environment. The stories themselves are charming! "Velvet Paws and Shiny Eyes" won their way into the hearts of Canadian youngsters, so the way is all prepared for this sequel which will ge straight into their affections.

Peter's Best Seller. By Margaret R. Piper. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.00.

This is a tale about Peter Loomis, author, famous producer of "best sellers," who, having reached the stage when, according to his own estimate, he was "written out," finds his greatest inspiration of all, with which Daphne Joyce, a singer, young and beautiful, has much to do. All this was after Peter was past thirty-eight and still a bachelor. The story is replete with the vivacity and sparkle of youth.

The Young Knight. By I. M. B. of K. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.65.

Here is a fine tale for boys and girls. It tells of Michael Faversham: how he fought valiantly with the Knights of Saint John against the Turkish hordes and won his spurs as a Knight of Malta. It is an illuminative story of that critical juncture in the history of Europe, when the Moslem forces were threatening the citadels of France, Spain and Italy, and the total overthrow of the Christian faith in Southern Europe seemed inevitable.

Three Cheers for Aunt Mary. By L. E. Tiddleman. London: Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.

This is a girls' story of "a mystery lady," and a lovable family. The tale is well told, full of incident and adventure. There is a frontispiece in full colour.

Larry. By Gordon Hill Grahame. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton. $1.75.

They all weighed 81 lbs. in their clothes, and the difference in their height was infinitesimal. When they discovered THAT, they were off to a good start at being friends for life. You know how it is with boys!

Of course they had their troubles, or they wouldn't have been the "glorious human article" at all. There was the Mean Boy, and the Bully, and the Profiteer. Every school has them; because you meet them afterwards, grown into men, they **must** have come from school! But every school has also its boys who can admire and like their masters, without servility or "gummyness": who can stick by each other and stand up for the right, keeping clean minds in sound bodies. The picture of Larry's School days, being "drawn from life" from one of our big Canadian Schools, is very comforting to a mother. And the children love it! The Secret Pact of the Avenging Terrors, the Wrong Accusation, The Lost Night on the Water, the Burning of Shackville, the Secret Deadly Cave (especially the S.D.C.!!) and the Grand Bust at the end, with its justifiable cause, are all followed with thrilled interest. There is in the book just the hint of the "School Spirit" that there is in our country.

It's odd, when you come to think of it, (in this country!) how the term "Public School Spirit" has become synonymous with a clean outlook, a dependability, a hold-on-to-your-own-but-give-the-other-fellow-a-chance, feeling; above all, the spirit of playing the game, playing it fair, and for all it's worth; with underneath all, that a spirit of "noblesse oblige" which has been found for so many years among England's greatest men. You may of course, if you feel that way, point triumphantly to Mr. Lloyd George as the Flower of the Flock who never went to a public school at all! But the men who stood shoulder to shoulder with him were public school men, born and bred.

However, this isn't a political conference, but a call to somebody to find a name for that same magnificent thing which is coming to flower in the **private** schools of Canada. The mixture of an ideal, a responsibility, a sense of humor, and an outlook not altogether personal; the spirit of noblesse oblige and **esprit de corps** that cannot in the very nature of things be the spirit of the public schools of Canada, whose magnificence lies along other lines.

Quite apart from these "glorious human boy" observations, "Larry" is a corking good story. It will be welcome in any stocking this Christmas, that can be stretched at the top to fit it. (Now you know the size!)

Marjorie's Discovery. By Alice E. Allen. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

This is a new volume in the Marjory-Joe series, in which all the characters appearing in the previous books join in a bungalow party, which lasts one whole summer. It holds great interest for young readers in its account of how the Rosemary twins guarded the pearl necklaces.

Pemrose Lorry, Radio Amateur. By Isabel Hornibrooke. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.

Two or three decades ago, the Elsie books held sway and as the umpteenth volume appeared, sniggering young readers were known to mark the number of times that the Dinsmore Clan "burst into tears," or gave "half-sobs" or "half-smiles." "Pemrose" is the second of what bids fair to be a series, and marks a change in the young outlook. A healthy outdoorsy spirit pervades part of it, and it might be a rousing tale of young Camp Fire Girls, with naturecraft, horses, aeroplanes and radio outfits supplanting the indoor accomplishments of an earlier time—were it not for its appalling style:

"The light fairly swooned in Pemrose's blue eyes."

"A mocking brown speck in a grey eye."

"The eyes dressing themselves in a gold light."

"The dark eyes were translucent now."

"The dark-eyed girl shivered white-cheeked in the dew."

"The Chauffeur's leaking eye-corners"—Oh, Help!

An almost nauseating, whipped-cream-pie-crusted-caramel flavor is given to what should taste of oatcake and clear taffy.

Chatterbox for 1924. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Boards, $1.65; Cloth, $2.25.

This good old annual has been coming to juvenile readers regularly for more than half a century. The mothers and fathers who were the children of a generation ago find this to be one of the hardy perennials with which to delight to grow young again while revelling in its pictures and its stories, with their own children.

Chatterbox was founded many years ago by an English clergyman who wished to provide clean, wholesome, uplifting literature for children, and it has lived up to its ideal ever since.

There are over 300 pages, most of which are illustrated, including eight color plates in full color.

The Little Sea Horse and Pearl. By M. E. Gullick. London: Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.

A fairy tale—all about Ice fairies, Snow gnomes, Rain goblins and countless other Northern little folk encountered by the Little Sea Horse and the Little Sea Maiden in their journey to the far northern seas and snow-fields. There are numerous illustrations, including full-page plates in full color.

Sagas of the Sea. By Archibald MacMechan. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

This little volume presents a series of stories of dramatic interest, based upon real incidents on the Atlantic seaboard, most of them in connection with the American Revolution and the War of 1812. These inspirational tales will do much to promote in the hearts of young Canadians pride in the bravery and adventure which have surrounded seafaring achievements in the Maritime provinces.

The First Friend. An anthology of friendship of man and dog, compiled from the literature of all ages. By Lucy Menzies. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. $1.75.

There must be something wrong with the child that does not love a dog. And is there a parent to be found in the wide wide world who will admit that there is anything wrong with one of their children? I trow not! But if you **have** any reason to doubt your child's lack of feeling for "the chief companion," this little book will surely rouse sympathy and interest in the subject. If your child already delights in dogs, he will delight in this delightful book, intended to show the close relationship between men and dogs since the dawn of intelligence in both species, as portrayed in literature from the ancient ages down to the present day. "A Dog's Life" has more than one interpretation and there is a double lesson as well as double pleasure, in this combined study of life, love, and literature. It is a pleasant book to read to the children from one year old and upwards and just as enjoyable to their elders!

The Shining Ship. By Isabel Eccleston Mackay. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $1.50.

The actual taste of children in books, is always interesting to follow. Miss L. Smith (in charge of the Boys' and Girls' House of the Toronto Public Library) says that there are a few children who will read nothing but poetry, so far as Library books are concerned! They are, of course, a very small minority, but the fact remains that they do exist. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" is, of course, an Everlasting Flower, but it was interesting to find that "The Shining Ship," by one of our own poets, holds a place, close and wide (if there is that kind of a place!) in the children's hearts. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at, for who could read it and not love it? With its delicate fancies, its deep understanding of Childhood, its occasional flat-footed childishness (like your youngest son walking on your heart in his new "Hikers!") and its simply delicious humour. Read "Jacob Unrecognized"—and there's pathos in that, too!

"When I got home I told my Maw, because
I thought she might be int'rested—but pshaw!
She jest gave me a look an' said, 'My son,
Don't go a-telling fibs to fool yer Maw!'

"Now, Jacob's Maw b'lieved every word he said,
And told the neighbors, and made quite a stir,
And got it put in the Old Testament,
But my Maw—why, you jes' can't int'rest her!"

The Story of Isaac Brock. By Walter R. Nursey. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

This is a new and revised edition of this work for the Canadian Heroes Series. It presents a comprehensive life story of the "Hero, defender and saviour of Upper Canada."

Worth While New Books

From Page's List

For Girls and Boys

Chatterbox for 1924

The acknowledged "King of all juvenile books."

"No more acceptable, lasting and useful present could go to a child for the price."—**Boston Herald.**

Bound in boards, $1.65; bound in cloth, $2.25.

The Young Knight

by I. M. B. of K.

This story of Michael Faversham, a boy of the sixteenth century, and how he saved the fortress of Rhodes from the besieging Turks and received the accolade—going forth as a full-fledged Knight of Malta—will delight the heart of the present-day American child. It is destined surely to become a juvenile classic. Illustrated, $1.65.

Marjory's Discovery

by Alice E. Allen

"This author is well known and beloved by children for her jolly MARJORY-JOE SERIES (five titles). She certainly knows how to please children and tells them stories that never fail to charm."—**Madison Courier.** Illustrated, $1.90.

Mr. Do Something

by Blanche E. Wade

A new edition of one of the most beautiful juvenile books we have ever published. "It will stimulate the imagination to 'make believe' and find playthings in ordinary materials."—**Denver Tribune.**

Illustrated in black and white and full color, $1.75.

Tom Akerley

by Theodore Goodridge Roberts

"Captain Roberts puts out a thrilling story. He knows his Canadian north woods; he knows his people, and he tells his tale in masterful manner. It is full of 'pep,' a 'riot of action' and will appeal to boys, young and old."—Tom Winder, in **Travel.** Illustrated, $1.65.

True Indian Tales From American History

by James Otis

"A copy of this book should be on the shelves of every library, for it is a splendid contribution to the annals of the heroic times of old and makes for true patriotism." — **Madison Courier.** Illustrated, $2.50.

"L. C. Page & Company have a highly privileged place in the heaven of childhood. Most of the charming books, from POLLYANNA onward, beloved by children and, if they would confess it, by their elders also, bear the PAGE imprint."—Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal.

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

Publishers **BOSTON**

Buying Christmas Books for the Youngest Children

By Lilian Smith.

AFTER wandering through shops stacked with books for children, the perplexed grown-up with the smallest child in mind, will be wise to insist upon the faithful anthentic nursery rhymes, some of the best of which are to be found in "Ring o' Roses" with Leslie Brooke's humorous illustrations in color and black and white. Slightly older children will like the delicate spring-like charm of a very little book of "Nursery Rhymes" pictured by Kate Greenaway.

In these days of very early reading, a great deal of it is in the form of a running comment, in large print, to the pictures which are the largest part of the book.. The popularity of "Peter Rabbit" by Beatrix Potter, and "Johnny Crow's Party" by Leslie Brooke testify to the success of this method. After all, as Alice wisely remarks, "What is the use of a book without pictures?" A new little book of this kind that is sure to please is "The Bojabi Tree." by Edith Rickert, with deliciously droll pictures by the Russian artist Gleb Botkin. The story concerns sundry hungry animals, their discovery of the big tree full of fruit, and the fate of the messengers who went to ask their king for permission to eat the fruit.

Another recent favorite among the animal picture books is "The Velveteen Rabbit," the text by Margery Williams, and the extremely life-like pictures, that is, life-like to a rabbit obviously made of velveteen, by William Nicholson. Miss Williams has written a really charming story of the adventures of the rabbit, velveteen at first, and finally through the agency of the "fairy of old toys" a real rabbit, of whom we catch a last glimpse as he twinkled away into a real wood. So much for picture books!

Then there are the children proper, whose reading tastes must be even more carefully consulted than their baby brothers and sisters. With them the story is the thing, and plenty of conversation, if you please! The beginning-to-read-to-themselves first graders delight in reading "About Harriet," by Clare Whitehill Hunt, whose wise little volume "What shall we read to the children" is the treasured guide of many a mother and teacher of small children. "Harriet" is a very little girl who does something quite different on each day of the week in the big city, which is her home.

For children from six to ten there is also great charm in a series of books written by Lucy Fitch Perkins, each volume of which, with twins for hero and heroine, deals with the daily life and scenes of different countries. By this device, children read "The Japanese Twins," "The Dutch Twins," "The Eskimo Twins," and this year "The Philippino Twins," their charm for the children being, in the words of one of them, "they take you everywhere, while you stay here."

Another story of a country beyond the sea is, "Lady Green Satin and her Maid Rosette," which is a reprint of a quaint old-fashioned story about a little French peasant lad and his two performing mice. The book will delight children both in its attractive dress and in the freshness of the telling and give them as well a lasting interest in the land of little Jean Paul and Madeleine. Little girls will learn something of the dauntless spirit of the pioneers in reading "The Story of Nancy Hanks," by Ethel Phillips, the simple plot of which is concerned with the capture by hostile Indians of a small cousin of Nancy's, and her recovery six years later. Nancy, by the way, is the grandmother of Abraham Lincoln.

For dog-loving small boys Lebeus H. Mitchell has written "Here, Tricks, Here!" about a boy and his dog who is a stray "trick" dog and is stolen by thieves. The adventures of his small master in tracing his pet will hold the interest of all boys and most girls.

There is a Canadian edition, too, of the justly popular "Doctor Doolittle" with an introduction by Hugh Walpole. "Doctor Doolittle who, with his household, went to Africa to cure the monkeys of the plague, is without doubt the best nonsense tale since "Alice in Wonderland." "The Pedlar's Pack," by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin, and "Billy Barnicoat" by Greville MacDonald, are both unusually well done tales of fancy, the former being the work of the mother of the Premier of Great Britain. Billy Barnicoat, who grew up among the superstitious fisher folk of the rocky coast of Cornwall a hundred years ago, would naturally have adventures, and so he did. Billy is badly used by a witch, by smugglers, and even by the weather, but triumphs over them all in the end.

Among the tales of magic must be included the wonderland discovered by Dr. James through the agency of "The Five Jars." In a long private letter to a lucky "Jane," we learn how he went to sleep beside a trickling stream, and how when he woke up the stream was saying "Trickle up." The result of following this hint forms a narrative that must have delighted Jane, and one that all other imaginative Janes will do well to read.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARY WORK.

There has been a Children's Department in the Toronto Public Library for over ten years. But it had never had much more than a corner to call its own. Fortunately, the Chief Librarian, Dr. Locke, had a large corner in his heart for children, as well as that one in the Library, and, as "every day in every way" he kept that corner bright and obvious, it presently grew into something unique among Britain's possessions. The Toronto City Council gave the house at the corner of the Library Grounds, and here the Boys' and Girls' House is in charge of Miss Lilian Smith and her half dozen assistants.

Special features of the work include story hours, for young children, and their older brothers and sisters: Reading Clubs for the latter, and the recently installed High School Reference Library, in charge of a young lady who has done her share of teaching in that particular line, and who knows the needs of the students. In its own room in the House, a specially adapted Reference Library is being built up. This includes a whole case of books—fiction, history, travel, etc.—compiled from the Supplementary Reading Lists, and is found to be most helpful. Toronto has 23 Librarians in this Children's work.

The Boys' and Girls' House at the Toronto Public Library

Who Wrote "The Children"?

By John W. Garvin.

YEARS ago, a poem entitled "The Children" circulated in the Press of Canada, with the interesting statement attached that it had been found in the private desk of Charles Dickens, after his death, in his own handwriting, but without his signature. It was presumed to be his own composition. Lovers of Dickens' works were deeply touched by the discovery, and promptly accepted the tender lines as worthy of the great novelist.

A few months ago I learned that "The Children" was not written by Charles Dickens, but by Charles M. Dickinson, a distinguished American who wrote and published the poem in his early manhood, and later in 1889 had it reprinted in his first book of poetry, "The Children and other Verses." This volume was issued in New York by Cassell & Company Limited; and in London, by Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington Limited.

I had the good fortune to meet the Hon. Charles M. Dickinson at the home of his adopted daughter, Lady Poynter of Toronto, and to ascertain the facts at first hand. . .

In October, thirty-six years ago, the author of the poem received this letter from the son of the novelist:

"Hotel Brunswick, New York,
October 29th, 1887.

Dear Sir:

In reply to the letter which Mr. William Henry Smith has been good enough to forward to me, I willingly testify to the fact that the poem, "The Children," which has so often been erroneously attributed to my father, was not written by him; and that far from having claimed it as his, I have written during the last seventeen years, a large number of letters, and have many times inserted in my magazine, "Household Words," answers to correspondents, stating that the story about the poem having been found in my father's desk after his death was entirely apocryphal and that I was altogether unaware to whom the credit of the authorship of the verses was due.

I am, dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles M. Dickinson, Esq.,
'Daily Republican,'
Binghampton, N.Y."

Mr. Dickinson has been a farmer, a teacher, a lawyer, a business man, a publicist, a diplomat—and ever, a poet. While Consul General of the United States for nine years in Constantinople (1897-1906) his foresight and business capacity enabled him to greatly serve his countrymen by opening many gateways to American commerce. And it was during this period that he successfully negotiated for the release of the American missionary, Ellen M. Stone, who had been carried off by Bulgarian brigands. . . Prior to going to Turkey he had been chief owner and manager of the Binghampton Republican" for thirty-three years. And it was in 1892 that he conceived the idea which underlies the present day "Associated Press," and by energy and executive ability succeeded in bringing about in New York State such a desirable reform. . . Mr. Dickinson has published several volumes, his latest being "Little Verses and Big Names" (George H. Doran Company). For some time he has been engaged in writing his reminiscences.

Lady Poynter has also won considerable distinction as a writer. She has published a book of lyrics, and two prose volumes of merit: "Around the Shores of Asia" and "When Turkey was Turkey."

Part of the poem is quoted below.

THE CHILDREN

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last,—
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,

When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.
The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God:

My heart is the dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

* * *

When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says: "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

Hon. Charles M. Dickinson

FRED JACOB AND "JARGON"

(Fred Jacob in the "Mail and Empire," October 6th, 1923)

"Some day, when the editor of this paper grows wealthy, he is going to have a little pamphlet printed. It will be one chapter taken from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's book ON THE ART OF WRITING, The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., publishers, and the chapter is entitled 'An Interlude on Jargon.' Jargon is the besetting sin of the majority of writers on this continent. Since coming upon Quiller-Couch's invaluable little book, we have been conscious every time that we write an article that it is filled with jargon. Jargon is so easy to write and when used it makes an idea go a long way . . ."

Here is how Quiller-Couch defines the two main vices of jargon: "The first is that it uses circumlocution rather than short, straight speech. It says, 'In the case of John Jenkins, deceased, the coffin,' when it means 'John Jenkins' coffin,' and its yea is not yea, neither is its nay nay; but its answer is in the affirmative or the negative, as the foolish and superfluous 'case' may be. The second vice is that it habitually chooses vague, wholly abstract nouns, rather than concrete ones."

Again he says: "To write jargon is to be perpetually shuffling round in the fog and cotton wool of abstract terms, to be forever hearkening, like Ibsen's 'Peer Gynt,' to the voice exhorting you to circumvent the difficulty, to beat the air, because it is easier than to flesh your sword in the thing. The first virtue, the touchstone of a masculine style, is its use of the active verb and the concrete noun. When you write in the active voice, 'They gave him a teapot,' you write as a man. When you write, 'He was made the recipient of a silver teapot,' you write jargon. But at the beginning set even higher store on the concrete noun. . . ."

If only one had more space to quote this article, which is the best description of the things to avoid in writing prose that we have come across. . . .

With Quiller-Couch's book under our arm, we are going to think that everything we write bears the earmarks of jargon. But it will not injure the quality of the work of any writer to be conscious constantly of the danger of slipping into jargon.

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What Do Canadians Read?

G. H. L., in the "Westminster Gazette."

FOR its special interest just at this time with Book Week imminent it is appropriate to reproduce from the "Westminster Gazette" G.H.L.'s article "What Do We Read in Canada?" This has had some mention in these columns following its publication some weeks ago but now the whole article is printed:

Is it of interest to the people in the Old Country, what is being read in Canada. Do the readers of your journal take an interest in Canada beyond the fact that many of them have relatives in this country, or that we dropped tools on the spot and went overseas in what was up to that time the greatest armada that crossed the ocean, because we believed that your quarrel was our quarrel? Do you know the spirit of our country? This is it. On the evening of the day on which the news of the declaration of war was received in our country, a friend of mine was sitting at his post in a wireless station, "listening in," as the messages flashed through. Among them was one which will remain for ever in his momory. It was from a mother in one of the Eastern Provinces to her son who was ranching in the far West.. It was simple, but complete: "War declared, will see you on your way through."

Such is the spirit of Canada in times of stress. No less is it the spirit in times of peace. Our heritage is that of years, developed in peace and manifested in distress. We did take the war seriously, and this is shown in the fact that much later than in England, and very much later than in the United States, serious books on the war continued to be in demand. We do not take much interest in post-mortem recriminations, but we take still less in the flippant literature that bids us forget the war and abandon everything—even our morals.

We read a very small proportion of the fiction that is published in England. . . as no doubt you all do. The mystery to many of us is how the books ever are printed and who can be found to read them, but I suppose such a position may be due to the life in a big open country, where the fetid atmosphere of unwholesome life is necessarily very small and very local.

We are a scattered people, and it is quite within reason to speak of us as provincial. There are the Maritime Provinces, a land in themselves; the Province of Quebec with only one-seventh of its population interested in the English language; the Province of Ontario, one thousand miles from east to west, the most nearly homogeneous Anglo-Saxon population on the Continent; the Prairie Provinces, from Winnipeg to Calgary and Edmonton; and the land beyond the mountains, the Province of British Columbia.

There had been no real concerted effort to unite the intellectual forces of these provinces until a little over a year ago, when there was organised a Canadian Authors' Association, the avowed object of which was to bring together all who were contributing in any way towards literature in our country. That this might be done in such a way that it would be intelligible to this so-called practical age, the Association organised a Canadian Book Week during which the intellectual products of Canada were for the first time given the prominence which had heretofore been given to the products of the soil. It was a great success, notwithstanding the grief of many of our academic friends, who deplored the use of modern methods of publicity as applied to the sacred art of literature. We are surprised at the wealth of material that was discovered as a result of this survey of our intellectual resources, and joining with our French brethren in Quebec, we have come nearer to a United Canada than in any other movement in our history. Even our astute practical friends, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, who had been putting on a whirlwind campaign of a Made-in-Canada Movement, recognised that the intellectuals had really gone one better.

The result was not only the recognising and supporting of literature made in Canada, but of literature in general, and the place of the book in the life of a people. It has encouraged many timid souls to essay the art, and already our literature has been enriched, and the quality has been improved. This was not a spasmodic outburst; notwithstanding our geographical difficulties and comparatively small population, the Association has eight hundred members in this its second year, and it will organise active provincial chapters.

Another powerful influence is the public library movement which, though somewhat slow in most of the provinces, is gaining strength, and in Ontario alone there are more than two hundred active libraries, besides as many more which are keeping alive.

It is through these, and especially some of the larger ones, that books of English origin come to this country. I know of one which for the last eight years has purchased on an average 9,000 books a year from England. These libraries stimulate reading and create a demand for books which decidedly helps the bookseller. For instance, Archibald Marshall was an unknown name until a public library began to present his claims to the public. Its supply was unequal to the demand and the booksellers began to import. The public libraries, when properly administered, set the style in reading, and they are the conservatose of public taste, because they believe that the best censorship of literature consists in supplying the best there is, and in such quantities that there is but little room, and eventually there will be but little demand, for the poorer article.

We are ever on the lookout for English fiction of special merit which we think will appeal to our people—such as Ewart's "Way of Revelation." Dickens and Kipling are perhaps the most popular of the so-called standard authors, even though for some time we have been forced to buy the works of the latter in an American edition. We grinned when we thought of the works of the great Imperialist being controlled in this great "nation within the empire," by an American house. And in this connection let me say that it seems as if some English publishers believe in a jug-handled loyalty. They complain of what they call the American book invasion of our country, and yet they scruple not in selling the right of a book to a United States house to throw in the Canadian market, and make us purchase from our neighbours to the South.

And this leads to the consideration of the influence of the American books upon our reading. The United States is our nearest neighbour along a border of over 3,000 miles. We have quick and easy transportation north and south, and our intercourse in all walks of life is necessarily close. Why not in books as well as in fashions. The American illustrated magazine, especially the "Literary Digest," the "Saturday Evening Post," the "National Geographic," "Harper's," "Scribner's," "Century," "World Work," and "Atlantic," are reasonable in price and circulate largely with us, and advertise the books which are of interest to our neighbours. And in books, as in other commodities, advertising gains patronage, and the best seller in the United States has already a publicity in Canada which is decidedly in its favour. It is talked about, read about, and generally is favored by a Canadian edition. But the people of this country read the philosophy, the biography, the travel, the history from England, and not from the United States. Technical books, from agriculture to hydro-electric development, and from domestic science to gardening, come from our neighbours, as their problems and conditions are like unto our own. There is little to fear from the bogey of Americanisation, and still less to-day than five years ago.

The way to offset such a tendency is not merely to make cheaper rates for English periodicals and books—a help we have hoped for, but not realised—but to develop within our own borders a confidence in our own ability as a nation to produce, and also to give literature as fair a show and as liberal a subsidy as the so-called commercial products of our country. We have had with us the inheritance from the Old Country of a hesitancy to believe in helping education.

G. H. L.

CONRAD.

The publication of a Uniform and Fine Edition of the works of Joseph Conrad reminds me that his first novel, "Almayer's Folly," was published as far back as April 29, 1895, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. He was, therefore, Mr. Conrad's first publisher. This novel was followed by "Tales of Unrest" and "An Outcast of the Islands" and, many years later, by "The Arrow of Gold" from the same publishers. "Almayer's Folly" was translated into several languages; it appeared in Tauchnitz Library and was also published in the United States. Mr. Conrad's next novel will be published by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., in the first week of December.

A Fine Novel

THERE is something in Kathleen Norris's books that makes you feel that she has really been there! She is able to give a vivid impression of the very actual young "North American" (she might have been born and bred on either side of the line), with her practical common sense, her romance, her capability of putting an aristocratic flavor into office work and dish-washing, without making them unnatural, and her power of little way of naturalizing silver brushes in the most plebian suitcase.

Hilary and Dora had a foreign tang to their charm, bequeathed by that violin celebrity who was their mother who ruined her career by matrimony and maternity, those two beautiful stumbling blocks in the path of women of genius. Dora, delicate, exquisite, and taught to be temperamental from birth because of it, had been transmitted her mother's gift. To Hilary, the sturdier genius that ennobles development in itself or others. Working in the little American town, skimping, straining, almost starving (albeit happily), that "Butterfly" Dora's gift might be brought to flower abroad some day, Hilary is almost turned to pursue her objective along the easier path of marriage with the rich and handsome nephew of her employer. But Dora's passion for this same Craig makes Hilary pause long enough to step aside. Dora just beckons with one of her lovely artist's fingers, and the sweet things of life burst into bloom for her, showering their petals into her exquisite, greedy little hands. Dora constantly, in enchanting, childish tones, begs for the moon—the new one every month! Whereupon her adoring sister sturdily climbs to the skies on the most available ladder, be it made of her own love, desire, dreams, or work, and presents her Butterfly with the shining crescent. Dora wears it in her golden hair for a little, then crumbles up the brittle, tarnished thing.

This naturally has the result of all but ruining Dora, while making a magnificent woman out of Hilary.

Meantime, into their lives came Konrad Kronski, greatest of violinists, storming all barriers on waves of heavenly sound, riding the breakers like Neptune foaming into the still lagoon encircling a coral island.

Mrs. Norris has made one of the best studies of a musician that has ever been written. The whole book is interesting, alive, and well done.

Butterfly. By Kathleen Norris. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

Labyrinth. By Helen R. Hull. Toronto: Macmillan Co. $2.00.

The author of "The Quest" in this new novel tells a story of a woman who sets forth to show that she can manage an outside job that takes her best mental abilities and at the same time keep her husband and three children happy and the home running smoothly. The Hammonds are of the middle professional class—a New York apartment house family. The book is a plea for independent careers for married women and in this connection deals with pioneering from different angles.

Angels and Ministers. By Laurence Housman. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. $2.25.

Himself one of the connecting links between the Victorian and Georgian ages, with much of the mellowness of the Edwardian era, Mr. Housman has that parental power of poking fun at a beloved object in a tender manner that merely emphasizes his affection and appreciation. In these delicate sketches, described as "Four Plays of Victorian Shade and Character," he has caught his actors in significant postures, and etched them with characteristic gestures. Lord Beaconsfield and the Queen: the statesman's fevered dream of being immortalized for his foibles, and smothered in primroses; Mr. Gladstone in a retroactive and renunciatory mood, that give the impression of deshabile, are done in pastel tints to amuse an artist during his leisure. Airily sardonic is his picture of the Victorian Heaven in which no red-blooded he-man (though the robustly vulgar expression had not been tarzanized into the language of that period), could find a resting place. "Dear Mother," represents the fine essence of Victorian reticence, with its exquisite Damascene weapon of withdrawal.

M Is for Mary. By Sibyl Owsley. London: Religious Tract Society. 6s.

This new "six-shilling" for girls is a most pleasing volume and a tale which is a credit to the author of "Eardley House" and "The School They Handed On." It is a story of Merton Hall School.

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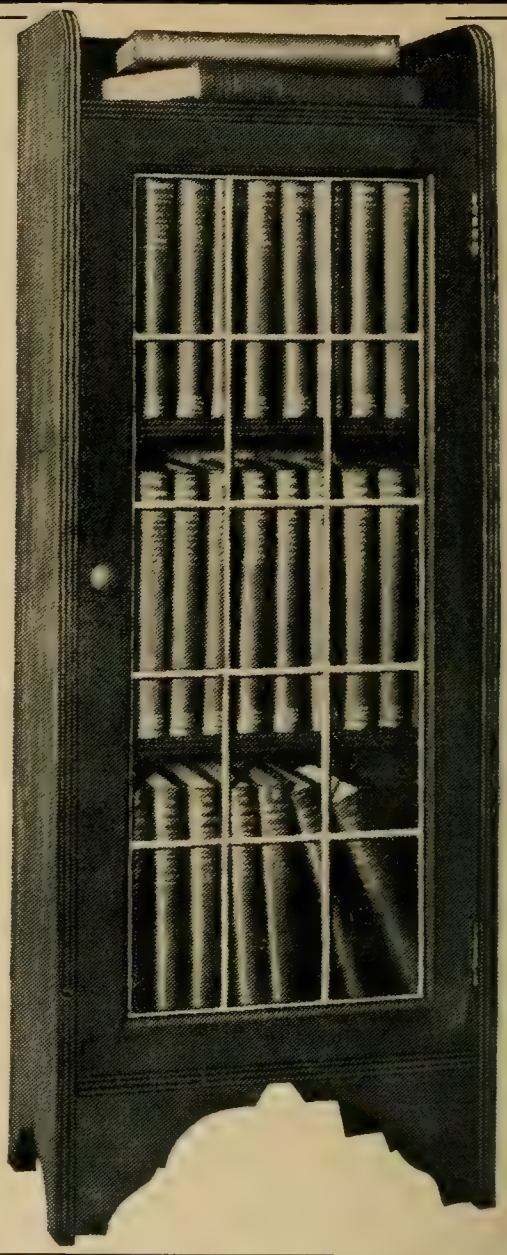

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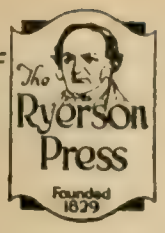

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Canadian Book Week

Activities of Authors.

PRESIDENT ROBERT STEAD of the Canadian Authors Association who was in Winnipeg during Book Week, was the guest of honor at a luncheon held at the new headquarters of the Winnipeg branch in the Marlborough Hotel, on Tuesday, Nov. 20th. Mr. Stead struck a confident note in respect to Canadian books which had attained such importance that they could be stressed, a circumstance much more favorable than in the case of Canadian magazines in competition with United States periodicals. Mr. Stead pleaded for the maintenance and embellishment of the Canadian tradition, emphasizing its British, French and Scandinavian sources. As to its value, the tradition of the British Navy was worth more than a squadron of battleships.

Rev. Dr. Eber Crummy, at Winnipeg, spoke of the influence of Canadian literature on national spirit. The rise of a great poet would transform our lives beyond anything we could conceive. "Genius is a community product," he declared. "Understanding and appreciation are essentially present or genius cannot flourish.

Hopkins Moorehouse, president of the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Authors Association, expressed the conviction that Winnipeg was on the threshold of an artistic awakening in all branches of the creative arts.

Among the most active Book Week speakers was Gerald Wade, of Winnipeg, the subject of whose addresses was "Backgrounds of Canadian Literature," surveying Canadian letters from its beginning, with the appearance of "Wacousta" in 1832, to the present day with its wealth of work by Canadian authors eagerly sought by progressive publishers.

Canada has published this year 24 novels, 14 books of poetry, 41 books of general literature, and 12 new editions of old Canadian books.

Others active at Winnipeg in Book Week were Prof. W. T. Allison, Prof. Arthur L. Phelps, Prof. D. C. Harvey, J. M. McCarthy and Dr. John McLean who dwelt upon the romance of Western Canada.

On Monday, November 20th, the opening day of the 1923 Canadian Book Week, in Toronto, W. J. Healy, provincial librarian of Manitoba and author of the notable new book "Women of the Red River," addressed the Young Men's Canadian Club at the Carls-Rite Hotel. He forecast vigorous Canadian literary productions that would portray the customs and characteristics of the public whose faith and industry overcame the great obstacles of pioneer life in Canada. This was needed to unify and strengthen the Canadian spirit and outlook so as to develop a truly national literature instead of listening to a number of inharmonious voices.

Mr. Morgan-Powell, the capable literary critic of the Montreal "Star," was one of the Book Week speakers in Toronto where he addressed the Young Men's Board of Trade on the present day tendencies of the reading public. In comparison with Victorian days, the modern readers demanded true reality. They would not countenance evasions where facts were available. Literature to-day had to meet these critical tastes engendered by the wider familiarity with all phases of life. He sounded the warning to publishers and librarians that there were far too many books published and distributed, the result being an atrophying effect on the quality of the output considered as a whole.

Basil King who addressed gatherings at Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Guelph on the significance of Canadian Book Week, impressed upon his hearers the desirability for an appreciation of literature and the arts in order that the sum total of human happiness and mental efficiency might be increased. He reviewed the progress of Canadian literature showing that quality as well as quantity was on the up-grade. He regretted the leakage of both talent and wealth from this country to Great Britain and the United States and his explanation was that the present standard of Canadian life did not supply a sufficiency of the finer things to hold those who had the time and taste for their pursuit. This situation would be alleviated with the development of a national literature.

Among the speakers at Montreal were Duncan Campbell Scott, Katherine Hale and Bliss Carman.

John Murray Gibbon was also in evidence as a Book Week speaker. He made the significant point that what Canada does in its education of incoming Canadians will possibly be reflected in the genius which may develop in some of these new Canadians who will then contribute to Canadian literature.

The Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch) held a Francis Parkman centenary celebration on Saturday, November 17th, at the Arts & Letters Club on the occasion of which Professor George M. Wrong dealt with. The career of Parkman the historian and Benjamin Apthorp Gould gave some personal anecdotes of the life of Francis Parkman.

Professor Wrong showed how Parkman, through his thorough perseverance and strict adherance to fact, elevated Canadian history from provincial unimportance to a place of fame among the great stories of the world's development. Parkman's work was unique in that at eighteen it had practically all the clarity and force of a volume written at seventy and the latter had all the youthfulness and abandon of the volume written at eighteen. His work was uniformly good. Except for a little added polish, the Parkman of the twenties was the Parkman of the seventies. Nowhere else in the story of literature could there be found such a character.

Mr. Gould's anecdotes revealed Parkman as a heroic character who started out at eighteen with the conviction that he was going to write the history of Canada and that he would devote his whole life to the work, sparing no pains to make it as complete and accurate as possible. Few men could have put such courage and persistence to the task and not have been turned aside by the obstacles to be overcome in his investigations in the early days before there was a single railway in Canada, when the great western plains were little more than explored, the rocky mountains unbridged and the countless lakes and rivers in the primitive stage as found by the early discoverers.

Further "Book Week" news will be found in the Canadian Authors Association section. See page 343.

A Page of Poetry .. ..

The Blue Heron

IN a green place lanced through
With amber and gold and blue—
A place of water and weeds,
And roses pinker than dawn,
And ranks of lush young reeds,
And grasses straightly withdrawn
From graven ripples of sands,
The still blue heron stands.

Smoke-blue he is, and grey
As embers of yesterday.
Still he is, as death;
Like stone, or shadow of stone,
Without a pulse or breath,
Motionless and alone,
Fixed there 'midst the lily-stems—
But his eyes are alive like gems.

Still as a shadow; still,
Grey feather and yellow bill;
Still as an image made
Of mist and smoke half hid
By windless sunshine and shade—
Save when a yellow lid
Slides and is gone like a breath. . . .
Sleep—still—but sudden as death.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

Deeds Resurgent

(It was recently announced by the University of Paris that the theory regarding "zones of silence" has been verified. The noise of a great explosion is heard from fourteen to forty miles away; no sound is heard from forty to a hundred miles; then from a hundred to five hundred miles the sound is again audible.)

WHEN loud explosives all the welkin tear,
For seven leagues is heard the mighty sound:
Then fades the resonance beyond that bound,
And stillness holds all the unfretted air.
But lo! those tones once more their force declare
Beyond that zone of quiet, and resound
In listening alien lands, whose peace profound
Must o'er a hundred leagues that tumult share.

So with the leaders by mankind approved—
Masters of sword and pen and voice sublime—
They drop to dust and for a space lie dead:
Then rumors of their deeds resurgent spread
And soon reverberate clear in every clime,
As when in grandeur on life's stage they moved.

—J. E. WETHERELL.

By the Bay of Fundy, in October

By Agnes Joynes.

I LINGER still although the sun rolls low,
And softest mists lie like the Peace of God,
Upon the water's breast. Lights come and go
And shadows take their place about the shore,—
A golden twilight here, within the haze
On sea and land, and greying twilight there.
The dull gold of the stubble lies between
The sleeping sea and me. A mass of bronze
The drying foliage stands, with yellow, like
A bit of sunlight lost, splashed here and there;
And only once, against the soft'ning green,
As if 'twere needless to repeat the art,
A glow of blood red in a neighboring shrub.
The whole effect a vision beautiful
of some Elysian land where dreams come true.—
I turn reluctantly, and through the pines,
A blaze of glory from the Western sky
Pours o'er the earth, and every outline harsh,
Is turned to dust of gold. The sun's last rays
Embrace me like the great protecting arms
Of God, to guide me safely where I go.
I breathe the loveliness and pray to Heaven
To make it mine, and me a part of it.

Esther

"BRING forth the royal 'tiring robes,
I go before the king!"
Queen Esther spake: the women's court
Was filled with murmuring.

"No kingly word has come for her,
No messenger of state,
And it is death to go unsought
Where king's advisors wait.

But Esther counsel asked of none—
Her word had come elsewhere!—
But pondered which of all her gowns
Would make her seem most fair.

And this held memories of state,
And this of happy days,
And this, with curious stitches wrought,
Had won the king's high praise.

A nation's fate upon a gown!
Ah, which would please the king?
(No use to ask these flattering fools
Who constant praises sing.)

And never maid in all the years,
Attired in gala dress,
Shall know, as Esther knew that day,
The price of loveliness.

And Esther feared and could not choose,
While all the whispers sighed,
For what the fate of loveliness
Which sought the king in pride?

Then came she to that gracious gown
She wore, when first a maid
She came before Ahasuerus' sight
And pleased him, so arrayed.

"This be the dress!" she cried at last,
"My body now prepare,
And make it smooth with soft perfumes,
And bind with pearls my hair."

The silver whiteness of the gown
Was like a falling mist
Which here and there the sun had caught
And left it rainbow-kissed.

And Esther's lips were flushed as rose
In early morning dew,
And Esther's eyes were filled with light,
As all her soul shone through.

And Esther's lips were woman-sweet
And rich with tenderness,
And, like a glory, all her hair
Eclipsed the shining dress.

So Esther stood before the king,
Who turned to her and smiled:
"What does Queen Esther seek to-day?"
And thus she answered mild:

"If so my king will deign to come,
With Haman at his side,
And feast with me in kindliness,
I shall be satisfied."

Clare Shipman.

"Bell-es Lettres"

By K. K. B.

ALL the philosophic and admonitive writers through the ages have stressed the fact that if a man cannot find happiness in his work, he will not find it—enduringly—anywhere in life. But what about finding his work through his happiness?

Once there was a bright little boy, with a seeking sort of mind, who found an intense interest in books, and pictures, and odd bits of bronze or wood or silver, with a history to them—wrought perhaps into weapons or curios that came from foreign corners of the world bringing the tint of azure skies with them, the fierce passions of the primitive races, or the overdelicate art of the decadent ones, in a faint perfume of association.

But most of all he liked books—to travel through them, and in them and with them!

"Aha!" said the bright little boy whose name was William C. Bell, "Here is my happiness!" And with unusual acumen and something of the art of the alchemist, he made books his work.

To turn your Happiness into work, you must plant it deep and make it grow. He gave his work long firm-fibred roots, that were set in the Book Trade and grew and put forth branches. So that besides becoming the Dean of Canadian book travellers, his Tree of Life-and-Work flowered into a wife and family, a collection of books, pictures, prints and curios that would take days to study properly, and a most charming domicile in which to house them. It is set in a farm-orchard garden on the banks of a jolly little stream that would be a river of some size if one met it in England, but which is locally known as "Sixteen Mile Creek" as it winds on its way to join Lake Ontario within sight of the verandah.

The house itself has overlooked the lake for close on a hundred years. Its generous rooms are lofty and well-proportioned, and welcome "sunlight and fresh airs" through the French windows that are inlets and outlets to all the rooms, both up and down stairs.

An old account represents the original builder and owner sitting under some of the beautiful trees (fifty or more distinct species grow on the four and a half acres that surround the house) puffing his long pipe, and watching his ships come safely to port across the Inland Sea.

To-day the house has modern hot water pipes and electric light, but retains the charm of its old-fashioned kitchen, wide upper and lower halls in the centre of the house, spacious rooms, good fireplaces, and those lovely long windows.

Here Mr. Bell has gathered about him the treasures he has accumulated while "travelling deliberately through his ages."

The large living room might keep one occupied for a week, exclusive of its bookshelves, for it is full of Footnotes to History ancient and modern. If you are psychic you may get a thrill from the Siamese Buddha on the mantelpiece, made of that "silver-bronze" that was a lost art for a thousand years: or a different thrill (depending on the nature of your imagination) from the Bow and Spear of some cannibal race, that are now captive over the doorway. Here are swords and guns and firearms galore, one of the most curious being a pistol that is an armoury complete, for it contains a mold for "the bullets that were made of lead, lead, lead," and forceps for extracting them, a chamber for carrying them, and an extremely businesslike trigger for firing them.

Charles the Second, whose character (surely not his face!) gained for him the sobriquet of "the Merry Monarch," is shown in a tiny exquisite miniature by Cooper, the sardonic mouth that "never said a foolish thing," the wide brow that sheltered the acute brain of a chemist and a navigator, as well as his despicable ideas of humanity; the lustful lack-lustre eye of the confirmed roue who cared for nobody but himself, and the gorgeous curled wig that dates him like a monument. They are all depicted with absolute accuracy, in the circumference of your thumb-nail! Then there is the "coloured stipple" of Sir George Rooke, whose pink cheeks and curled wig might be the envy of any permanently waved debutante, except that of course the wig is white!

Other interesting etchings and stipple work are by W. W. Ryland, the last man to be hanged in England for forgery (counterfeiting, we would call it to-day). He was so great an artist that his execution was postponed for a time that he might finish some work upon which he was engaged. Because of his genius, his death caused so great an outcry that capital punishment was never afterwards meted out for that particular crime.

And while on the subject of Banknotes, one may mention the quaint set of framed American Stamp money—3, 5 and 10 cents—the smallest denominations ever made.

One end of the room has a collection of the originals of Paul Bransom's famous animal pictures: Bartolozzi and Baxter prints are another rare feature; while in startling contrast are the Aubrey Beardsley posters, among them the original of the celebrated "Black and Purple Lady."

Both upper and lower halls are (pictorially) all Canadian. An etching of Quebec in the early 17th century shows small pot-bellied trees (presumably maple) that hardly reach to the first floor windows of the tall buildings there represented. It looks as neat as a toy farmyard; none of the "wild land and virgin forest" effect that one is apt to associate with those early days. The same meticulous drawing—and odd relativity of size appears in a coloured engraving of "The Taking of Quebec," contemporary with that event; where the individual redcoat (exquisitely tidy) is quite half as tall as the Heights of Abraham! An old topographical map of Halifax "from above" (perhaps it is a celestial picture, since aeroplanes were then unknown) is curiously framed in what was once the face of an old clock. Rarest of all, perhaps, is the "Lieut.-Col. Cockburn set" of aqua-tints, that include Niagara, and other celebrated Canadian beauty spots. The upstairs hall continues the tale. Many of the pictures there, scenes in early Canada, had an odd familiarity, soon accounted for by the fact that, being thoroughly typical—they were used to illustrate the edition that Mr. Bell published, of Susanna Moodie's "Roughing it in the Bush."

The writing room is a little gallery in itself, containing a fascinating array of caricatures in black and white and colour by Gilray, Crunkshank, Rowlandson and Leech. Surely there have never been such masters of expression in their own line. The whole gamut of human expression (except love!) appears in the faces of those at the "Auto-da-Fe." And there is a deathless modernity in "Let us all be unhappy together!"

As to books—one might begin with the infinitesimal infinity of the tiny Bible that can only be read with a microscope, though every word of the original is there; and go on, from the book that carries its own microscope conveniently in its cover, through many valuable volumes, rare in matter or manner, date or production, such as early Canadiana, English colour books of the last century, first editions of Conrad, Stevenson, Oscar Wilde, etc.; autograph copies, and other immediately contemporaneous editions.

To visit Mr. and Mrs. Bell is indeed to be given a "feast of reason"—but a feast with a tantalus tang to it! There is so much to see and to enjoy, even without touching the books at all—the books that fill shelf after shelf, and are at home on many tables, the books upon which the whole is built—that in spite of the splendour of the feast, the greedy one goes home still intellectually hungry!

Mrs. Bell has taken life on the same lines as her husband. She calls hers a hobby. But she has made a most successful business of breeding Persian Pussies, having at one time as many as forty on the premises. For some years, however, this has been given up. "William Bell," a magnificent yellow Persian, being at present the sole survivor. To-day Russian wolf-hounds and wire-haired terriers reign in their stead.

Mr. Bell has made the statement that his hobby is losing golf balls; with Bridge as a favourite indoor sport. He declares that these two occupy most of his time. Whether you believe this or not depends on whether you have been trained—like the White Queen—"to believe six impossible things before breakfast." It is all, of course, a matter of system. Some men can't lose more than a golf ball a month, or do a bit of business in less than that time.

As Mr. Bell is the Canadian representative of the English publishing houses of T. Fisher Unwin, John Murray, Constable & Co., John Lane, William Heinemann, and others, one may be quite sure that he has these things systematized and also that whichever of these delightful avocations he is pursuing—he is enjoying it. It is upon that that the success of the system is built.

It is Reported

THAT:

—Ottawa is feeling mighty proud this season in the knowledge that eight of her authors are represented with new books on this season's lists. They are Madge Macbeth, "The Patterson Limit," a novel; Marion Osborne, "The Song of Israfel," poetry; Lloyd Roberts, "The Book of Roberts," a collection of essays concerning this notable Canadian literary family; Marius Barbeau, "Indian Days in the Canadian Rockies," folk-lore and reminiscences; Duncan Campbell Scott, "The Witching of Elspie," short stories; Robert Stead, "The Empire Builders," poems; Arthur S. Bourinot, "Lyrics from the Hills," a book of poems and Clara Rothwell Anderson, "John Matheson," a novel.

—that the lofty luminaries who affect to ignore the existence of a Canadian literature are beginning to be crowded into a backwater of the sea of letters by the outpourings of the Roberts, Carman, Parker, Connor, Leacock, Stringer, Stead, Durkin and many other living Canadians who are producing good work, not to mention the increasing vogue of the notable works of Canadian writers whose voices have been stilled by death.

—that Wilson Macdonald, Madge Macbeth, and Norma E. Smith are among the Canadian authors who share with Lloyd Roberts the distinction of living by their writings. There are no doubt others and the "Bookman" would be glad to hear from them.

—that: Wilson Macdonald appeared in Regina on Nov. 27th in a recital of his own poems, the patrons on this occasion of his first appearance in his home city in five years being, Lt.-Gov. Nicol and a brother poet, Tom MacInnes.

—Madge Macbeth's novel "The Patterson Limit" is meeting with a good reception both from the critics and the reading public.

—Norma E. Smith, of Halifax, is a prolific writer who, besides regular features appearing in different periodicals, has written serials and many poems published in English and Canadian magazines. Of "In Joseph's Garden," which appeared in the "Canadian Bookman" for October 1919, the late Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald wrote that she considered it one of the best things she had ever read.

—that "The Spell of Siris," a sequel to "The Flight" by Muriel Hine is to come in January from Longmans, Green & Co., and from the same house a sequel to Keable's "Simon Called Peter." Its title will be "Far Havens."

—you can now give your friends a Kipling Calendar, as one is being published with reflections for every day, from the most piquant parts of Rudyard's works.

—Miss de la Roche is working steadily on her new book, which Macmillan's expect to bring out in the Spring.

—the chief character in Ernita Lascelles' much talked of book "The Sacrificial Goat" is said to bear a strong resemblance to G.B.S.

—Basil King was entertained in various ways during his stay in Toronto. We hope he enjoyed himself. We certainly enjoyed him!

—the stories in Wilfred T. Grenfell's book of short stories, "Northern Neighbours" are all based on his own experiences in Labrador.

Captain H. T. Munn, Arctic explorer and writer of a series of short stories on the Esquimaux, recently published in Cassell's magazine, London, England, has been staying in Toronto and Port Rowan.

—"Meloney Hotspur," by John Masefield, is to have its first American production with the Pasadena Community Players.

—the Toronto Women's Press Club held a very successful tea in honour of Bliss Carman during his recent visit here, at which he was kind enough to delight his many admirers with readings of several of his newer poems.

—that a new Children's Magazine is being published in England by Basil Blackwood, edited by Rose Fyleman, and that among its contributors are A. A. Milne, G. K. Chesterton, Algernon Blackwood, Cecil Roberts, Hillaire Belloc, Sir Owen Seaman, Katherine Tynan, John Drinkwater, Walter de la Mare, and others. When is some enterprising Canadian publisher going to bring out a real magazine for the Canadian children?

—the Death of the Ballad is being announced in connection with the abandonment of the famous Ballad Concerts!

—Harry Hervey (do you know "The Black Parrot"?) has been engaged by the management of one of "Clark's Cruises" as a Lecturer, to talk about the various lands before the ship's arrival. Lovely thought—and so much less cramping to one's flowing style, than to have to stick to the recount, after having been there!

—that Basil King is engaged upon four separate pieces of work—a Biography of an Englishman in Canada for the Cosmopolitan; a novel for Doubleday, Page & Co.; a sequel to "The Conquest of Fear"—and—but that's a secret!

W. A. DEACON
Whose "Pens and Pirates" has been well received.

Richard Maurice Bucke

A. E. S. S.

RICHARD Maurice Bucke was one of the greatest Canadians that have been born in the Dominion, and it is a fine instinct that has led Mr. Henry S. Saunders to reproduce the biographical sketch by Dr. Coyne which appeared in 1906 in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. It comes in such beautiful though substantial shape that it will be a treasure to the bibliophile, and not the less because only 157 copies have been printed, all numbered and signed by Mr. Saunders (9 Neville Park Boulevard, Toronto). There are two photographs of Dr. Bucke set in, both of remarkably striking quality, and enabling one to realize something of the superlative race to which he belonged.

There are but few lives that have made such a struggle against the handicaps of destiny, and when one reads of the ordeal he went through in 1857 when he lost both feet in a pilgrimage of heroism, it gives a new light to the statement that the kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, by "the stormers," as Ferrar Fenton translates it. At any rate, Dr. Bucke exchanged his feet for his soul, as Elbert Hubbard put it. Eventually he became one of the pioneers in modern psychiatry, and in the Hospital for the Insane inaugurated a new regime which has served as a model for all subsequent treatment of mental disease. In 1872 he had a subjective experience while in England which altered the tenour of his life. "Into his brain streamed one momentary lightning flash of the Brahmic-Splendour which has ever since lightened his life." A few years before he had become acquainted with "Leaves of Grass," and Walt Whitman became a dominating influence in his thought. As an outcome of his long intimacy with Whitman he wrote a biography of the poet in 1883. His later book, "Cosmic Consciousness," is a most valuable collection of instances of cases of those who have possessed a super-consciousness, but he was premature in his conclusions, having attempted to square his facts with evolutionary theories which have not been sustained. His allegations about dream phenomena, for example, are contrary to much experience. But he left his mark on his time and cannot be ignored by those who are triangulating the wide domain of the new psychology. Mr. Saunders is to be congratulated upon his book, which he has enhanced with a bibliography extending to 55 items.

Boy Scouts in the Antarctic.

I am glad that we are to hear about Scout Marr's experiences in the Antarctic. It will be remembered that he went out to the frozen South with Sir Ernest Shackleton, who helped the young man with his earlier chapters. Marr's book is to be called "Into the Frozen South," and it is bound to be a fascinating volume. Few boys have had adventure come to them at so early an age, and, naturally, every Boy Scout will be keen to read their comrade's adventures.

Birthday Honors for the Quick and Dead

Quotations From Their Works.

Dec. 4th, 1795—Thomas Carlyle.
"Literature is the thought of Thinking Souls."

Dec. 7th—Alma Frances McCollum.
All through my life, my Hope, my Prayer is this:
That when my Night on Earth has passed away,
I may behold soft lights of dying day,
And wake at last to feel the Angel's kiss."

YOUNGEST of a family of six, Alma Frances McCollum only lived 27 years, but she had an indescribable charm of personality, never to be forgotten by those who knew her. Most of the verses in "Flower Legends and Other Poems" were written while she was still in her 'teens. Dr. Drummond wrote of her little book: "It will prove a valuable addition to Canadian literature. It is easy to see what a lovely character our jeune fille is!"

Dec. 9th, 1608—John Milton, who held "that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity."

Dec. 14th, 1791—Charles Wolfe.
This is the Irishman chiefly celebrated for that dramatic poem under which so many school teachers have suffered: "The Burial of Sir John Moore." We try to choose something from each Birthday Poet's own works that it is in some way applicable to him. But though we do not know much about this one, and the lines quoted may be singularly inappropriate to his character, we publish them for their tender beauty:

"If I had thought thou couldst have died
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by my side,
That thou couldst mortal be!"

Dec. 16th—Jane Austen, bless her!
"A woman can never be too fine while she is all in white."

Dec. 25th—Isabella Valancy Crawford.
"She sent the strong dove of her soul up through the dawning's glory."

Isabella Valancy Crawford came as a Christmas Gift to her parents in 1850. Born in Ireland, she was eight years of age when her family came to Canada and settled in the little village of Paisley, then just struggling to free itself from the embrace of the great forests. Though in so wild a place, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford both took great pains with their children's education. They studied French and Latin as well as English. Later they moved to Peterborough, where her father died. But illness and misfortune followed them, and for years this brilliant woman struggled with a tireless pen to earn just enough for their support. She died in 1887. But she lives as a poet of whom Canada may be justly proud. In 1905 Mr. John Garvin collected and published a volume of her poems, with an introduction by Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Dec. 27th—Albert Edward Stafford Smythe.
"And I knew that His Law was Brotherhood,
And his life was gentle and kind and good

* * * *

And many will follow when I have gone,
But the Master still will be leading on."

For all his Royal Family name, Mr. Smythe is Irish by birth! He was educated in the local schools of County Antrim, and the South Kensington Dept. Science Classes, in which he took prizes in Geology, Botany and Physics. At 18 he started for New York. Adventures come to the adventurous 'tis said. On that trip he was shipwrecked and lost all his belongings. On a subsequent one, he found a wife! After some years of business in the States, he came to Canada, but more and more his attention turned to theosophy, of which he was the first representative in the Dominion. It was due to his efforts that the Toronto Theosophical Society, of which he was the first President, was organized and chartered, in 1891. For several years he edited and published "The Lamp." He is a noted lecturer on the same subject, as well as being a poet, and his editorial articles, and critical reviews, have long had a widespread influence in Canada. His new volume of poems has just appeared, "The Garden of the Sun," published by Macmillan's.

30th—Stephen Leacock.
"These books, absurd as it may seem, can be bought for two dollars."
From Sunshine Sketches.

The late Samuel Butler is reputed to have said that nothing good could come out of Montreal. This drastic statement has been refuted by an overwhelming majority. Well. . . look at Stephen Leacock!

Canada has so claimed him for her own that she hardly wants to be reminded that he was really born in the old land. On his serious side he has an international reputation. But he is beloved by thousands for the laughs that he has given them. As a British reviewer says, "Of course, if Leacock doesn't make you laugh, there is no use my telling you how humorous he is. But I say 'Thank God for Leacock!' " Of himself S. B. L. writes: "I have—what the business man can never enjoy—the power to think." I suppose this must be true. Otherwise the business men would have gone in a body and slain him for that remark!

He is the author of more than a dozen books, the latest of which "Over the Footlights," has been acclaimed as the greatest satiric criticism of the "Plays now running" ever written.

This belated paragraph is to mark the birthday anniversary of Anne Elizabeth Wilson—Nov. 28th. Her poetry is appearing in "The Canadian Magazine" and other journals and a book of her verse is down for spring publication under the title of "Eager Footsteps."

Prize Contests

IN the "Bookman's" essay contest for children, on the subject "What a Christmas Book Should Be," the first prize was won by Margaret Lanyon, Capilano, B.C., age 15; the second prize going to Sydney Arnold, North Vancouver, B.C., age 16, and the third prize to John S. Everton, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ont.

In the contest the best reviews of A. E. W. Mason's novel, "The Winding Stair," the review winning first prize was won by E. L. Purvis, St. Stephen, N.B.; second prize, G. Richardson, Ottawa; third prize, J. H. George, Toronto.

In order to allow more time for entries in these "Bookman" competitions, the closing date for the next contest will be January 15th, the novel selected for review being Henry James Forman's "The Enchanted Garden." For the subsequent contest, closing February 11th, the novel for review will be Basil King's "The Happy Isle." Both these books are available at book stores and the lending libraries.

In the children's contests the book for the competition, closing January 15, is "Mayo the Bee," by Waldemar Bonsels, and for the following month, "Downy Wing and Sharp Ears," by Carol Cassidy Cole.

No reviews are to exceed 400 words. In sending in reviews, address them to "Canadian Bookman" (Prize Competitions.)

IN PASSING.

From Clare Shipman, St. Paul, Minn.—"I like your November 'Bookman'—I like it a lot!"

* * *

From Hopkins Moorhouse, President Winnipeg Branch Canadian Authors' Association.—"Congratulations on your last issue of the "Bookman."

* * *

From Norma E. Smith, Halifax, N. S.—"I think the "Bookman" is a boon to literary Canada. It is an exceedingly clever and interesting magazine."

* * *

From Bliss Carman and Basil King.—Personally expressed tributes of their appreciation of the quality of the contents of the recent numbers of the "Canadian Bookman."

To these might be added many appreciative words from Torontonians, including practically all of the book publishers, regarding the special features of the November "Book Week" number.

There was a fly in the ointment, however, in the unfortunate typographical errors in dealing with "The Song of Israfel," by Marian Osborne. This book of poems, by the way, has drawn warm tributes from "The Poetry Review," of London.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Order "The Canadian Bookman" to be sent to a friend as a Christmas gift one year for $2, and we will mail you any one of these new $2.00 books without extra charge:

"Rufus," by Grace Richmond; "Butterfly," by Kathleen Norris; "The White Flag," by Gene Stratton Porter; "The Winding Stair," by A. E. W. Mason; "Lummox," by Fannie Hurst; "Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming.—Bookcraft Publishing Co., Ltd., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

On Giving Books for Christmas

By Austin Bothwell.

BOOK-REVIEWING has its pains and penalties but also its "perks." One of these is that about Christmas time there has accumulated a nice little pile of books which may be sent forth as gifts in lieu of the hair-receivers, handkerchiefs, doilies or cigars, neckties, pipes, as the case may be.

The Queen Bee, to adopt D. H. Lawrence's happy cognomen for his wife, (vide that beautiful travel book, "Sea and Sardinia,") resolved this year to go into executive session early, as Providence has, as happened to Chaucer's Franklin with "mete and drinke" caused it to "snewe" books in our house of late.

So last evening, as ever was, we essayed the task of fitting book to friend and friend to book. Atop the pile lay Bliss Carman's "Ballads and Lyrics." "Now that," said I, "should go to the one to whom we gave 'Later Poems' last year. A pity to separate two complementary volumes."

"But that person," objected the Q. B., "is now our dearest enemy."

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," quoth I; "besides no one else I know is quite as likely to be enthusiastic about the poems. So here's hoping our offer of good will may be accepted in the spirit in which it is sent."

"But," the Q. B. objected, "we are going at this from the wrong end. We should choose the person and fit the book to him or her. Let's begin with Mr. Brown, it will be so easy to suit him. As a Professor, Leacock's 'College Days' would appeal to him. He must often have felt the poignancy of Mr. Leacock's opening remark in 'Memories and Miseries as a Schoolmaster.'—'Being appointed to the position of a teacher is just as if Fate passed a hook through one's braces and hung one up against the wall. It is hard to get down again'."

"Well," said I, "he doesn't want to be reminded of the tragedy of his lot and yet he's such an idealist I suppose he would again choose the teacher's lot if he could begin again. Let's send him that excellent study of Samuel Pepys by Percy Lubbock. It is as entertaining as the famous diary. He'll be whisked off to another world than our own care-filled one. I'd suggest W. A. Deacon's 'Pens and Pirates.' Brown would enjoy a book of Canadian essays, almost as rare as statesmanship in this our land. But he's a teetotaller so we'll send 'Pens and Pirates' to Herb. He will have experienced that elation which Kipling, according to Mr. Deacon, may give if one reads, say, L'Envoi, instead of resorting to the decanter of Scotch. As a booklover Herb will like the essayist's 'Voyage autour de sa chambre,' picking up here Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' there Jeffrey Farnol's 'The Broad Highway,' and he will like the catholicity of that little world of books where poetry has the place of honor."

"What about Aunt Mary," said the Q. B. These were my friends and she was getting a little impatient. "Aunt Mary does enjoy a good weep."

"Make it 'The Viking Heart'," I instantly retorted. "You've read it a dozen times and cried each time. Only I wish we had a dozen copies of it. It's the big Canadian book of the year, and it's so human a book. Borga and Finna and the rest become your intimately real friends. It would be a welcome gift with almost any of our friends. But Aunt Mary is so big-hearted herself. Yes, we'll send her the best. She will properly enjoy the magnificent Borga."

"Here is 'Women of Red River', said the Q. B., "now that would, to some people, be more fascinating than a novel. It's really the material for a very big novel. Those dear old ladies certainly arouse one's enthusiasm. 'Souls that have wrought and who always with a frolic welcome took the thunder and the sunshine.' Old Mrs. Hardy would be carried back to her vigorous, vivid youth, and she shall."

"It is surprising," I said, "what vitality there is in a genuine first-hand account of pioneering. Motors have worked such a change that the days when it took a month to go from Winnipeg to St. Paul seem as remote as the Middle Ages. That is why Susannah Moodie's 'Roughing it in the Bush' is so valuable a book. Records of life in Ontario when men trudged fifty miles with a sack of wheat on their backs, and back with the lesser load of flour, are rare indeed. The author had a vigorous personality."

"Who'll we give it to," broke in the Q. B. "How about Miss W.?"

I agreed. I always do.

"Aunt May, dear old soul," said I, "is a Ralph Connor fan, so that determines the destination of "The Gaspards of Pine Croft." It is said to be up to standard."

"What about this book?" What a queer name, "Punch and Holy Water." John Freeman, who is he?"

"A Baptist minister, I understand," I replied. "That editorial in The Regina Daily Post on Book Week was rather rude in its remark that 'too many of our books are written by ministers of the gospel and women.' Dr. Freeman's book of last year had indeed a good deal of theology in it, but I enjoyed it none the less for that. 'Punch and Holy Water' has its setting in Poland in 1920. Janina, the heroine, is an engaging figure. Let's send it to Uncle Jack."

"There's that book of short stories by Duncan Campbell Scott, 'The Witching of Elspie.' I said and sighed. "I was keeping it in the hope of reading it in the Christmas vacation, but I'd like to send Mr. Gilchrist something. He's so good with his car, and I can think of nothing he'd like better than a book of short stories full of action, and at the same time betraying in every word and deed of the characters a poet's penetration into motives."

"We're forgetting the children," said the Q. B. "You remember how our own enjoyed the poems in 'A Treasury for Little Children' when you brought it home from the Library. If only the publishers would send a copy in time for Santa Claus to slip it in a stocking. How delightful the old favorites in their new setting."

"And the poems of William Allingham," I interposed, "I wonder if they may be had in a separate volume. I'd like to know more of Miss M. C. Davies too. How she does understand the child heart. 'The Saturday's Party in Fairyland' plays upon its strains most cunningly. Do you remember?

> And after they'd played and played and played,
> They had pink straws in their lemonade,
> And the cookies and tarts were like a dream,
> And all the Saturdays had ice cream."

"For the other stocking I'd like Doctor Doolittle's Post Office," said the Q. B., "How the children do love the quaint old man and his quaint household. Santa Claus would be making no mistake if he put a Doolittle book in the stocking of every child from five to ten. Let's send Jack 'The Adventures of Dr. Doolittle,' the children won't miss it."

"What about all the nieces and nephews. Well for Bobbie, there's a good one, 'Downy Wing and Sharp Eyes,' by Carol Cassidy Cole, all about Canadian Animals."

"Let's quickly allocate these Macmillan reprints. They're lucky kiddies who get them," said I. "Clara W. Hunt's 'Memoirs of a London Doll' will just suit Nancy, it's so quaint. For Tom, 'The Magic Forest,' by Stewart Edward White. 'The Peter Pan Picture Book' will delight Edward's soul, and Mary will love 'Charlie and His Kitten Topsy.'

"We've forgotten the Winnipeg cousins. Fortunately, the two books here are just ideal for them. 'Camp Ken Jockety,' by Ethel Hume Bennett, will show Joyce (and that's the heroine's name, too, by the way) how Canadian girls camp in the wilds and deal with excursions and alarums. Norah, I know, enjoyed 'Anne of Green Gables.' Therefore she will like 'Emily of New Moon,' which is another tale of a little friendless girl who insinuates herself into the cold hearts of grown-ups."

"I don't like such stories," said the Q.B.

"I do," I returned stoutly.

"Well, that's the lot," sighed the Q.B.

"Yes," said I, "that's a good night's work."

Just then the children trooped in to say their Good Night's. "Why, Mother, what are you doing with all the books."

"Just distributing them among our friends for Christmas."

There were cries of consternation. "Why, we were looking forward to reading them in the Christmas holidays."

"Why, Daddy, there's Dr. Dolittle, you wouldn't let him go?"

I looked helplessly at the Q. B., but she was busily looking through the Evening Paper.

. . . Books of the Month . . .

The Bookman's Guide to Worth-while Publications---News, Views and Reviews

Conducted by Kathleen K. Bowker

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

By K. K. B.

EVERY book review is, of course, only someone's personal opinion, but every honest book reviewer tries to write of the books he or she reads from a wider standpoint than the inmost personal opinion. Because I personally would never buy a book of Harold Bell Wright's does not mean that I think he writes a poor story. Thousands of people think he writes the very best stories there are. In their own line this may be true. It is an encouraging thing that the majority of readers have such good taste. H. B. W. is, I believe, the leader of "Best Sellers" and "Lenders" in this country. All of his books present high ideals, open places, and a clear, honest perspective of life to the reader.

Outside of that again, one has one's own favorites. So many people want to give books at Christmas time, but have not had time to read them all. So I am venturing to give a list of some that I have actually read, and thoroughly enjoyed, during the past months. There are many more that I have not read. Others I liked, but do not list here, for I have picked out some of my prime favorites, that I think many people would appreciate as a gift. If the givers are quick enough, they will buy them in time to read them first!

Books Beyond the Ordinary:

"The Glory of the Pharaohs," by Arthur Weigall.

"The Cimbrians," by Johannes V. Jensen (and, of course, the first of the series, "Fire and Ice").

"Lummox," by Fannie Hurst. (Strong meat. But a book of genius).

"The Autobiography of a Supertramp," the extraordinary self-told tale of a unique personality. But not a story.

Katherine Mansfield's Short Stories —any of the three volumes.

Poetry:

"Morning in the West." Katherine Hale.

"Songs of Israfel." Marian Osborne.

"Miracle Songs of Jesus." Wilson Macdonald.

Thoroughly Good Stories and Enjoy-..able Books:

"Follow the Leader," by Mary Agnes Hamilton.

"Eleanor in the Loft," by Grace Rhys.

"Madame Claire," by Susan Ertz.

"The House by the Windmill," by Agnes Rothery.

"Moordius & Co.," by W. J. Locke.

"Butterfly," by Kathleen Norris.

"Punch and Holy Water," by John Freeman.

"The Patterson Limit," by Madge Macbeth.

These are pretty sure to please anybody who enjoys a well-written tale, in which some thinking has also been incorporated, without making the book overweighted for an enjoyable novel.

Thrillers:

"The Yellow Seven," by Edmund Snell.

"The Murder on the Links," by Agatha Christie.

"Rookery Nook," by Ben Travers, which isn't a "thriller" properly speaking, and is distinctly vulgar in several places, but if you are in the right mood, it will make you laugh!

For Children:

"The Shining Ship" (verses), by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

"Green Willow," by Grace James, and "The Fairy Book," both of these illustrated by Warwick Goble with the most fascinating pictures.

"In Desert and Wilderness," by Henry Sienkiewicz — Tremendous adventures!

"Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming, is voted "the book I like best" by one ten-year-old boy, though it was not written as a children's book.

"Animal Personalities" , please children immensely, and may be safely given to any man who cares for dogs or sport.

"Wheel Tracks," by E. Sommerville and Martin Ross, is inimitable in its own line—safe for those who care for horses, want to laugh, or have any feeling for Ireland in her older days.

E. A. HARDY
Author of "Talks on Education."

Talks on Education. E. A. Hardy, B.A., D.Paed. Toronto: Macmillan's. $1.25.

The appearance of this series of talks in book form is most welcome, coming from one of the most effective voices in Canadian educational circles. In their delightfully chatty style they tend to make the subject of Education in all its phases, not a thing of dry bones, but one of warmth, color and vitality.

Auction Bridge of 1924. Milton B. Work. Toronto: John C. Winston Co. $2.00.

This book, a magnitudinous work, has in its annual revision, come to mean much to many thousands of bridge devotees. The new edition presents the latest official rules. Its scope takes in beginners, moderate players and experts.

In Between Stories. By Stephen Southwold. Toronto: Longmans, Green & So. $1.25.

Do you know how the first Willow came to be a Weeping one? Or how the Star Fish grew? Or why Holly and Mistletoe belong together? Or what was the origin of the Butterfly? Or where the Dead Donkeys go? Mr. Southwold has a lot of charming reasons for all these, and many other kindred, things, and has made them into tales (just the suitable length for Bedtime Stories) for little people. Anyone between four and eight is sure to enjoy them, and the decorative little pictures with which they are studded.

The Borzoi Cook Book. Princess Alexandre Gagarine. Toronto: Macmillan Co. $2.50.

This book is notable in that it is a translation of recipes by Madame Dragomirov, wife of the Governor-General of Kiev, whose house was famed for its cuisine. The book contains 416 recipes, many of them exotic dishes and new ways of preparing the more familiar roasts and vegetables.

Thrown In. By Newton MacTavish. Toronto: Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Newton MacTavish, who, recently, in recognition of what he has done for the advancement of Canadian literature in his capacity as editor of the "Canadian Magazine," had an honorary degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by Acadia University, is attaining fame as a native Canadian humorist, and this volume goes far toward substantiating the high place accorded him by Professor J. D. Logan, who contributes a most interesting introduction to this book. Dr. Logan does not bow down in absolute obeisance at the Leacock humorous shrine, classing Leacock's humor as satiric burlesque rather than authentic "comic criticism."

The Cimbrians. By Johannes V. Jensen. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd. $2.50.

Having closed "Fire and Ice" by the same author, with a sigh of regret at having finished it and a firm resolve to enjoy the pleasure of reading it again two years hence, one felt that "the next of the series can never be so good." Carl and Mam—the first Fire Makers—the first Ship Builders—the first Horse Breakers—surely it will be impossible to carry the noble air through the Centuries to the approach of our own distracted time-worn days?

Now come "The Cimbrians, in their wheeled chariots, with flower-decked attendants and lance-bearing Outriders, immortalizing the Sacred Bull, populating the world. Instead of the disappointment of a theme that is wearing thin, there is the thrill of a new note. In the first volume, the characters vanished, to be reincarnated in the different forms of their descendants, the rebel Spirit of Progress appearing again and again. This time the form itself carries over, changing only as the basic rock formations change under the forming or disintegrating hand of Time; and Norna Gest, the Soul of the Race, the Heart of History, broods like a half-god over the peoples: the very Mind of Man, the Dawn of Consciousness, Embodied Memory.

The diction is as warm, as rugged, as beautiful and as natural, as Great Mother Earth herself. It is a worthy kin-book to "Fire and Ice." A book, in fact, not to be merely borrowed from a lending library, but to be bought and kept.

The Thing at Their Heels. By Harrington Hext. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. $2.00.

The gruesome story of a morbid idea, carried through to a triumphant conclusion. The secret is well kept to the very end. But only the fact that it is impossible of belief, makes it bearable. Even so, is it worth while? I trow not.

"The Garden Party" "Bliss." By Katherine Mansfield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., $1.50 each.

The early death of Katherine Mansfield was a tragic loss to English letters. Katherine Mansfield, Rupert Brooke, Marjorie Pickthall—each one cut off before their buds of genius had come to full bloom. Yet, even in that short time, they endowed the world with a little garden where these early flowers blossom with a lasting fragrance. "Bliss" contains fourteen, and "The Garden Party" fifteen of Miss Mansfield's short stories. Each one is an achievement in itself—like those exquisite ivory carvings that are infinitesimal perfection; or clear and perfect as a miniature on ivory: The story of a life compressed into a few hours, expressed in a few words. But because the words are arranged by a genius, the story lives, and the whole life is illustrated by an incident.

Heretofore, these have figured in the expensive book lists, so it is fortunate that just at Christmas time, we should be able to announce this new and reasonably priced uniform edition, which is being brought out in Canada; for many Christmas givers will welcome these delightful volumes, their excellent paper, comfortable print, and cheerful red bindings neatly lettered in gold. "The Dove's Nest," the posthumous volume, will shortly be issued in the same dress.

Anthony Dare. By Archibald Marshall. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Dear Mr. Marshall can always be counted upon to soothe. And in Anthony Dare he soothes the reader to somnolence. The scenes are well laid and described, the beautiful country is there, the slight stimulation of town, the atmosphere of Peace and Rest. But even though one never expects to be torn by emotion or racked with the misery of an unhappy ending when under his guiding care, it seems an excess of caution and the removal of most of the possible interest, to be assured on the jacket that all comes out well with the hero, and that all his experience is to the good. We might have stayed awake, had we been spared this night cap. When we leave "Tony" at nineteen (he was sixteen when we began with him) sitting on a tall stool under the skylight filling in bills of lading, we feel that he is in a fair way to become a limping follower of his half brother, Henry. Come Gentle Sleep. . . . .

The Miracle Songs of Jesus. By Wilson Macdonald. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.00. Second Edition.

An original thought, exquisitely expressed is the sum and substance of this slender volume. It is like a small but perfect carving. The publishers have dressed it delicately in a blue and white that suggests a sky flecked with clouds. It should find many doors open to it at Christmas time and a welcome at them all.

WILSON MacDONALD,
Who is at Present Touring Canada Giving Readings of His Own Poems.

The Woman of Knockaloe. By Sir Hall Caine. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $1.50.

If this were the story of some Greek maiden who loved unhappily an alien enemy, this century would be apt to say that it was a bit of human tragedy graven for all time, like a figure on some Etruscan vase. Old history made human by an overpowering love. But because we are in and of the time of which it tells, it appears to us overpowering, grotesque perhaps, and horrible. Instinctively we hope it is untrue.

That the publishers feel it a dangerous tale, is proclaimed in the preface, as well as (more simply and loudly) in their disclamatory note at the beginning. Sir Hall Caine is an old man whose word has weight. This is a short story, but it lingers in the mind of the reader. Is it a symptom or a warning? Its author is, assuredly, a brave man.

Dedication. By Henrietta Leslie. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. $2.00.

She stood on the Bridge at Midnight (or thereabouts) and he walked into her life, just as he walks into your heart, this nice farmer man with the soul that is unconsciously dedicated to Lame Dogs. It is a curious and rather unusual study of what Sacrifice may do to us, as well as to those to whom we sacrifice ourselves. The "programme of the piece" on the lapel of the jacket comfortably takes it for granted that the heroine was all greedy egotism, while the hero was all noble self-sacrifice. As a matter of fact, both were extremists, but the woman came to her senses first. Each tended to be one-idead. Then a series of buffetings from Fate turned their heads from side to side (as buffetings do) and gave them a wider and more comprehensive view of the situation. Sarah was a fine woman for she was not spoiled, but rendered strong and sweet by the devotion lavished upon her. She comes to fear it, to know that it is sapping the strength and beauty of their lives and growing on her beloved Jimmy like an insidious disease that will ruin both. It is she who finally pulls it out by the roots with the decision that "the word sacrifice is to be wiped out of the family vocabulary." One feels that it was replaced with the better word, "Co-operation." Original and noteworthy.

The Crucible of Crime. By Joseph F. Fishman. New York: Cosmopolis Press.

If conditions in the jails and prisons of Canada approach in any serious degree the revelations in this book by a former inspector of prisons for the U. S. Government, it is a matter for great concern and that such conditions may possibly prevail is conveyed to the mind of the Canadian reader of this book by the author's many references to the widespread ignorance in the U. S. of the appalling state of affairs in jails, prisons and penetentiaries in most of the States of the Union. Sensational writers of fiction who seek to shock their readers can imagine nothing more staggering than the horrors revealed in the plain statements in these pages.

A Lady From the Air. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

We start with an inflammable young man, so intrigued by a lady (unknown and unseen, without money and without price, and with only one dress) that he disguises himself as a waiter to make her acquaintance, only to find that she insists on caviar and champagne "to her tea." Having obtained them for her with much ingenuity and some personal inconvenience, the dam . . . osel ungratefully walks into the sea. The intrepid young man walks in also and walks her firmly forth again, after which is it any wonder that he goes right up in the air? In this case he does it "regardless"—in a special type of aeroplane that seems to attract adventure as a magnet attracts filings. Quite the most up to date thing in picturesque love and swashbuckling.

Gods of Modern Grub Street

Reviewed by H. W. B.

I, for one, am awfully glad that A. St. John Adcock "deserted law for literature in 1893" and that C. O. Hoppe learned to make really human likenesses, else there would have been no "Gods of Modern Grub Street" for me to review.

Mr. Adcock is generous in his literary deifications, but few will blame him for setting up no less than thirty-two new and old authors for us to idolize, including Thomas Hardy, Hillair Belloc, Arnold Bennett, John Davys Beresford, John Buchan, Donn Byrne, William Henry Davies, Walter De La Mare, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Stephen McKenna, John Masefield, John Drinkwater, Jeffery Farnol, John Galsworthy, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, Arthur Stuart Monteith Hutchinson, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Rudyard Kipling, William John Locke, Compton Mackenzie, Alfred Edward Woodley Mason.

Mr. Hoppe's charmingly simple art of photography and Mr. Adcock's simple charming art of bijou biography cast a shaft of enlightenment on the personality and work of most of the modern English writers.

It was sensible and kind of these two talented gentlemen to praise and photograph the living rather than await an opportunity for the making of death masks.

How often have we pulled our chair closer to some lucky friend lately returned from the Heights and eagerly questioned him about this or that Olympian. "What's he like?" "How does he impress you?" "What are his interests?"—These and a thousand other more interesting questions are answered about "Gods of Modern Grub Street." "And, Ladies and Gentlemen," with each and every biography is given **absolutely free** a beautiful photograph of the subject of the sketch." I only wish I had a thousand copies of this book; I could spiel about them for hours and, what's more, sell them easily.

Gods of Modern Grub Street. By St. John Adcock and C. O. Hoppe. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $2.50.

A Canadian Publishing House. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. "Priceless."

The "Bookman" was delighted to receive, with a personal note from the President, a little volume from St. Martin's House, a domicile which could never be described as the Saint's Rest, when one considers all the useful activities that take place therein! There is a succinct little history of The Macmillan Company of Canada, the which has an excellent ancestry in what might be described as its English Father (Macmillans in London), and American Mother (Macmillans in New York). They have chosen as their dedicatory motto that delightful quotation from "John Morley's Recollections"—"Aptly has it been said by one of the most brilliant writers of our day, that the great publisher is a sort of Minister of Letters, and is not to be without the qualities of a statesman." A high precept, and a fine one to follow.

Further, the book contains excellent portraits of a number of Canadian Authors, whose books have been published by this house, with short sketches of their lives, works, and recreations, something avidly siezed upon by anyone writing of Books and Bookmen, for reliable (printed) matter, so often necessary, is frequently lacking in regard to our Canadian writers.

Silk. By Samuel Merwin. Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.00.

This is a romance of ancient China relating the strange events accompanying the secret mission of Jan Po to the court of the virgin Queen of Balk. It is Jan Po's first visit to the western world, where he learns of the mighty Roman Empire whose ambassadors have brought to Balk the promise of Parthia if they learn the secret of silk cultivation and a threat of conquest if they fail. Most marvelous of all, he learns from Mosulla, his slave, love as love is known in the Western World. A brilliant reconstruction of long dead days and an absorbing story.

LLOYD ROBERTS,
Whose Unique Volume, "The Book of Roberts," is One of This Season's Notable Issues.

The Vanishing Race

MARIUS BARBEAU was born in a little village 37 miles from Quebec. But he has grown up to be an authority on the Indians of all Canada. He is a Rhodes scholar and a specialist in Anthropology. He has just published a notable book on the Indians of the Rockies and Plains which has been illustrated with some remarkable color work by W. Langdon Kihn. It is an outstanding achievement, both for its historical accuracy, its study of racial characteristics and its championing of the Vanishing Race. It will take a sure and certain place as an authoritative text book and in addition will provide interesting reading for all who are interested in the ancient legends that linger among the mountains, but who have neither time nor perseverance to trace such things to their source. Mr. Barbeau has tried to vision the coming of the white men, from the standpoint of the Indian. This is especially interesting at the present moment, in view of the exploitation of the Esquimaux, a reminder, or invitation to take the lesson to heart. Yet, in the last analysis, whose is the fault?

Old Mountains
Grew slowly
Under the rugged and fashioning hand
Of the juggernaut Nature.
Layer upon layer
Of ochre and sepia,
Gradually forming
The face of the World.

Rained upon:
Snowed upon:
Baked by the scorpion
Heats of the summer
They rose and stood silent,—
The bones of the Earth.

Old Races
Grew slowly;
The Red and the Ochre
Faced Death and met Danger.
Took Life as they found it
The Gift of the Gods
On the crest of the mountains;
Arose and stood silent. . .
Surveying the World.

Stormed upon,
Beat upon;
Scorched by the fashioning
Hand of the White Men,
(The civilized White Men!)
Who came as Deliverers
Slaying with Changes
And insolent Kindnesses
Cruel as Nature
And wasteful as Lust.

Blame to the White Men?
Or blame to the Indians?
Blame only Nature
(The juggernaut Nature!)
Raising the mountains
With infinite patience;
Fusing the forces
And straining the elements
Eon by eon
Through endless Eternity;
Wearing them thin
With the force of the Centuries,
Wearing them back
To the bones of the Earth.

Indian Days in the Canadian Rockies. By Marius Barbeau. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd. $2.50.

In Desert and Wilderness. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

If you want a story "entirely different" to give to the children at Christmas, here it is, ready to your hand. Stas was a Polish boy of fourteen, and Nell a little English maid of eight. Their fathers were close friends and co-workers on the Suez Canal. Both were widowers, and the boy and girl were their only children. But they shared their children, as they shared their work, each having a deep and abiding affection for both the boy and the girl. It was in the days of the Mahdi, unsettled times, when Chinese Gordon was facing death in Khartoum. In a sense, one must suppose the book is history, though there is nothing to indicate whether the story of the children themselves is pure fiction, or founded on fact. One would fancy the latter. For surely no author would have the courage to ask a reader to believe such adventures, unless he had some foundation of reality on which to hang them. If "Juan and Juanita" was an abiding joy, both to parents and grown-ups for many years, the story of Stas and Nell may prove a worthy successor to it. During the absence of their fathers, the children are kidnapped by Bedouins, with the object of using them as an exchange for relations of the Mahdi, held in Egypt, possibly to extort other terms as well. The story of their wanderings by desert and wilderness, their terrors and trials, their courage and triumph, make a tale that any child between eight and sixteen must find intensely thrilling. Parents, indeed, need feel no shame at frankly playing the child again through its pages. The illustrations by Remington Schuyler fit the text.

Lyrics From the Hills. By Arthur S. Bourinot. Ottawa: James Hope & Sons.

Mr. Bourinot has on different occasions been represented with poems contributed to "Canadian Bookman" and the many readers who were impressed with their lyric quality will welcome this volume, which, while slender, is yet rich in graphic bits of color and description, largely germane to the Ottawa region. Notable among these are "Canadian Ski Song," "Laurentian Blue," "Winter in the Hills," "Barges," "June Impressions" and "The Laurentians."

There are also poems inspired by what the author saw in war experiences in Europe, one of which, "The Children Cry and Cannot Understand," is based on the Russian famine and the misery and helplessness which it brought in its train. In happier vein is "The Little Inns of England."

Parables From Nature. Mrs. Gatty. London: Religious Tract Society. 6s.

This is a new illustrated edition of this fine work with an interesting biographical note. The illustrations include woodland and pastoral scenes and pictures of bird life. It is a volume of nearly 400 pages.

Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe. London: R. T. S. 6s.

Here is a fine new illustrated edition of this good old classic. There is a magnificent coloured frontispiece, fourteen other full page illustrations, and numerous line engravings.

The Empire Builders. By Robert Stead. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $1.50.

Here is a fifth edition of a well-known little volume of poems that are distinctly Canadian. Some changes have been made, which no doubt the author has felt were for the better, and there are some omissions. Owners of the earlier editions will miss the poem that gave the first volume its name. Its place in these pages has been taken by the poem that served as a foreword to the fourth edition. The absence of one or two others make us glad that we have the older printing as well, but there are some welcome new friends to take their places. Robert Stead is truly a representative Canadian poet, with his grasp of his subject, his forthright statement of it, his touch of humour, and his trailing veil of romance. There is both youth and strength in his writing. A foreword by W. T. Allison adds interest to the volume.

Follow My Leader. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. $2.00.

Here a new planet swims into our ken! For to us Mary Agnes Hamilton is a new writer. Certainly a writer of distinction, whose previous books must have attracted our appreciative attention had we read them. Stories with a political background are often unconvincing, almost invariably depressing with the Uplift forces so furiously fanatical, the Upper Dog so horribly Doggish, the whole making our unworkable world seem worse than ever. Here is a book making politics possible, human, almost heartening and still ringing true. Further, it gives an extraordinarily hopeful outlook for the marriages of the future, if the modern girl, at her best, is able to view it in this way; a mating, a sacrament, as much of the mind as of the body. Women for centuries married because they must. It was not only the best, but the only, real life for them. More recently, they have married with a wider choice, but still impulsively, uncertainly, and therefore often more disastrously than ever, for since the right marriage must remain the best of life for a woman, a freer choice makes it the more bitter, if it is the wrong choice. Here and there a woman uses her mind before, instead of after marriage, on her particular prospect. Such a woman was Jane Heriot, who finally married with mind and heart open and serene, if still afraid. If a majority of women ever come to marriage in that manner, it will be so much the best of life for them that we may hope for a real uplifting of the world.

The three types of love—that of Mrs. Heriot, who gave with that excess of generosity that does not even demand that what it gives be taken; Mary Yelverton, who gave because she needs must, and Jane, who could only give with her eyes open—are portrayed with tenderness and power. The three men, though less subtly analysed, are no less clear and Socialism itself (given other leaders such as Sandy Colquhoun) might almost become a liveable, bearable thing. Written with great insight, analytical power and tender, fearless justice. An outstanding book.

Lummox. By Fannie Hurst. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $2.00.

Learning to write, by writing, is probably one of the first principles of becoming an estimable Author. It is a process which, if the trend is upward, becomes extremely interesting to watch. In the case of Fannie Hurst it is both interesting and stimulating. She has always written with intelligence, verve, and facility. But the pen with which she wrote her latest book has surely been filled from the fount of genius.

Wells has made History universal. Jensen has made it personal in a wide sense. But in both cases the story is of the predominant male. This is a striking attempt to tell something of the story of womankind in the matrix, a saga of the soul of Motherhood, the procreation of crude Nature, using haphazard the materials that come to hand. It is a chant of the inarticulate, that stuns with the sledge-hammer force and fury gathered in long years of repression and touches to tears with the delicate reticence, sweetness and wisdom, only possible to those who have learned the power of silence; who have thought a thousand words and left all but one unspoken. At times, almost too brutal, again, almost too beautiful to bear. Stark, but never nude. Comforting, at the end, with its tawny whiff of wholesome bread. Reminiscent, in style, of improved Hutchinson. The main story, if story it is, may be forgotten. But fragments of its meaning will always remain, because of the verity and the strength made luminous in its trenchant phrasing.

"Bertha—whose being was a callous spot that the soul could not quite hurt though."

"All the little tumults and the little hopes, and even the fears, were back in their branches now, chirruping in a sleepy sort of dusk, a dusk in which a pain had died."

"The Boys kept marching—tramp—tramp—the Boys with the wide clean faces and the calloused hands, made drunk with the sudden ecstasy of being a foe."

"Her mother had the nervous intimacy of being always about to pluck a thread off somebody's collar, or to moisten her handkerchief with her tongue and rub a streak of soot from someone's nose."

"A warmish night, that was soft as an oyster and felt clammy to the cheek."

"A lovely draped kind of a night."

"It was Spring again. The lovely quality of it, of a petal to the cheek! Somewhere, through that night as it had travelled, birds had dozed into it cozily."

Princesses. By Helen Haiman Joseph. **Pierrot's Mother.** By Glenn Hughes. **Finders Keepers.** By George Kelly. **Thompson's Luck.** By Harry G. Grover. Toronto: S. B. Gundy. Each, fifty cents.

Four little one-act plays, easily staged and with few characters, but requiring good acting to "get over." The first two; fanciful, the third something of a problem, and the last frankly bitter and gruesome. Each of these plays is in a separate volume.

Adventures in Journalism

Reviewed by Albert E. Smythe.

SIR Philip Gibbs stands in modern journalism for all the ideals that have made the British press in the past a model for the world, and for a devotion to duty and with courage and enterprise that mark him as the equal of any newspaper man in the long record of British press work. The human side of his work has been fully described in his novel, "The Street of Adventure," as readable a book as one need care to buy. His later novel, "The Middle of the Road," displays the literary quality of a master hand, with a knowledge of human nature, and a sympathy with humanity as a whole, which place him on a higher level than is common to the newspaper world, but a level which need not be above the aspiration of the least experienced reporter. In his new book, "Adventures in Journalism," he has given the cream of those experiences which befall a man who has seen everybody and everything worth knowing or seeing in the last generation. His war record places him with Russel and Forbes; in his travels and social excursions he recalls George Augustus Sala; and to all this he adds a political and sociological interest which has usually been confined to the work of men who have not ventured beyond these limits.

So much for the change in the character of English journalism in the present century. The seventh chapter of this new book gives a slice of this new journalism which is worth study at the present moment when the tariff conflict is once more renewed in Britain. He describes the campaign of Joseph Chamberlain, and the break down of that champion of the new politics. "He was stricken, like President Wilson, one night and never recovered. In that campaign Chamberlain converted me against himself on the subject of tariff reform, but I learned to admire the courage, and hard sledge-hammer oratory of this great Imperialist leader who represented the old jingo strain of Victorian England, in its narrow patriotism and rather brutal intolerance, ennobled, to some extent, by old loyalties and traditions belonging to the sentiment of the British folk."

He goes on to tell how he split with Arthur Pearson. "He believed irmly that Bacon wrote 'Shakspere.' I believed just as firmly that he didn't. when he asked me to write up some new aspect of that argument, I flatly refused, and Pearson was very much annoyed. A little later I resigned my position, and for some time he did not forgive me. But years later we met again, and he was generous and kind in the words he spoke about my work." He gives an account of Pearson in Peronne in his blindness, touching the walls of shattered houses, feeling rather than seeing, "He saw more than I did, and his description afterward was full of detail and penetrating in its vision." Gibbs is very just.

The same chapter has an inside picture of the production of the literary page of the Daily Chronicle, of which Gibbs was editor, with a glimpse of the Bohemianism so dear to youth. Then follows the story of The Tribune, the subject of "The Street of Adventure." How $1,500,000 may be spent in two years in a newspaper is concisely told by Gibbs in this narration, and it should enlighten some of the public who are so eager to tell the profession how a newspaper ought to be conducted. Money alone will never make or save a newspaper.

Gibbs gives a little bit of self-revelation in the sequel. He determined to abandon journalism at this time and become a "literary gent." He says; "I have always regarded journalism as merely a novitiate for real literature, a training school for life and character, from which I might knowledge and inspiration for great novels as Charles Dickens had done." He published his novel and was immediately sued for libel along with his publishers. The plaintiff in the case met him one day on the street, was invited to luncheon, and the subsequent adventures must be read to be appreciated. But the result was to kill the novel which had been well reviewed. It was withdrawn and only republished after the war, when it had the great success it deserved.

Then he had to endure the tortures of the free lance, and listen to all the excuses of editors who do not wish to accept manuscript. He wrote several historical books in this period, "Men and Women of the French Revolution," a life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and one on the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury by the Earl of Somerset and the Countess of Essex. The second of these brought him into contact with the Earl and Countess of Denbigh. All of that ended in the tragedy of the war. There is a vignette portrait of a former Governor-General of Canada here which reveals something of the career of the once brilliant and handsome Marquis of Lorne in his later days. He was as poor as a church mouse, and Gibbs bought his articles as editor and "put a number of useful guineas into the old man's pockets."

His account of prison life in Portugal reminds one of the stories one read fifty years ago of similar scenes in Brazil, and tends to explain the value at which the Portuguese forces were held during the war. His articles assisted to free the Royalist prisoners who had been confined in these dungeons. There is a mysterious story, too, whoch he could make nothing of himself, and thought of referring to Sherlock Holmes. In the following chapter (there are 26, all fascinating) he tells about some of his early acquaintances, G. A. Henty, a grand old man with a beard like Father Christmas; George Manville Fenn, a most delectable romancer; Ascot Hope Moncrieff, first editor of "The Boy's Own Paper;" O'Dell the Shaksperian actor; his own brother, known as Cosmo Hamilton; Alphonse Courlander, author of "Mightier than the Sword;" G. K. Chesterton; Walter Crane; E. W. Hornung, who lost his son in the war, and did not long survive him; Monsignor Benson, who "killed himself by overwork;" all these in one chapter.

It is quite impossible to more than suggest the feast of incident and anecdote, characterization and delineation that is to be found in this delightful book. We must close with a reference to Lord Roberts who is one of Gibbs' heroes, though he did not believe his warnings of the German menace before the war. Complimenting him on a speech he had made, Roberts answered, "They think I'm a damned old fool, scaremongering and raising silly bogies. That's what they think of my speech." And Gibbs confesses that to some extent he agreed with the British public at that time. But he makes amends. Then there is the war and Turkey and Russia. Those who wish to know the age in which they live will do well to read this summary of the first slice of the twentieth century, written by a man who knows the time and the world with a pen that made history.

Adventures in Journalism, by Philip Gibbs. Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $3.00.

Books Received

Ten Years Digging in Egypt. By Sir W. M. F. Petrie. London: R. T. S. 3s.

With the renewed general interest in Egyptology, this is a timely volume. To illuminate the text and enhance the interest for the lay reader, there are more than a hundred illustrations. A most informative volume.

The Streets of Nazareth and other poems. By Nettie Rooker. London: R. T. S. 2s 6d.

"Poems of artless beauty," as they are called in a preface by the author's sister. A strong religious note is struck in many of the poems, and love of nature is revealed in others.

Monday Afternoon Talks to Women. By Mrs. G. G. Harding Wood. London: R. T. S. 2s.

A book of simple talks for women's meetings. The writer, the wife of a vicar, had long experience in conducting women's meetings, and the book has been published as a help for other workers amongst women.

Heart's Blood. By Ethel M. Kelley. Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

This Cape Cod story, at first pathetic and finally tragic, has all the emotional intensity and artistic singleness of "Ethan Frome." Here are Lila, cruelly lovable; the Grandmother, with her grim clinging to life; David, honest and blundering, and above all Gwenny herself, a simple, passionate woman, thrust suddenly into a dilemma that ordinarily faces only highly sophisticated persons.

Samuel Butler the Eternal Layman

By D. P. Wagner.

TWENTY-ONE years it is since Butler's death, a sort of coming-of-age of that petulant and lovable soul reborn from the poor, defiant ashes scattered among the shrubbery of Clifford's Inn. Twenty-one years, and in that short space of time Butler's works have had at least three revivals, the latest being the new edition of "The Way of All Flesh," reviewed in the October number of "The Bookman." How can one account for the extraordinary popularity of the man? Or is it only the popularity of the one book, and is that popular chiefly because it expresses better than you or I can do the affectionate contempt we have for the ideas and the ideals of mid-Victorian England? It is true that it is a pioneer of modern satire, and it may be, of course, that we are so surfeited with the rather stereotyped satire of the present day that we turn to the fountain-head itself for refreshment. Butler is like a luscious succulent meadow resplendent with the morning dew—I speak after the manner of cattle—and his herbage makes excellent browsing.

Butler's admirers are almost invariably of the ruminative type, and that is probably because Butler was himself a ruminant. To change the metaphor he was, as one of his greatest admirers once said of him, like a dog collecting old bones, burying them, digging them up again and again, and worrying them till they came at once the joy and the torment of his life. And his old bones, which he digs up and worries throughout his writings, are as follows: the oneness of personality in the parent and the offspring, the oneness of design and of spiritual energy in all organic life, the utter failure of the Victorian compromise between spiritual progress and material success, the failure of both adherents and critics to understand Christianity, the belief that Handel was the greatest of all musicians, and a distrust of all great reputations. There are very likely more that will be recalled by assiduous readers of Butler, but these at least leap to the eye in the pages of his books. "Life and Habit" is a scientific treatise on the main theme of "The Way of All Flesh," namely the identity of personality in parent and child, while "Unconscious Memory" expounds as a corollary of this the continuity of memory throughout the history of the race. "Erewhon" is a satire on the Victorian compromise, introduced by a few bars of Handel. "The Authoress of the Odyssey" is an attempt to create a fictitious reputation to take the place of an old one. "The New Haven" is a collection of much-gnawed theological bones, but it was so very Butlerian in its attack on Strauss and orthodoxy alike that nobody penetrated its satire, and one Canon of the Established Church went so far as to use it—and it appears with complete success—to convert a friend who had been an atheist of long standing. Finally, his quarrel with Darwin and his followers over the question of design in organic life—part of the quarrel in fact with the whole Victorian outlook—was responsible for a tremendous worrying of bones, both in "Erewhon" and in his scientific writings.

Bones, old bones. And yet toothsome and full of marrow. The quarrels and the bitternesses and the constant going-about-with-a-chip-on-the-shoulder seem a little strange to us today, but the Victorian spirit is not so moribund that Butler's books should cease to have any interest except as pure literature, and at least a few of us will continue to have a liking for Butler's spirit of revolt. When all is said and done, he is a pioneer in more than one department. He is the first really modern English satirist, he discovered Mr. Wells's God several years before Mr. Chesterton popularized theology, he grasped the significance of the scientific data presented by the elder Darwin so well that he put forward a theory of cosmic consciousness long before any of the qualified scientists, and he saw the sham and unreason behind almost every phase of mid-Victorian criticism.

A truly remarkable man—novelist, satirist, scholar, traveller, musician, painter, scientist and theologian all rolled in one. A writer with strong sympathies and even stronger antipathies, scouring the whole universe for his theme and immediately constructing a motif just varied enough to contain a few fixed ideas. The author of one great literary work and the compiler of a dozen or more volumes of controversial propaganda, in which both sides of the question are seen at once, and in which neither are really convincing. The Eternal Layman, plunging into all the quarrels of all the ages, attempting the impossible, beard-ing lions, making water run uphill. I believe that, if Butler is read for anything other than "The Way of All Flesh," it is for this reason. He is he layman's author. And now a query. What modern book will the layman find more stimulating and recreative than the "Note-Books of Samuel Butler," and when may we expect a new edition of them?

The Shrewsbury Edition of Samuel Butler, complete in twenty volumes. London: Jonathan Cape; Toronto; Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited.

The Appeal of Poetry

IN "The Appeal of Poetry," Mr. Donald G. French has provided the young versifier and potential poet with a vade mecum which should give him a good start as a Canadian over his contemporaries elsewhere. In twelve short chapters there is condensed the whole art and magic of the creation of poetry, with illustrations from Canadian writers, and if the young people who aspire to write poetry will study this book there should be a noticeable improvement in the quality of the verse that appears in the poet's corner of our newspapers. It is the custom to ridicule young poets, but Mr. French has taken them seriously, and if they will do as much for themselves, and study these suggestions, even if they do not find themselves able to write good poetry, they will learn much that will lift them above the dead level of those who have eyes and see not and ears and hear not.

Mr. French insists that we must first see and hear and feel before we can make others do so. The mere jingling of words is not poetry. There must be vision and thought in it. Then comes the music, contrast, atmosphere, orchestral effects, poem tune, rhyme, rhythm, figures of speech, and great Nature herself to be embodied in it, upon all of which Mr. French discourses simply but effectively. And the reader who does not wish to write poetry at all, but would like to understand the why and the wherefore of it, will find a capable and lucid guidance in these chapters.

One hint he gives which few readers and probably few writers in the amateur class have followed. It is that poetry is intended to be read aloud. Mr. French recurs to the point, as one of importance. He makes a plea for Canadian poetry, and discards "the narrow pedantic theory that a poet must be dead a hundred years or so before you can say whether or not his verses are worth reading." He does not mean that the recognized masters of English literature should be superseded, but that many Canadian poets demand attention if the reader wishes to have a proper knowledge of contemporary literature. But there is more than this in poetry, as he shows. It concerns itself with Man, Nature and God, and so enables man's soul to arrive at a realization of divinity.

The illustrations, though brief, are tastefully chosen, and biographical notices of the 33 poets quoted are appended; also a list of a dozen Canadian anthologies. The book is charmingly printed and bound, but there are typographical errors on pages 41, 106, 121 and 123.

"The Appeal of Poetry," by Donald G. French. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $1.25.

LITERARY CALENDARS.

Four most pleasing new calendars, each with fifty-two leaves, presenting the successive weeks of the year and extracts from the writings of noted authors and poets, come from the publishers, George H. Sully & Co., New York.

Each leaf is elaborately decorated in color and the selections from the writers are admirably chosen. The four writers thus treated are Mark Twain, O. Henry, Longfellow, Maeterlinck. Uniform with these are the "Bible Forgetmenots," "The Dinner Calendar," with recipes by Fannie Merritt Farmer and "The Popes'" Calendar, with extracts from the writings and sayings of famous Popes of Rome.

These calendars retail at $1 each in Canada. Each one comes neatly boxed, making them most admirable for gift purposes.

Postal Personalities

III.—Henry James Forman.

"SEE who has come to wish us Merry Christmas!" Who but Henry James Forman, the Man Who Lived in a Shoe in an Enchanted Garden!

Perhaps you think he just "burst in Romantic Writing" as Mr. Wegg used to "drop into Poetry." Not at all. He was brought up in the Middle West, but escaped to Harvard for his education, and never returned to the land of his childhood. Is this one of the reasons why Sinclair Lewis describes it in the depressing way that he does? Did all the really nice people leap out of the Middle West as fast as Leap Year came along in their lives, and stay away, leaving it to the Carols and the Babbitts?

Mr. Forman made up his thirteen-year-old mind to become a writer—and from that decision he has never wavered. There is the living example of knowing what you want—and going and BEING it. If you think he just tosses off books by wishing a wish like that, you are mistaken. He has been a student, a newspaper man (on the old N. Y. "Sun"), an Editor on the "Literary Digest"; on the "North American Review," of which he was Associate Editor with the present Ambassador to Britain, and on "Collier's Weekly" until 1918. His recent articles in "Harper's" are the results of eight months wandering in Europe in 1922, and will probably appear in book form in 1924. In 1919 he was a U. S. agent of propaganda in Switzerland. Having begun as a student he, like all wise men, is a student still.

"But I never for a moment desired to be anything but a writer. The work on the periodicals was the grim necessity. Behind it always shone the ineluctable inclination."

(We guessed at "ineluctable" in "The Enchanted Garden" but this time we looked up the exact meaning. Isn't it a nice Forman-ic word?—K.B.)

Mr. Forman's letter comes from Beacon Hill Cottage, at Redding Ridge, Conn., the home he has bought in the country, and where he has settled down, he says,

"I hope for Life, to writing."

"This business of writing," he adds, "in the tranquility amidst the beauty of the country is all very fine, but one can do it just so long. And then comes restlessness, the craving of the writer for humanity, for impressions—its almost like a natural force. Then one must travel. I have travelled a good deal in Europe, in the Orient, China, Japan, Korea—the Pacific. Hence some of those travel books and the travel series in Harper's.

There is another thing. "Every once in so often" I simply must revisit England. No place on earth so lures me as England and notably London. Some years ago I wrote in the London "Saturday Review" an article on the melancholy of Paris. The truth is, I suppose that it is I who am melancholy in Paris, because I want to be in London instead. Some of my dearest friends are in London—H. G. Wells, Miss May Sinclair, Ford Madox Hueffer, etc. And there is the British Museum, and the endless enchantment of London bookshops. I believe it is of importance that we, the writers of North America, should keep in touch with England and English literature and English men-of-letters. Tradition is an elusive thing. One may read Shakespeare on this side the Atlantic forever and never see in him anything but a strange, gorgeous phenomenon. But in England, however remotely, however subtly, one cannot help feeling that he is part of the great web of English literature, the broad texture that is slowly weaving on even to this day. And in a reflection like that there is as much inspiration, at least, as in many drab "Main Streets."

In my last book "The Enchanted Garden" I have been told that I have combined romance and realism—that I have turned realist within the pages of my own book. I am very grateful to critics and reviewers for taking the pains to search out and analyze these things. But to me it seems strange that one must forever keep separate what in life is never separate. Romance and realism are always so interlaced that only artificially can they be separated. Actually the meanest and poorest among us have romance, just as the most romantic could not live without reality. The two are always fused.

Just now I am working on a full-length novel, which might be called roughly, "realistic." But the more real the experience, the deeper the romance, and the greatest of all experiences, the religious experience of the saint and the mystic is the most beautiful of all romances.

I am also working on a section of contemporary American authors for "The Outline of Literature" published by Newnes in England and Putnam's in the U. S.

Also I write regularly in the "N. Y. Times Book Review"—essays and critical papers on a variety of subjects. One recent one dealt with the short story in America which is becoming utterly mechanical and which I think it is of the utmost importance to change and improve. Lately I have been much absorbed in the works of Katherine Mansfield and the Russian writer, Anton Chehov. Those writers, if only we would let them influence us, could help us more to improve the American short story than all others combined.

Thank you sincerely for writing me and believe me,

Cordially yours,
(Signed) Henry James Forman."

A reviewer in "The Boston Transcript," of the "Enchanted Garden" says, "In his closing words, Mr. Forman gives us an inkling that he has embarked upon something bigger than he at first intended—and may mean that he is capable of bigger work than he has yet undertaken."

Because it gives more than an inkling of his underlying idea, and is the yeast in his work perhaps, we have been guilty of cutting out the first sentence of his letter, and saving it, separately, for the very end:

"I have always had a keen interest in Canada and when my publishers told me of the comparative success of "The Man Who Lived in a Shoe," there, I was more pleased than I can say. You see I have a feeling that however it may be among other countries, the strongest bond that cements the English speaking peoples is not steel, or shoes or oil, but literature and English-speaking authors. And that is very wonderful in the present somewhat chaotic and very, mechanical workaday world."

We reciprocate this in the form of our best Christmas and all the Year Round Wishes, that it may come true.

(The "Bookman" gratefully acknowledges its debt to Mrs. K. M. Hutchins, who charmed this delightful response from Mr. Forman in reply to a personal letter. We'd like to pretend we did it ourselves, but Santa Claus might pass us by if we refused to confess that we DID NOT do it with our little hatchet.)—K.K.B.

Canadian Magazines

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster.

THERE are of late many indications that at last Canadians are reading their own magazines. At the Conference of Women's Institutes of the Kootenay and Boundary which met at Nelson, B.C., Nov. 13 to 16th, the matter was up for discussion. It appeared that among their readers Canadian and British magazines had the preference. The secretary of the B. C. Institutes had prepared a list of Canadian magazines for the information of the membership These lists will be used as a guide to Canadian publications. Where members know of publications not on this list they are asked to communicate with the secretary in order that the list may be revised from time to time.

The increased subscriptions in the last year, or it may be a combination of influences, seems to have benefitted several of our magazines, for they look very much as if they had secured a new lease of life. This is as it should be, and it may be that we shall yet surprise those reactionaries who are so sure that a Canadian literature is a "will o' the wisp." The women's magazines published in the United States, with an occasional exception, seem to reflect an atmosphere which is essentially different from that of the average Canadian city. Their health pages seem to be the only ones that have escaped a hectic influence which is hard to define, but which is strangely unsatisfying to us. It is therefore a great relief to find that our own magazines are beginning to take the place of these unfamiliar visitors with their new art decorations.

Surge and Thunder on the Lawn

By John Hurley.

"IN the first place I must beg you, sir, to lay aside yaur superstituous veneration for antiquity and the usual expressions on that score; that we live in the decay of time and the dotage of the world is fallen to our share." So wrote George Farquar in 1702; and the saying is apt today. In truth there is rather more reason now than then for an expression of the sentiments against which Farquar objected, and we do not lack voices to utter them. Often these voices utter these expressions by maintaining a frigid silence concerning these times, and exercising an undue lack of restraint concerning what has been. We recline heavily and complacently on the secure tombs of the dead and smile pityingly on the struggles of the living. The stunt of the ten books for a desert island revealed this tendency in our quarter in a very clear light. All the books were listed that booksellers assert there is little sale for; and the incautious man or woman who had included Eugene O'Neill in his or her list would most certainly have been ruled out of the next Badminton tournament.

All this to give you some slight idea of the atmosphere that prevails over our boundless horizons, an atmosphere that always struck the writer as being peculiarly inappropriate, almost grotesque, arousing a mental picture of a genteel body standing in the shadow of a towering mountain fussing with a pot of pale geraniums. To project into this placidity a tragedy like "Beyond the Horizon" was a strikingly noteworthy deed. Last year the presentation of an opus of Barrie's, "Dear Brutus," drew forth praise from all quarters, but O'Neill, I fear, has slightly unnerved the usually voluble. Either he is too strong or we too weak to suffer the purge. Salutary is it at this moment to recall Mark Twain's words respecting the stage of his day.

"You are ignoring the skeleton in your closet. You are neglecting a valuable side of your life; presently it will be atrophied. You are eating too much mental sugar; you will bring on Bright's disease of the intellect. You need a tonic; you need it very much." It is a question how far the disease has progressed. It was once a bone of contention as to whether or not humour could properly be introduced into tragedy. Nowadays the argument might be rendered: It is permissible or wise to introduce tragedy at all on our stage. One thing is certain. Our theatrical managers do not think so. Purging the mind through pity and terror is not a commercially profitable transaction. Its value is not translatable in terms of dollars and cents, and managers, quite properly, in view of their business, fight shy. All this is in accordance with the doctrine that the greatness of a man is to be measured by the amount of news space he receives on his demise, this again conditioned by the extent of material wealth he leaves behind him. But this appears to be straying from the business in hand.

The implication is that the Community Players of Winnipeg nobly lived up to their principles by staging "Beyond the Horizon." In this play, tragedy is implicit in every line, every participant walks in its deep shadow and the action progresses relentlessly to a logical, pitiful close; the twilight of human hopes mocked by a gayly rising sun; a pink and indifferent dawn shedding its impersonal tenderness over the grey spectacle of three crumpled lives. The production in itself was admirable and lost in effect only through the carelessness of one actor. Ralph Sperry, as Andrew Mayo, had a fine sense of the character, but a disastrously treacherous memory for his lines. The drone of a prompter's voice from the wings in this, of all plays, tends decidedly to drop one with a thud from exalted heights. On Rowena Brownstone, who, I understand, directed, and C. Edwin Corrigan, devolved the intricate and arduous duty of impressing us with the subtle disintegration of mortal desires. That they succeeded in spite of the artificial disabilities imposed by the harrassed Ralph Sperry is indication enough of their excellence.

(If I seem to be unnecessarily "rubbing it in" to Mr. Sperry it is only because I should like to see him develop the talent he undoubtedly has). In the first act alone was Rowena Brownstone slightly out of touch with the play, in the second and third she was indistinguishably Ruth Atkins, colorless and inert. C. Edwin Corrigan, at intervals more than a little uncertain, on the whole made quite a respectable showing as Robert Mayo, a task that required a little more than is usually exhibited in acting; and a few minutes of the most convincing work it has been my good fortune to witness for some time was provided by John Craig as James Mayo, the father of the two boys. In the rising crescendo of the second scene he was little short of superb, his tempestuous moments vibrated with genuine feeling and the after-effect was eloquently expressed in low tones and doubtful gestures. The play distinctly and visibly gripped him and fused his spirit to an expression that bore not a trace of the artificial.

The part of his wife, Kate Mayo, was taken by Winifred Kelly in a manner that was eminently satisfactory; and that of Captain Dick Scott by David A. MacLennan, who managed to project quite a marine flavour into the performance. Gwendoline Stainton, as the crabbed, nagging Mrs. Atkins, limned that inconspicuous but fateful character in unmistakable contours; and the two minor parts, that of Doctor Fawcett and that of little Mary, were taken respectively by Maurice Goulet (I think, although the programme said W. K. Chandler), and Gladys Forrester, the latter being a minor part both in the legal and histrionic sense, yet fulfilling her tiny function quite as well as those of major parts, lacking only voice inflexions to be perfect.

The house scene in its various stages of decay was designed with a percipient eye to significant detail, and in the road scene a similar understanding had been at work on the back drop depicting the horizon. For these settings credit is due to Charles Comfort. Altogether, and in spite of little disabilities, it was one of the all too few evenings I have left a theatre not feeling that I had been cheated out of two hours good sleep.

ONE OF THE FINAL FIVE.

In connection with the One-act Play Contest conducted by the Community Players of Winnipeg, the report as sent to "Canadian Bookman" last month should have included the play by George A. Palmer, of Regina, as one of the final five chosen as the best of those entered in this competition. It is hoped that his play will be among those to be produced at the Winnipeg Community Theatre some time during the next season.

LITERARY NIGHTS.

In the third series of free "Literary Nights" at the Regina Public Library on October 25th, G. A. Palmer spoke on "Some Recent Plays," in connection with which there were readings by members of the Regina Community Players. On November 1st W. A. Macleod spoke on "Maria Chapdelaine," and "The Bond Triumphant" on November 8th. E. C. Stewart, formerly of the Saskatchewan Indian Department, read "Original Tales of Western Indians." Mr. Stewart has an intimate knowledge of the Indians of Western Canada, and can write about them with a due sense of literary values.

The Women's Art Association of Toronto is an active organization that is doing much in the promotion of culture in Toronto. At the Association's gallery on November 19th Weber and Wagner, epoch makers in the history of grand opera, were the subjects of alternating word pictures by Miss E Lois Wilson, assisted by Miss Phyllis Langdon at the piano.

DATA WANTED.

The Toronto Public Library has undertaken to prepare for the people of Canada each year a list of the books published in Canada, or by Canadians, or about Canada. This has been issued for 1921-22 and it is proposed to issue the 1923 list in February, 1924. The Chief Librarian will be glad to hear from any one who knows of such books, especially if they are published in some small centre which might mean that they might be overlooked

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In "My Friends' Little Bookshop," a delightful little store at 95 Bloor Street West, Toronto, a novel little booklet observed among the Christmas books, was one with the title "Housework Poems," having a series of hand-colored pages with verses on "Washing Up," "Making Beds," "Sweeping," "Dusting," "Cooking," and "Shopping." The booklets are individually boxed. The poems are by Margaret Clark Russell, whose name is familiar to "Bookman" readers.

Section of the Canadian Authors Association

Published under the direction of the Central Executive Committee.

National President
Robert J. C. Stead

National Secretary
Jules Tremblay

National Treasurer
Lawrence J. Burpee

Postal Box 355, Ottawa, Ont.

Literature as a National Asset

A Radiographed Message.

UNDER this title, the National President of the C. A. A., Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, opened the Book Week activities of 1923, with a short address that was radiographed from Station OA, Ottawa, on Saturday, November 17th.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Unseen Audience: It is my privilege, through the request of the management of Station OA; to speak to you for a few minutes to-night in my capacity as President of the Canadian Authors' Association. To most of you it may seem that the Canadian Authors' Association is an organization somewhat foreign to your daily life and your personal interests. You probably think of it, if you think of it at all, as a group of young or eccentric persons eager to break into something that is called literature.

As a matter of fact, the Canadian Authors' Association, in its aims and ideals, touches very closely not only your individual life, but the national prosperity and welfare of Canada. I am speaking not merely of intellectual welfare; I say the Canadian Authors' Association touches very closely the material prosperity of the Dominion. If you will give me your attention for a moment I will endeavour to establish the connection between things apparently so remote as business conditions in the store and in the factory and the writing and publishing of novels and poems.

Tradition, it has been said, is the most priceless possession of any people. Tradition may be described as the recorded history of any group, organization, or nation, which has been passed down from generation to generation, and has been idealized in the process. We are all aware what tradition means to the famous regiments of the British Army—to such organizations as the Black Watch or the Gordon Highlanders. It is a moral force which cannot be measured or estimated. We have seen the same thing in our own country in the history of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It became a tradition with them to "get your man," and the newest recruit, fired by that tradition, acquired a strength, courage, and resourcefulness, which, in a less famous organization, he might never have attained. Some one has said that the traditions of the British Navy are worth a squadron of battle ships. Science and invention can build other navies as mechanically perfect, but nothing but tradition can add the morale which wins battles against odds and which carries the flag on to victory in the face of overwhelming defeat.

> To all its past, present, and prospective members, the Canadian Authors' Association wishes
> A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Among the peoples of the earth perhaps no other owes so much to tradition as do the Jews. Their poets and seers, back in the dawn of civilization, gave to them a vision which they have never lost, and which, in the face of adversities such as have perhaps befallen no other nation, has maintained them as a virile and united race. There were other races of Asia, as great or greater than the ancient Hebrews, but they have come and gone; they are not a factor in the modern world. Their greater prestige, their greater prosperity, their greater military power failed to preserve them to posterity, but the Jews, once their captives and vassals, on account of their rich literary heritage, have remained a force and an entity through all the centuries of history.

That is the thought I wish to bring home to you to-night. The greatest moral force of a people is its accumulated tradition, and tradition is embodied in literature. The thousand years of English literature is a steadying force in the little grey island in the North Sea which all the waves of revolution flowing over Europe have been unable to shake. That same priceless moral asset is also our resource in Canada; indeed, in some respects we are even more favourably situated, as we draw not only from the literature of Britain, but also from the literature of France, and, in a lesser degree, from almost all of the nations of Europe. History and heredity have placed us under greater obligations than we know.

Now the question is, what do we propose to pass along to future generations as Canadian tradition, and how are we going to crystalize and preserve it? This is our point of danger. The practical man, who can quite readily grasp the need for factories and railways, may not so easily see that a country may have all these material things, but if without a literature, it is merely a body without a soul. Literature in Canada may still be described as an infant industry. In the material world we, as a matter of national policy, have given protection to our infant industries against the competition of other nations. No such protection is given Canadian literature, although in the final analysis, it is immensely more important to the future of Canada that we should make our own songs and our own stories than that we should make our own automobiles and our own reaping machines. The Canadian Authors stand ready to give that service, and ask, not fiscal protection, but merely a sympathetic hearing by their own people. They ask that they be not crowded out of the book stores and the news-stands and the public eye and imagination by the highly organized competitive literature of other nations, which, no matter how attractive or entertaining it may be, contributes nothing to Canadian life and Canadian tradition.

The other day we celebrated Armistice Day. By common consent it has come to be associated with poppies. Have you asked yourself why? Are poppies the only flowers that grow in France? Why not the primrose or the daffodil? There is just one answer. A great Canadian wrote a few lines of immortal verse and has made us and our descendants his debtors forever. We see the poppies, but how few of us look through their red bloom to the genius of John McCrae! Yet he was a builder of tradition. You may place a money value on the material losses and gains occasioned by the war, but you can place no money valuation on a poem like "In Flanders' Fields."

Next week the authors of Canada, by combined effort, are seeking to attract the attention of Canadian people to Canadian literature. This special effort is made for one week only, but it is merely a concentration of a special effort which is now going on throughout the year. They ask that you become acquainted with Canadian literature. You cannot do that in a week or a year, but you can start a Canadian bookshelf in your home, and by systematically adding to it, say, one volume a month, you can in time acquaint yourself with what is already a very worthy literature, and with a power that will be felt in Canada when all the material things of this day and generation have been forgotten.

On behalf of the Canadian Authors' Association I ask your sympathetic co-operation and assistance in the work which they are carrying on.

A STRONG REVIVAL.

THE Book Week in Canada this year seems to have taken a broader meaning than heretofore. Sane interest has been manifested towards Canadian literature of both English and French expression. Every centre of importance has had discussions or lectures on the intellectual development of Canada, and this particular topic has surely created a better understanding of our more enduring national resources.

Of course it were quite impossible at this early date to enter into any details of the work done during the week.

The National Executive and the local executives were kept very busy. For some of the members the task entailed a good deal of travelling. The National President broadcasted a timely discourse through the radio. The National Treasurer, apart from his many duties relating to the Parkman celebrations, had also a good list of addresses. Basil King spoke in Ottawa and Toronto, while Bliss Carman appeared in Toronto and Peterboro. He is to come to Ottawa on the 10th of December.

One of the best workers of the Week was our good friend and former National President, John Murray Gibbon. The western sections have kept to the front in earnest activity.

Now it can safely be claimed that outside of the incidental publicity given to Canadian Letters, a broader view of Canada's riches has been given to the Canadian public. A country without literature might as well cast aside all hopes of life. The writers themselves are not the first to be responsible for the indifference of the people anent literature, and the Book Week, had it only aroused the attention of the few discerning, would deserve the thanks of the country. It is well and good to decry the local production of books and ideas; but when these books and ideas are duly considered abroad, even under the style of American or English writings, then Canadians are about due to open their eyes to something in which they have, or ought to have, a proud share of satisfaction.

VICTORIA AND ISLANDS BRANCH.

The meeting of the Victoria and Islands Branch, C. A. A., held on November 5th at the Victoria Club, was one of the most interesting and well attended gatherings ever held by the Branch. The speakers of the evening were Mrs. L. Adams Beck, one of the most brilliant members of Victoria's writing fraternity,—her new book, "The Perfume of The Rainbow," has been brought out this fall by McClelland and Stewart—and a distinguished visiting member, in the person of Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Edmonton.

Mrs. McClung spoke first, and gave some amusing reminiscences of her girlhood days on the prairies, and on being asked to give some readings from her works she responded by reciting a serio-comic poem, entitled "Jane Brown's Rest and Change," which, though it has not so far been printed in any of her books, has been recited and frequently quoted from in the prairie provinces.

Mrs. Adams Beck advised young writers to strive for purity of style, simplicity, and brevity, and to avoid the use of long words and obscure phrasing; to read all the good writers and copy none; but did not think it would advance the cause of Canadian literature to encourage authors to write only of Canada. She also read most charmingly one of the most humorous of her short stories, "The Incomparable Lady."

Plans for Book Week were discussed at this meeting, and committees formed to bring this matter to the attention of the different organizations who might be expected to help along the good work.

The Victoria and Islands Branch now has forty-five names on the membership roll, these consisting of active and associate members and local adherents.

Mrs. A. de B. Shaw (N. de Bertrand Lugrin), whose story "Girl-Baby" was printed in a July number of "MacLeans Magazine," has since had several articles of a historical nature in "The Wide World Magazine." And all admirers of Victoria's beauties will have enjoyed Mr. Donald Fraser's article on the Broom, which appeared in the September number of "The Western Home Monthly."

Other members of the Branch will have contributions appearing shortly in "The Delineator," "The Maple Leaf," and "The Canadian Magazine."

The Victoria and Islands Branch have lost several members this fall. Bishop Alexander Macdonald has been transferred to Toronto; Miss Rene Norcross has gone to Vancouver to keep house for her brother, J. Edward Norcross, Editor of The Vancouver World; and Mr. R. B. Forsyth is now in Calgary.

To offset these serious losses, Dr. Macrae, of Calgary, and Mr. S. H. Lang, of Winnipeg, have recently come to live in Victoria, and it is hoped that they will soon take an active interest in the local club.

CANADA'S LITERATURE.

"Manitoba Free Press."

CANADIAN Book Week, which began last Monday, is intended to draw the atention of the reading public to Canadian writing; to writing of all sorts in the literary field, native and distinctive of this country.

The point, of course, which this emphasizes, is that there is Canadian writing. And the only reason for bothering specially about it, is that this Canadian writing has its own traits and marks which distinguish it from writing produced anywhere else.

Such writing is a natural product of the Canadian mind, just as wheat is a natural product of the Canadian soil. And the strength and power of Canadian writing are in direct ratio to the intensity of the feelings of the writers. If Canada is in their bones and in their hearts they will write Canadian books; books distinctive of Canada and part of its national production.

This means that Canadian writing and Canadian letters will be individual and original. They will not be an imitative annex of English or American writing. Our Canadian work will undoubtedly swell the great body of literature in the English Tongue; its identity, however, will never be in dispute; such of it as is in dispute, such of it as does not embody Canada, will simply sink; but genuine Canadian books will be just about as indestructible as the country itself.

Writing a Canadian book is a good deal more than using a "Canadian" background before which to parade some neutral ideas or characters. If it is a book of literary art the writer has to feel pretty intensely all the influence of environment and heredity out of which the subjects of his book emerge. Sky, soil, climate, people; a man, or a family, or a community, at work amid surroundings peculiar to themselves; surroundings which mould habits, and form character, and develop a peculiar distinctive type, which in its turn attacks its environment and makes its human scratches upon it. It is among all this that the material of literary art is found. And it is this that books of literary art preserve. Those books which preserve it in a pre-eminent degree become surprisingly indestructible. They just keep on living without effort. Each generation following after the other finds them fresh and "live." There is no need to mention names, everybody knows such books; and it is such books that constitute, in whatever country they are found, the literature of that country.

It is such books we want in Canada. The trouble is they are not easy to write. And one of the chief reasons which makes them hard to write is that they can only come from minds rather obsessed by the consciousness of the Canadian domain, and at the same time gifted with the qualifications which produce strong writing. A love of country and a writing style; roughly it comes down to these. We are sure, if anybody takes the trouble to investigate, these two things are to be found in profusion in all the great permanent books.

Which is precisely why the books last. Consider how intimately engrossed with England Charles Dickens was. In the same way Fenimore Cooper was engrossed with America. If you go to the one you get England and the English people, warm and breathing, and you also get the quality which is the sole possession of the English—their distinctive racial personality. In Cooper you get the same things about the Americans. The frontier, the settlement, the forest; the backwoodsmen, hunters, traders, Indians. The life-breath of it. Of course such writing does not die. It can't.

But Dickens was an Englishman. Tremendously an Englishman. And Cooper was a Yankee, through and through.

These considerations come up quite naturally in connection with the development of Canadian writing and the accumulation of a Canadian "literature." There is no use blinking facts. A pretty intense Canadianism has got to be the foundation of Canadian books that are genuinely entitled to be so called. The output of such books is really one of the natural functions of a national existence.

As time goes on various racial strains will blend in the books written in Canada. Hitherto the Anglo-Saxon elements in our National Life have contributed nearly all the writing; but the Slavonic and south and north European elements, with their own special racial inheritances, are beginning to make themselves felt in the stream of Canadian letters. As the influences of the country sink deeper into the consciousness—the incident of existence, the spectacle of the human creature working out the episodes of his life, and exchanging buffets with his environment; as the atmosphere of all this, together with an inexplicable sense of attachment to the country, occupies those minds so constituted that their reactions come forth in writing the volume of Canadian books increases. All the races which make up the nation contribute their quota to the consciousness which forms nationality. And the apearance of writing in which nationality is the foundation upon which the story, or whatever it is, is wrought, is the writing of which "Canadian Books" are formed.

Book Week will have done a real service if it draws general attention to this question of "Canadian Books," and provokes some thought as to what they must be, and what they represent in the life of the country.

The Canadian literature of French expression, one can add to the foregoing, goes far beyond "using a CANADIAN background." It interprets Older Canada in a score of books, ancient or recent, and gives a great deal of thought to present and future Canada. This is why it ic called Canadian in the French realm of Letters. French-Canadian literature does not begin and cease with "Maria Chapdelaine," which is a French book with Canadian settings. The Montreal and Quebec branches could say much about Canadian literature written in French.

JOTTINGS.

The National Secretary, Mr. Jules Tremblay, spoke on Friday, November 23rd, to Kingston Rotarians, on "The Point of Contact." On Tuesday, November 27th, he spoke to the Arts and Letters Club, Ottawa, on "De Gaspe—a Canadian of Old." He is speaking on December 3rd to the Hull Knights of Columbus, and on December 16th to the Ottawa University.

The Quebec section will form a separate section. It is now very strong in membership and should give a good account of its activity when the next convention comes, in 1924.

A thing sections in general should remember, is that the National Executive cannot guess what is being done in the different branches. It were easy to send clippings of the branch activities to the National Secretary, who could then use the information for the Bookman. As things are now, one must be a diviner to keep the presses moving.

Our National President, Mr. Robert J. C. Stead, enters into a new field of propaganda. Not content with writing novels that are read and poems that are learnt, he plays with the elusive radio waves. His last broadcast was entitled "Literature as a national asset."

The Regina Branch is very active. The last echoes of its work contain a lacture by G. A. Palmer, Secretary, on "SOME Recent Plays," a lecture by E. C. Stewart, on "Original Tales of the Western Indians"; a lecture by W. A. Macleod, on "Maria Chapdelaine and the Bond Triumphant."

A new member is welcome with Dr. Seraphin Marion, professor at the Royal Military College of Kingston. Dr. Marion was not yet 26 years of age when he won his Doctorat-es-Lettres from the famous Sorbonne of Paris. His book deals with the Relations of the French Voyageurs of the XVIIth century. Dr. Marion is presently unattached.

Professor B. K. Sandwell, formerly National Secretary of the C. A. A., and professor of Economics at McGill University, is now professor of English literature at Queen's University, Kingston.

BOOK WEEK IN EDMONTON.

The appreciative response to Canadian "Book Week" in Edmonton certainly evinced a very progressive trend of the interest in Canadian literature.

The Rev. W. Everard Edmonds, president of the Edmonton Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, gave an excellent address on "Books" in Holy Trinity Church, and also contributed an article in the "Edmonton Journal" on "The Sweet Singers of Canada" dealing especially with the most noteworthy poets whose work had added to the literature of our country.

On Monday evening, Nov. 19, Miss Montgomery of the Extension department of Alberta University, gave an address on the library branch of extension work of which she is custodian, telling about the books sent to the most isolated districts of Alberta.

On Thursday of the same week Mr. D. E. Cameron of Alberta University gave a most instructive talk on "The Reading of Biography." Both these addresses were under the auspices of the Edmonton Authors' Association.

On Wednesday, Nov. 21, Mr. Wilson Macdonald, a Canadian poet, gave a recital of his poems which was very much appreciated. Although not under the management of the Authors' Association, it was very opportune that he was here during "Book Week."

Rev. J. McCartney Wilson, D.D., addressed the Rotary Club on "Canadian Literature." The bookstores and public libraries had a varied and well arranged display of Canadian books. Mr. W. G. Carpenter, Superintendent of Schools, asked that the public and high school teachers devote some time during the week to the subject of Canadian Authors. The response in all the schools was exceptionally fine.

As a pleasant closing of a very busy and interesting Book Week, the members of the Authors' Association had luncheon on Saturday, Nov. 24, when Mr. E. A. Corbett of the University of Alberta gave a most instructive address on Joseph Howe, who besides being a great statesman was a noted writer.

A NATIONAL BARD.

A significant statement made by Bliss Carman on the occasion of his appearance in Toronto on Nov. 21st under the auspices of the Canadian Literature Club, was that he had been astonished in the course of his tour thus far to find how much attention was paid to Canadian poetry in the Ontario public schools. His Toronto audience on this occasion was a representative one and he expressed gratification at the interest in poetry which this indicated. He led off with one of his newer poems "The Spring Call of Wawa," followed by "Shamballah." In connection with a poem about Vancouver he took occasion to give expression to the hopes of great things that depended upon the rising metropolis of the Pacific Coast. A strong national note is being repeatedly struck with fine effect by this Canadian bard, the effect of which in the course of his Dominion-wide tour cannot fail to contribute appreciably to the welding of a unified national spirit and consciousness.

TORONTO AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

Toronto as a literary centre, bases its claims not only on its premier position as the book publishing city and the literary mart of Canada, but also on its resident authors whose works are represented among the books published each year. About twenty Toronto authors have new books listed ahong the 1923 issues of the Canadian publishing houses. Investigation has revealed that there are about forty-five resident authors in Toronto whose books are published on a royalty basis, not including books published at the authors' own expense. Of these Toronto authors less than ten per cent. are novelists. The works of half a dozen are published simultaneously in this country and the United States, and others have gained a foothold in the British market.

The Toronto literary colony is growing, and confidence is entertained that great things are to come from some of the authors, whose works are already sought by publishers in the United States and Great Britain, as well as of Canada.

LIBRARY WEALTH.

A notable article in the University of Toronto Monthly for November was one on the library resources of Torronto, by Prof. W. S. Wallace, librarian of the Toronto University, within a radius of half a mile, as the author points out, the following libraries are located: Public Library, University of Toronto, Legislative, Royal Canadian Institute, Academy of Medicine, Victoria, Knox, Wycliffe, St. Michael's, McMaster. Slightly beyond this radius is the one other large library, the law library at Osgoode Hall.

L'ASSOCIATION DES AUTEURS CANADIENS
(SECTION FRANCAISE)

Conseil Exécutif (à Montréal)—Victor Morin, Président (97 Rue St. Jacques). Mlle. Marguerite DeLisle, Secrétaire (490 Avenue Lansdowne, Westmount).
Conseil de Quebec—Hon. Thomas Chapais, Président. Alphonse Désilets, Secrétaire (35 Avenue Cartier).
Représentants—Marcel Dugas, à Paris. Louvigny de Montigny, à Ottawa.

LA Section francaise a repris à la fin d'octobre ses séances régulières à la première réunion du Conseil Exécutif en élaborant le programme de "la semaine du livre" qui sera inauguré cette année par un diner au Cercle universitaire et auquel seront conviés quelques personnalités littéraires.

Le président de la Section française M. Victor Morin, LL.D., a publié au cours de l'été une intéressante brochure portant le titre de "La ville aux clochers dans la verdure." C'est, nous dit l'avant-propos, "une esquisse abrégée de l'origine et du développement de Montréal, préparée à l'occasion de la convention plénière des Chevaliers de Colomb." Très complète, fort documentée, agréablement présentée, cette esquisse a de plus le mérite d'être bilingue. Le texte français porte en regard un texte anglais aussi attrayant.

M. l'abbé Camille Roy a reuni en volume sous le titre des "Erables en Fleurs," plusieurs critiques littéraires publiées par lui au cours de ces dernières années. Cet ouvrage se recommande de lui-même, puisqu'il est écrit par l'un des plus autorisés et de plus indépendants de nos critiques, et celui qui par son travail aide à la littérature canadienne de se développer. Tout en ne décourageant pas l'effort il n'hésite pas à dire ce qu'il voit des défauts d'une oeuvre, ou à en proclamer la nullité, sans cependant se départir jamais de la plus grande courtoisie.

Des revues françaises ayant demandé la collaboration des écrivains canadiens, les membres de la Sections française sont priés de faire parvenir à la secrétaire des articles suceptibles d'intéresser le lecteur français et pouvant le renseigner sur le Canada. Ces articles seront, après avoir été soumis à un comité de lecture, envoyés en France aux directeurs qui en ont fait la demande.

Pendant la "Semaine du livre" l'Institut Fraser exposera plusieurs volumes rares de sa collection, parmi lesquels en remarque un grand volume de gravures relié aux armes des Bonapartes et ayant appartenu à Napoléon III, des volumes aux armes des Bourbons ayant fait partie de la bibliothèque de Mesdames, filles du roi Louis XV, quelques vieux ouvrages français, une édition moderne de "La Légende Dorée" illustrée de magnifiques eaux-fortes. Avec les oeuvres canadiennes seront exposés des journaux canadiens de plus de cent ans. Les bibliothèques Saint-Sulpice et Municipale tiendront aussi une exposition.

M. Louvigny de Montigny a été nommé récemment représentant de la Section française à l'Executif national de l'Association des auteurs.

Le grand succès de "Maria Chapdeleine" en France a suggéré aux éditeurs de ce pays de publier des oeuvres canadiennes. Une maison francaise a créé une bibliothèque franco-canadienne qui fera paraître prochainement des ouvrages de nos écrivains. Cette maison a demandé à la section française de l'Association des auteurs, de lui faire parvenir des manuscrits qu'elle soumettra à un comité de lecture et qui seront, après leur acceptation, publiés dans le plus bref délai. On demande surtout des oeuvres d'imagination, mais le roman historique, les légendes, les récits d'aventure et de découvertes, seront bien accueillis pourvu qu'ils soient d'inspiration canadienne. "La Revue Moderne" publiait en septembre un appel de M Victor Morin à ce sujet, demandant aux auteurs de la Section française d'envoyer les oeuvres qu'ils voulent soumettre au Comité.

Parmi les ouvrages parus récemment il convient de citer "Les Habits Rouges," roman par M. Robert de Roquebrune, publié en France et très favorablement accueilli par la presse et le public français. Ce volume a valu à l'auteur d'être un des lauréats du prix David, offert par le guvernement provincial pour les meilleurs ouvrages de l'année.

La "semaine du livre" se terminera avéc la première assemblée mensuelle qui aura lieu le 24 novembre chez le trésorier M. Edmond Montet.

"Au pays des Erables" par M. Alphones Désilets a été publié par les soins du gouvernement provincial, pour présenter la Province de Québec en France à l'occasion du passage du train-exposition canadien. Editée sur papier de luxe avec des gravures en couleurs par l'artiste Thériault, contenant de nombreuses citations de nos meilleurs poètes, cette brochure historique fait le plus grand honneur à son auteur.

Un Comité de la Société des auteurs (groupe de Québec) a aussi préparé pour être distribué en France, une Bibliographie canadienne-française partielle comprenant tous les auteurs qui ont publié un ou plusieurs ouvrages depuis dix ans.

Une des directrices de la Section française, Madame E.-P. Benoît (Monique) vient d'être nommée vice-présidente, pour la province de Québec, du Women's Press Club.

Les membres de la Section française doivent à Madame Huguenin (Madeleine) l'idée qui a rendu si intéressantes les assemblées mensuelles de leur section. C'est la directrice de "La Revue Moderne" qui la première proposa que le programme des assemblées comportât une conférence—C'est ainsi qu'en février M. Morin fit une causerie sur les ouvrages canadiens de l'année"; an mars Madame Circé-Côté parla de "la collection Gagnon"; en avril M. René du Roure traita "des loisirs et de la littérature"; en mai M. Robert LeBidois étudia" l'oeuvre poétique de Paul Morin et en juin M. Beaugrand—Champagne présenta un résumé du mémoire qu'il avait lu aux assises de mai de la Société Royale du Canada, sur la question "du débarquement de Cartier à Hochelaga."

W. H. BLAKE
who translated "Maria Chapdelaine" and who is now translating Rivard's "Chez Nous."

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN
a new volume of whose poems will soon be announced.

NORAH M. HOLLAND
Given a place in the forefront of Canada's women poets by "The Poetry Magazine" of England.

PROF. GEORGE M. WRONG
Noted for his books dealing with the history of Canada under French occupation.

The Children of the Crescent. Amy LeFeuvre. London: R. T. S. 6s.

This new book by one of the most popular authors of books for girls is a large 800 page volume, illustrated, substantially bound and illustrated with a coloured frontispiece—a fine gift volume for girls.

The Luck of the Treherns. M. E. Fraser. London: R. T. S. 6s.

This is a new title in the R. T. S. six shilling library for boys and girls. With its striking jacket, coloured frontispiece, good printing and binding, it will make a desirable gift for girl or boy.

Love, the Intruder. By Helen H. Watson. London: R. T. S. 6s.

Here is an ideal story for girls. It is full of incident and adventure; the book is well illustrated and handsomely bound. It is a volume of over 450 pages.

Comrade. E. L. Haverfield. London: R. T. S. 2s 6d.

This is a new title in the commendable "Buttercup and Daisies" series of books for girl readers. It is an illustrated volume and a worthy addition to a series of books that has met with good success.

The Book of Baby Verse. Collected by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. New York: Sully. $1.50.

This is a volume with admirable selections of poetry about babies, including verse ranging from the distinctly classical poems of William Blake to selections from such beloved modern writers as Riley, Field, Wilcox and Guest. It makes a most appropriate gift to the young mother, for in its pages she will find the deep and beautiful things which seek expression in her heart, and plenty of the lighter things, such as that stupendous event, the appearance of baby's first tooth and the other wonderful happenings in a baby's life that are watched and talked about by the parents. Besides the regular cloth binding there are more elaborate editions bound in leather and artcraft.

Ben King's Verse.—New Canadian edition. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $1.75.

As the years go by the demand for the spontaneous, light-hearted verse of Ben King seems to increase. His humor and playful satire have more than a transient value. The humor is true humor—unmixed with any bitterness or cruelty. It is a book to be recommended for dispelling melancholy.

Winter Studies and Rambles in Canada. By Anna Jameson. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

Here is another of the altogether meretorious new editions of masterpieces in Canadian literature brought out by this Canadian publishing house this year. These volumes reflect great credit upon the printing house by whom they were produced for the publishers, being examples of good bookmaking that add to Canada's laurels.

Mrs. Jameson (Anna Brownell Murphy) a native of Ireland, came to Upper Canada in 1836, her husband having arrived three years earlier. He became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, then Attorney-General, and later Vice-Chancellor.

This book presents writings covering two years in Canada, much of which time was spent in journeying in what was then a pioneer land, these travel sketches being alive with real people.

Famous Canadian Stories Retold for Children. By Leslie Homer. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

In simple narrative style, for the delight and edification of young Canadians, the author tells of the discovery, exploration and progress of the Dominion, with romantic incidents in its growth and development. It covers all the provinces, and is a book that is bound to make a strong appeal to parents, furnishing an abundance of material to read and re-read for boys and girls of from eight years upward.

The book is admirable in its printing and binding and there are numerous pictures, including a frontispiece in color, by Stanley Turner.

The Message of Aquaria. Curtiss. San Francisco: Curtis Philosophic Book Co. $2.50.

This is an extension of the advanced teaching on mysticism, philosophy, Biblical interpretation and occult science contained in "The Voice of Isis." Presents the doctrine of Christian psychology and mysticism applied to daily life. While philosophical in scope these writings are designed to answer the world's heart-cry for love, light and life. A deep and sincere book.

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By Deduction

Tom MacInnes.

IT seems a little odd to publish a volume of Poems and define them as complete, while the author lives. Rather like feigning Death for the sake of reading one's obituary notices. It savours almost of the morbid. And though one might apply the adjectives bizarre, striking, sensuous, hard, bitter, magnificent, disappointed, swashbuckling or weird, to much of Tom MacInnes' work, it does not give a final impression of being morbid.

Mr. John Buchan, of the leaping imagination, holds that artists of the pen should never be interviewed; that they should be known through their work, (since it expresses them), or not known at all; that the public should leave their personal lives in peace, drawing characteristic deductions from what they publish. This might be described as a "minority report." But once in a while it is fair to give it a trial.

Having no knowledge, personal or by hearsay, of Mr. MacInnes himself, beyond Mr. Garvin's short sketch of him in Canadian Poets,—which I have purposely NOT re-read for this occasion—and the very slight suggestion of human identity given at the end of this new volume, my idea of the poet's character is taken entirely from this book of his collected poems. I have read it, and read some of it twice, with attention, interest, some pleasure and occasional annoyance. And to me it appears:

That Tom MacInnes might have been disapproved in many reputable communities, not because of what he **was**, but because of what some of the other inhabitants thought he **probably was!** That he loved the beauties and adventures of life, and new lands, and wide seas; here and there delighting in a forbidden backwater; that he had a fine taste in women, to whom he gave moments of keen joy, as well as much unhappiness, leaving them a residue of retrospective rapture for their old age. That he was romantic, a dreamer, an idealist, with times of intense practical energy, when his brain, clear and keen, jumped on a subject or a problem, and dissected it, coldbloodedly and clean. Times when he took life like that. Other times when he didn't care, and turned lazy. I can fancy him being accounted an un-religious man, because he had no desire to advise God. But he evinces a very strong belief in a Vital Something that can be accepted without giving It personality, a belief that can hardly find room in a small soul.

He must have been a man with whom it was difficult to live happily and very hard to live happily without, after having once acquired a taste for his society. For whatever else he may have been, he was surely interesting and stimulating, because he found life like that. Many people doubtless disapproved of him; and a fair number could never forget him, for he left them restless as tigers who had once tasted blood, and could never again really relish Milk Toast.

(Note the past tense, unconsciously induced by "Complete!" and please remember that the onus of this picture lies entirely with John Buchan!)

The Poems themselves are in three groupings, suggestive, says the Commentator, of "three distinct forms of development as the years pass."

Otherwise, one might imagine it divided as three distinct phases of the author's character—the vamping, sensuous third of him; the swashbuckling, avidly adventurous, high-spirited side of him; and the disdainful, intellectual side, the part that was quite capable of understanding great issues and stating them clearly, but that cried "Cui Bono?" and left the affair—which he might have carried on so well. Perhaps

"He was wronged with wonder in his Youth,
And dazed with visions of forbidden stars."

His vision of his subject is complete and clear-cut, and he has a wide vocabulary, and great mastery of words, though occasionally their exuberance almost carries him off his feet. A broken measure that is intended, is absolutely right; but it is a blemish, in a regular dance of words, to suddenly change feet—to drop from nine steps to seven—and presently back again, without adequate reason. It is unnecessary and upsetting, like stubbing one's toe, or getting a stitch in the side. In the splendid matter of rhymes the same criticism sometimes applies. "Jewelry" can, of course, be made to rhyme with "bluely" after a fashion, if you are very firm about it, and insist on three syllables for the latter, though I think it calls for a different spelling in that case. But surely only the most crassly Canadian pronunciation rhymes "pearl" with "Beryl." It should not be enshrined in our literature in that way.

"Amber Lands" and "Fey" are among the best of the first group, unless you are caught by the ghoulish glamour of "The Wrong Way," and "Underground"; poems that have a strong flavour of Owen Meredith about them.

"Lonesome Bar" in the second division (essence of Klondyke and Tom) is an excellent piece of dramatic narrative. But "On Beacon Hill," taken all in all—conception, fruition, sense and sound—is the finest thing in the book. One might choose "The Other One" to keep like a friend's hand in the crook of one's arm, and "October" and "Coquitlam" to love; and be tickled clear through by the farcical gorgeousness of "Jacques Valbeau." The words, how they march!

The third division is mainly devoted to the Ballade, a caged form of poesy, where thoughts disport themselves behind high park palings, like soft-eyed deer among the trees behind the bars. Mr. MacInnes has scrupulously kept the form, but has given it a robust air that is not often to be found in this guise.

Some little four-line stanzas have a charm about them that is almost Japanese—in beauty, if not in subject. "Polity," "Contempt," "Protest," they come like small succinct statements. An excellent exposition of poetry, in prose, heads this section. It is distinctly a book to buy and keep for its illustrative value, the charm of its words and its assured place in Canadian literature.

And as its jacket is removable, that need not prove a deterrent!

The Complete Poems of Tom MacInnes. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.50.

TOM MacINNES

"Camp Ken-Jockety." By Ethel Hume Bennett. Toronto: Thomas Allen. $1.50.

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Knee-High to a Grasshopper. By Anne and Dillwyn Parrish. Toronto: Macmillan Co. $3.00.

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